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Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE DAY OF WRATH.*

A STORY OF 1914.

By LOUIS TRACY, Author of *The Final War*, *Rainbow Island*, *The Terms of Surrender*, &c.

Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater, therefore, should our courage be.—*King Henry V.*

CHAPTER I.—THE LAVA-STREAM.

'FOR God's sake, if you are an Englishman, help me!'

That cry of despair, so subdued, yet piercing in its intensity, reached Arthur Dalroy as he pressed close on the heels of an all-powerful escort in Lieutenant Karl von Halwig, of the Prussian Imperial Guard, at the ticket-barrier of the Friedrich-Strasse Station on the night of Monday, 3rd August 1914.

An officer's uniform is a *passe-partout* in Germany; the showy uniform of the Imperial Guard adds awe to authority. It may well be doubted if any other insignia of rank could have passed a companion in civilian attire so easily through the official cordon which barred the chief railway station at Berlin that night to all unauthorised persons.

Von Halwig was in front, impartially cursing and shoving aside the crowd of police and railwaymen. A gigantic ticket-inspector, catching sight of the Guardsman, bellowed an order to 'clear the way,' but a general officer created a momentary diversion by choosing that forbidden exit. Von Halwig's heels clicked, and his right hand was raised in a salute; so Dalroy was given a few seconds wherein to scrutinise the face of the terrified woman who had addressed him. He saw that she was young, an Englishwoman, and undoubtedly a lady by her speech and garb.

'What can I do for you?' he asked.

'Get me into a train for the Belgian frontier. I have plenty of money, but these idiots will not even allow me to enter the station.'

He had to decide in an instant. He had every reason to believe that a woman friendless and alone, especially a young and good-looking one, was far safer in Berlin—where some thousands of Britons and Americans had been caught in the lava-wave of red war now flowing unrestrained from the Danube to the North Sea—than in the train which would start for Belgium within half-an-hour. But the tearful indignation in the girl's voice—even her folly

in describing as 'idiots' the hectoring Jacks-in-office, any one of whom might have understood her—led impulse to triumph over saner judgment.

'Come along! quick!' he muttered. 'You're my cousin, Evelyn Fane!'

With a self-control that was highly creditable, the young lady thrust a hand through his arm. In the other hand she carried a reticule. The action surprised Dalroy, though feminine intuition had only displayed common-sense.

'Have you any luggage?' he said.

'Nothing beyond this tiny bag. It was hopeless to think of'—

Von Halwig turned at the barrier to ensure his English friend's safe passage.

'Hallo!' he cried. Evidently he was taken aback by the unexpected addition to the party.

'A fellow-countrywoman in distress,' smiled Dalroy, speaking in German. Then he added, in English, 'It's all right. As it happens, two places are reserved.'

Von Halwig laughed in a way which the Englishman would have resented at any other moment.

'Excellent!' he guffawed. 'Beautifully contrived, my friend.—Hi, there, sheep's-head!'—this to the ticket-inspector—'let that porter with the portmanteau pass!'

Thus did Captain Arthur Dalroy find himself inside the Friedrich-Strasse Station on the night when Germany was already at war with Russia and France. With him was the stout leather bag into which he had hurriedly thrown such few articles as were indispensable—an ironic distinction when viewed in the light of subsequent events; with him, too, was a charming and trustful and utterly unknown travelling companion.

Von Halwig was not only vastly amused, but intensely curious; his endeavours to scrutinise the face of a girl whom the Englishman had apparently conjured up out of the maelstrom of Berlin were almost rude. They failed, however, at the outset. Every woman knows exactly how to attract or repel a man's admiration;

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this young lady was evidently determined that only the vaguest hint of her features should be vouchsafed to the Guardsman. A fairly large hat and a veil, assisted by the angle at which she held her head, defeated his intent. She still clung to Dalroy's arm, and relinquished it only when a perspiring platform-inspector, armed with a list, brought the party to a first-class carriage. There were no sleeping-cars on the train. Every *wagon-lit* in Berlin had been commandeered by the staff.

'I have had a not-to-be-described-in-words difficulty in retaining these corner places,' he said; whereupon Dalroy gave him a five-mark piece, and the girl was installed in the seat facing the engine.

The platform-inspector had not exaggerated his services. The train was literally besieged. Scores of important officials were storming at railway employes because accommodation could not be found. Dalroy, wishful at first that Von Halwig would take himself off instead of standing near the open door and peering at the girl, soon changed his mind. There could not be the slightest doubt that were it not for the presence of an officer of the Imperial Guard he and his 'cousin' would have been unceremoniously bundled out on to the platform to make room for some many-syllabled functionary who 'simply must get to the front.' As for the lady, she was the sole representative of her sex travelling west that night.

Meanwhile the two young men chatted amicably, using German and English with equal ease.

'I think you are making a mistake in going by this route,' said Von Halwig. 'The frontier lines will be horribly congested during the next few days. You see, we have to be in Paris in three weeks, so we must hurry.'

'You are very confident,' said the Englishman pleasantly.

He purposely avoided any discussion of his reasons for choosing the Cologne-Brussels-Ostend line. As an officer of the British army, he was particularly anxious to watch the vaunted German mobilisation in its early phases.

'Confident! Why not? Those wretched little *piou-pious*'—a slang term for the French infantry—'will run long before they see the whites of our eyes.'

'I haven't met any French regiments since I was a youngster; but I believe France is far better organised now than in 1870,' was the non-committal reply.

Von Halwig threw out his right arm in a wide sweep. 'We shall brush them aside—so,' he cried. 'The German army was strong in those days; now it is irresistible. You are a soldier. You know. To-night's papers say England is wavering between peace and war. But I have no doubt she will be wise. That Channel is a great asset, a great safeguard, eh?'

Again Dalroy changed the subject. 'If it is a fair question, when do you start for the front?'

'To-morrow, at six in the morning.'

'How very kind of you to spare such valuable time now!'

'Not at all! Everything is ready. Germany is always ready. The Emperor says "Mobilise," and, behold, we cross the frontier within the hour!'

'War is a rotten business,' commented Dalroy thoughtfully. 'I've seen something of it in India, where, when all is said and done, a scrap in the hills brings the fighting-men alone into line. But I'm sorry for the unfortunate peasants and townspeople who will suffer. What of Belgium, for instance?'

'Ha! *Les braves Belges!*' laughed the other. 'They will do as we tell them. What else is possible? To adapt one of your own proverbs: "Needs must when the German drives!"'

Dalroy understood quite well that Von Halwig's bumptious tone was not assumed. The Prussian Junker could hardly think otherwise. But the glances cast by the Guardsman at the silent figure seated near the window showed that some part of his vapouring was meant to impress the feminine heart. A gallant figure he cut, too, as he stood there, caressing his Kaiser-fashioned moustaches with one hand, while the other rested on the hilt of his sword. He was tall, fully six feet, and, according to Dalroy's standard of physical fitness, at least a stone too heavy. The personification of Nietzsche's Teutonic 'overman,' the 'big blonde brute' who is the German military ideal, Dalroy classed him, in the expressive phrase of the regimental mess, as 'a good bit of a boulder.' Yet he was a patrician by birth, or he could not hold a commission in the Imperial Guard, and he had been most helpful and painstaking that night, so perforce one must be civil to him.

Dalroy himself, nearly as tall, was lean and lithe, hard as nails, yet intellectual, a cavalry officer who had passed through the Oxford mint.

By this time four other occupants of the compartment were in evidence, and a ticket-examiner came along. Dalroy produced a number of vouchers. The girl, who obviously spoke German, leaned out, purse in hand, and was about to explain that the crush in the booking-hall had prevented her from obtaining a ticket.

But Dalroy intervened. 'I have your ticket,' he said, announcing a singular fact in the most casual manner he could command.

'Thank you,' she said instantly, trying to conceal her own surprise. But her eyes met Von Halwig's bold stare, and read therein not only a ready appraisal of her good looks, but a perplexed half-recognition.

The railwayman raised a question. Contrary to the general custom, the vouchers bore names, which he compared with a list.

'These tickets are for Herren Fane and Dalroy, and I find a lady here,' he said suspiciously.

'Fräulein Evelyn Fane, my cousin,' explained Dalroy. 'A mistake of the issuing office.'

'But'——

'Ach, was!' broke in Von Halwig impatiently. 'You hear. Some fool has blundered. It is sufficient.'

At any rate, his word sufficed. Dalroy entered the carriage, and the door was closed and locked.

'Never say I haven't done you a good turn,' grinned the Prussian. 'A pleasant journey, though it may be a slow one. Don't be surprised if I am in Aachen before you.'

Then he coloured. He had said too much. One of the men in the compartment gave him a sharp glance. Aachen, better known to travelling Britons as Aix-la-Chapelle, lay on the road to Belgium, not to France.

'Well, to our next meeting!' he went on boisterously. 'Run across to Paris during the occupation.'

'Good-bye! And accept my very grateful thanks,' said Dalroy; and the train started.

'I cannot tell you how much obliged I am,' said a sweet voice as he settled down into his seat. 'Please, may I pay you now for the ticket which you supplied so miraculously?'

'No miracle, but a piece of rare good-luck,' he said. 'One of the attachés at our Embassy arranged to travel to England to-night, or I should never have got away, even with the support of the State Councillor who requested Lieutenant von Halwig to befriend me. Then, at the last moment, Fane couldn't come. I meant asking Von Halwig to send a messenger to the Embassy with the spare ticket.'

'So you will forward the money to Mr Fane with my compliments,' said the girl, opening her purse.

Dalroy agreed. There was no other way out of the difficulty. Incidentally, he could not help noticing that the lady was well supplied with gold and notes.

As they were fellow-travellers by force of circumstances, Dalroy took a card from the pocket-book in which he was securing a one-hundred-mark note.

'We have a long journey before us, and may as well get to know each other by name,' he said.

The girl smiled acquiescence. She read: 'Captain Arthur Dalroy, 2nd Bengal Lancers, Junior United Service Club.'

'I haven't a card in my bag, she said simply, 'but my name is Beresford—Irene Beresford—Miss Beresford; and she coloured prettily. 'I have made an effort of the explanation,' she went on; 'but I think it is stupid of women not to let people know at once whether they are married or single.'

'I'll be equally candid,' he replied. 'I'm not married, nor likely to be.'

'Is that defiance, or merely self-defence?'

'Neither. A bald fact. I hold with Kitchener that a soldier should devote himself exclusively to his profession.'

'It would certainly be well for many a heart-broken woman in Europe to-day if all soldiers shared your opinion,' was the answer; and Dalroy knew that his *vis-à-vis* had deftly guided their chatter on to a more sedate plane.

The train halted an unconscionable time at a suburban station, and again at Charlottenburg. The four Germans in the compartment, all Prussian officers, commented on the delay, and one of them made a joke of it.

'The signals must be against us at Liège,' he laughed.

'Perhaps England has sent a regiment of Territorials across by the Ostend boat,' chimed in another. Then he turned to Dalroy, and said civilly, 'You are English. Your country will not be so mad as to join in this adventure, will she?'

'This is a war of diplomats,' said Dalroy, resolved to keep a guard on his tongue. 'I am quite sure that no one in England wants war.'

'But will England fight if Germany invades Belgium?'

'Surely Germany will do no such thing. The integrity of Belgium is guaranteed by treaty.'

'Your friend the lieutenant, then, did not tell you that our army crossed the frontier to-day?'

'Is that possible?'

'Yes. It is no secret now. Didn't you realise what he meant when he said his regiment was going to Aachen? But what does it matter? Belgium cannot resist. She must give free passage to our troops. She will protest, of course, just to save her face.'

The talk became general among the men. At the moment there was a fixed belief in Germany that Britain would stand aloof from the quarrel. So convinced was Austria of the British attitude that the Viennese mob gathered outside the British ambassador's residence that same evening, and cheered enthusiastically.

During another long wait Dalroy took advantage of the clamour and bustle of a crowded platform to say to Miss Beresford in a low tone, 'Are you well advised to proceed *via* Brussels? Why not branch off at Oberhausen, and go home by way of Flushing?'

'I must meet my sister in Brussels,' said the girl. 'She is younger than I, and at school there. I am not afraid—now. They will not interfere with any one in this train, especially a woman. But how about you? You have the unmistakable look of a British officer.'

'Have I?' he said, smiling. 'That is just why I am going through, I suppose.'

Neither could guess the immense significance of those few words. There was a reasonable chance of escape through Holland during the next day. By remaining in the Belgium-bound

train they were, all unknowing, entering the crater of a volcano.

The ten-hours' run to Cologne was drawn out to twenty. Time and again they were shunted into sidings to make way for troop-trains and supplies. At a wayside station a bright moon enabled Dalroy to take stock of two monster howitzers mounted on specially constructed bogie trucks. He estimated their bore at sixteen or seventeen inches; the fittings and accessories of each gun filled nine or ten trucks. How prepared Germany was! How thorough her organisation! Yet the hurrying forward of these giant siege-guns was premature, to put it mildly. Or were the German generals really convinced that they would sweep every obstacle from their path, and hammer their way into Paris on a fixed date? Dalroy thought of England, and sighed, because his mind turned first to the army—barely one hundred thousand trained men. Then he remembered the British fleet, and the outlook was more reassuring.

After a night of fitful sleep, dawn found the travellers not yet half-way. The four Germans were furious. They held staff appointments, and had been assured in Berlin that the clock-work regularity of mobilisation arrangements would permit this particular train to cover the journey according to schedule. Meals were irregular and scanty. At one small town, in the early morning, Dalroy secured a quantity of rolls and fruit, and all benefited later by his forethought.

Newspapers bought *en route* contained dark forebodings of Britain's growing hostility. A special edition of a Hanover journal spoke of an ultimatum, a word which evoked harsh denunciations of 'British treachery' from the Germans. The comparative friendliness induced by Dalroy's prevision as a caterer vanished at once. When the train rolled wearily across the Rhine into Cologne, ten hours late, both Dalroy and the girl were fully aware that their fellow-passengers regarded them as potential enemies.

It was then about six o'clock on the Tuesday evening, and a loud-voiced official announced that the train would not proceed to Aix-la-Chapelle until eight. The German officers went out, no doubt to seek a meal; but they took the precaution of asking an officer in charge of some Bavarian troops on the platform to station a sentry at the carriage-door. Probably they had no other intent, and merely wished to safeguard their places; but Dalroy realised now the imprudence of talking English, and signed to the girl that she was to come with him into the corridor on the opposite side of the carriage.

There they held counsel. Miss Beresford was firmly resolved to reach Brussels, and flinched from no difficulties. It must be remembered that war was not formally declared between Great Britain and Germany until that evening. Indeed, the tremendous decision was made while

the pair so curiously allied by fate were discussing their programme. Had they even quitted the train at Cologne they would have had a fair prospect of reaching neutral territory by hook or by crook. But they knew nothing of Liège, and the imperishable laurels which that gallant city was about to gather. They elected to go on!

A station employé brought them some unpalatable food, which they made a pretence of eating. Irene Beresford's Hanoverian German was perfect, so Dalroy did not air his less accurate accent, and the presence of the sentry was helpful at this crisis. Though sharp-eyed and rabbit-eared, the man was quite civil.

At last the Prussian officers returned. He who had been chatty overnight was now brusque, even overbearing. 'You have no right here!' he vociferated to Dalroy. 'Why should a damned Englishman travel with Germans? Your country is perfidious as ever. How do I know that you are not a spy?'

'Spies are not vouched for by Councillors of State,' was the calm reply. 'I have in my pocket a letter from his Excellency Staatsrath von Auschenbaum authorising my journey, and you yourself must perceive that I am escorting a lady to her home.'

The other snorted, but subsided into his seat. Not yet had Teutonic hatred of all things British burst its barriers. But the pressure was increasing. Soon it would leap forth like the pent-up flood of some mighty reservoir whose retaining wall had crumbled into ruin.

'Is there any news?' went on Dalroy civilly. At any hazard, he was determined, for the sake of the girl, to maintain the semblance of good-fellowship. She, he saw, was cool and collected. Evidently she had complete trust in him.

For a little while no one answered. Ultimately the officer who regarded Liège as a joke said shortly, 'Your Sir Grey has made some impudent suggestions. I suppose it is what the Americans call "bluff," but bluffing Germany is a dangerous game.'

'Newspapers exaggerate such matters,' said Dalroy.

'It may be so. Still, you'll be lucky if you get beyond Aachen,' was the ungracious retort. The speaker refused to give the town its French name.

An hour passed, the third in Cologne, before the train rumbled away into the darkness. The girl pretended to sleep. Indeed, she may have dozed fitfully. Dalroy did not attempt to engage her in talk. The Germans gossiped in low tones. They knew that their nation had spied on the whole world. Naturally they held every foreigner in their midst as tainted in the same vile way.

From Cologne to Aix-la-Chapelle is only a two hours' run. That night the journey consumed four. Dalroy no longer dared look out

when the train stood in a siding. He knew by the sounds that all the dread paraphernalia of war was speeding toward the frontier; but any display of interest on his part would be positively dangerous now; so he, too, closed his eyes.

By this time he was well aware that his real trials would begin at Aix; but he had the philosopher's temperament, and never leaped fences till he reached them.

At one in the morning they entered the station of the last important town in Germany. Holland lay barely three miles away, Belgium a little farther. The goal was near. Dalroy felt that by calmness and quiet determination he and his charming protégée might win through. He was very much taken by Irene Beresford. He had never met any girl who attracted him so strongly. He found himself wondering whether he might contrive to cultivate this strangely formed friendship when they reached England. In a word, the self-denying ordinance popularly attributed to Lord Kitchener was weakening in Captain Arthur Dalroy.

Then his sky dropped, dropped with a bang.

The train had not quite halted when the door was torn open, and a bespectacled, red-faced officer glared in.

'It is reported from Cologne that there are English in this carriage,' he shouted.

'Correct, my friend. There they are!' said the man who had snarled at Dalroy earlier.

'You must descend,' commanded the newcomer. 'You are both under arrest.'

'On what charge?' inquired Dalroy, bitterly conscious of a gasp of terror which came involuntarily from the girl's lips.

'You are spies. A sentry heard you talking English, and saw you examining troop-trains from the carriage window.'

So that Bavarian lout had listened to the Prussian officer's taunt, and made a story of his discovery to prove his diligence.

'We are not spies, nor have we done anything to warrant suspicion,' said Dalroy quietly. 'I have letters'—

'No talk. Out you come!' and he was dragged forth by a bloated fellow whom he could have broken with his hands. It would have been folly to resist, so he merely contrived to keep on his feet, whereas the fat bully meant to trip him ignominiously on to the platform.

'Now you!' was the order to Irene, and she followed. Half-a-dozen soldiers closed around. There could be no doubting that preparations had been made for their reception.

'May I have my portmanteau?' said Dalroy. 'You are acting in error, as I shall prove when given an opportunity.'

'Shut your mouth, you damned Englishman!'—that was a favourite phrase on German lips, apparently. 'Would you dare to argue with me?—Here, one of you, take his bag. Has the

woman any baggage? No. Then march them to the'—

A tall young lieutenant, in the uniform of the Prussian Imperial Guard, dashed up breathlessly.

'Ah, I was told the train had arrived!' he cried. 'Yes, I am in search of those two'—

'Thank goodness you are here, Von Halwig!' began Dalroy.

The Guardsman turned on him a face aflame with fury. 'Silence!' he bellowed. 'I'll soon settle *your* affair.—Take his papers and money, and put him in a waiting-room till I return,' he added, speaking to the officer of reserves who had effected the arrest. 'Place the lady in another waiting-room, and lock her in. I'll see that she is not molested. As for this English *schwein-hund*, shoot him at the least sign of resistance.'

'But, Herr Lieutenant,' began the other, whose heavy paunch was a measure of his self-importance, 'I have orders'—

'Ach, was! I know! This Englishman is not an ordinary spy. He is a cavalry captain, and speaks our language fluently. Do as I tell you. I shall come back in half-an-hour.—Fräulein, you are in safer hands. You, I fancy, will be well treated.'

Dalroy said not a word. He saw at once that some virus had changed Von Halwig's urbanity to bitter hatred. He was sure the Guardsman had been drinking, but that fact alone would not account for such an amazing *volte-face*. Could it be that Britain had thrown in her lot with France? In his heart of hearts he hoped passionately that the rumour was true. And he blazed, too, into a fierce, if silent, resentment of the Prussian's satyr-like smile at Irene Beresford. But what could he do? Protest was worse than useless. He felt that he would be shot or bayoneted on the slightest pretext.

Von Halwig evidently resented the presence of a crowd of gaping onlookers.

'No more talk!' he ordered sharply. 'Do as I bid you, Herr Lieutenant of Reserves!'

'Captain Dalroy,' cried the girl in a voice of utter dismay, 'don't let them part us!'

Von Halwig pointed to a door. 'In there with him!' he growled, and Dalroy was hustled away. Irene screamed, and tried to avoid the Prussian's outstretched hand. He grasped her determinedly.

'Don't be a fool!' he hissed in English. 'I can save you. He is done with. A firing-party or a rope will account for him at daybreak. Ah! calm yourself, *gnädige Fräulein*. There are consolations, even in war.'

Dalroy contrived, out of the tail of his eye, to see that the distraught girl was led toward a ladies' waiting-room two doors from the apartment into which he was thrust. There he was searched by the lieutenant of reserves, not

skilfully, because the man missed nearly the whole of his money, which he carried in a pocket in the lining of his waistcoat. All else was taken—tickets, papers, loose cash, even a cigarette-case and favourite pipe.

The instructions to the sentry were emphatic :

'Don't close the door! Admit no one without sending for me! Shoot or stab the prisoner if he moves!' And the fat man bustled away. The station was swarming with military big-wigs. He must remain in evidence.

(Continued on page 19.)

EFFICIENCY.

By GERALDINE R. GLASGOW.

THERE are many useful and efficient women—neat-fingered, well trained, organised, and thorough. They are the pick of the basket, but they are in the minority. When the war broke out they made no fuss, and did not clamour for unsuitable duties. They knew what they could do, and they did it, quietly and competently. The country needed them, and it accepted their services. The clamour and the fuss came from the inefficient.

The only real test of efficiency is work done; but, unfortunately, when work is most needed the time is past for training. We have learned the lesson in our most bitter need; stacks of useless garments testify to it; wasted time, wasted temper, wasted material, speak of enthusiasm, patriotism, and generosity which have ended in smoke.

When war was declared we women sailed, smiling, to the front. Shirts to make? Any one can sew a shirt. Stockings, mufflers, mittens to be made—why not? Every one can knit—it only needs yarn and needles! Many of us laughed at the idea of any special training being necessary to cope with pins and scissors and a paper pattern. The results lie hidden in piles of wasted material, or in the patient unravelling by the competent of the hopeless work of the inefficient.

There is a light-hearted conceit which clothes the ignorant like a garment. They cannot see that, if you make a pair of socks, they should be alike and *both* should fit. I have seen socks with the legs six inches long and the feet twelve! I have seen 'helpless' shirts with tape ties every three inches down the back, and with lace insertion and baby ribbon at the neck. I have seen flannel helmets made like Dutch baby bonnets, and tied with tape under the chin, that no self-respecting soldier could use for anything but a sponge-bag, and which the Church Army generously takes over by the hundred, and cuts up into clothing for the very poor, to whom it is a matter of Hobson's choice. Many of the poor in London earned a living wage last winter by unpicking and remaking the work of the useless and untrained. I know, too, of a wounded man in a temporary hospital in the country who humorously complained to the sister in charge that a zealous and strenuous worker had washed one of his feet, and *dried the other!*

And yet two weeks' teaching snatched from the first nine months of warfare would have made most of these willing workers really efficient. Careful consideration of the wearer and the conditions, even a little common-sense, would have shown that a man badly enough wounded to wear a 'helpless' shirt would not enjoy lying on little knots of hard tape, and would be annoyed by tags of pale-blue ribbon round his neck; that a helmet shape passed by the War Office, and approved by the proper official, must have something in it that an ordinary girl could not evolve out of her inner consciousness 'by the light of nature,' as I heard one flushed and indignant worker express it; and that therefore the proper patterns should be used, and the cutting-out studied as an art. Shirts so full in the skirt and so grotesquely inadequate at the shoulders that they make one smile are waste pure and simple; sometimes, when the need is great and the number of workers limited, it is more of a tragedy than a comedy.

It was the same in every department. Girls who could not roll a bandage, and had never made even an ordinary bed, were angry, rebellious, indignant because they were not accepted as nurses for the sick and wounded. They vaguely felt that devotion and enthusiasm ought to take the place of long, rigorous, careful training, and said openly, 'If I can't do what I like, in the way I like, I shall just do nothing. They can get on without me.'

And yet every one was wanted then as now—every spark of enthusiasm, every breath of kindness and goodwill; patience, tenderness, courage; all the thousand and one manifestations of the youth and strength of the country; and surely and slowly the net has been cast abroad, and the harvest has been gathered in. Girls are learning that sympathy and kindness do not take the place of practical dexterity and trained intelligence—they only add to its value; that the 'light of nature' is a will-o'-the-wisp compared with the most rudimentary knowledge in the making of a shirt; that from sheer want of training there has been a tremendous waste in time and material and in temper; and that the only useful people at a crisis are those who can do a thing well. So, whilst we have had to make an army of soldiers with the enemy knocking at our gates,

we have also had to train an ignorant but willing army of helpers into an efficiency of which they had never even dreamed. We have, to a certain extent, learned the slow and difficult lesson, but we have learned it in tears and blood. At any rate, we have gauged the depths of our own ignorance. If we had been asked a year ago to write down what we could do, I am afraid a great many of us would have put down, 'Anything we are asked,' or words to that effect; now I hope we should more humbly and more usefully find one little act of service in which we were proficient. No amount of willingness can make up for lack of training, and probably experience is the best teacher, but it is a costly one. Amateur work is only permissible when no other is available, or when it can, at any rate, hurt no one but the doer; in the making of clothes, the nursing of the wounded, even the scrubbing of a floor, the expert will always be accepted before the amateur.

'Something of everything, and everything of something,' is a very good motto to start with;

but now, at this very minute, it would be a wise thing if we all made one of those good resolves which so often come—and go—with New Year's Day, to set to work and learn to be efficient in one single thing, if it is only in the making of buttonholes. We have, most of us, muddled through the duties which the war has thrust upon us, because they had to be done, ill or well; but we have not been so thorough as we might have been, and the muddlers never enjoy work as the specialists do. But to be thorough means always a certain amount of dullness and drudgery to begin with, and the young are impatient, and are apt to think that imperfect work will 'do,' or that, at any rate, it will pass amongst hundreds of samples equally bad. They like to plunge into the fray dramatically, with high spirits and untempered weapons, and a khaki uniform, and think more of affixing a label to their work, with 'God bless the soldier who wears this shirt' written upon it, than of making it button and unbutton comfortably.

THE BRAVEST OF THEM ALL

By A. M'L. CLELAND.

CHAPTER I.

'WELL, good-bye, sonny! Sorry, you know; but it can't be helped. Discipline! discipline!' And Uncle Tom gave a kindly pat to the thin left shoulder of the slim little figure standing so stiffly to attention, framed in the dark shadow of the hall door. Then he passed down the steps to the waiting car, where Aunt Christine and Cousin Madge were already seated.

Then the car, having cleared its throat once or twice, began its merry hum, and rolled away across the dry moat where the drawbridge had once been, and so down the short drive to the highroad.

It was a pathetic-looking little figure that stood there so uprightly in the bright sunshine; and perhaps it was that, or the look in the hazel eyes, or a shadow on the earnest face, that made Aunt Christine call out, as they turned away, 'Remember, you are the Guard of the Tower till our return, Jackie!' And then, just before the car finally disappeared in the dip of the road, Aunt Christine looked back, and smiled and waved her hand. For she was not altogether satisfied at Jackie being left behind.

The Guard of the Tower stood motionless, waiting till the car should reappear and begin its long, slow climb up and over Mallam Moor. It crawled along, growing smaller and smaller, till it reached the top. It seemed to steady itself there, a white handkerchief flashed out for a second—that was Aunt Christine, of course—and next moment the car had dropped behind

the hill. And at that Jackie really did feel alone.

Of course it was a fine thing to think he was Guard of the Tower. But if he hadn't—well, if something hadn't happened yesterday, Jackie would not have been left behind whilst Uncle Tom, Aunt Christine, and Cousin Madge drove up, and down, and across the beautiful breezy moors to Stalling Foss, thirty miles away.

And cook and the housemaid, with Fred—who acted as chauffeur-valet-gardener—had been allowed to take a 'long-day' at Minsterton, the spire of whose church you could see from the roof of the Tower. There was a fair at Minsterton, and the servants were not expected back till after dark. Even Grip was away, having been unlucky enough to put his right paw in a rat-trap three days before. He was then enjoying enforced leisure at the house of the Minsterton vet., but was to return that night with the servants.

Well, there was no help for it. Discipline, as Uncle Tom said, was discipline. And, at any rate, Jackie was Guard of the Tower.

Now a guard, of course, has to patrol whatever he is guarding, whether tower, fortress, or castle. So Jackie, after swallowing once or twice something which seemed to stick in his throat, turned round and entered the Tower to make his first patrol.

Then a brilliant idea struck him. He would keep a record of his patrols. A thin black mark on the front step for every quarter of an hour,

with a thick one for the hours, would do very well. Black chalk, he knew, could be found in the studio, so he sped up the steep, twisty stone steps of the Tower to the very top room; and whilst he stands panting at the door for a moment, let me tell you something of Jackie and the Tower.

The Tower was not Jackie's real home. That was in far-away Manchester, a place where you must put up with many very undesirable things, such as electric tramcars, noise, and ever so much black smoke. The Tower really belonged to W. Markham, R.A., Uncle Tom's dearest chum. Jackie had met 'Markham, R.A.,' and had been much impressed by him. He had a great flowing beard, and an almost equally flowing hat, with a brown velvet coat and an orange scarf, such as made even the Manchester people stare when he occasionally summoned up enough courage to pay that smoke-pestered place a visit.

But, being Uncle Tom's dearest chum, it was only natural that when 'Markham, R.A.,' decided to take his velvet coat, his flowing beard, and large hat to the Norwegian fiords, and so give the natives the time of their lives, it was only natural, I say, that he should ask Uncle Tom to leave murky Manchester for a while in exchange for the breezy moors of Northumberland. In other words, 'Markham, R.A.,' offered Uncle Tom the use of his house and home—to wit, Mallam Tower—for a period of six weeks.

By this time Jackie has recovered his breath, after his run up the steep steps of the Tower, and we can now accompany him in his tour round the studio, searching for black chalk.

On the whole he didn't think much of the works of 'Markham, R.A.,' many of whose pictures were hung round the walls of the studio. There were no soldiers in any of them, for one thing; and only a horse or a dog here and there, and even they looked as if they had tumbled into the picture by accident. But, to make up for these deficiencies, many though they were, there was one picture, standing on an easel by itself, that was the joy of Jackie's life. It was the picture of a girl with glad eyes—sweet, gentle gray eyes. There was not much of her, just her head and shoulders. But her glad eyes seemed to look encouragement to Jackie; and her beautiful lips seemed made for—no, I am not going to write the word you are expecting—her lips, I say, seemed as if they could never form themselves to anything but loving curves, or tender quiverings, or smiles of heartfelt sympathy and understanding. They were the kind of lips—though, of course, Jackie did not know anything of this—that a little baby turns to instinctively; the kind, it seemed to Jackie, he had always dreamed about.

So the Girl-on-the-Canvas and Jackie were great chums. Indeed, she ran a very close race in his affections with another girl, not on canvas, but very much in the flesh indeed—to wit,

happy-go-lucky Cousin Madge, at that moment thoroughly enjoying herself in the car, and not thinking of Jackie one tiny bit.

It was to the Girl-on-the-Canvas that Jackie went whenever he felt 'funky' (the word is Jackie's, not mine); and, for I must tell you the whole truth, Jackie very often did feel 'funky.' In fact, it was this general tendency toward 'funkiness' that caused Uncle Tom and Aunt Christine, just before they left Manchester for the moors, to have a very serious talk regarding Jackie.

'He doesn't seem to put on any meat,' said Uncle Tom, who certainly could not be charged with that lack.

'And yet,' Aunt Christine replied, 'he always seems to enjoy his food, and is very healthy.'

You see, Aunt Christine kept a specially warm corner in her heart for Jackie, for reasons which you will understand as we go on. 'Do you think Mr Thompson would let him join the Boy Scouts?'

'He might, if I asked him; though Jackie is terribly small and slight for the Scouts. However, I'll speak to Thompson about it tomorrow.'

'Jackie,' he said next day, 'would you like to be a Boy Scout?'

Jackie doubted if he had heard aright. To be a Scout was the dearest and most secret wish of his whole life.

'You would, eh!' as Uncle Tom noticed how the boy's eyes blazed. 'Then come along with me, and we'll see the scoutmaster.'

The scoutmaster seemed to live in a large room in the upper floor of a tall building in a lane off Deansgate. The stairs leading to it rather tried Uncle Tom, who had, as I have already hinted, a good deal of meat to carry. There were some scores of Boy Scouts there, though Jackie hardly noticed them, all his attention being fixed on the scoutmaster. This gentleman was a resplendent being, very tall, whose moustache could be almost seen if looked for in a good strong sidelight; and he had cultivated a deep gruff voice, the product of much painful effort and trouble. And words fail me to describe his uniform. This magnificent creature Uncle Tom drew aside (and quite familiarly, by a button-hole), and conversed with in a low tone for some moments. Both of them glanced occasionally at Jackie, standing stiff as a ramrod by the door.

The scoutmaster approached him with easy strides, Uncle Tom by his side. Jackie's heart beat high. What would the decision be?

'So this is the boy who wishes to join? He certainly looks small.—You think you can stand it, Jackie?'

'Yes, sir!' the words coming out in the one-millionth part of a second.

The scoutmaster looked at him a moment or two, resting his chin on his right hand.

All of heaven (at least Jackie's heaven) trembled in the balance.

'Very well,' in his gruffest voice, 'let him join next week.'

And no scoutmaster ever was or ever will be rewarded with such a look of whole-hearted devotion as Jackie then gave.

But before next week came Uncle Tom and all the family had been whisked off to Mallam Tower, ere Jackie had even had time to get his Scout uniform.

Nevertheless, he was now a Boy Scout; though, as he honestly explained to various kind friends, he was 'only just' one.

Now when Jackie had made ten rounds of the Tower his thoughts began to turn longingly toward lunch. The sun by this time had grown so hot that he had removed the camp-stool he used as a seat to the cool shelter of a laurel-bush growing near the door, and sat there in great content reading the last number of *The Modern Boy*.

So absorbed was he that he never heard stealthy steps approach from the rear of the laurel-bush, and had no idea anybody was near till two strong and dirty hands gripped his arms from behind, and a raspy voice, breathing hotly, whispered in his ear, 'Give a single squeak, an' I'll bash yer 'ead off!'

Jackie turned his startled eyes upward, whilst his heart went beat-two-skip-one as fast as ever it could. He saw an evil-looking face bending over him, the forehead surmounted by a ragged fur cap. Beneath the forehead were two bleared eyes, rather close-set, and below them a twisted nose; while underneath the nose was a cruel-looking, thin-lipped mouth.

Jackie's reading had been extensive enough to convince him at once that here was a burglar. But somehow the actual thing was not exactly what the editor of *The Modern Boy* had led him to expect.

'Get up!' the burglar commanded, giving Jackie a jerk from the camp-stool.

But when he had stood the small, slightly built boy in front of him, still keeping a strong grip on one of his arms, whilst he sat himself down on the stool, 'W'y,' he exclaimed, 'cipher me if it isn't on'y a nipper!'

He stared hard at Jackie, who stared just as hard back again, with never the move of an eyelash.

'W'ere's yer dad?' the burglar rasped out.

'My father is dead,' Jackie quietly replied.

'Who's 'im as went off in the car, then?'

'That was Uncle Tom.'

'An' w'ere's yer ma?'

But to this question Jackie gave no answer, for no one ever mentioned his mother, not even kind Aunt Christine. And, young as he was, Jackie somehow knew that he must not talk of his mother. Other boys might talk of their mothers, and refer to them in various terms,

according to the immediate circumstance that happened to prompt them, but not Jackie.

'I live with Uncle Tom and Aunt Christine,' he said when the burglar had repeated his question.

'An' w'en will they be back?'

'Not till the evening.'

'An' the servants?'

'They've gone to the fair at Minsterton; they won't be back till night.'

'But ye've a dawg! W'ere's the dawg? No gammon, mind!'

'He's at Minsterton too,' Jackie replied, quite steadily. He was standing all this time upright as a lath; no stammering; and, strange to say, not the least sign of 'funkiness.'

'Cipher me!' the burglar exclaimed again. 'On'y a nipper!' And the thin lips half smiled. 'Come out o' this blawsted 'eat, sonny!' he said, almost kindly, as he rose from the camp-stool; and, pushing Jackie in front of him, he led the way up to the entrance-door.

But when he entered the cool and shady hall he started back suddenly, and his hand gripped Jackie's shoulder painfully. 'Didn't yer say, sonny,' he whispered hoarsely, 'there was no one 'ere but yerself?'

'Yes, sir; no one.'

'Then w'at's yon?' and the burglar pointed to a dim figure in a far corner.

'That's a knight,' said Jackie. 'His armour.' Then, as the burglar still seemed puzzled, he added, 'Only his clothes, sir.'

'So!' said the burglar. He loosened his grip on Jackie's shoulder and walked cautiously toward the figure, with his fists closed and his arms partly raised.

'Cipher me!' he said, when he had come near enough to take in the details of helmet, visor, breastplate, and other pieces of armour.

'He lived a very long time ago,' Jackie explained.

The burglar examined the gentleman attentively and with great interest. 'Say, sonny, 'ow did 'e drink or smoke?'

This was a puzzle to Jackie. It presented a point of view that was new to him. But he grappled with it, though perhaps not quite successfully. 'I—I—don't think they drank or smoked in those days.'

'Pore beggars!' said the burglar feelingly. Then he wagged an arm of the knight, and tapped his metallic chestpiece as if he were a doctor sounding a patient. 'Tin-pot Tommies!' he exclaimed. 'Cipher me!'

Just then he caught sight of the drawing-room through the open door of the hall.

I call it drawing-room, but the man who built it called it the banquet-hall. How ever, that was a long time ago—in fact, in the days when good King Hal was having such a jolly time with his domestic quick-change farces.

Now 'Markham, R.A.' had travelled a great deal. Jackie, who was deplorably weak in geography, used to have bad headaches when he tried to remember the many places 'Markham, R.A.' had visited in his rambles. And in the drawing-room, hanging on the walls, lying on the tables, or snugly ensconced in various cases, were scores and scores of his travelling souvenirs.

Bows and arrows, spears, shields, cunningly made twisty knives for giving an enemy an extra squirm, swords, and daggers hung on the walls. Beautiful things in copper and bronze were on the tables, or stood in the deeply mullioned window recesses; and on one table in the centre of the room were dozens of articles in most delicate Indian silver.

This table at once attracted the burglar's attention. He looked at the articles and sighed; took them up and fingered them lovingly; then glanced at Jackie, and put them down again.

'Cipher my eyes!' he muttered. 'On'y a nipper!' His mouth seemed to water as he gazed at the beautiful things. In a fit of abstraction, or perhaps from mere force of habit, he quietly slipped one small box into the side-pocket of his greatcoat. Not too quietly, though, for the Guard to observe the action. Then he sighed again, and turned to look at some other things.

A short, heavy stick, with a very bulgy end-bit, caught his eye. He took it from its place on the wall and examined it with great care. 'W'at's this, sonny?' he asked, as he balanced the stick in his hand and made passes in the air with it.

'That's a knobkerrie,' the Guard explained. 'The natives of Fiji use it to fight with.'

'Ah! I should think so! Ye could crack nuts with this—eh?'

'Oh, yes!'

'Coco-nuts perhaps?' said the burglar, with a grin.

'Oh, yes; the Fijians have lots of coco-nuts,' said Jackie doubtfully.

'W'ere's that place, nipper—that Fusee you talked off?'

'Oh, it's—it's—it's in South America.' Remember, please, Jackie was weak in geography.

Having made a tour of the drawing-room, the burglar crossed the hall into the dining-room.

'W'at!' he exclaimed, as soon as he entered; 'more tinned Tommies!' For there were several suits of armour ranged round the walls of the dining-room, like so many dumb-waiters.

Here again I must explain that when the Tower was built the room Jackie and the burglar now stood in had been the guard-room of the Tower. It had a vaulted stone ceiling and a huge fireplace, up the chimney of which the flames used to roar when the winter north winds blew across the moor.

But the burglar's attention was distracted

from the knights by the sight of a meal spread out on the table in the middle of the room.

'Take your lunch, Jackie dear, at two o'clock,' Aunt Christine had said on leaving. 'I have left it all ready for you.' And certainly it was a very nice-looking lunch—some tempting slices of beef, balanced by a crusty little loaf on a wooden trencher, strawberries and a small jug of cream, and a slab of cake.

Perhaps there were rather too many strawberries and too much thick cream for a boy who was being 'disciplined.' But that was just Aunt Christine all over. She never forgot for one moment that Jackie's father was dead; that his mother must not be spoken about.

The burglar's eyes glittered when they lighted on the beef. He dragged a chair across the stone floor to the table, sat down, and then tore the loaf in two, and to Jackie's quiet, watchful eyes seemed to throw the beef into his mouth as if it were so much coal.

'Got no pickles?' he asked, looking about the table, with his mouth full of beef.

'I don't like pickles,' Jackie replied. 'They make my stom— I mean,' he stammered, 'I don't think pickles are good for me. But,' he added, seeing the burglar looked disappointed, 'I think I can get you some;' and he rose and walked toward the door.

A heavy hand was laid on his shoulder as he passed the end of the table. 'No, you don't, sonny! Fraction my eyes if you do!' the burglar growled. 'We will look for them pickles together. See?'

So Jackie led him to the kitchen, and there they found a full bottle of pickles, to the burglar's great joy. On their return to the dining-room the Guard was fascinated as he watched the way the burglar crunched up the pickles with every evidence of satisfaction. Jackie wondered, though, what kind of a pain his stom— or rather, I should say, he doubted if so many pickles were good even for a hairy-capped burglar.

There was silence for a few moments, except for the noise, the very great noise, the burglar made when eating. He ground up beef, crusty bread, and pickles in a marvellously loud way.

'What about drink, sonny?' he next asked thickly, his mouth being full of pickles and beef.

'There is some milk,' Jackie replied, pushing a jug across to him.

'Milk! Me!' the burglar said, disgusted. 'Not much! I'm not a baby cub. W'at about beer?'

'There is beer in the cellar.'

'Come along, then, and we'll draw some. You keep the milk. Cut ahead, sonny.'

So Jackie led the way to the kitchen again, and so to the cellar, which was entered by a little stone-flagged passage off the kitchen.

(Continued on page 27.)

TORPEDO-BOATS AT WORK.

WAR had been in progress about a month, bringing nothing of excitement to the torpedo-boats of the patrol flotillas working from a certain port on the East Coast.

Occasionally a porpoise would break surface near the ship, causing us to conjure up visions of D.S.O.'s and V.C.'s before we realised that it was only a fish and not a submarine. On two occasions we had narrowly missed ramming a certain buoy in the early morning twilight, thinking that we had caught 'Fritz' at last sunning himself on the surface. But small excitements such as these are soon forgotten, and we were one and all bemoaning our luck in being in the 'oily wads,' more correctly termed 'coastal torpedo-boats,' where we seemed to have all the work and very little chance of any real excitement or danger.

Oh yes! I have forgotten one real excitement that we had, but as it turned out to be a 'busted flush,' I will not dwell upon it.

We were passing a certain defended port where there were some very strong searchlights. Being about five miles out from the shore, we knew that the local 'grabbies' would not see us, although their lights made us plainly visible to one another as they switched by us. Occasionally, when they dwelt on us for possibly ten or fifteen seconds, which seemed like an equal number of minutes, we could easily read a signal, find the sugar that the sub. had brought up for the cocoa and dropped on the deck as he arrived, or see the time by the deck watch, which was always at hand, lying on the chart-table.

Five times had these lights switched on to us, paused, and then passed on to search for a possible, though very improbable, enemy vessel, without giving the 'grabbies' or us any cause for palpitation of the heart. The sixth time, however, produced unexpected results. The lights had passed the first three boats, and by chance had dwelt on the fourth and last boat. Suddenly a crash, a sheet of flame, and her foremost gun sent a projectile hurtling out to sea. At the same time we could see her heel over as her helm was put 'hard aport,' black smoke belched forth from her funnels, and in next to no time she had disappeared to seaward. We, the other three boats, all followed her, and with every one at his fighting station and feeling supremely happy, we crashed through the water at twenty-five knots in pursuit of the unknown enemy.

Our excitement grew intense when a wireless message was brought up saying that it was a German destroyer that had been seen, and, as though to remind us that it was not a dream, every now and then we heard the leading boat firing her gun. After a further two or three minutes, during which time we had been steaming directly away from the shore and the searchlights, we got the news that the enemy had now

disappeared, but that when last seen he was steering south-east, apparently at full speed, as he rapidly drew away from our twenty-five-knot confrère. We continued the chase for some two hours, when we were ordered to return to our previous duty, and with that awful feeling of dejection that follows upon excitement disappointed, we retraced our path. However, we afterwards unanimously agreed that we had had all the excitement that was to be had from nothing, as it was then conclusively proved that the last boat had fired at and chased—her shadow.

Life consisted of routine, hard work, sleeping, and eating, with no leave and not always too much fresh food, if we stayed at sea longer than had been expected. It must be explained that a torpedo-boat's work is done almost entirely at night, and that her strength lies in being absolutely invisible and instantly ready for action; so that our lives had been turned upside-down, and we worked at night—say from six P.M. till six A.M.—and filled up with fuel, water, &c., and slept during the day, trusting that when we woke up the daily allowance of fresh provisions would be found on the upper deck like manna from heaven; only they came from the paymaster of our parent ship instead of from above.

It was about five A.M. on a beautiful September morning when the same four 'oily wads' were steaming slowly and independently toward an appointed rendezvous, whence they would return to their base. By some mischance our fresh provisions of the day before had failed to turn up, and so it was with much smacking of lips that we steamed close up to a trawler that was on her way into port and suggested an exchange of baccy for fresh fish. However, the captain seemed bad-tempered, ill-disposed to trade, and would not stop his ship; so we reluctantly turned away and continued our course. Before we had gone more than half a mile we heard the trawler's siren sounding, and on looking round saw that she had stopped.

Congratulating ourselves that the skipper must have found his tobacco-pouch empty after all, we turned round once more, sent down to tell the steward to be ready to take some of the fish for the ward-room as soon as it should be on board, and then stopped close alongside the trawler, with all hands getting out the dinghy. Our hopes of fish were short-lived, for, before the dinghy had been lifted out of her crutches, we were hailed by the captain of the trawler and asked whether we carried a doctor, as he had five wounded men on board. Then followed a long yarn of how, during the night, four trawlers with gear down had unsuspectingly steamed into a minefield, and, ere any of them realised their danger, three vessels had been blown up; and how he, having cut his gear adrift,

had picked up all the survivors he could find, and had steamed back for port, the only one left to tell the tale. Having no doctor on board, we offered to take over our 'medicine-chest' and do what we could to relieve the wounded; but after a good deal of shouting we thought that it would be best for him to make for harbour, whilst we asked by wireless that doctors might come out in a tug to meet him.

So he crawled on into harbour; and we, still without the fish, resumed our course, increasing speed to make up for lost time, and made the request for doctors as soon as we had briefly reported by wireless all we knew to the senior officer at our base.

We reached our rendezvous, joined up with the other three boats, and steamed back into harbour to the accompaniment of much flag-wagging and shouting through megaphones from the people who wanted to hear all the latest news.

We filled up our oil-tanks, had a splendid breakfast of corned beef and cocoa, and were on the point of casting off from the oil-tank to go up to our moorings, when up came the signal, 'Torpedo-boats proceed and endeavour to locate minefield. Warn merchant-ships of the danger. Mine-sweepers will follow.'

All our visions of going to bed disappeared in a flash. We turned round, formed single line ahead, and were soon steaming twenty-five knots toward the supposed position of the minefield. I think it must have been seven A.M. when we passed through the harbour-entrance, and by eight-thirty we were very near the scene of last night's tragedy, by dead reckoning. We spread out till we were about three miles apart, our boat being the southernmost one, with orders to prevent any ship entering the dangerous area, and to keep a sharp lookout for mines. We steamed slowly up and down and round about without seeing anything of interest excepting one suspicious-looking black thing under water, which we at once reported.

Coming to the conclusion that mines were as dull as everything else that we had experienced, we turned the conversation gradually to general subjects; and one seaman, standing below the bridge, was heard betting another his 'tot' that in the event of our hitting a mine, his (the speaker's) lower jaw would go higher than any part of the other man. The bet was duly agreed to, but luckily still remains undecided.

At ten-thirty, nothing more having been seen, I went down to the ward-room to wash, shave, and smoke.

I had partially completed my 'cleaning,' and was still stripped to the waist, when I heard a terrific roar, immediately followed by a sensation as though we were being lifted out of the water, and a horrible hissing noise like water being sprayed against the ship's side. Convinced at once that we had struck a mine near the bow, I rushed up the ladder expecting to find the forepart of the ship missing altogether, but instead

found every one on the bridge looking aft at me. Apparently they had felt exactly the same sensation as I had, and jumped to the conclusion that the stern had gone. On looking round we discovered a column of water some two hundred feet high and about four hundred yards distant. Why that mine exploded we never knew, but from later experience I think that two must have dragged together and then exploded, as no subsequent explosion that I heard was anything like so severe.

Well, we had accomplished part of our work. We had located the minefield. The next thing was to prevent any merchant-ship from 'trespassing,' and, of course, to keep out of trouble ourselves.

One mine does not make a minefield any more than one tree makes a forest, and the question was, where were the remainder of the mines? We knew where another was, or, rather, had been, almost immediately, as a second boom came from the northward, and shortly afterwards the northernmost boat reported that a mine had exploded near her, and that she had seen another floating on the surface. This cheered us up considerably, as we were now convinced that we were on or near the southern end of the field, and so we steamed cautiously to the southward for about another mile, then turned west and proceeded to a steamer that was standing into the zone of danger. Having given her the necessary directions, we continued our patrol, and seeing no prospects of further excitement, I again retired to the ward-room to complete my toilet. The best manservant in the world would probably have been rather neglectful of his duties under such conditions, but a brand-new third-class domestic—straight from the barracks at Portsmouth, frightened to death of the cook (who is 'hot-water king' in a ship), and very excited about the mines—was next to impossible. I struggled for nearly three-quarters of an hour before I was dressed, and then, with a big pipe in my mouth, I wandered up to the bridge to survey the ocean round.

There was nothing going on. A big three-masted sailing-ship was in sight right away to the southward and steering east, and the nearest torpedo-boat had, for some unknown reason, come down our way, and was about two miles to the north-east of us. The wind had fallen away to nothing, so that there was hardly a ripple on the sea, and we basked in the sun and watched the antics of our friend the torpedo-boat with all thoughts of war banished from our minds.

There was a distant boom, and I was just wondering who had been scared by *that* mine, when the sub. shouted, 'By God! the sailing-ship!' I looked round to where a minute previously she had been sailing along. There was the ship, seen as plainly as ever, only cut clean in two just abaft the foremast. Masts, yards, and

rigging were hanging in hopeless confusion, and in less time than it takes to tell the bows rose up in the air and disappeared, leaving only the after-part of the ship in view. Telegraphs were put to 'Full speed ahead,' and the helm put over so as to bring the wreck right ahead; but before we were turned round there was no sign of the ship at all. We had some four miles to go to her rescue, which gave us time to hoist out the dinghy, &c.; and we were also having an exciting race with the other torpedo-boat.

Some one on the bridge murmured that he thought we should probably be able to settle the bet about the lower jaw at any moment; but just then there was a shout of 'There she is, sir,' and away on our port bow we saw masses of wreckage. It was hard luck that she was on that side, as it meant that the other torpedo-boat would get there first; but though such things flash through one's mind, they don't stay to worry one, and by now we had altered our course and were practically there—second. 'Full speed astern both,' and the dinghy was in the water and pulling away amongst the wreckage almost before you could say 'Knife.'

Of the picking up of the survivors little can be said. The ship was the *Gaea* of Svenborg, with a cargo of coke and coal, and a crew of seven men. Four, including the captain, were saved, the remaining three having, in all probability, been blown to bits.

Floating on the water, and covering an area of about an acre, was an indescribable mixture of wreckage; cans, wood, masts, sails, and boats, all covered with bits of coke and coal, strewed the surface; and a little farther off floated a large, spherical, spiky-looking object—a mine. Having thoroughly examined all the wreckage to make sure there were no more survivors, we picked up two life-buoys as mementos, hoisted in the dinghy, and then sank the mine with rifle-fire.

About an hour had now elapsed since the explosion, and all events having been reported to

the senior officer at our base, we already had our orders. One torpedo-boat was to remain in the vicinity of the wreck, and another was to find the mine-sweepers and inform them of the extent of the field as far as was known, and then return to harbour.

The other torpedo-boat elected to remain behind, and so we went off to find the mine-sweepers. After consideration, we came to the conclusion that our safest course, so as to keep clear of the mines, was to go by the route the sailing-ship had come, as we knew there were mines to the northward. So we proceeded west at slow speed, with lots of 'lookouts' up aloft, the mast looking more like a Christmas-tree than anything else. After going about a quarter of a mile there was a cry from aloft of, 'Mine ahead, sir;' and there, sure enough, we could make out the prickles just showing above the surface. So we altered to the north-west, a course, as it turned out, which led us into the thickest part of the field.

Things began to move rapidly now. There was a constant stream of reports coming from aloft—'Mine ahead, sir;' 'Mine on the port bow, sir;' 'There is one, sir, right alongside;' and on looking over the bridge I saw a mine about two feet below the surface, and so close that we could have touched it with a boat-hook. Under these circumstances it was quite impossible to steer a straight course; so we always turned away from the last mine seen, and steered between north and west when possible.

After an hour we at last sighted the mine-sweepers, which had already started work; and a quarter of an hour later we were behind them, and consequently in clear water.

While we were making our report to the senior officer of the mine-sweepers, several mines were exploded by them, and it was without any sort of regret that, at last, we headed for port, and heard the horrible 'bomb' and 'swish' of the exploding mines becoming more and more indistinct.

SEAWEED AND ITS USES.

By F. A. DOUGLAS.

THERE is romance and beauty as well as utility in seaweed; its capture often leads to high adventure, and its harvesting is reminiscent of fresh salt breezes, wild and lonely shores, and many strange, decaying, but interesting industries.

Most wonderful of all is the Sargasso Sea, where the weed grows in such rich abundance that Columbus was entangled and involved in it for about a fortnight. Humboldt the traveller refers to it as 'that great bank of weeds which so vividly occupied the imagination of Christopher Columbus, and which Oviedo calls the seaweed meadows.' These particular seaweeds are called

'gulf-weed,' and are used in the East for pickling and as salads. Quite recently a writer referred to this store of food, and maintained that in these seaweeds were to be found as much proteid as in all the big American wheatfields.

Of course the seaweed dishes are the birds'-nest dishes prepared by the Chinese. These may be had in various Chinese restaurants in London, and are decidedly expensive. In the Indian Archipelago the sea-birds build their nests of a very fine white seaweed. The nests are perched high up in caverns and on cliffs. Experienced cliff-climbers go up long bamboo ladders and bring them down, and explore the

darker caverns by torchlight. The best nests are those ready for, but unused by, the birdlings, for, of course, they are the cleanest; and so, to gratify the fancies of gourmets, the dainty little homes prepared by the parents for their nestlings are stolen from them.

A seaweed that had a high reputation a generation or more ago is Irish or Carrageen moss. A Dublin doctor loudly proclaimed its value as a food for consumptives, and it certainly made a very nutritious and digestible jelly. An ounce of it was soaked in a pint of water for four hours, and a pint of milk was added. It was then boiled, sweetened, and flavoured, and set to cool. Combined with sugar, treacle, ginger, and hops, Irish moss was also used to make beer. There is an article on 'Carrageen,' with recipes, in this *Journal* for 1907. The 'moss' is found plentifully on the Irish coast, in lesser quantities on the west coast of Ross-shire and the Hebrides, and in many parts of northern Europe.

A very considerable seaweed industry is the gathering of laver on the coast of Pembrokeshire. The laver-gatherers camp out in huts made of driftwood and thatched with coarse grass from the dunes. They collect and dry the laver, and send it to the Swansea market. It is sold in the west end of London as a delicacy in winter. It is purple when fresh, but black when you buy it, and something like thin liquorice to look at. It can be made into little rolls, dusted with oatmeal, and fried. Pickled with pepper and vinegar and oil, or with lemon-juice, it is excellent. It is akin to Irish moss, and is good for scrofulous people; both owe their virtues to the iodine they contain. Southey loved laver, and was greatly pleased when he got a present of it.

Very familiar to all Scots people are dulse and tangle—two of the best-known edible seaweeds. Dulse and sandhoppers (a species of small shrimp) are a special joy, and the more recent the decease of the sandhoppers the better the dish. Roasted dulse is considered equal to oysters. Dulse has really been found a very valuable food in the North, and the Icelanders boil it in milk, and salt it down in casks for winter use. In the 'Isles of Greece' it is considered a delicacy, and in Kamchatka people ferment it and make a drink of it.

Tangle, or 'tankle,' is a well-known old-fashioned Edinburgh dainty. The young stalks are very gelatinous and nutritious, and the old stalks make very good knife-handles. Stick the blade of the knife in the stalk when it is wet, and when dry it is quite hard and firm.

The quality of gelatinousness runs through many seaweeds, and quite a variety of foreign species are used to make jellies. *Gracilaria* is pickled and preserved, and Badderlocks is a weed whose midribs form a useful food on the Norwegian and Danish coasts.

The main chemical products of seaweeds, manufactured as kelp, are iodine and potash.

It was on the wild shores of Bœotia that shipwrecked mariners, burning seaweed, first discovered kelp; and from kelp are got valuable alkalines, such as potash. It takes twenty tons of seaweed to produce one ton of kelp, and from a ton of kelp eight pounds of iodine can be obtained. Brittany and Guernsey produce more kelp than Britain. Iodine was only discovered in 1811 by a French chemist.

From a pamphlet issued by the Imperial Institute on 'The World's Supply of Potash,' we obtain interesting particulars of the ancient Scottish kelp industry. Its home lay chiefly in the Orkneys and the Outer Hebrides, and it owed its virtue to the storms that beat about their shores. At first the kelp was extracted from two species of *Fucus* and one of *Ascophyllum*, easily gathered at low tide. These, however, were found to be deficient in iodine; and, later, weeds of the deeper sea, *Laminaria digitata* and *stenophylla*, were discovered to be much richer in results. In wild and stormy weather these are cast upon the shore in great abundance, and the industry continued to thrive and improve. Singularly enough, the *Laminarias* are most easily obtained in summer, and a certain business is done in the more easily gathered and less valuable weeds in winter. The weed is carted from the shore to the machairs of the farm and laid out to dry. In favourable weather it dries in two days, and is ready in three days to burn in open shallow kilns, with brick or stonework sides. The decay of this industry was owing to the increasing imports of German potash salts, particularly from the Stassfurt mines, and now that they are cut off it seems an excellent time to revive and increase this homely old native industry.

In the United States for some time past considerable attention has been paid to obtaining potash from seaweeds. It was recently announced that the kelp-crop of the Pacific Ocean is to be harvested by a powder company to obtain an ingredient used in making ammunition for the warring nations of Europe. One of the largest manufacturers of powder in the United States has decided to spend a large sum in this enterprise in order to obtain potassium chloride required to fill war orders, as it can no longer be obtained from Germany. It has been long known that kelp, such as is to be found along the shores of the Californian coast, is rich in potash. A submarine reaper has been designed which will cut the kelp in six-inch lengths. These will be sucked by a pump into a big wire basket. The pieces of kelp are then to be taken ashore and placed in roasting-vats, the needed chemical substances being afterwards extracted.

In Ireland, under the superintendence and advice of the very active Board of Agriculture there, steps have been taken to encourage the growth of seaweeds on the shores. Additional rocks and stones are placed upon the sands, and

these catch and retain the weeds cast up by the tides. Stones are even taken out in boats and thrown into shallow water. Sometimes the stones are placed in regular lines and enclose rectangular beds where seaweeds may grow. The weed is cut every second year and used as manure by the farmers. If the stones sink into the mud or sand, they are raised again by means of crowbars.

As a manure seaweed is indeed immensely valuable, and every seaside farmer should have a seaweed farm. *Fucus*, weight for weight, is considered quite equal to farmyard manure. It is particularly good for enabling light and sandy soils to endure prolonged drought. Cabbages and mangolds benefit by sea-manure; and in this connection we may remind our readers that many of our most valuable vegetables have been developed from maritime plants.

The Japanese, a very enterprising and wide-awake people, have also realised the value of seaweed, and have set to work to cultivate it. They, like the Chinese, are very fond of the birds'-nest seaweed dishes.

A curious and interesting use of seaweed came to light a few years ago through the exposure of a local squabble in a London news-

paper. It appeared that on the Kentish shores of the Thames estuary a very fine white seaweed was collected and sold to London and Paris milliners as a trimming for ladies' hats. Essex trawlers, however, discovering this, attached barbed wire to their trawls and carried away much of this weed in an immature and less valuable condition, and sold it to German agents at a low figure. The Kentish seaweed-gatherers were indignant, for, owing to this rough method of collection, the seaweed was being destroyed altogether. Their industry, we are pleased to say, finally obtained protection; but it was curious to find the trail of the underselling German even here.

A very interesting seaweed is coralline, which has hard tips containing lime. With these tips and other lime obtained from sea-shells, mixed with gravel, St Columba formed a strong cement with which he welded the walls of the famous cathedral of Iona.

So in Scotland valuable seaweeds fringe the shores, feed the people, manure their lands, and supply them with means of earning a living; and it is, above all, built into the most interesting monument of olden times that they possess.

LYNCH-LAW.

IN *Chambers's Journal* of May last Mr A. G. Bradley gives a current American version of the origin of the phrase 'lynch-law,' and notes one common American variant, but he ignores the older and more romantic story to which the term is sometimes traced. This goes back to the year 1493, and belongs, as does, indirectly, Mr Bradley's, to the city of Galway.

Although three hundred years and as many thousand miles divide the two stories, there are some curious coincidences between them. In each we find 'the degenerate son of a worthy sire,' the attempt to defraud justice of its due by friends of the prisoner, and the family name of Lynch of Galway. In the Irish story, as we shall see, we are concerned with a legal, if irregular, execution; with a defiance of the mob and not a humouring of its passions.

In Mr Bradley's narrative the connection between an honoured family name and capital punishment inflicted by mob-law is the merest accident, due to the fact that the victim was taken to his doom from a Virginian court-house jail, used a century before by a Judge Charles Lynch, a Galway Quaker who had settled in Virginia. Judge Lynch in person had nothing to do with the case, which, according to Mr Bradley's version, gave the judge's name to the law. This in itself throws some doubt upon his explanation, as it does not seem likely that the name 'lynch-law' would be applied to the

removal of a prisoner from a jail once connected with a famous judge and his execution by the mob. Other American versions which connect the act more immediately with the man are inherently more probable.

The old traditional Galway story is a story of father and son. Hardiman, the Galway annalist, narrates it in order, as he says, to prove 'the unsullied honour, the strict adherence to truth, and love of impartial justice' which proverbially distinguish the fortunate inhabitants of Galway. As will be seen from the story which follows, Hardiman's heart is more generous than his head is logical, for what he calls 'an appalling instance of inflexible justice' occurred in opposition to the wishes of the townsfolk whose love of justice he praises.

The mayor of Galway in 1493 was one James Lynch Fitz-Stephen, a worthy representative of the Tribes of Galway, as the descendants of the first Anglo-Norman settlers have ever since been called. The mayor's only son, Walter, was wild and dissipated. In those days Galway was not as it is to-day, a city of memories, but one of the chief ports of the three kingdoms, possessing an extensive trade, especially with Spain. So important was Galway in those golden days that, as the old historian Heylin tells us, a foreigner once asked an Irishman to tell him in what part of Galway Ireland was situated.

Fitz-Stephen, the mayor, had made a fortune

by trading with Spain, and going there in person to consolidate this trade, he was entertained most hospitably at the house of a rich merchant of Cadiz, named Gomez. On leaving he offered in return to take back with him to Galway to finish his education the nineteen-year-old son of his Spanish host. This boy, so the story goes, was of a most lovable disposition, and Fitz-Stephen may perhaps have hoped that companionship with this young Gomez might do something toward reclaiming his own wild son Walter. At all events, young Gomez in an evil hour sailed back with the mayor of Galway, and was lodged safely in the mayoral house.

Walter, to the father's delight, was now apparently beginning to settle down, as a result of his falling in love with Agnes, the daughter of a neighbour. The two young men had struck up a warm friendship, and Walter took the young Spaniard everywhere. As Galway has been famous for its hospitality all the world over, we may be sure that Gomez received a royal welcome on all sides. In any case, a distinguished young foreigner with plenty of money, and handsome to boot, the guest of the chief-magistrate, has rarely had to complain in any city at any age of the coldness of heads of houses. Galway took its Gomez to its bosom. Walter rejoiced at this, until he fancied that Agnes was prepared to follow the example of her native city. This may have been only his jealous fancy, or rather, knowing Irish ladies as we do, must have been; but whatever the truth of the matter might be, he could not control his fury, and falling suddenly upon his Spanish rival, he poniarded him and threw his body into the sea.

Evidence was quickly forthcoming as to the perpetrator of the deed. The son was promptly arrested and brought before his own father, who, like Lucius Junius Brutus of old, condemned him as promptly to death.

The ancient city of Galway has always been famous for its sympathy with the unfortunate. Like Portia, it has ever thought it best when mercy seasons justice. To-day even there is a proverb that the safest place in Galway is the prisoners' dock. The ancient city then was stirred to its depths by the horror of a father's sentencing his only son to death. Walter, the son, was widely popular, as are so often the scapegrace sons of grave and reverend seigniors. The victim, though otherwise a good man, did not belong to Galway. Walter's mother, a lady of the house of Blake, having in vain, we may suppose, appealed to her stern husband for mercy, stirred up her powerful kinsmen to rescue her son from his fate. Soon a mob assembled round the mayor's house, bent on rescuing the son from the father. But it had not reckoned with the proverbial determination of a Lynch.

The father, so runs the tradition, went down to his son's cell and warned him to prepare for

death. Then, putting a rope round the boy's neck, he led him up to a large first-storey window of his house. Here he made taut the rope to a stanchion, and hurled his son's body from the window into the faces of an infuriated mob.

Such is the Galway story of the origin of 'lynch-law.' The window is shown to this day—which ought to be proof enough to the most sceptical—and under the lintel you will find this legend: 'This memorial of the stern and unbending justice of the chief-magistrate of the city, James Lynch Fitz-Stephen, elected mayor A.D. 1493, who condemned and executed his own guilty son, Walter, on this spot, has been restored to its ancient site.' Underneath this is a stone with skull and cross-bones, and the inscription:

1524.

REMEMBER DEATHE. VANITI OF VANITIS.

AND AL IS BUT VANITI.

The Irish story is more romantic than the American, yet there is little doubt that the verb 'to lynch' and the phrase 'lynch-law' come from across the Atlantic.

In the first place, the victim in the Galway story was not 'lynched,' but executed legally by a judge, whereas the term 'to lynch' has always been applied to mob-law. As an old man in Galway put it, 'The father saved the boy from rescue by an infuriated mob by hanging him himself.' In the second place, the use of the word in this special sense is modern, and sprang up originally in America to meet a want in the language, although the thing itself is, of course, universal. We may suspect, I think with reason, the various American stories, which profess to derive the word from some Judge Lynch, if we remember that there is a good English provincialism, 'to lynch, linse, or lynch,' meaning 'to beat,' and that the phrase 'club-law' means much the same as 'lynch-law.' 'To lynch' would not be the first English provincialism to survive with an extended meaning amongst our American cousins.

SONNET.

THERE is an hour, late in the silent night,
When every bond of day may loose its hold,
And thou, my heart, mayst tremblingly unfold
Long-fettered pinions for a stolen flight.
Oh weary one, they are not all so bright,
The lands thou seek'st, the memories of old;
Yet is there never one so dark and cold
That has no star to cheer thee with its light.
Fly back at will, the eyes of some dear friend
Shall welcome thee. My heart, ah, let us own
Our debt to Heaven for the deep strength they
lend,
The noble, good, and true that we have known.
And is there one, dearer than all, more fair?
To think of her, be that our purest prayer.

NEIL E. MACLEOD.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE RUSSIAN PARLIAMENT.

By ROBERT MACHRAY.

RUSSIA, which has been defined, paradoxically yet more or less accurately, by the *Almanach de Gotha* as 'a constitutional monarchy under an autocracy,' began to have a Parliament only some ten years ago, the Duma being brought into existence by the fiat of the present Czar in 1905. In other lands it is rather the custom nowadays to speak of the Duma as if it were the sole Russian parliamentary body; but in reality it is the Lower House, the Upper consisting of the Council of the Empire. The Duma, however, is by far the more popularly representative institution, as all its members are elected; and this fact has given it a prestige, particularly outside Russia, not possessed by the Council, half of which is nominated by the Throne, and therefore it does not reflect the independent opinion of the country in an equal degree. The Council is nearly a century older than the Duma, but was not accorded a parliamentary status till 1906, the year in which the first Duma met. Both chambers have much the same rank; legislation can be initiated in either, and all measures must be passed by both before they can be sent up to the Czar for his sanction or the reverse. As might be expected from its composition, it is the Duma that takes the lead; and, though its brief history has been chequered, its power is undoubtedly increasing, thus opening up a prospect that the ideal of a free Russia, under a genuinely constitutional régime, may before long be realised.

Before long! Yes, but not too soon. Russia is developing politically, but her circumstances are such that that development cannot with advantage be rapid. A great many people seem to think of Russian political life, past and present, in a way which recalls to me one of Robert Louis Stevenson's inimitable passages. That which I have in mind occurs in *Weir of Hermiston*. Describing the judge's wife's idea of the Covenanters and their opponents, he wrote: 'Her view of history was wholly artless, a design in snow and ink: upon the one side, tender innocents with psalms upon their lips; upon the other, the persecutors, booted, bloody-minded, flushed with wine—a suffering Christ, a raging Beelzebub.' Similarly, those to whom I refer put the Czar, his Ministers, and the Russian officials on one side, and place on the

other the vast masses of the Russian people, the former being represented as cruel and tyrannical, and the latter as down-trodden and oppressed. Whether this picture was ever absolutely true to life in the past may be questioned; but it certainly is not justified to-day. The truth is that the political problem of Russia is a difficult one, which can be solved but slowly. The empire has a population of nearly one hundred and eighty millions, scattered over a perfectly enormous area, and embraces upwards of twenty different nations and races, among whom are many millions of Mohammedans. The great majority of Russians are peasants, and about 80 per cent. of the whole people are illiterate. An instructed and fairly rich middle-class is of recent growth, as are the working-classes, a large proportion of whom are educated only a little better than the tillers of the soil, the rest being quite as ignorant. Such facts go to show that there is nothing simple, nothing easy, in this problem, and that its solution can come about only gradually, if the interests of the country generally are duly taken into account. It is essentially a matter for wise statesmanship—which, however, has not, it must be confessed, always been exercised, periods of reaction alternating with periods of progress; yet a decided advance has been made.

It was in a time of stress, internal as well as external, that the Duma was born. While Russia's disastrous war with Japan was still going on in Manchuria there arose within Russia a violent political agitation—engineered by revolutionists, most of whom were university students and workmen—which was marked by serious strikes in Petrograd and other cities, riots in several towns, disturbances in the country districts, and seditious movements among the soldiers. So threatening was the aspect of affairs that it looked as if the czardom and the Government might be swept away; but the more moderate elements, dissatisfied, yet not prepared to support so thorough a revolution, called for the convocation of a Constituent Assembly, to which the Government should be responsible. The Government, which proved to be much less weak than it seemed, acted with vigour, ended the strikes by force, and obtained control of the situation. Public opinion, how-

ever, continued urgently to demand a Parliament, and the Czar agreed to the establishment of a consultative Chamber of Deputies, to which the name Duma was given. On 19th August 1905 he issued a manifesto to his people, in which he ordained the formation of this institution, declaring it was to be representative, and that its function was to 'take a constant and active share in the elaboration of laws.' This did not satisfy the malcontents; the revolutionary agitation broke out afresh and with increased virulence; the Government bent before the storm, and on 30th October 1905 the Czar signed a Constitution. One of the two strongest parties in the Duma of to-day takes its name from the date of this document, and the platform of the 'Octobrists' rests upon the principles enunciated therein. Besides granting liberty of conscience, speech, assembly, and association, the Constitution provided that no law should come into force without the approval of the Duma, which also was given a real participation in the supervision of the acts of the authorities appointed by the Czar.

In a word, the Constitution 'Liberalised' Russia, but, as events subsequently showed, more in seeming than in reality; for, though it survives as an inspiration and as an ideal which one day will be attained, its provisions still remain unfulfilled. A calm, unprejudiced observer of the Russia of that time can hardly help taking the view that the country was not ripe for the successful operation of this Constitution. The many millions of peasants were certainly not ready for anything of the sort, nor were the working-classes sufficiently educated to make good use of it. The working-classes, the phrase being employed in its general Western signification, were almost a new feature of Russia. It was only toward the close of last century that, thanks to the efforts of Count Witte and the influx of French capital, the empire enjoyed any considerable industrial development. Of course, as various industries sprang up and grew they gathered around them the necessary 'hands,' who in the aggregate were a large number. Naturally the working-classes were concentrated in the towns; they were less passive than the peasants, and much more open to Socialist and other revolutionary suggestion, but comparatively few of them were advanced enough in knowledge to have any real understanding of politics. It must be remembered that, apart from the aristocracy, bureaucracy, the professional classes, the captains of industry, and the great merchants, the Russian people as a whole were nearly in as backward a state as they had been a hundred years before. Several months passed between the promulgation of the Constitution and the assembling of the Duma, which took place on 10th May 1906. In the interval political parties took shape, their complexion not differing very greatly from that

found in other countries—extremists on the wings, so to speak, and all shades of moderate opinion in between.

In the first Duma the party called the Constitutional Democrats or 'Cadets' had a large majority. The name cadets came from the party initials K—Russia spells constitution with a k—and D. The programme of the party, which was composed of Radicals rather than revolutionists, was far too extensive and contentious to be practical politics at such a time. It included universal suffrage, a purely parliamentary Government, the expropriation of the landlords, and the abolition of capital punishment. It also demanded the suppression of the Council of the Empire, which shortly before had been transformed into the Upper House of Parliament, doubtless with the object of providing a check on the Duma. The mere recitation of these items of its programme, one or two of which might well have occupied successive Dumas for a considerable period, is almost enough to explain the short life of the first Duma. The Cadets pressed their proposals with the utmost vehemence, and would entertain no others, with the result that the Czar dissolved the Duma on 7th July, after it had sat for not quite sixty days. The Cadet leaders withdrew to Finland, whence they issued a manifesto to the Russian people, exhorting them to refuse to perform military service or to pay taxes; but this appeal failed. The second Duma, whose term lasted about a week longer than that of the first, met on 5th March 1907; but the same party, which continued to have a majority, put forward a programme more impossible than before, and the Czar closed this Duma on 16th June of the same year. He did more. To render his Parliament not quite so progressive, he cut down the number of deputies from five hundred and twenty-four to four hundred and forty-two, and ordered that they should be elected by delegates chosen by the zemstvos, or local elective assemblies. The third Duma assembled on 1st November 1907; and, though the party of the Right and Conservatives generally preponderated, there was a sufficient representation of other political elements to make this Parliament fairly good. It established peasant proprietorships, did something toward securing religious freedom, and enacted other useful measures during the five years of its existence.

It is of the fourth Duma, which was elected in September 1912, and which has been sitting, with intervals of adjournment, like the third Duma, for some three years, that we read in our papers at the present time. It is composed of about a dozen parties or political groups, the most numerous of which are the Nationalists (or party of the 'country gentlemen') and the Octobrists, each of these having some ninety members; the Cadets number about sixty; and

the Progressives forty; the Poles count fourteen votes; the extreme Right, the party identified with reaction, is much stronger than the extreme Left, which is Socialist, ultra-democratic, and opposed to the czarism; the remaining groups are insignificant.

Before the war broke out in 1914 there was considerable friction between the Government, which is appointed by the Czar and is responsible to him alone, and the Duma. The latter in 1913 passed a motion to the effect that the Government and the legislative assemblies should co-operate to realise the principles of the Czar's manifesto of October 1905, and resolutions were adopted condemning the Minister of the Interior, and adversely criticising the educational policy of the Minister of Public Instruction.

The war changed everything, at any rate for a time. When the struggle was beginning the Czar issued a manifesto in which he said: 'In the dread hour of trial let intestine dissensions be forgotten in order that the union of the Czar and his people may be more fully consolidated, and that Russia, rising as one man, may repulse the insolent attack of the enemy.' On 8th August 1914 he received the members of the two Houses at the Winter Palace, and in an eloquent speech declared he was confident that every one of them, irrespective of party, would support him in carrying on the war to a victorious conclusion. His moving words did not fail of their purpose. In a scene of patriotic fervour the leaders of the various parties announced that they would do everything in their power to help him. The occasion was most memorable, for in that hour political enmities and jealousies absolutely disappeared, and when the Duma reassembled it worked with a unanimity which had never characterised it before.

But the Duma had really very little to do with the conduct of the war; that was almost entirely in the hands of the Government and Government officials of various kinds—in other

words, the bureaucrats, the majority of whom have no love for the Duma, and would like to see it abolished. So long as things went well for Russia in the field the bureaucrats had it all their own way; but when the Russian armies in May 1915 were driven by the Austro-Germans under Mackensen from the Dunajec to the San, had to retire from the Carpathians, and withdrew east of the Nida, it was a very different matter. The Duma was not sitting at the time; but all Russia asked what was the secret of the failure of their armies in Galicia, and then it came out that the bureaucrats were guilty of not having maintained an adequate supply of munitions. Instantly there was a perfect explosion of angry opinion among the professional and commercial classes throughout the empire, and an urgent demand for a change in the management of the war was made on all hands. So tremendous was the outcry that several obnoxious Ministers were replaced by others who favoured reform, the most notable change being that of General Polivanoff, a Progressive, for General Sukhomlinoff, at the head of the Ministry of War. The Duma resumed in August, passed a Bill for the formation of a Board of Munitions, on which it and the Council were each to have nine representatives, and demanded that legal proceedings should be taken forthwith against all, irrespective of position in the State, who were responsible for the shortage of guns and shells that had brought about the disasters in Galicia and Poland. It spoke with conspicuous freedom of the shortcomings of the Government in various departments; but its voice was unanimous for prosecuting the war to a triumphant finish. The politicians, however, were not content until they introduced some of the old highly controversial matters. The Czar, saying it was not a suitable time for such discussions, exhorted them to lay aside every preoccupation and concentrate all their thoughts on the war. He then adjourned his Parliament to November.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

CHAPTER I.—*continued.*

DURING five long minutes Dalroy reviewed the situation. Probably he would be executed as a spy. At best, he could not avoid internment in a fortress till the end of the war. He preferred to die in a struggle for life and liberty. Men had escaped in conditions quite as desperate. Why not he? The surge of impotent anger subsided in his veins, and he took thought.

Outside the open door stood the sentry, holding his rifle, with fixed bayonet, in the attitude of a sportsman who expects a covey of partridges to rise from the stubble. A window

of plain glass gave on to the platform. Seemingly it had not been opened since the station was built. Three windows of frosted glass in the opposite wall were, to all appearance, practicable. Judging by the sounds, the station square lay without. Was there a lock and key on the door? Or a bolt? He could not tell from his present position. The sentry had orders to kill him if he moved. Perhaps the man would not interpret the command literally. At any rate, that was a risk he must take. With head sunk and hands behind his back, obviously in a state of deep dejection, he began to stroll to and fro.

Well, he had a fighting chance. He was not shot forthwith.

A slight commotion on the platform caught his eye, the sentry's as well. A tall young officer, wearing a silver helmet, and accompanied by a glittering staff, clanked past; with him the lieutenant of reserves, gesticulating. Dalroy recognised one of the Emperor's sons; but the sentry had probably never seen the princeling before, and was agape. And there was not only a key but a bolt!

With three noiseless strides Dalroy was at the door and had slammed it. The key turned easily, and the bolt shot home. Then he raced to the middle window, unfastened the hasp, and raised the lower sash. He counted on the thick-headed sentry wasting some precious seconds in trying to force the door, and he was right. As it happened, before the man thought of looking in through the platform window Dalroy had not only lowered the other window behind him, but dropped from the sill to the pavement between the wall and a covered van which stood there.

Now he was free—free as any Briton could be deemed free in Aix-la-Chapelle at that hour, one man among three army corps, an unarmed Englishman among a bitterly hostile population which recked naught of France or Belgium or Russia, but hated Britain already with an almost maniacal malevolence.

And Irene Beresford, that sweet-voiced, sweet-faced English girl, was a prisoner at the mercy of a 'big blonde brute,' a half-drunken, wholly enraged Prussian Junker. The thought rankled and stung. It was not to be borne. For the first time that night Dalroy knew what fear was, and in a girl's behalf, not in his own.

Could he save her? Heaven had befriended him thus far; would a kindly Providence clear his brain and nerve his spirit to achieve an almost impossible rescue?

The prayer was formless and unspoken, yet it was answered. He had barely gathered his wits after that long drop of nearly twelve feet into the station yard before he was given a vague glimpse of a means of delivering the girl from her immediate peril.

CHAPTER II.—IN THE VORTEX.

THE van, one among a score of similar vehicles, was backed against the kerb of a raised path. At the instant Dalroy quitted the window-ledge a railway employé appeared from behind another van on the left, and was clearly bewildered by seeing a well-dressed man springing from such an unusual and precarious perch.

The new-comer, a big, burly fellow, who wore a peaked and lettered cap, a blouse, baggy breeches, and sabots, and carried a lighted hand-lamp, looked what, in fact, he was—an engine-cleaner. In all likelihood he guessed that any one choosing such a curious exit from a waiting-

room was avoiding official scrutiny. He hurried forward at once, holding the lamp above his head, because it was dark behind the row of vans.

'Hi, there!' he cried. 'A word with you, *Freiherr!*' The title, of course, was a bit of German humour. Obviously he was bent on investigating matters. Dalroy did not run. In the street without he heard the tramp of marching troops, the jolting of wagons, the clatter of horses. He knew that a hue and cry could have only one result—he would be pulled down by a score of hands. Moreover, with the sight of that suspicious Teuton face, its customary boorish leer now replaced by a surly inquisitiveness, came the first glimmer of a fantastically daring way of rescuing Irene Beresford.

He advanced, smiling pleasantly. 'It's all right, Heinrich,' he said. 'I've arrived by train from Berlin, and the station was crowded. Being an acrobat, I took a bounce. What?'

The engine-cleaner was not a quick-witted person. He scowled, but allowed Dalroy to come near—too near.

'I believe you're a *verdammte Engl!*'—he began.

But the popular German description of a Briton died on his lips, because Dalroy put a good deal of science and no small leaven of brute force into a straight punch which reached that cluster of nerves known to pugilism as 'the point.' The German fell as though he had been pole-axed, and his thick skull rattled on the pavement.

Dalroy grabbed the lamp before the oil could gush out, placed it upright on the ground, and divested the man of blouse, baggy breeches, and sabots. Luckily, since every second was precious, he found that he was able to wedge his boots into the sabots, which he could not have kept on his feet otherwise. His training as a soldier had taught him the exceeding value of our Fifth Henry's advice to the English army gathered before Harfleur:

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger.

The warring tiger does not move slowly. Half-a-minute after his would-be captor had crashed headlong to the hard cobbles of Aix-la-Chapelle, Dalroy was creeping between two wagons, completing a hasty toilet by tearing off collar and tie, and smearing his face and hands with oil and grease from lamp and cap. Even as he went he heard a window of the waiting-room being flung open, and the excited cries which announced the discovery of a half-naked body lying beneath in the gloom.

He saw now that to every van was harnessed a pair of horses, their heads deep in nose-bags, while men in the uniform of the Commissariat Corps were grouped around an officer who

was reading orders. The vans were sheeted in black tarpaulins. With German attention to detail, their destination, contents, and particular allotment were stencilled on the covers in white paint: 'Liège, baggage and fodder, cavalry division, 7th Army Corps.' He learnt subsequently that this definite legend appeared on front and rear and on both sides.

Thinking quickly, he decided that the burly person whose outer garments he was now wearing had probably been taking a short cut to the station entrance when he received the surprise of his life. Somewhat higher up on the right, therefore, Dalroy went back to the narrow pavement close to the wall, and saw some soldiers coming through a doorway a little ahead. He made for this, growled a husky 'Good-morning' to a sentry stationed there, entered, and mounted a staircase. Soon he found himself on the main platform; he actually passed a sergeant and some Bavarian soldiers, bent on recapturing the escaped prisoner, rushing wildly for the same stairs.

None paid heed to him as he lumbered along, swinging the lamp.

A small crowd of officers, among them the youthful prince in the silver *Pickel-haube*, had collected near the broken window and now open door of the waiting-room from which the 'spy' had vanished. Within was the fat lieutenant of reserves, gesticulating violently at a pallid sentry.

The prince was laughing. 'He can't get away,' he was saying. 'A bold rascal. He must be quieted with a bayonet-thrust. That's the best way to inoculate an Englishman with German *Kultur*.'

Of course this stroke of rare wit evoked much mirth. Meanwhile Dalroy was turning the key in the lock which held Irene Beresford in safe keeping until Von Halwig had discharged certain pressing duties as a staff officer.

The girl, who was seated, gave him a terrified glance when he entered, but dropped her eyes immediately until she became aware that this rough-looking visitor was altering the key. Dalroy then realised by her startled movement that his appearance had brought fresh terror to an already overburdened heart. Hitherto, so absorbed was he in his project, he had not given a thought to the fact that he would offer a sinister apparition.

'Don't scream or change your position, Miss Beresford,' he said quietly in English. 'It is I, Captain Dalroy. We have a chance of escape. Will you take the risk?'

The answer came, brokenly it is true, but with the girl's very soul in the words. 'Thank God!' she murmured. 'Risk? I would sacrifice ten lives, if I had them, rather than remain here.'

Somehow, that was the sort of answer Dalroy expected from her. She sought no explanation

of his bizarre and extraordinary garb. It was all-sufficient for her that he should have come back. She trusted him implicitly, and the low, earnest words thrilled him to the core.

He saw through the window that no one was paying any attention to this apartment. Possibly the only people who knew that it contained an Englishwoman as a prisoner were Von Halwig and the infuriated lieutenant of reserves.

Jumping on to a chair, Dalroy promptly twisted an electric bulb out of its socket, and plunged the room in semi-darkness, which he increased by hiding the hand-lamp in the folds of his blouse. Given time, no doubt, a dim light would be borrowed from the platform and the windows overlooking the square; in the sudden gloom, however, the two could hardly distinguish each other.

'I have contrived to escape, in a sense,' said Dalroy; 'but I could not bear the notion of leaving you to your fate. You can either stop here and take your chance, or come with me. If we are caught together a second time these brutes will show you no mercy. On the other hand, by remaining, you may be fairly well treated, and even sent home soon.'

He deemed himself in honour bound to put what seemed then a reasonable alternative before her. He did truly believe, in that hour, that Germany might, indeed, wage war inflexibly, but with clean hands, as befitted a nation which prided itself on its ideals and warrior spirit. He was destined soon to be enlightened as to the true significance of the *Kultur* which a jack-boot philosophy offers to the rest of the world.

But Irene Beresford's womanly intuition did not err. One baleful gleam from Von Halwig's eyes had given her a glimpse of infernal depths to which Dalroy was blind as yet. 'Not only will I come with you; but, if you have a pistol or a knife, I implore you to kill me before I am captured again,' she said.

Here, then, was no waste of words, but rather the ring of finely tempered steel. Dalroy unlocked the door and looked out. To the right and in front the platform was nearly empty. On the left the group of officers was crowding into the waiting-room, since some hint of unfathomable mystery had been wafted up from the Bavarians in the courtyard, and the slim young prince, curious as a street loungeur, had gone to the window to investigate.

Dalroy stood in the doorway. 'Pull down your veil, turn to the right, and keep close to the wall,' he said. 'Don't run! Don't even hurry! If I seem to lag behind, speak sharply to me in German.'

She obeyed without hesitation. They had reached the end of the covered-in portion of the station, when a sentry barred the way. He brought his rifle with fixed bayonet to the 'engage.'

'It is forbidden,' he said.

'What is forbidden?' grinned Dalroy amiably, clipping his syllables, and speaking in the roughest voice he could assume.

'You cannot pass this way.'

'Good! Then I can go home to bed. That will be better than cleaning engines.'

Fortunately a Bavarian regiment was detailed for duty at Aix-la-Chapelle that night; the sentry knew where the engine-sheds were situated no more than Dalroy. Further, he was not familiar with the Aachen accent.

'Oh, is that it?' he inquired.

'Yes. Look at my cap!'

Dalroy held up the lantern. The official lettering was evidently convincing.

'But what about the lady?'

'She's my wife. If you're here in half-an-hour she'll bring you some coffee. One doesn't leave a young wife at home with so many soldiers about.'

'If you both stand chattering here neither of you will get any coffee,' put in Irene emphatically.

The Bavarian lowered his rifle. 'I'm relieved at two o'clock,' he said with a laugh. 'Lose no time, *schöne Frau*. There won't be much coffee on the road to Liège.'

The girl passed on, but Dalroy lingered. 'Is that where you're going?' he asked.

'Yes. We're due in Paris in three weeks.'

'Lucky dog!'

'Hans, are you coming, or shall I go on alone?' demanded Irene.

'Farewell, comrade, for a little ten minutes,' growled Dalroy, and he followed.

An empty train stood in a bay on the right, and Dalroy espied a window-cleaner's ladder in a corner. 'Where are you going, woman?' he cried.

His 'wife' was walking down the main platform, which ended against the wall of a signal-cabin, and there might be insuperable difficulties in that direction.

'Isn't this the easiest way?' she snapped.

'Yes, if you want to get run over.'

Without waiting for her, he turned, shouldered the ladder, and made for a platform on the inner side of the bay. A ten-foot wall indicated the station's boundary. Irene ran after him. Within a few yards they were hidden by the train from the sentry's sight.

'That was clever of you!' she whispered breathlessly.

'Speak German, even when you think we are alone,' he commanded.

The platform curved sharply, and the train was a long one. When they neared the engine they saw three men standing there. Dalroy at once wrapped the lamp in a fold of his blouse, and leaped into the black shadow cast by the wall, which lay athwart the flood of moonlight pouring into the open part of the station. Quick to take the cue, it being suicidal to think of bamboozling local railway officials, Irene followed.

Kicking off the clumsy sabots, Dalroy bade his companion pick them up, ran back some thirty yards, and placed the ladder against the wall. Mounting swiftly, he found, to his great relief, that some sheds with low-pitched roofs were ranged beneath; otherwise the height of the wall, if added to the elevation of the station generally above the external ground-level, might well have proved disastrous.

'Up you come,' he said, seating himself astride the coping-stones, and holding the top of the ladder.

Irene was soon perched there too. He pulled up the ladder, and lowered it to a roof.

'Now, you grab hard in case it slips,' he said.

Disdaining the rungs, he slid down. He had hardly gathered his poise before the girl tumbled into his arms, one of the heavy wooden shoes she was carrying giving him a smart tap on the head.

'These men!' she gasped. 'They saw me, and shouted.'

Dalroy imagined that the trio near the engine must have noted the swinging lantern and its sudden disappearance. With the instant decision born of polo and pig-sticking in India, he elected now not to essay the slanting roof just where they stood. Shouldering the ladder again, he made off toward a strip of shadow which seemed to indicate the end of a somewhat higher shed. He was right. Irene followed, and they crouched there in panting silence.

Nearly every German is a gymnast, and it was no surprise to Dalroy when one of their pursuers mounted on the shoulders of a friend and gained the top of the wall.

'There's nothing to be seen here,' he announced after a brief survey.

The pair beneath must have answered, because he went on, evidently in reply, 'Oh, I saw it myself. And I'm sure there was some one up here. There's a sentry on No. 5. Run, Fritz, and ask him if a man with a lantern has passed recently. I'll mount guard till you return.'

Happily a train approached, and in the resultant din Dalroy was enabled to scramble down the roof unheard.

The ladder just reached the ground; so, before Fritz and the sentry began to suspect that some trickery was afoot in that part of the station, the two fugitives were speeding through a dark lane hemmed in by warehouses. At the first opportunity Dalroy extinguished the lantern. Then he bethought him of his companion's appearance. He halted suddenly ere they entered a lighted thoroughfare.

'I had better put on these clogs again,' he said. 'But what about you? It will never do for a lady in smart attire to be seen walking through the streets with a ruffian like me at one o'clock in the morning.'

For answer, the girl took off her hat and tore

away a cluster of roses and a coquettish bow of ribbon. Then she discarded her jacket, which she adjusted loosely across her shoulders.

'Now I ought to look raffish enough for anything,' she said cheerfully.

Singularly enough, her confidence raised again in Dalroy's mind a lurking doubt which the success thus far achieved had not wholly stilled.

'My candid advice to you now, Miss Beresford, is that you leave me,' he said. 'You will come to no harm in the main streets, and you speak German so well that you should have little difficulty in reaching the Dutch frontier. Once in Holland, you can travel to Brussels by way of Antwerp. I believe Britain has declared war against Germany. The behaviour of Von Halwig and those other Prussians is most convincing on that point. If so'——

'Does my presence imperil you, Captain Dalroy?' she broke in. She could have said

nothing more unwise, nothing so subtly calculated to stir a man's pride.

'No,' he answered shortly.

'Why, then, are you so anxious to get rid of me, after risking your life to save me a few minutes ago?'

'I am going straight into Belgium. I deem it my duty. I may pick up information of the utmost military value.'

'Then I go into Belgium too, unless you positively refuse to be bothered with my company. I simply must reach my sister without a moment of unnecessary delay. And is it really sensible to stand here arguing, so close to the station?'

They went on without another word. Dalroy was ruffled by the suggestion that he might be seeking his own safety. Trust any woman to find the joint in any man's armour when it suits her purpose.

(Continued on page 35.)

A E R O P L A N E S.

By S. MACNAUGHTAN, Author of *The Fortune of Christina M'Nab*, *A Woman's Diary of the War*, &c.

LEONARDO DA VINCI, painting angels and flights of heavenly beings five hundred years ago, is not perhaps generally connected in the public mind with the notion of modern aerial flight. Yet while painting his winged cherubim he had definite ideas on the subject, and made designs for a very early type of flying-machine, which were published three centuries later.

It has been said that Art is the prophecy of Science; and there are few more striking instances of this than in the case of the painter of long ago, with his skyward vision, writing in terms which were hardly comprehended by his contemporaries, and were mocked at by those to whom he confided his schemes.

Leonardo, the distinguished sculptor, architect, and musician, was also one of the greatest mechanicians of his day, or of any day. An account of him adds that he was an engineer, an anatomist, an astronomer, a chemist, a geologist, and a geographer, as well as an insatiable and successful explorer. It is idle to speculate what he might have accomplished had he possessed merely one talent. It is as a maker of aeroplanes that we salute him, and then pass on through a list of distinguished names and with the shortest possible histories of the men who had the same end in view as had Da Vinci.

It is a long flight from the days of the magic painter to the vigorous man of modern mark, harnessing force and experimenting, patiently observing, daring even the birds to equal him in his poised flights, and finally completing contracts and taking up patents on a commercial basis. But very much farther is it from the days of Archytas, the philosopher of Tarentum, who lived in 400 B.C., and had a marvellous wooden pigeon

which was suspended in the air by balancing, and animated by an 'occult and enclosed spirit.' But whether visionary, occult, or practical, the aim of these men has been the same; and from the child who looks up into the sky and says, 'I wish I were a bird, and could fly,' to the scientific discoverer poring over drawings and plans, mankind has set himself from the dimmest ages of history upon the conquest of the air.

The conquest, of course, was not won without sacrifice; and in saying this it is inconceivable that it can mean only that there have been lamentable effects of experiments, or that the toll which must be paid by the pioneers of aviation has been heavy. We must go beyond this—past Da Vinci, who, had he flown in the fifteenth century, would no doubt just as easily have been 'brought down' as aeroplanes are brought down in modern warfare, although by means very different—and past the old philosopher with his occult wooden pigeon, until we find ourselves, in the seventeenth century, in a lonely cell inhabited by a Jesuit monk, who is imbued with the idea that copper globes in which a vacuum has been formed will lift, and who tries from his solitude to gain enough credence for his idea to tempt the world of men outside the walls of the monastery to place sufficient faith in his discovery to finance the matter which he has in hand. Then, laying aside the ideas so dear to him, and the all-absorbing conceptions which he had formed of flight, he offers them as one lonely man's sacrifice to a vow. The Jesuit Order, which forbids any one of its Order from acquiring money, debarred Francis Lana, filled with his visions, from putting them into practice. In his coarse habit, and seated in

his lonely cell, the monk wrestled with his ideas; saw them with the eye of vision maturing and carried into effect; felt within him the triumph of the man of science, bringing the elements to do his bidding; and then quietly and unostentatiously, perhaps before some shrine or in front of a simple crucifix in his cell, laid down not only earthly ambitions but knowledge itself, as it has often been laid down before for the sake of an ideal.

To one man sacrifice, and to another attainment! It seems to be the rule of life. In the East we have seen a buttressed wall of enormous length and thickness, built by an all-powerful monarch, and we learned that at regular intervals, following the line of the beautiful architecture of the design, there had been a human being buried alive in order to give life to the wall. Old buildings were, as we know, thus 'consecrated'; and there is no doubt that the very ancient superstition of not walking underneath a ladder is a survival of the days when a ladder against a wall suggested an unfinished building, and that the shadow of a man was intimately connected with the early ideas that life might be imprisoned within the walls and the soul of the man might be sacrificed to the life of the edifice. The story of the buried Burmese underneath a wall seems at first sight merely a tale of cruelty and torture, or a madman's caprice; but undoubtedly there is the same spirit of sacrifice running throughout history, invisible but always present.

In later days the idea has come to be connected more sanely, perhaps more wholesomely, with the notion of work as the only laudable and legitimate test of sincerity and accomplishment. We have come to know that

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

We have almost altogether eliminated from all fine endeavour the element of luck. We know that toil, honestly expended, and unfalteringly tireless attention to duty are the only royal road to the right sort of fame; but an earlier people, visioning the idea of sacrifice sometimes cruelly, sometimes in all the beauty of a definite faith, have this in common with all those who have worked—that some measure of suffering is necessary to attainment.

Now the evolution of the aeroplane, modern as we conceive it to be, inextricably associated in our mind with the very latest developments of warfare, has demanded from its early pioneers the tribute of almost unbelievable industry, of courage, and of daring, combined with a very sober sense of daily duty.

Francis Lana, laying down his experiments before the crucifix in his cell, was perhaps so filled with the highest ideals that the sacrifice itself counted for very little with him. Or, like

his brother monk, the inimitable artist, who burst into tears as he threw his paints and brushes out of the window of his mountain cell into the roaring torrent that ran below the walls, he may have felt that a vow demanded of him almost more than the human spirit could bear. Be that as it may, the idea of flight died and was buried, as men died and were buried under the long wall in Burma, and the notion of flight for human beings, with their earthbound motions regulated by the mysterious law of gravitation, slept for a time, and perhaps—in some manner little known to us—matured and grew.

In 1648 John Wilkins, then Bishop of Chester, suggested that a flying chariot with wings operated by springs would be successful.

Besnier published a crude design for a flying-machine in 1678.

Henry Cavendish discovered hydrogen in 1766, and Dr Black of Edinburgh conceived the idea of lifting things with it. Cavallo, in 1782, successfully tried it in bubbles.

Stephen Montgolfier then began to experiment with balloons, and in 1783 was able to send up a large balloon one thousand feet. Later on in the same year a balloon went up six thousand feet, and covered one mile before landing. These balloons had been sent up empty; no one had yet ventured to go in them. The first man to make the experiment was Monsieur Pilâtre de Rozier, who went up eighty-four feet in a balloon held by ropes. Toward the end of the same year he went up again with the Marquis d'Arlandes, and they went for a short cross-country flight.

After this Mr Blanchard made several free ascents, twice with Dr Jeffries as passenger, in hydrogen, or rather coal-gas, balloons. The second time they were blown across the Channel; and as Dr Jeffries was under agreement to pay all expenses and jump out if required, he must have had a nervous time, for it was with the greatest difficulty—and then only by throwing everything, even their coats, overboard—that they remained above earth until the French coast was reached.

Sir George Cayley was the first known man to conceive the actual modern aeroplane. In 1809 he made some gliders; in these he induced his gardener and coachman to make ascents, and obtained very good results—for the aeroplane. It was he who realised that some engine was necessary as a propulsive power, and it must have been for this reason that he discontinued his gliding experiments, little knowing how near he was to the point reached by Lilienthal a hundred years later.

In 1842 Henson filed a patent specification for an aerial steam carriage monoplane, and a Bill was actually brought before Parliament dealing with the Aerial Transit Company. Perhaps it is needless to say that Henson eventually had to take his model to America;

and it was not until 1866 that the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain was formed.

The whole history of aeroplanes is one of surprising successes and surprising failures and disappointments.

Horatio Philips started building a helicopter, which he imagined was going to electrify the world; but he found this a much more difficult task than he had supposed. Nevertheless he contributed to a difficult task an immense amount of technical knowledge in construction.

We must pass very briefly in rotation the names of others who contributed, here a little and there a little, toward the final success of a finished flying-machine.

Pénaud introduced elastic-driven toy aeroplanes, which were popular for the moment; and Renard built a balloon called *La France*, which was driven by an electrically operated propeller. In 1890 Ader built a remarkable-looking monoplane, in which he claimed, on 9th October 1890, to have flown fifty yards. The French Government assisted him, and he built two more machines, but failed in 1897 to fly round a circular course before a military commission, although he flew three hundred metres in a straight direction. In 1893 Lawrence Hargrave drew attention to the box-kite formation; and in 1891 the Smithsonian Institute at Washington published the result of Professor Langley's experiments on inclined planes, and gave to the world at large the first real treatise on aerodynamics. This work became a standard reference, and Langley went on to prove his theories by building a tandem-surfaced model monoplane, which was highly successful. No doubt about this time the pursuit of knowledge and the nearness of the final conquest of the difficulties made the whole subject of aeroplanes one of favourite interest to the engineers who made them, and to the world which looked on and waited.

It is difficult now to realise what changes in history might have been witnessed had the final discoveries been attained a little earlier. It is inconceivable, for instance, to imagine that the Boer war could possibly have continued three years had aeroplanes been in use. One well remembers the surprises that the war had for soldiers and civilians alike. A kopje was found, perhaps, to be bristling with men where the presence of the foe was unsuspected or the position of a gun was unknown. It is, indeed, almost impossible to realise that only a very few years ago information was so difficult to collect that the 'fog of war' hung over every operation. Strategy never changes, and has not done so since the days of Hannibal; but tactics have been entirely altered by the presence of the aeroplane. And one can imagine the puzzled bewilderment of some soldier, who perished perhaps only a few years ago, returning to earth and hearing of attacks made far in the rear

of the enemy's fighting-line, bridges destroyed behind an advancing foe, and ammunition stores set on fire by some bomb dropped from overhead.

It is, however, anticipating the history of the final success of aeroplane-building even to hint at these things. The Wright Brothers have not been mentioned yet, and until the Wright Brothers come into the lists the whole story of the successful building of aircraft remains unfinished and almost untold. Their discoveries have about them the mystery and the real dramatic excitement of some finely told story. In Europe the Voisin Brothers were working, as were also Chanute, Professor J. J. Montgomery, and many others, and their work was for the most part before the eyes of the world; but over the doings of the brothers Wright there hung always a veil of mystery pleasantly baffling, and a silence to which the Press itself conformed. Very scanty information came through the American papers as to the doings of the two brothers. But in the summer of 1908 Mr Wilbur Wright came to Europe, leaving his brother in America to attend to a machine they were building for the American army. The state of suppressed excitement in Europe is difficult to imagine or describe when Mr Wright settled down at Le Mans to make his preparations. Slowly and methodically, in a way that had characterised all the brothers' experiments, he made his preparations, and on 8th August he flew for exactly one minute forty-seven seconds. Three days later he made another short flight of four minutes, but did figures-of-eight and executed such manœuvres as proved he had absolute control of the machine. The general opinion is summed up in the words of Delegrange, who was there: '*Eh bien. Nous n'existons pas. Nous sommes battus.*'

Wilbur Wright now changed the scene of his operations to Auvours, and seemed to be making slow progress. Few people knew, nor is it even generally known to-day, that Wilbur Wright was himself, to all intents and purposes, learning on his own machine. Although surpassing all others in his experience of riding the air, nevertheless it happened that he was strange to the precise system of control embodied on his own aeroplane. When, after their gliding experiments, the two brothers built their motor-driven aeroplane, they arrived at a point at which their opinions differed. Each preferred a different arrangement of levers for manipulating the same system of control; and just before Wilbur Wright packed up his machine, which thereafter remained in its crate during the long period of negotiations in foreign countries, he had introduced the universally pivoted warping and rudder lever that characterised all the early Wright biplanes. This control he considered to be best suited to his requirements; but he had not had time to become expert in its use—which very

simple explanation accounts for a great deal that was often mystifying to the good spectators of Le Mans. Every day he flew a little longer, but by 5th September had only reached twenty minutes in the air at a time, when suddenly the news came that Orville Wright had flown for over an hour at Fort Myer, in America, marred by the news of his accident a few days later, which resulted in the death of Lieutenant Selfridge, his passenger. Wilbur had only been waiting for his brother to make the first flight of an hour, so that America should have this honour, and he on 21st September flew for an hour and a half. This was followed by other flights on 6th and 11th October of over an hour each, with a passenger, thus completing his contract with the Weiller Syndicate, which was to take up his patents in France on a commercial basis.

In the meanwhile Farman and Delegrange continued on their machines, and on 29th September Farman remained forty-three minutes in the air.

Louis Blériot and Esnault Pelterie were working hard on monoplanes and achieving some successes.

There were some large prizes offered about this time, and Wilbur Wright won the first Michelin prize for duration with a flight of one hour fifty-four minutes. He then moved his headquarters to Pau, where he began to teach pupils to fly his machine.

Early in 1909 Mr Moore Brabazon made some short flights on a Voisin biplane at Châlons. He brought a Voisin machine over to England, and settled down at the Aero Club's ground on the Isle of Sheppey to master his machine.

Cody also put up a four hundred yards flight at Aldershot on an army biplane.

In March of that year the Aero Club de France issued its first pilots' certificates to Delegrange, Santos Dumont, R. Esnault Pelterie, H. Farman, Wilbur and Orville Wright, Captain Ferber, and L. Blériot.

Santos Dumont about this time built a tiny miniature monoplane called *The Demoiselle*, and, to everybody's surprise, succeeded in flying two and a half kilometres across country in it.

In March 1909 the First British Aviation Exhibition took place; and in April the *Daily Mail* offered one thousand pounds for the first circular mile flight by a British subject, to take place in Britain on a British machine. This was the third prize offered by the *Daily Mail*, the other two being ten thousand pounds for a flight from London to Manchester, and one thousand pounds for a cross-Channel flight; and by the end of April there were over a hundred prizes, if not all of four figures, of sufficient inducement to make people spend money and take the risks necessary to obtain them.

On 19th July Hubert Latham made an attempt to cross the Channel on a new type monoplane

called an Antoinette, on which in future days he was to win himself a name to go down to posterity. After going six or eight miles his engine failed, and he was obliged to descend in the water. Fortunately his machine floated, and he was picked up (smoking his inevitable cigarette) by a torpedo-boat. On the 25th Blériot succeeded in crossing in forty minutes, winning the *Daily Mail* prize. Latham made another attempt; but his engine again let him down, this time only a few miles from the English shore.

In July also we find a young mechanic called Louis Paulhan learning to fly a Voisin at Issy-les-Moulineaux. By the end of the month he had learnt enough to fly from Douai to Arras, a distance of thirteen miles, as a result of which he formally entered for the London to Manchester flight, which he won.

September of this famous year finished with sensational flights by Santos Dumont and Captain Ferber.

On 21st May 1910 Count Jacques de Lesseps crossed the Channel, and on 2nd June Mr Rolls made the double trip across and back without alighting.

The progress of aeroplane-making from this time onwards contains scores of famous names, and we find they are far too numerous to mention.

Chavez crossed the Alps on a Blériot machine in September, and was killed within thirty feet of the ground. Messrs Grahame White, Radley, and Ogilvie left for America to compete for the Gordon Bennett Cup, which had been won by Mr Curtis the preceding year, the trophy being successfully claimed by Mr Grahame White.

Up to this time there were in Europe only two or three recognised types of aeroplanes—the Farman, the Blériot, and the Antoinette. The last-named dropped into disfavour, as it was a very difficult machine to fly, and several accidents occurred owing to the wings breaking in the air.

Monsieur Pelterie built his monoplane of steel, and the matter caused as much sensation as the first steel ships had done. An immense stride was made by the Nieuport monoplane, which signalled the first real attempt to cut down head-resistance by eliminating all unnecessary wires, and enclosing the pilot and passenger as far as possible in a stream line body. Head-resistance is, of course, considered almost more than anything else at present; but the Nieuport monoplane made a very distinct advance.

The year of big races for large prizes was 1911. Captain Bellenger flew from Paris to Bordeaux in five hours ten minutes. Prier flew from Hendon to Paris without a stop. Vedrines won the Paris-Madrid race; and Lieutenant Conneau—or Beaumont, as he is more generally called—won the Paris-Rome, circuit of Europe, and of Great Britain, on a Blériot. Fourny did a non-stop flight of seven hundred and twenty kilometres in eleven hours on a Maurice Farman,

and Garros reached a height of thirteen thousand nine hundred and forty-three feet.

In October the French Government held a military competition, for which most of the large French firms entered. This competition called for a weight-lifting machine and more powerful motor, and was won by a Nieuport with a one hundred horse-power Gnome engine; while a Deperdussin and Breguet with similar engines were respectively second and third.

In 1912 flights from London to Paris became common. The British military trials took place on Salisbury Plain, and were won by Cody on a biplane of his own construction, a Deperdussin monoplane being second. Neither of these machines, however, proved as efficient as the B.E. 2 type biplane constructed by the Army Aircraft Factory.

The hydro-aeroplane began to be developed, some of the leading firms attaching floats to their standard machines, and others building a special type.

Harnel flew from Dover to Cologne with a passenger on a Blériot. With the name of this distinguished man it seemed almost as though the last word in flying had been said. His premature death was more than a national calamity. As a matter of fact, the whole business of aircraft is probably only in its infancy, and already we hear that aeroplanes can be built to lift four people with ease, while within the next few years we may confidently hope to see big touring aeroplanes, which will be looked upon as the normal means of conveyance, and not a sensational way of committing suicide, as some people seem to regard it at present.

The whole subject is intensely interesting, even from a lay point of view; but most of all

it is a sight far beyond any imaginings that one may have had to see the actual action of aircraft in war. We remember well in Flanders seeing Taube and other aerial craft coming daily out of a clear sky. But nothing ever impressed us more than seeing five aeroplanes, like beautiful birds of prey, wheeling and circling around each other in the air. No flight of eagle ever seemed more graceful than theirs as they planed down from far away with a rush of wings! It was always out of a blue sky that they came! Flying is no use in murky weather; and so, in spite of their destructive mission, the memory of their appearance is always connected in our mind with the sunny days. Far away in the arch of heaven a little speck would be seen, and then, as it came nearer, one heard the sound of guns, and all around it was seen bursting shrapnel and tufts of smoke hanging for long up there in the still air.

The pity of it is that these wonders of our age should only be made to be destroyed; and that the patient work of the far-seeing old saint in his cell, the conception of the heavenly painter, and the patient work of modern science, when it has reached perfection, should merely be a target for bullets. But the thing itself persists, and honour is due to the men who have worked patiently at it and died unsung. They asked to sweep the stars down from the sky, and to match their strength with the eagle or the hawk, as they lean against the wind; but they died in obscurity, earthbound, like most of the rest of us! That which they sought was only a dream or a vision; but we, whose eye can now pierce the defences of the enemy and discover his most secret doings, may well send a thought back to the workers who never saw the fruit of their most earnest toil, the strivers who never reached a goal, the failures who made success possible.

THE BRAVEST OF THEM ALL.

CHAPTER II.

NOW Jackie was a brainy little chap (indeed, I've met with few boys whose brains worked more quickly), and as he went to the kitchen and looked for the key his brain matter was buzzing in his head like a bee in a bottle.

Suppose, while the burglar was drawing the beer, he (Jackie) pulled to the door and locked it before the burglar had time to stop him! Then he would be caught like a rat in a trap, because the cellar window was strongly barred.

'This the key, sonny? All right;' and the burglar took the key, fitted it in the lock, and threw open the cellar door.

'You first, sir,' he then said, with a mock bow, for he also was pretty brainy, and was not going to take any chances. So Jackie's plan failed.

The burglar carried a generous quantity of

beer back to the dining-room. He seemed to be prodigiously thirsty.

'Decimal fractions!' he exclaimed when he had taken a huge draught of beer, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. 'Whew! but I'm 'ot!' And indeed he looked it. His face was red and covered with little beads of perspiration, whether due to the beer, the pickles, or the beer I cannot say. Perhaps a combination of the three.

He threw his fur cap and heavy coat on the floor, and sat with his waistcoat open.

Opposite him the boy with the quiet hazel eyes was regarding him attentively, and behind the eyes Jackie's brain was humming like an electric motor.

'W-would you like a bath?' he suddenly asked.

'A bath! Is there a bath 'ere?' the burglar inquired with much interest.

'Yes,' said Jackie eagerly, 'there is. At least,' he added, correcting himself, 'it's not really a bath. It's a well.'

'A well!' exclaimed the burglar with disappointment. 'No, sir. Ye don't catch this chicken bathin' in a well.'

Jackie's face fell. Was this plan going to fail also?

'It's not exactly a well,' he explained, with beating heart. 'The well was filled up nearly to the top, and the top part is used as a bath.'

'Let's 'ave a look at it, sonny,' said the burglar, gathering up his coat and cap. 'Go 'ead!'

This was just what clever Jackie wanted, so he led the way with suppressed eagerness.

Now, in the days of long ago, when gentlemen went about dressed in tin canisters and coal-scuttles, the man who built the Tower very wisely covered in the spring which gave the garrison water. He had built over it a kind of offshoot of the guard-room, which, as I have already explained, was now used as the dining-room by 'Markham, R.A.' To reach it you passed out of the guard-dining-room into a narrow, dimly lighted passage formed in the thick main wall of the Tower. At the end, seven steep steps led down to an oaken door opening into the room over the well.

'Markham, R.A.,' as Jackie had already explained to the burglar, had filled up the well to within a few inches of the top, and used the space left for his morning douche. Water was led in from the modern cistern in the courtyard, and run off by a pipe passing through the wall and emptying itself into the dry moat or fosse outside—the moat that had been made into a beautiful rock-garden, and was the envy of four counties.

The bathroom (for I must call it by that name) had one little window high up near the ceiling, facing south, so that the room was well lighted. But 'Markham, R.A.,' would allow no furniture to be put in, because, he said, furniture would be an anachronism. (Look that word up in the dictionary. I haven't time to explain it.)

There was another thing, also, 'Markham, R.A.,' wouldn't do. He refused to remove a large bolt fastened to the outside of the door. It was there when he bought the Tower, and there it should remain. It was just a big bar of iron which shot into a hole in the stone post against which the oak door closed. He did, however, put an old-fashioned lock on the inside of the door. And he had also suspended from the stone ceiling a sort of roughly made shower-bath.

Now it was this bolt that wise Jackie had thought of when he suggested that the perspiring burglar might like a bath.

If he could only persuade him to enter the

bathroom, and then, when he was well in, shoot forward that big bolt, why, he would be as safe as safe (than which nothing is safer) till Uncle Tom and Aunt Christine returned.

The bathroom both looked and smelled cool when the burglar entered it that hot day. The bath happened to be full, and a trickle of water from the tap was dripping into it very musically.

Jackie had gone down the steps first, and stood outside against the partly opened door, hoping the burglar had not noticed the bolt.

'Cipher me!' the burglar sighed, as he dropped his cap and coat on the floor. Then he unfastened his waistcoat and threw that on top of the coat.

Then, 'W-w-won't you close the door?' asked Jackie. It seemed improper, even for a burglar—

'You leave that door alone, sonny!' shouted the burglar. 'You can draw it to a bit if you're over modest, an' stand behind it. But, mind you, yell whenever I call out.'

So with trembling fingers and fluttering heart Jackie began to draw the door toward him. 'That'll do!' the bather called out when the door was still a long way from being closed.

Jackie paused, and you would have heard his heart beating had you been standing by him.

'Yell!' commanded the burglar.

'Y-y-yes!' answered Jackie.

Two thuds followed: that would be the bather kicking off his boots; then one or two softer sounds, which were perhaps caused by the dropping of his various other garments.

'Are you there?'

'Yes, sir!' came the quick answer, in a thin, high-pitched voice.

Splash! hoch! ah! splash!

'Cipher my eyes!'

Hoch! splash! splash! and other sounds very like those made by an elephant when bathing. The burglar was evidently enjoying himself.

'Yell, sonny—yell!' he commanded.

'I'm here, sir!'

Splash! hoch! ah! spl—

CLANG! CLICK! and it was done, the bolt shot home, and Jackie on the top of the steep steps waiting for developments!

These soon came, the hollow clang of the door as it closed smartly against the stone post bringing the burglar out of the bath with a burst of fractions, both vulgar and decimal, that exhausted the limits of any arithmetic book ever published.

'Open the door!' he yelled. 'Open the door! I'll flay ye alive when I catch ye!'

Bang! bang! bang! and at the third bang Jackie fled into the courtyard.

Now this small boy, who was 'only just' a Scout, knew all about the science of hydraulics, because the man from Minsterton had taught him. This professor, a gentleman with one eye and a breath, had spent a day at the Tower

diagnosing some slight disorder the water-taps and other apparatus were suffering from. He had explained why a pump pumps, and imparted to Jackie a most useful amount of knowledge concerning clack-valves, cup-leathers, sumps, &c. He also showed him how you could only enjoy a shower-bath so long as you pulled the chain in the bathroom down tightly. No pull, no shower. And of course the thing was very simple when once you knew it. The other end of the chain was tied to a plug in the bottom of the cistern, and the plug was held down by a weight. Pull the chain, up came the weighted plug, and, splash! out rushed the water, giving you delightful shivers all down your back.

So when Jackie had run into the courtyard to get away from the burglar's banging and his mathematical language, he thought—and his brain fairly whizzed as he did so—that if he could only keep the plug up and the chain fast the water would rush out of the cistern, fill the bathroom, and keep the burglar quiet and cool till Uncle Tom's return.

He looked up at the cistern, which had been erected in the courtyard, and was carried on a wooden framework. The one-eyed professor had brought a ladder with him, so that it was quite easy to enter the cistern then. But Jackie had no ladder, and climbing the framework was a physical impossibility, especially for one who was 'only just.' The cistern was near the room over the well, the chain passing from it to the shower being plainly visible, but, alas! quite out of reach.

'I have it!' exclaimed the Guard, as a bright idea occurred to him.

He flew into the Tower, and soon returned with a ball of twine. Tying a stone to one end of the twine, he tried to throw it over the chain.

At the first attempt the stone went too low for the chain, but not low enough to miss the kitchen window, one pane of which it broke.

The next attempt succeeded, the twine was over the chain, and no sailor ever pulled more heartily on a rope than Jackie pulled on that twine. Down came the chain, up went the plug, and at once he heard the rush of water from the cistern.

The Guard fairly danced with joy, especially as the hammering on the door of the bathroom increased in violence.

'Stop that water! Stop that water!' the burglar yelled. 'It's over my feet!'

For answer, Jackie, in a glow of excitement, dashed round to the edge of the moat, and to the point at which the pipe draining the bath projected from the wall. This pipe he plugged as well as he could with earth, grass, and stones. Then he rushed back to the courtyard, seized the handle of the pump, which was fitted close to the cistern, and, *clickety-clack! clickety-clack! clickety-clack!* went to work with a will. He

had often let his daily kind deed take the form of a turn at the pump, so relieving Fred; but he never pumped then as he pumped now.

When his arms were tired he ran round to the bathroom to inspect progress. Hurrah! the water was half up the first step.

Back to the handle again. *Clickety-clack! clickety-clack! clickety-clack!* till his arms fairly ached. Pause for a minute's rest, then at it again, with panting chest and streaming with perspiration. And all the time he could hear the water rushing through the shower-bath!

Once more to the bathroom door. Glory! the water was half up the steps!

'Help! help!' the burglar was now yelling, and with something like real terror in his voice. 'Let me out, sonny! Let me out!'

A wild half-hysterical laugh came from Jackie's parched throat, and once more he flew to the pump-handle.

But with the best will in the world you cannot pump at express speed for ever. The time soon came when the pump-handle slipped from his grasp, and Jackie fell panting on the gravel of the courtyard.

He lay there for a time, wondering what the burglar was doing now, as his shouts had ceased and all was quiet. He also wondered if the ache would ever leave his arms. And as he lay he suddenly realised that the shower had stopped, and that the cistern must have emptied itself. Could he pump any more? Certainly he couldn't fill the cistern again.

He would look through the bathroom window first, and see how the burglar was getting on. Perhaps—— Here a horrid fear struck a chill to the heart of the Guard.

He ran as fast as he could to the bottom of the garden where there was a short, heavy ladder, and this he dragged to the outside of the wall of the bathroom, and with great trouble reared it against the little window looking down into the well.

Peering through, he saw the burglar at the far end of the room. With arms outstretched, he seemed to be trying to climb up the wall with his finger-nails; his head was thrown well back, and the water just lapped his chin.

Jackie crept down the ladder again, a tremendous 'brain-storm' seething in his head. What would happen to him if he 'drowned' a burglar who hadn't really burgled? True, there was the silver box, absent-mindedly slipped into his pocket, and the fit of abstraction during which he ate Jackie's lunch. But were these really acts of burglary? The burglar's life hung in the balance, though he didn't know it.

Whilst still in doubt, he suddenly bethought himself of his lapsed patrols. So he made the tour of the Tower, partly to gain time for thought, partly to draw encouragement, or otherwise, from the Girl-on-the-Canvas. Should he go on pumping and drown the burglar out-

right, or should he let him stay stretched out along the wall of the bathroom, with the water just bobbing against his chin?

The Girl-on-the-Canvas seemed to say, 'Pump away, Jackie!' I really don't think she did. I believe some trick of the light made Jackie imagine that was what her eyes said. But her lips were far too gentle, I am sure, to allow her to have art, part, or lot in the drowning of any hairy-capped burglar.

Still in doubt, he extended his patrol to the very roof of the Tower. From here you could see the country for miles and miles around. The moors rolled away from the Tower, billow beyond billow, all lighted up by the bright sunshine, save toward the west, where some black-looking rain-clouds cast a deep shadow. There was hardly a sign of any human habitation near, unless the spire of Minsterton church could be reckoned as such. Jackie and the burglar seemed to have the whole world to themselves. And yet the thought never once entered his head that he might leave the burglar in the bath, desert his post, walk to Minsterton, and so find Fred and assistance. Was he not the Guard of the Tower?

Jackie went down the winding stone staircase again, still sorely puzzled as to what was the right thing to do.

He took another peep through the window. To his surprise, he saw the water was now only reaching to the burglar's waist! What had happened?

He ran round to the moat, and there found that his earth-and-stone plug had been forced away by the water behind it, which was now gushing out in a stream as thick as his arm, and running away down into the rock-garden. He knew he could never stop that stream; he knew he could never fill the cistern again. The burglar's life was saved, and on the whole Jackie was glad of it.

He mounted the ladder again. The water was now level with the burglar's knees, and he seemed very cold, for he was shivering in a most distressing manner.

Looking up, the burglar caught sight of Jackie's anxious face at the window. 'S-s-sonny,' he said, with chattering teeth, 'you've b-b-bested me!'

'Are you cold?' Jackie asked with feeling.

'C-c-cold isn't the w-w-word for it!' chattered the miserable-looking burglar. 'Let me out, s-s-sonny! You've d-d-drowned me!'

But Jackie shook his head.

'Then, for the l-l-love o' 'eaven, gi'e me s-s-summatt to drink, s-s-summatt 'ot, as 'ot as ye l-l-like!'

'Shall I bring you some coffee?' Jackie asked.

'Ay! d-d-do!'

So Jackie slipped down the ladder again and ran to the kitchen. It was easy to make coffee.

He had often seen cook do it. All you needed was some ground berries at the bottom of a jug, with boiling water poured on them. He raked together what was left of the kitchen fire, added a few dry sticks, and soon had the kettle humming. Coffee he found already ground in the canister (perhaps he used rather more than was strictly necessary), and in a very short time a steaming jug of coffee was being lowered by a piece of string to the shivering and expectant burglar.

Everything went off splendidly, except that at one point of the jug's descent the burglar gave a howl and skipped to the middle of the bathroom floor. That would be when some of the scalding contents of the jug splashed over and on to his bare shoulder.

'I'll bring you a rug, if you like,' Jackie suggested, when the burglar had had a few sips of coffee and his shiverings seemed rather less violent.

'Thanks, sonny. Yer a good sort!' the burglar replied very mildly indeed.

So Jackie hunted for one of Uncle Tom's rugs, and dropped it through the window.

Then he suggested that the burglar should tie his clothes, one at a time, to the string, and he would haul them up and take them to the kitchen and put them to dry.

The burglar was quite willing to agree to this, or indeed anything else. All his spirit seemed to have been washed or chilled out of him.

But when he reached the kitchen with the greatcoat, Jackie thought he would take the precaution of securing the little silver box. As well as the box he found a pistol, and a strange assortment of curious bars of steel or iron, with various cunningly made tools. All these, with the contents of all the other pockets, he carefully laid on the kitchen dresser, where they made quite a pretty and interesting display.

Now I want to remind you of one or two things about Jackie, so that you won't be too hard on him on account of what follows.

Remember, then, that he was alone in the Tower; that the burglar had eaten the greater part of his lunch; that he had worked fearfully hard in his endeavours, first of all, to drown the burglar, and then to make his shivering body comfortable till Uncle Tom's return. Will you also call to remembrance, very kindly, that Jackie had no father, that his mother was never talked about, that he was subject to violent attacks of 'funk,' and that, finally, he was 'only just' a Boy Scout?

Bearing all these things in mind, you will not be surprised to learn that a sudden flash of lightning, followed by a rolling peal of thunder, brought Jackie's heart to his mouth as he was standing by the kitchen window (not the one of which he had broken the pane, but the opposite one), examining the 'implements of his trade' he had abstracted from the burglar's pockets.

The black clouds he had seen from the roof of the Tower had crept up from the west, and with the next flash of lightning big drops of rain fell in the courtyard, making splashes on the gravel as big as shilling-pieces.

The rooms in the Tower grew darker and darker; and with each flash and peal the Guard grew more and more 'funky.' He felt his way along the dim passage and down the seven wetted steps to the door of the bathroom, and there listened. Not a sound could he hear.

He knocked timidly. No reply came. He knocked again more loudly. Still no reply.

Then a chill fear sent him with flying feet to the far corner of the dining-room. There he sat, his hands pressed close to his eyes to shut out the blinding flashes, whilst his hair rose and the skin of his back crinkled; and all the time the thunder crashed and pealed in one continuous roll from end to end of the moors.

(Continued on page 42.)

A VILLAGE IN THE NIVERNAIS—JULY 1915.

By LILIAN MARTIN.

IT lies in a land of woods and wooded slopes, with meadow valleys in between. Everywhere—in the hedgerows, towering up in the midst of the fields of potatoes and *betteraves*, and even amongst the corn and oats—are spreading walnut-trees loaded with nuts. In the early autumn the fruit will be beaten down with long poles, and then carefully sorted for grinding to furnish the delicious nut-oil with which the peasants flavour their salad and mayonnaise. Herds of white cattle, of the special Nivernais breed, feed in the pasture-land. Ducks (for which there seem to be no ponds), geese, turkeys, and fowls wander about outside the farmyards and round the doors of the cottages. Shaggy goats climb high up on the wayside banks for the tufts of thick grass that the cows cannot reach.

In the gardens that slope to the sun, peasant, farmer, and landlord are alike making preparation for the winter, when meat will be very dear, and perhaps even the bread scarce. Long rows of potatoes, peas, and beans rival each other in fruitfulness. Beds of lettuce, onions, carrots, radishes, and winter cabbage follow each other with only the smallest space between. Espaliers frame the oblong garden-beds, and the fruitful *oseille* invariably borders the grass paths. A vine, its leaves splashed with milky green sulphate, usually clings to the house wall. The loaded cherry-trees and currant-bushes are red as blood in the July sunshine. Pear-trees and plum-trees overhang the road. The peasants have no room for all the flowers that grow in an English cottage garden. Grocery-vans and bakers' carts do not rattle through the village every day, and if they did would find but few customers, for the people contrive to grow food for themselves and their cattle on their own plot of land. They grow their own corn, bake their own bread, save their own seed; and the endless cycle of sowing and reaping goes on from one generation to another on the same paternal fields. One finds lavender-bushes, and now and again the old-fashioned tall white lilies, flowering in the garden-beds; but even these

have very practical uses. The lavender not only scents the linen, but, steeped in alcohol, is applied to rheumatic joints and aching backs; while the lily-leaves are carefully preserved in case of cuts and bruises. The one extravagance is the carefully guarded rose-tree that grows by the door, covered over with wire-netting to save it from the depredations of inquisitive donkeys and hungry cows. In a few more pretentious cottages there are pots of pink and red geraniums; but these are the exception. Paint is a luxury almost unknown; the rough doors and window-frames and plain wooden shutters of the houses are a parched gray colour. One longs to paint their thirsty boards.

Lumbering oxen, their white flanks black with the teasing flies, draw the mowing-machines, and bring home at leisurely pace the loads of hay to the farms. Donkeys, borrowed, and harnessed in a line as many as five at a time, draw the peasant's load of hay, on the top of which often rides the grandmother in her white cotton cap. Horses are rare. The farmer's wife drives to town in a donkey-cart, and it is merely a very fiery ass that caracoles between the shafts of the phaeton from the château.

Clothes cost little, and wear very long. Sabots for the field and garden, made in the village, help to keep off rheumatism, and are not so expensive as leather. Men and boys walk about with only sabots on their bare feet in the summer, but the women wear home-knitted stockings all the year round. Short cotton skirts, with a bodice of some description worn loose over the top of them, and broad-brimmed straw hats are worn by the women for work in the fields. The skirts are patched indefinitely, and present a variety of hues, but a touch of French coquetry is seen in the careful dressing of the hair. Every one makes some attempt at a coiffure becoming to her age.

From the west there often comes the dull boom of the cannon from the artillery park at Bourges. Its regular beat brings joy to the few women who know their husbands are safe in the town. To the others, whose men are away

somewhere in that vague *là bas*, by which the peasants designate the long front that stretches across France, it brings a thrill of dread.

How every one works in the village! It is no empty boast that is sent to the husband in the trenches that the harvest will be gathered in, the cattle fed, and the soil worked for the coming year. The wife and often the grandmother are at work at four o'clock in the morning hoeing the roots and potatoes, or working in the hayfields. In the early morning, too, the sour, white cheese is made in the outhouse which is half-stable, half-dairy. Food must also be gathered for the rabbits (which nearly every one keeps for food), and an appetising mash of roots and bran and scraps made for the pigs. In the middle of the day, when the sun beats down fiercely, little groups of neighbours sit outside in the shade mending and knitting, while the babies lie on the grass beside them. Evening sends them back to the fields again, or to cut the grass by the wayside, which they take home for the cow in rough wheelbarrows.

For the most part there is tragedy and sorrow without rebellion. The days when their souls could be heard in the village, mingled with the barking of the dogs and the crowing of cocks, are over. They will tell you that the war is *bien triste, bien longue*, and that one often waits long, weary weeks between the coming of each treasured post-card; but they invariably end with, '*Madame, que voulez-vous?*' and with an all-expressive gesture turn to pick up the fallen fork or hoe. The saddest women are those whose husbands and sons are prisoners of war, or who have officially 'disappeared'; they know nothing and they fear everything; their days pass in alternate gleams of hope and despair.

The village is not without its heroes. There are steady, middle-aged *poilus* who have been promoted corporals. Not one or two proud fiancées can boast of lovers cited by *l'ordre de l'armée* for bravery, and there are mothers, alas! whose young heroes are dead on the field of honour. In the happy days to come, when the war is over, there will be a monument erected to these on the Place, under the trees, and once every year the children will crown it with wreaths, to the memory of those that fell for France and freedom.

There are strangers, too, in the commune. Some are soldiers sent to help to gather in the harvest. They receive much mute admiration from all the small boys, and the tales they tell in the evening as they sit round the table outside the farmhouse door enjoying the soup, the salad, and the cheese are eagerly passed from mouth to mouth. But these will soon be gone again; the others are poor exiles to whom return seems long delayed. In their hurried journey along the grand routes of northern France, they have seen the planted avenues on either side ruthlessly cut down to line the trenches. Some

have fled from burning villages, and the few bundles of clothes and bedding, and the one or two kitchen utensils, carried for miles, are all that is left to them of what was once their home. Standing on the rough stone floor of their temporary lodging, they will describe, with tears in their eyes, the red and black tiles in the kitchen they have left, the cupboard with the store of linen that took so many years to get, the clock that stood in the corner. The neighbours are very kind to them, and the children are already quite happy among their new friends. They remember most the cakes and wine given to them by some French officers one night that they passed under the shelter of a wall. But the mothers think day and night of their sons and husbands left behind, working at this moment for the hated Boches, and their one longing is to get back to find out what is left to them.

The church stands in the hollow of the village, and before the war was too big for its congregation. Most of the peasants believed in going to Mass even when they did not go. There were few children who did not learn their catechism, and every one knew that Mademoiselle Alice, who never missed a service, was a real saint. But anti-clericalism had its advocates, and Monsieur le Curé's *soutane* was suspected by more than the village dogs. But many old feuds are forgotten now. The curé gave many patriotic exhortations from the pulpit in those first dark days of the war, and was not ashamed of the tears that rolled down his face one memorable Sunday as he told the story of a young hero of eighteen known to all the village. When the bell sounds for evening prayer, many women troop into the church straight from the fields, walking noisily up the aisles in their mud-clogged sabots. The church is dark save for the glimmering candles around the high altar. The women kneel in silence, their eyes fixed on the swaying priest and his assistants, who stand and kneel, pray and chant. One can guess of whom they think in these quiet minutes snatched from the busy day.

The children do their part. One meets them in the lanes after school, their hands and arms protected by an old stocking, gathering nettles to be boiled and mixed with bran for the pigs. Others, more enterprising, collect snails, which they sell for fivepence the hundred. Quite tiny girls are often in charge of browsing cattle, which they belabour in no uncertain fashion with their stout cudgels. To-day shouts of laughter rent the air as rival barefooted climbers stripped the cherry-tree on the Place, and tired mothers looked up and smiled. It is for these same happy children that fathers, brothers, and lovers will go on killing and being killed until the victorious end. Meantime the village waits for their return, and works and prays as it has never done before in the years of plenty and of peace.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE 'NEW LANDING' AT SUVLA BAY.

PICTURESQUE NOTES ON THE BEACH.

By AUGUSTUS MUIR.

A PITILESS, impartial sun, and a blue, cloudless sky; a long, gray, rambling horizon; hill and dale, plateau and hollow, clad in ragged stretches of sun-parched scrub; an island nine miles off, with its purple hills, like an isle of the homeland shore; a strip of sea, blue and serene as the changeless sky; and in the centre of all this a bay. It was in such a spot that the 'new landing' took place. To the west the bay is rock-bound; the land rears up in stony promontories, fretted with fiords which the sea has filled, where 'Tommy' loves to bathe. This changes to a strip of golden sand which runs up to meet the rocks and scrub of the hill ridge above, and then sweeps in a great curve south till it merges into a green cultivated plain coming down between the mountains.

The bay is dotted with craft of all descriptions: cruisers, destroyers, hospital ships, Atlantic liners, tramp steamers, transports, store ships, tugs, tenders, barges, launches, dinghies—a vast, variegated collection, all lying at anchor, or (if they be near the shore) slowly moving to and fro, so that they give no stationary mark for the enemy's guns. And they are there, in these hitherto deserted waters, for the one end—to feed the British firing-line, that thin gray scar which runs from the sea on the northward down over hill and scarp and gully to the mountain-ridge on the south; that thin gray scar on the earth which to the practised eye is a sufficient hint of trenches, where our men are lying alert by day and doubly watchful by night, and with each new dawn facing death undismayed.

Among the ships themselves there is incessant activity; small boats ply to and fro with messages; barges (called lighters), towed by launches, are transferring stores; and large motor-driven barges are carrying cargoes of men. The coast is cleft with a number of natural landing-places; and at dawn and dusk, when the shore work is mostly done, there ply from these rude wharves a quick stream of smaller craft, not least inconspicuous being a steam-pinnace, with four or five cutters in tow, which noses its way out toward the great white steamer with the green lines and Red Cross. These cutters carry wounded; and what a journey is theirs from

the firing-line to the hospital ship! First they have a jolting, hurried passage to the regimental aid post (the R.A.P.), where the battalion doctor is waiting to lend his skill and complete the first-aid efforts of the stretcher-bearers; second, a journey to the brigade field-ambulance; third, a journey in a Red Cross car to the clearing-station on the shore; and, lastly, a passage to the hospital ship. And every evening that long, low line of boats, bearing brave burdens, steals from the darkening shore, moves round many an anchored craft, then slowly makes out toward the great white ship standing clear against the sunset over the island hills.

The beach provides a picture in which a realist would revel. Throughout the space of a few weeks war has transformed it from a strip of dead, barren sand to a veritable hive of vivid, strenuous life. Here is all the clamour and hustle of a home market. Here every one works at fever-heat, from officials with red tabs on their shoulders down to the humblest private in pants, boots, and sun-helmet. The place is alive. There is no stillness anywhere. Barges are drawn in close to the shore; and chains of men are handing down the gangways all the precious merchandise of bully-beef, biscuits, butter, jam, sugar, tea, salt, and Maconochie, this last being an 'iron' ration containing stew and vegetable. The long line of men reaches in a human chain along the shore, where the cases are stacked, and sweating 'Tommies' are on the top piling them in neat, regular rows. Water-carts from Alexandria are landed from barges; and fatigue-parties (carrying empty red and green petrol-tins marked with a large white W) cluster round them like bees, to draw the water ration for their companies. Dotted over the beach are lines of men in extended order who clear up rubbish, so that nothing is wasted and nothing left to decay. Out perched on a promontory are a pack of fellows sorting great heaps of khaki kits, the property of killed and wounded. In all odd corners round the shore parties under vociferous N.C.O.'s are digging with the fiercest energy, making it more possible for boats to land, blasting the rock to increase the harbourage, and laying rails

whereon trucks may run to convey the heavier impedimenta which the life of an army demands, above all, if that army is to exist, a thousand miles from its base, upon a barren peninsula throughout the nerve-taxing rigours of a winter campaign.

One can better appreciate the quality of this activity when one grasps the basic and ever-present fact that there is no inch of that shore but is swept by shell-fire. On that beach nothing is safe. A horse and cart are jolting along the rough road; there is a puff of smoke, a detonation, and only the cart stands there a battered wreck; the horse and driver are no more. A row-boat puts out from the beach; a white cloud of foam, a sharp sibilant hiss, and the boat and rower are given up in fragments to the sea. A friend may be approaching to chat, and in the moment of pausing to light his pipe he has given you the unpleasant duty of helping to gather him together. These are facts which every beach-dweller and beach-sojourner must assimilate. To the latter they are facts of a semi-humorous order; they partake of the ludicrous. 'Tommy' on a visit to the beach from the firing-line regards the shells with derisive eye, confident in his immunity. Is he not from the firing-line? And on this open beach what infinitesimal space, after all, does he take up! So he argues, smiling to himself; and then there is a well-known, high-pitched, ringing hiss, and he leaps to the nearest dug-out like a bunny bolting to cover! Not so the permanent beach-dweller. He does not dive for a dug-out in moments of danger. Nor in moments of safety, on the other hand, does he regard the shells with jocular contempt. They are an integral part of his daily existence. He cannot, if he would, disregard them. They exist; and that ever-present cloud breeds in these beach-dwellers a peculiar fine quality which Omar Khayyám would have appreciated—an attitude of mind that implies a vast deal of philosophy, thought, and wit. He looks on life with the calm eye of one who knows he may not see another dawn.

One blessing is that you can always tell the type of shell that is coming. Shrapnel comes with a sharp metallic screech. It has a grating edge; it cuts the air with the noise of a red-hot iron plunged into cold water; there is a ringing note in the pæan of its passage; and it bursts with a sudden sickening clangour, as from a stupendous smash of fine crockery on a stone floor. Percussion shrapnel sounds similarly in the air; but its explosion is muffled, like the distant banging of a door. High explosive comes with a rolling, rhythmic, flute-like sound; it resembles the noise from the wheels of a passing freight-train; it is not unlike the call of a curlew, softened and repeated in a slow rhythm. Just before it explodes there is a change; the rhythm dissolves, the soft, wooing note disappears,

and the shell goes to ground with a sudden awful thunder like an express train screaming through the silence of a deserted station. Its explosion is like a solemn single note beat on a muffled drum.

There is one spot where this perpetual sickening dread is partially removed. Round in the northward contour of the bay there is tucked behind mighty massed-up rocks a little haven dear to the heart of 'Tommy.' Every evening, as soon as darkness sets in, a company of men are led down from the firing-line in Indian file. All night they lie in dug-outs provided for them high on the beach; and in the morning they troop down by sections to a bathing-pool. To get to it you ascend an incline, picking your way between the lines of little black Indian transport ponies, till suddenly the ground drops before you, and you are on the face of a cliff. To left and right great gray-brown rocks run out in ragged, shelving curves, enclosing a sheet of water sparkling and rippling in the morning sun. Section by section, as they come up to the cliff-edge, the men pick their way down the path; and it is amazing how at once their manner changes. That hunted look leaves the eye. They cast no quick glances upward. There is a careless fling about their movements, and a delicious abandon in the way they toss off their garments and plash into the shelving pool with shouts of laughter. Their whole manner speaks of holiday. For indeed that weekly or fortnightly bathe is 'Tommy's' only day of rest. Here in this rock-girt haven he is comparatively free from shells; and, moreover, that secluded spot has a flavour of Home. Lying on the yellow sand, you look across the gleaming pool and see a little rocky islet with white gulls fishing and crying.

Notable among the thronged and sweating denizens of the beach are hundreds of little black men from India. They are all employed on transport-work. Long lines of light wagons with shafts in the air stand in great neat squares, like a battalion on parade; and beside them are similar rows of Indian ponies with their shaggy hoofs and quaint eye-shades. Everything necessary to life has been brought with them, and flocks of odd-looking goats, in charge of native herdsmen, wander amid the scrub on the higher levels of the shore. You may go among the native troops as they squat and fling grains of rice into their mouths and munch them with strong white teeth. Their smile is quick, their speech pleasant, their voices smooth and soft. Sitting there round their fires they look more 'in place' on that arid beach than any white man. They are an integral part of the picture; they look entirely at home; they fit in. These troops are lithe, lean, slim; they are clean-cut and supple; they possess immense energy and exhaustless endurance. Yet there is an air of languor about them at all times. They sit on

their jolting wagons and fix a listless eye on the sea. They are never animated; they only look and look out of their unfathomable dark-brown eyes. But this languorous air is half-pose. When the time comes, as it has come in France, these brown eyes will light with lambent fire; the hooked and ugly knife will fly quick and straight and deep.

Evening falls; a day's work is done, the strain of labour on the beach relaxes, and a strange peace takes the place of all the fevered and throbbing life. Camp fires are lit, blue smoke ascends against the mellow sky where the red sun is setting over the sea. The little brown Indian boys creep closer over the fires and cook an evening meal. Horses munch their fodder, their great liquid eyes seeing nothing. 'Tommy,' pipe in mouth, conscious of felicity, settles in his dug-out to savour the brooding calm. There is no sound anywhere. A single pinnace moving in the bay strikes a needless jarring note. And so it happens every evening. A stillness as of a shore untouched by man settles on all things; but it is the calm before the storm. Shadows

deepen. Lights begin to glimmer along the beach. There is a jingle of buckled harness and the rattle of shafts. The spell is broken. Night falls. There are voices, hoarse words of command, the tramp of hastening feet, multitudinous noises from work upon the water, and the night's work has begun. Postmen from the firing-line hurry in with mails; ambulance-cars speed down with wounded; and ration-carts depart with ammunition, provisions, and water. An interminable line of men appear and form up in the darkness. 'Lie down!' comes the command, and a battalion squats like monkeys on the beach. There is laughter here, and many a merry jest, for are these fellows not off for a rest? Boats come in to shore, and they file on board and are caught away into the darkness to regain their strength on the slopes of island hills. Other boats put in from no one knows where. Men are landed. Shore lanterns flare in their faces. They are untried men; and, with a strange, keen, strained look in the eye, they move in slow progression upward toward the heights, bracing themselves for the pitiless burden of battle.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

CHAPTER II.—continued.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE was more awake on that Wednesday morning at one o'clock than on any ordinary day at the same hour in the afternoon. The streets were alive with excited people, the taverns and smaller shops open, the main avenues crammed with torrents of troops streaming westward. Regimental bands struck up martial airs as column after column debouched from the various stations. When the musicians paused for sheer lack of breath the soldiers bawled '*Deutschland, Deutschland, über alles*' or '*Die Wacht am Rhein*' at the top of their voices. The uproar was, as the Germans love to say, colossal. The enthusiasm was colossal too. Aix-la-Chapelle might have been celebrating a great national festival. It seemed ludicrous to regard the community as in the throes of war. The populace, the officers, even the heavy-jowled peasants who formed the majority of the regiments then hurrying to the front, seemed to be intoxicated with joy. Dalroy was surprised at first. He was not prepared for the savage exultation with which German militarism leaped to its long-dreamed-of task of conquering Europe.

Irene Beresford, momentarily more alive than he to the exigencies of their position, bought a common shawl at a shop in a side street, and threw away her tattered hat with a careless laugh. She was an excellent actress. The woman who served her had not the remotest notion that this bright-eyed girl belonged to the hated English race.

The incident brought back Dalroy's vagrant

thoughts from German methods of making war to the serious business which was his own particular concern. The shop was only a couple of doors removed from the Franz-Strasse; he waited for Irene at the corner, buying some cheap cigars and a box of matches at a tobacconist's kiosk. He still retained the lantern, which lent a touch of character. The carriage-cleaner's breeches were wide and loose at the ankles, and concealed his boots. Between the sabots and his own heels he had added some inches to his height, so he could look easily over the heads of the crowd; he was watching the passing of a battery of artillery, when an open automobile was jerked to a standstill directly in front of him. In the car was seated Von Halwig.

That sprig of Prussian nobility was in a mighty hurry, but even he dared not interfere too actively with troops in motion; so, to pass the time, as it were, he rolled his eyes in anger at the crowd on the pavement.

It was just possible that Irene might appear inopportunely, so Dalroy rejoined her, and led her to the opposite side of the cross street, where a wagon and horses hid her from the Guardsman's sharp eyes.

Thus it happened that Chance again took the wanderers under her wing.

A short, thick-set Walloon had emptied a glass of schnapps at the counter of a small drinking-bar which opened on to the street, and was bidding the landlady farewell.

'I must be off,' he said. 'I have to be in Visé by daybreak. This cursed war has kept me here a whole day. Who is fighting who? I'd like to know.'

'Visé!' guffawed a man seated at the bar. 'You'll never get there. The army won't let you pass.'

'That's the army's affair, not mine,' was the typically Flemish answer; and the other came out, mounted the wagon, chirped to his horses, and made away.

Dalroy was able to note the name on a small board affixed to the side of the vehicle: 'Henri Joos, Miller, Visé.'

'That fellow lives in Belgium,' he whispered to Irene, who had draped the shawl over her head and neck, and now carried the jacket rolled into a bundle. 'He is just the sort of dogged countryman who will tackle and overcome all obstacles. I fancy he is carrying oats to a mill, and will be known to the frontier officials. Shall we bargain with him for a lift?'

'It sounds the very thing,' agreed the girl.

In their eagerness, neither took the precaution of buying something to eat. They overtook the wagon before it passed the market. The driver was not Joos, but Joos's man. He was quite ready to earn a few francs, or marks—he did not care which—by conveying a couple of passengers to the placid little town of whose mere existence the wide world outside Belgium was unaware until that awful first week in August 1914.

And so it came to pass that Dalroy and his protégée passed out of Aix-la-Chapelle without let or hindrance, because the driver, spurred to an effort of the imagination by promise of largesse, described Irene to the Customs men as Henri Joos's niece, and Dalroy as one deputed by the railway to see that a belated consignment of oats was duly delivered to the miller.

Neither rural Germany nor rural Belgium was yet really at war. The monstrous shadow had darkened the Chancelleries, but it was hardly perceptible to the common people. Moreover, how could red-fanged war affect a remote place like Visé? The notion was nonsensical. Even Dalroy allowed himself to assure his companion that there was now a reasonable prospect of reaching Belgian soil without incurring real danger. Yet, in truth, he was taking her to an inferno of which the like is scarce known to history. The gate which opened at the Customs barrier gave access apparently to a good road leading through an undulating country. In sober truth, it led to an earthly hell.

CHAPTER III.—FIRST BLOOD.

THOUGH none of the three in the wagon might even hazard a guess at the tremendous facts, the German wolf had already made his spring and been foiled. Not only had

he missed his real quarry, France; he had also broken his fangs on the tough armour of Liège. These things Dalroy and Irene Beresford were to learn soon. The first intimation that the Belgian army had met and actually fought some portion of the invading host came before dawn.

The road to Visé ran nearly parallel with, but some miles north of, the main artery between Aix-la-Chapelle and Liège. During the small hours of the night it held a locust flight of German cavalry. Squadron after squadron, mostly Uhlans, trotted past the slow-moving cart; but Joos's man, Maertz, if stolid and heavy-witted, had the sense to pull well out of the way of these hurrying troopers; beyond evoking an occasional curse, he was not molested. The brilliant moon, though waning, helped the riders to avoid him.

Dalroy and the girl were comfortably seated, and almost hidden, among the sacks of oats; they were free to talk as they listed.

Naturally, a soldier's eyes took in at once details which would escape a woman; but Irene Beresford soon noted signs of the erratic fighting which had taken place along that very road.

'Surely we are in Belgium now?' she whispered, after an awed glance at the lights and bustling activity of a field hospital established near the hamlet of Aubel.

'Yes,' said Dalroy quietly, 'we have been in Belgium fully an hour.'

'And have the Germans actually attacked this dear little country?'

'So it would seem.'

'But why? I have always understood that Belgium was absolutely safe. All the great nations of the world have guaranteed her integrity.'

'That has been the main argument of every spouter at International Peace Congresses for many a year,' said Dalroy bitterly. 'If Belgium and Holland can be preserved by agreement, they contended, why should not all other vexed questions be settled by arbitration? Yet one of our chaps in the Berlin Embassy, the man whose ticket you travelled with, told me that the Kaiser could be bluntly outspoken when that very question was raised during the autumn manœuvres last year. "I shall sweep through Belgium thus," he said, swinging his arm as though brushing aside a feeble old crone who barred his way. And he was talking to a British officer, too.'

'What a crime! These poor, inoffensive people! Have they resisted, do you think?'

'That field hospital looked pretty busy,' was the grim answer.

A little farther on, at a cross-road, there could no longer be any doubt as to what had happened. The remains of a barricade littered the ditches. Broken carts, ploughs, harrows, and hurdles lay in heaps. The carcasses of scores of dead horses had been hastily thrust aside so as to clear a

passage. In a meadow, working by the light of lanterns, gangs of soldiers and peasants were digging long pits; while row after row of prone figures could be glimpsed when the light carried by those directing the operations chanced to fall on them.

Dalroy knew, of course, that all the indications pointed to a successful, if costly, German advance—which was the last thing he had counted on in this remote countryside. If the tide of war was rolling into Belgium, it should, by his reckoning, have passed to the south-west, engulfing the upper valley of the Meuse and the two Luxembourgs perhaps, but leaving untouched the placid land on the frontier of Holland. For a time he feared that Holland, too, was being attacked. Understanding something of German pride, though far as yet from plumbing the depths of German infamy, he imagined that the Teutonic host had burst all barriers, and was bent on making the Rhine a German river from source to sea.

Naturally he did not fail to realise that the lumbering wagon was taking him into a country already securely held by the assailants. There were no guards at the cross-roads, no indications of military precautions. The hospital, the grave-diggers, the successive troops of cavalry, felt themselves safe even in the semi-darkness, and this was the prerogative of a conquering army. In the conditions, he did not regard his life as worth much more than an hour's purchase, and he tortured his wits in vain for some means of freeing the girl, who reposed such implicit confidence in him, from the meshes of a net which he felt to be tightening every minute. He simply dreaded the coming of daylight, heralded already by tints of heliotrope and pink in the eastern sky. Certain undulating contours were becoming suspiciously clear in that part of the horizon. It might be only what Hafiz describes as the false dawn; but, false or true, the new day was at hand. He was on the verge of advising Irene to seek shelter in some remote hovel which their guide could surely recommend, when Fate took control of affairs.

Maertz had now pulled up in obedience to an unusually threatening order from an Uhlan officer whose horse had been incommoded in passing. Above the clatter of hoofs and accoutrements Dalroy's trained ear had detected the sounds of a heavy and continuous cannonade toward the south-west.

'How far are we from Visé?' he asked the driver.

The man pointed with his whip. 'You see that black knob over there?' he said.

'Yes.'

'That's a clump of trees just above the Meuse. Visé lies below it.'

'But how far?'

'Not more than two kilometres.'

Two kilometres! About a mile and a half!

Dalroy was tortured by indecision. 'Shall we be there by daybreak?'

'With luck. I don't know what's been happening here. These damned Germans are swarming all over the place. They must be making for the bridge.'

'What bridge?'

'The bridge across the Meuse, of course. Don't you know these parts?'

'Not very well.'

'I wish I were safe at home; I'd get indoors and stop there,' growled the driver, chirping his team into motion again.

Dalroy's doubts were stilled. Better leave this rustic philosopher to work out their common salvation.

A few hundred yards ahead the road bifurcated. One branch led to Visé, the other to Argenteau. Here was stationed a picket, evidently intended as a guide for the cavalry.

Most fortunately Dalroy read aright the intention of an officer who came forward with an electric torch. 'Lie as flat as you can!' he whispered to Irene. 'If they find us, pretend to be asleep.'

'Hi, you!' cried the officer to Maertz; 'where the devil do you think you're going?'

'To Joos's mill at Visé,' said the gruff Walloon.

'What's in the cart?'

'Oats.'

'*Almachtig!* Where from?'

'Aachen.'

'You just pull ahead into that road there. I'll attend to you and your oats in a minute or two.'

'But can't I push on?'

The officer called to a soldier. 'See that this fellow halts twenty yards up the road,' he said. 'If he stirs then, put your bayonet through him. These Belgian swine don't seem to understand that they are Germans now, and must obey orders.'

The officer, of course, spoke in German, the Walloon in the mixture of Flemish and Low Dutch which forms the *patois* of the district. But each could follow the other's meaning, and the quaking listeners in the middle of the wagon had no difficulty at all in comprehending the gravity of this new peril.

Maertz was swearing softly to himself; they heard him address a question to the sentry when the wagon stopped again. 'Why won't your officer let us go to Visé?' he growled.

'Sheep's head! do as you're told, or it will be bad for you,' was the reply.

The words were hardly out of the soldier's mouth before a string of motor-lorries, heavy vehicles with very powerful engines, thundered up from the rear. The leaders passed without difficulty, as there was plenty of room. But their broad flat tires sucked up clouds of dust, and the moon had sunk behind a wooded height.

One of the hindmost transports, taking too wide a bend, crashed into the wagon. The startled horses plunged, pulled Maertz off his perch, and dragged the wagon into a deep ditch. It fell on its side, and Dalroy and his companion were thrown into a field amid a swirl of laden sacks, some of which burst.

Dalroy was unhurt, and he could only hope that the girl also had escaped injury. Ere he rose he clasped her around the neck and clapped a hand over her mouth lest she should scream. 'Not a word!' he breathed into her ear. 'Can you manage to crawl on all-fours straight on by the side of the hedge? Never mind thorns or nettles. It's our only chance.'

In a few seconds they were free of the hubbub which sprang up around the overturned wagon and the transport, the latter having shattered a wheel. Soon they were able to rise, crouching behind the hedge as they ran. They turned at an angle, and struck off into the country, following the line of another hedge which trended slightly uphill. At a gateway they turned again, moving, as Dalroy calculated, on the general line of the Visé road. A low-roofed shanty loomed up suddenly against the sky. It was just the place to house an outpost, and Dalroy was minded to avoid it, when the lowing of a cow in pain revealed to his trained intelligence the practical certainty that the animal had been left there unattended, and needed milking. Still, he took no unnecessary risks.

'Remain here,' he murmured. 'I'll go ahead and investigate, and return in a minute or so.'

He did not notice that the girl sank beneath the hedge with a suspicious alacrity. He was a man, a fighter, with the hot breath of war in his nostrils. Not yet had he sensed the cruel strain which war places on women. Moreover, his faculties were centred in the task of the moment. The soldier is warned not to take his eyes off the enemy while reloading his rifle, lest the target be lost; similarly, Dalroy knew that concentration was the prime essential of scoutcraft.

Thus he was deaf to the distant thunder of guns, but alive to the least rustle inside the building; blind to certain ominous gleams on the horizon, but quick to detect any moving object close at hand. He made out that a door stood open; so, after a few seconds' pause, he slipped rapidly within, and stood near the wall on the side opposite the hinges. An animal stirred uneasily, and the plaintive lowing ceased. He had dropped the sabots long since, and the lamp was lost in the spill out of the wagon, but most fortunately he had matches in his pocket. He closed the door softly, struck a match, guarding the flame with both hands, and looked round. He found himself in a ramshackle shed, half-barn, half-stable. In a stall was tethered a black-and-white cow, her udder distended with milk. Huddled up against the wall was the

corpse of a woman, an old peasant, whose wizened features had that waxen tint of *camailleu gris* with which, in their illuminated missals of the Middle Ages, the monks loved to portray the sufferings of the early Christian martyrs. She had been stabbed twice through the breast. An overturned pail and milking-stool showed how and where death had surprised her.

The match flickered out, and Dalroy was left in the darkness of the tomb. He had a second match in his hand, and was on the verge of striking it, when he heard a man's voice and the swish of feet through the grass of the pasture without.

'This is the place, Heinrich,' came the words, in guttural German, and breathlessly. Then, with certain foulnesses of expression, the speaker added, 'I'm puffed. That girl fought like a wild cat.'

'She's pretty, too, for a Belgian,' agreed another voice.

'So. But I couldn't put up with her screeching when you told her that a bayonet had stopped her grandam's nagging tongue.'

'Ach, was! What matter, at eighty?'

Dalroy had pulled the door open. Stooping, he sought for and found the milking-stool, a solid article of sound oak. Through a chink he saw two dark forms; glints of the dawn on fixed bayonets showed that the men were carrying their rifles slung. At the door the foremost switched on an electric torch.

'You milk, Heinrich,' he said, 'while I show a glim.'

He advanced a pace, as Dalroy expected he would, so the swing of the stool caught him on the right side of the head, partly on the ear and partly on the rim of his *Pickel-haube*. But his skull was fractured, for all that. Heinrich fared no better, though the torch was shattered on the rough paving of the stable. A thrust floored him, and he fell with a fearsome clatter of accoutrements. A second blow on the temple stilled the startled oath on his lips. Dalroy divested him of the rifle, and stuffed a few clips of cartridges into his own pockets.

Then, ready for any others of a cut-throat crew, he listened. One of the pair on the ground was gasping for breath. The cow began lowing again. That was all. There was neither sight nor sound of Irene, though she must have heard enough to frighten her badly.

'Miss Beresford!' he said, in a sibilant hiss which would carry easily to the point where he had left her. No answer. Nature was still. It was as though inanimate things were awake, but quaking. The breathing of the unnamed German changed abruptly into a gurgling croak. Heinrich had traversed that stage swiftly under the second blow. From the roads came the sharp rattle of horses' feet, the panting of motors. The thud of gun-fire smote the air incessantly. It suggested the monstrous pulse-beat of an

alarmed world. Over a hill-top the beam of a searchlight hovered for an instant, and vanished. Belgium, little Belgium, was in a death-grapple with mighty Germany. Even in her agony she

was crying, 'What of England? Will England help?' Well, one Englishman had lessened by two the swarm of her enemies that night.

(Continued on page 52.)

WORKING DEPTH OF OUR MINES.

By GEORGE H. ASKEW, Mine Manager, Brayton, Cumberland.

HOW deep shall we ever be able to sink our shafts and successfully work our minerals? We already have shafts as deep as about fifteen hundred yards. Will it ever be possible to double that distance? A few years ago a remarkable borehole was sunk at Schladebach, about fifteen miles from Leipzig; and we believe, with one exception perhaps, this is the deepest bore that has ever been made. Though this experiment is of great scientific interest, it was not designed with any scientific object in view. The undertaking was purely a commercial one, and a sum of not less than ten thousand pounds was expended in carrying it out. There was, it may be presumed, reasonable expectation that the great initial cost, and a handsome profit as well, would be returned as the fruits of the enterprise. Whether the experiment was successful from the money-making point of view we do not know, but we do know that it was very successful in the sense that it incidentally afforded scientific information of the very highest value. The bore was undertaken in making a search for coal. Some enterprising capitalists consulted the geologists as to whether coal-seams were to be found in this locality. They were assured coal was there, though it would certainly be a very long way down. The capitalists were not daunted by this consideration, but determined to make a preliminary search by means of a diamond bore. The hole was one mile one hundred and seventeen yards deep, commencing with a diameter of six inches and finishing at a little more than half an inch. It is worth while pondering for a moment on what this distance means. Had the hole been commenced at the top of Ben Nevis, it would have gone down to sea-level and on to twelve hundred feet lower still. When the foreman drew his cores it was necessary at the lower stages to lift and uncouple that tremendous length of rods, a very tedious operation. The collective weight of the working system of rods was about twenty tons, and not less than ten hours' hard work was necessary before the crown was raised from the bottom of the hole to the surface. We may, I think, believe that so much trouble was never before expended on a borehole; but the results are full of information on important problems of science.

The geological results thus obtained of this exploration of the earth's crust are no doubt of very great interest to geologists; but our main

object in writing of this wonderful boring is very different. Its significance will be realised when we say it gave us more full and definite information about the internal heat of the earth than had ever been obtained by any previous experiment. We are under a great obligation to Captain Huyssen, the German engineer who bored this remarkable hole, and who so carefully and exactly took the temperatures at the various depths. The temperatures taken at the various depths in coal-pits are of no value, because we never get the true temperature of the rocks on account of the cooling effect of the air current ventilating the mine. Of course this hole was filled with water which was circulating during boring operations, and temperatures were not then reliable. Captain Huyssen devised an arrangement by which he could place temporary plugs in the hole at any depth he desired. He then determined the temperature of the water in a short length so plugged above and below that the circulation was stopped, and the water thus confined might be relied upon to indicate the temperature of the strata which held it. The thermometer employed in this investigation was ingenious, but particularly simple and more accurate than the ordinary graduated one, being merely a bulb of glass with a slender capillary tube, the top of which was not closed. When it was about to be lowered to the lowest point to which the drill had penetrated, the bulb and stem were filled to the brim with mercury. It was then lowered, and the hole firmly plugged a few feet above it. After being left there for some time it acquired the exact heat of the surrounding rocks, and—of course, due to expansion—a certain amount of mercury exuded from the top of the instrument, yet still leaving it brim-full. The plug being removed, the thermometer was drawn to the surface. Naturally the mercury had contracted until, perhaps, there was none showing in the stem. The instrument was then placed in a basin of cold water, to which hot water was gradually added until the mercury was again on the point of overflowing. A standard thermometer was now placed in the basin, and the correct temperature reached at the bottom of the hole duly recorded. These measurements were taken at about every hundred feet—in all there were fifty-eight recorded—so that the measurements should truly indicate the varying temperatures.

Now it is a scientific fact that at a depth of one hundred feet the earth is unaffected by the heat of the sun. It matters not whether the surface be hot or cold, at midsummer in the tropics or at Christmas at the North Pole, the temperature at that depth all over the earth is constant at fifty-two degrees Fahrenheit. The temperature of the sea at a depth of, say, a mile is also constant, being thirty-one degrees Fahrenheit, or one degree below freezing-point. The study of the internal heat of the earth, therefore, begins at one hundred feet, and it was conclusively proved that there was an increase of one degree for every sixty-six feet—that is, of course, starting from a depth of one hundred feet down to a mile and a quarter. From these readings it will be seen that the temperature of the rocks all over the earth at a depth of one mile is one hundred and thirty-two degrees, and consequently at a depth of two miles two hundred and twelve degrees, or the temperature of boiling water. Imagine that the waters of the ocean were removed from the earth. The ocean is in places more than five miles deep, but the earth's diameter is eight thousand miles. The removal of all this water, for the sake of comparison, would not be greater in proportion than the wiping dry of a wet standard Association football. Then take off a skin of two miles from the earth, which is infinitely less than the peeling of a peach, and what is the result? A temperature of two hundred and twelve degrees beneath our feet. We might be able to breathe the dry air; but what about our boots? Then, when they were gone, what about our feet and bodies? Or let us assume that we do sink a pit two miles deep. If our temperatures at varying depths are correct, it naturally follows that if there is any water at this depth it will be practically at boiling-point, and most certainly will give off large quantities of vapour, which will not only keep the roads from being dry and dusty, but will act very deleteriously on the roof, sides, and floor; and, combined with the heavy pressures, will make it extremely difficult to support and maintain the roadways, even if we are able to see along them. Again, as will be more likely in the majority of supposititious mines at this depth, it is a dry heat which we encounter. What a veritable powder-magazine a coal-mine would be with both coal and rocks so heated that they could not be touched without scorching the flesh! It is also interesting to note the atmospheric pressure at this depth. If the surface barometer gives a reading of thirty inches, at two miles the reading will be forty-two inches, while the pressure per square foot will be two thousand one hundred and twenty pounds and two thousand nine hundred and seventy pounds respectively, an increase of eight hundred and fifty pounds per square foot on all exposed surfaces, and, of course, on each square foot of our anatomy; and a hundred cubic feet

of air weighing about eight pounds at the surface will weigh eleven pounds at a depth of two miles. Under these circumstances, therefore, mining operations at a depth of two miles will be distinctly unpleasant.

I might here enlarge upon the fact that the earth is gradually cooling by radiation; but the process is so very slow that it is more than likely that hundreds, perhaps even thousands, of years will elapse before the temperature at a depth of two miles is reduced even one degree; so that to look forward to the time when mines will be worked at a depth of two miles would be distinctly a waste of time and thought.

Now let us take into consideration another factor in the question—that of the pressure at greater depths than those at present being mined. A column of water thirty feet high gives a pressure of nearly fifteen pounds per square inch; and, taking the average density of rock as three times that of water, ten feet of rock will produce the same pressure as thirty feet of water. Consequently we have at a depth of a mile a pressure of more than three tons to the square inch, at two miles six tons per square inch, while at ten miles the pressure will be very nearly equal to that produced on the walls of a Dreadnought gun when the charge of cordite has been fired to drive the projectile to its destination. Yet ten miles of rock is as nothing compared with the thickness of the rocks producing the pressures of the earth's interior. Even if a shell of ten miles of rock were peeled off the earth it would only reduce the diameter one four-hundredth part; and the temperature of the exposed surface would be eight hundred and fifty-two degrees Fahrenheit.

Let us ask what is the condition of these rocks at their very highest temperature. We know the heat is more than sufficient to melt the most refractory metals, but we must also remember the tremendous pressure exerted by the superincumbent rocks. At Shide, in the Isle of Wight, the late Professor Milne, whose business and hobby it was to discover and record earthquakes, with the help of a most delicate instrument called the seismometer, was able to announce earthquakes, and their locality and magnitude, long before the accounts were published in the newspapers. We will suppose that an earthquake of fairly large proportions has taken place in Japan. About a quarter of an hour afterwards the needle at Shide records the fact. This is the first record, but there are two others. There is an interval of perhaps three-quarters of an hour, and then the second record comes along, which, by the way, is on a much larger scale, although easily identified as a more pronounced edition of the first record; then, after another pause for half an hour or so, the third record is received. This diagram is not quite so strongly marked as the second one, but still stronger than the first. Now to explain why there are three records of the earthquake. When the shock takes place in

Japan it originates a series of vibrations through the earth. The surface vibrations account for the second and third records, one going the short way to the Isle of Wight, and the other taking the longer route. These records are heavy because the surface rocks are pliant, and the second record is heavier than the third on account of having a shorter distance to travel. Now for the first record, because this is of special interest. The shock of the earthquake not only shook the surface rocks of the earth, but it also shook the whole earth, and certain of these vibrations took a direct course right through the globe. With the same velocity they would take a shorter time than the other records, but they really travelled much faster. It has been proved that the average velocity of these vibrations when travelling through the centre of the earth is ten miles a second. The velocity varies with the square root of the depth, and near the surface is not two miles a second. This is proof that the interior of the earth is more rigid than the surface. In other words, under the tremendous internal pressure of the earth's interior, notwithstanding the enormous temperature of its constituents, the earth possesses a rigidity which is practically greater than that of steel.

It seems anomalous, but it is nevertheless true that the deepest pit is the safest place during an earthquake. This reminds us of the story of the sailor who, in a hurricane, remarked, 'I wouldn't care to be ashore to-night, with all the chimney-pots flying about.' In years to come I can imagine the scientific Japanese coal-hewer noticing a slight earthquake shock when at work some hundreds of yards below ground, and thanking his stars that he was not at home and in bed. This, of course, if he were a bachelor; a married man would be very anxious about the safety of his family, and would leave his work in the middle of his shift, hurry to the shaft, and, if the winding-engine were intact, get off home as soon as possible, hoping to find his house standing.

The internal heat and also the tremendous pressures exerted in the earth are strikingly illustrated in the phenomena of volcanoes. We believe that on account of the enormous pressure, and in spite of heat that would liquefy any material of which our earth is composed, the inner portion of our globe is, as has been stated, more solid than the hardest steel. But though this applies to the deep-seated regions, it does not apply universally at moderate depths. When this pressure finds a vent, so to speak, the solid matter liquefies and exudes from the crater of the volcano in the form of lava. Occasionally we have a mighty eruption, such as that at Krakatoa, perhaps the mightiest explosion that has ever occurred on the earth. The small island called Krakatoa is in the East Indian Archipelago. No one lives on it, and until the summer of 1883 it was not distinguished. However, at that time it began to come into

prominence; earthquakes were felt, and deep rumblings from its one volcano were heard. But nothing very serious was anticipated, and a pleasure-party from Batavia took it so lightly that they chartered a steamer and went picnicking on the island. They climbed up the mountain and peeped into the crater, which was about thirty yards wide, and from which vast quantities of steam were rising. As the summer went on the rumblings increased until they could be heard twenty miles away. Still this was nothing, for in the course of a week or two the thunders could be heard for a hundred miles, and also for that distance around the little island daylight was obscured by the dust erupted; it was as dark as midnight all the twenty-four hours of the day. The noises increased all through July, and people were becoming panic-stricken. Then on Sunday, 26th August 1883, came the *dénouement*. At Batavia, one hundred miles away, no one slept that night. The houses trembled with the shocks, and the windows rattled as if heavy artillery were fired at close quarters. This went on all through the night; and then at ten o'clock on Monday, 27th August, the final explosion took place, when a large portion of the island was blown away and scattered to the four winds of heaven. This supreme effort made what was the biggest noise ever heard on this planet. The sounds were heard, some four hours after their occurrence, at Rodriguez, which is approximately three thousand miles away. Of course the difference in time is accounted for by the time taken by sound to travel. It is estimated that in the final effort ten cubic miles of material was blown into the air, and most of this material was projected to a height of twenty miles. The wonderful sunsets in the autumn of 1883 may be remembered. These were caused by the Krakatoan dust which encircled the whole earth. People wrote to the papers from all parts of the globe; the sun looked blue, the moon was veiled in green, and there were curious and unusual halos round the sun and the moon. These different phenomena were observed in many situations and various countries. Moreover—and this is both curious and interesting—the mighty sound was registered even in London quite half-a-dozen times. A sudden shock of such magnitude to our atmosphere must of necessity affect the barometer. The atmospheric wave would start from Krakatoa and travel to the pole opposite to Krakatoa in about thirty-six hours. Then the oscillations, after converging, would again travel back, and so on in gradually fading intensity until they became evanescent; and meteorologists at many stations could anticipate to a few minutes the fluctuations of the barometer due to these atmospheric waves, until the air again became normal.

This practical proving of the condition of the earth's interior leads to the conclusion that even if the difficulties of the heat in mines of a depth of two miles could be overcome, the heavy pres-

asures exerted on the rocks and minerals by those superimposed would render it practically impossible successfully and safely to work seams of coal. At the same time we might note our puny efforts, and once more liken our globe to a regulation Association football. The faintest scratch that a thorn could make on the outer leather covering represents the depth of our deepest mines. What atoms we are in the universe, the earth on which we live no more than a grain of sand on the shore! Consider its insignificance in comparison with our whole system, including the mighty sun, distant from us ninety-three million miles, whose bulk is so great that if it were placed with our earth as the centre its periphery would extend to twice the distance from us to our satellite, which is two hundred thousand miles away, the diameter of the sun being eight hundred and sixty-six thousand miles. Again, consider that the glorious orb of light is surrounded by hundreds of planets,

many larger than our earth, and many not more than ten miles in diameter, yet each one making its regular journey round its primary, those journeys varying in time from eighty-eight days in the case of the nearest, Mercury, to one hundred and sixty-five years, which is the time taken by the mighty Neptune to complete the four seasons of his year. Then consider that there are many millions of suns, the majority of which are considerably greater than our own source of light and life; and, assuming that each of these glowing bodies is attended by a galaxy of planets similar to this old world of ours, there are undoubtedly hundreds of millions of dark bodies in the illimitable universe. In view of our littleness in the world of space, the thousands of miners at work picking away are unable to do more than make the faintest scratch on a football in this which is called, so far as science, invention, and research are concerned, the most wonderful century of man's life on this earth.

THE BRAVEST OF THEM ALL.

CHAPTER III.

JACKIE was fully convinced that the burglar was now dead, and that he had killed him; and you won't be surprised to learn that drops of water fell from his eyes almost rivalling in size those falling from the thunder-clouds outside.

At length, the thunder and rain ceasing, and a patch of blue appearing in the sky, he went outside and sat disconsolately on the hall step. He dared not go anywhere near the bathroom. The rain had caused the lines of his neat time-chart to run into one meaningless blur. He didn't mind; time was nothing to him now. When you have——

But at this moment something appeared over the edge of the moor, steadied itself there a moment, and then began cautiously to descend the long slope. The squatting figure gazed at the thing intently. Yes, there was no doubt about it, the car was coming back, feeling its way gingerly along the road for fear of side-slips.

He waited till it had entered the drive, and then, rising wearily, walked with dragging steps to meet the party.

It was Aunt Christine who alighted first. She came toward him in her usual bright, cheery way, both hands outstretched. 'Well, Jackie dear, here we are at last. The shower'—— Then, as she caught sight of certain tell-tale stains on the face of the Guard, her voice took on a sympathetic tone. 'Why, boyveen, were you frightened?'

'Uncle T-t-tom,' said Jackie, turning to the driver of the car, 'th-th-there's a b-b-burg'——

'Steady, sonny—steady!' commanded Uncle Tom. 'Tention!'

And that steadied Jackie for a moment. He straightened himself and put his heels together, and tried his hardest not to stammer.

'Uncle Tom, there's a b-burglar in the b-bathroom, an'—an'—an'—he's—DEAD!' he finished in a high crescendo; and at that the Guard broke down completely, and fell, sobbing, into the arms of Aunt Christine.

'Great Scott!' cried Uncle Tom, looking rather uncomfortable, especially when Aunt Christine turned to him and said, quite sharply for her, 'I told you we ought never to have left him!'

Then she patted the heaving back and stroked the hair of the 'only just,' and let him sob his fill against her motherly bosom, whilst Cousin Madge stood by, needing very little encouragement to sob in unison.

'What frightened you, Jackie?' she asked gently, after a moment or two.

'He did! The b-burglar!' came in muffled, broken accents. 'The thunder, I think. I don't know.' The tousled head was raised, and the tear-stricken face turned to meet the loving looks bent toward it. 'An' he's dead, Aunt Christine!' came in an awe-stricken whisper, the hazel eyes opened widely.

'Tell me, sonny,' began Uncle Tom.

'Wait a moment, Tom; wait a moment,' said Aunt Christine. 'The heat has been too much for him;' and she stroked the smooth brow, and took two hot brown hands in her own cool white ones.—'Now let us go in and have a nice sensible tea. How would "bully" do, and brown biscuits?'

Madge brightened perceptibly at this, but it

had no effect on the Guard. How could one enjoy 'bully' with dead burglars lying around?

Arrived in the dining-room, Uncle Tom caught sight of the half-emptied pickle-jar.

'Ha! ha!' he cried, laughing. 'I see it all now, Jackie! Too much pickle has upset some one's stom'—

'He took them, Uncle Tom.'

'He? What he?'

'The b-burglar.'

'Took'—

But just then Aunt Christine's voice was heard calling excitedly from the kitchen.

'Come here, Tom, quickly!' she cried.

And of course, when Uncle Tom joined her, you know what he found: the sodden clothes hung on chair-backs in front of what had been a fire in the morning, but was now nothing but ashes; and on the dresser the array of iron-mongery taken from the burglar's pockets.

Jackie joined them there, followed closely by Cousin Madge.

'Sonny,' asked Uncle Tom quietly, 'can you tell us about these things now?'

'They belong to the burglar, uncle.'

'But where is the burglar?'

'In the bathroom. But he's dead!'

'Dead! But what made him die?'

'I did, uncle. I drowned him.'

Aunt Christine again looked into the hazel eyes and felt the hot hands, whilst Uncle Tom scratched his left ear.

'Wait a moment till I get my revolver,' he said, 'and then we'll go to the bathroom.'

'Sonny,' he asked when he came back again, 'is the door locked?'

'No, uncle; it's bolted on the outside.'

So they all walked down the passage to the bathroom, Uncle Tom and Aunt Christine leading, whilst Jackie followed closely behind, Cousin Madge, drawn on by a fearful fascination, creeping along some distance in the rear.

'Why, the steps are all wet!' cried Uncle Tom when he had reached the end of the passage.

'Yes, uncle,' Jackie replied wearily. It seemed hardly worth while explaining that no self-respecting burglar could be 'drowned' in a mere six inches of water.

Then Uncle Tom, shooting back the bolt, threw open the door, and—yes, there was no doubt of it—a prone figure, covered with a rug, could be seen huddled in the far corner.

A gentle hand stretched out and drew the trembling Jackie close to its owner, a reassuring arm passed round his shoulder.

Uncle Tom stepped across to the figure and touched a protruding bare foot. Then he gave a glad shout and shook that foot as if it were a door-knocker. 'It's all right,' he called out; 'he's only asleep.—Here! wake up! wake up!' and he shook till the foot almost came off in his hand.

At this the burglar stirred, grunted, opened his eyes, saw the glistening barrel of the revolver Uncle Tom held so steadily toward him, and sat up hurriedly.

'Uncle Tom, eh?' he growled. 'All right, boss. I'll give no trouble. But turn that nasty thing away. It might go off without yer knowin'.'

'You seem to have been enjoying yourself,' said Uncle Tom.

'Enjoy'—began the burglar bitterly, suddenly spreading out his arms and disarranging the rug so much that—

'Come away, Madge dear! Come away!' commanded Aunt Christine. 'Let us go and make tea.'

I need not trouble you with the long explanations the burglar made, nor the surprised and keen questionings from Uncle Tom, nor the supplementary information added by the now radiant Jackie.

Only, when the explanations and questionings came to an end, Uncle Tom bolted the burglar in again, returning to the bathroom soon after, carrying a bundle of strangely assorted garments. Arrayed in these, the burglar, now very crest-fallen indeed, was then escorted to the toolhouse at the bottom of the garden, and securely locked in for the night.

And what an hour of triumph was Jackie's at tea-time! He had to tell it all over again to Aunt Christine and Cousin Madge, Uncle Tom keeping him plentifully supplied with 'bully.'

I can't stay to explain exactly what 'bully' is; but you require jam (lots of it), and thick cream (lots of that also), and a stom—— at least the digestion of a small boy. Only, don't forget the brown biscuits.

Truth to tell, Cousin Madge hardly knew she was eating 'bully'; she would sit a long time with a spoonful of it half-way between her plate and her mouth, her eyes glued to Jackie's radiant face. Once her spoon fell, and it had a lot of 'bully' on it; and whilst the spoon fell on her plate the 'bully' dropped on the white tablecloth. But Aunt Christine never noticed it, for, truth to tell, she also had her eyes riveted on Jackie, her lips were parted, and her breath coming and going quickly.

A somewhat timid knock was heard on the studio door that evening as Uncle Tom was just finishing his after-dinner cigar.

'Come in!'

The door opened, and Jackie advanced three steps into the room and stood to attention.

'Good-night, uncle!' he said.

Then a marvellous thing happened. Uncle Tom sprang from his chair, walked across the room till he was close to Jackie, then stood to attention himself, and raised his hand with a quick sweep to his forehead. 'Sir,' he said, 'I salute you. You're the bravest Scout I've ever known.'

Jackie's eyes glistened, and his breath came in little gasps. Had he heard aright? 'Do you mean it, Uncle Tom?' and the hazel eyes were raised pleadingly.

'Mean it, sonny? Indeed I do,' and here Uncle Tom fairly hugged Jackie; 'a thousand times over I mean it. YOU'RE THE BRAVEST OF THEM ALL.'

And I wish I could show you the shine that came into Jackie's face, and the way his eyes fairly glittered. 'The bravest of them all!' His heart was too full to speak, so he turned away without another word; and no Scout ever walked to bed with a straighter or stiffer back than Jackie, 'the bravest of them all.' And the last thing he saw in the studio as he walked away was the Girl-on-the-Canvas, and her lips seemed to smile and say, 'Well done, our side!'

That is really all I have to tell you about Jackie, and, properly speaking, I should now stop. But as I know you would like to hear what became of the burglar, I will add a few more lines.

After Fred had taken the burglar his supper, Uncle Tom came down from the studio and walked across the garden to the toolhouse. He found the burglar sitting on an upturned hamper, in front of a packing-case which had served him as a table. He seemed very dejected, but perhaps this was partly due to his ill-fitting and poorly matched clothes.

'Feeling pretty fit now?' asked Uncle Tom kindly, for he really felt sorry for the hunched-up figure on the hamper.

'Yes, boss,' the burglar grunted.

'Try a smoke;' and Uncle Tom held a cigar out to him, which the burglar took without a word of thanks. He bit off the end, spat it out, and then lighted up from the box Uncle Tom pushed across the packing-case to him. He puffed away for a moment or two; then, 'S'pose this'll be a five year job, boss?' he asked gloomily.

'Yes, I suppose so,' Uncle Tom replied with equal gloom.

The burglar sighed, shrugged his shoulders, and smoked on in silence.

'Look 'ere, gov'nor,' he said at last, 'that little nipper o' yourn'—puff! puff!—'cipher my eyes, but 'e's a prize lot!'

'Yes,' said Uncle Tom, 'he's pretty smart.'

'Smart! May I be fractioned if I ever see 'is like! The way 'e diddled me an' got me in the bath—*b-r-r-r*! I can't think o' that bath yet!'

'You see, the little chap's a Scout'—oh, Uncle Tom! and Jackie 'only just'—'and that makes him smart.'

'One o' them Boy Scouts! I didn't think they took 'em so small.' The burglar smoked away quietly for a little time; then, in a much gentler and softer voice, he said, 'Ad a little nipper myself wanst.'

'Yes?' from Uncle Tom sympathetically.

'E were about that 'igh;' and the burglar held the palm of his hand just below the level of the top of the packing-case. He kept his hand at that level whilst he went on speaking. Perhaps—who knows?—he saw the little nipper as he spoke. 'The questions that pinch o' a chap used to ask fair floored me. Used to wonder where the cipher 'e got 'em from. Blue eyes 'e 'ad, an' cur'— Puff! puff! puff! spit! Then he wagged his head as if his coat were a bit tight at the throat.

Uncle Tom leaned against a bench and looked at the burglar thoughtfully. Uncle Tom was doing some hard thinking, and he could think well, could Uncle Tom, though he usually said he found the labour of it far too exhausting.

The burglar smoked in silence for a few moments. His eyes had a far-away look in them, as if he were still gazing at the little nipper with the 'blue eyes an' cur'—

'Yes, this is a five year job, gov'nor, as you say.' Puff! 'But I'm through with burclin'.' Puff! puff! 'W'en I was clawin' that every wall like a 'alf-drowned fly, expectin' every moment the water'd wallop down my throat, an' finish me off complete'—puff! puff! puff!—'mind, it's gawspel truth I'm tellin' ye!'—puff!—'I saw that little nipper I spoke on.' Puff! puff! 'E come to the winder an' looked down at me; an' 'is bit o' a face seemed sad like!' Puff! 'I'm through wi' burclin'.' Spit with great violence.

As Uncle Tom had nothing to say to this, he just told the burglar, in a kindly tone, to make himself as comfortable as he could for the night, and then, locking the door securely, left him to his own thoughts.

Before breakfast next morning Fred had motored down to Minsterton for a constable. The one deputed to attend to Uncle Tom's complaint looked very consequential and vastly important as he sat bolt-upright in the returning car.

When he was announced, Uncle Tom first interviewed him in the dining-room. They had a long talk; and when they slowly strolled down the garden toward the toolhouse the constable thoughtfully turned over certain coins in his right-hand trousers pocket, coins which rattled with a pleasing jingle.

Uncle Tom threw open the toolhouse door and looked at the burglar very severely.

'Um!' said the constable; 'so this is the man you found here this morning, sir?'

'Yes,' said Uncle Tom; 'I found him here at six o'clock.' But he forgot to mention, did Uncle Tom, that when he 'found' him he carried in his hand a plate of bread and meat. Indeed, crumbs of both were even then on the top of the packing-case, as the constable might have seen but for those coins in his right trousers pocket.

When Uncle Tom spoke the burglar shot a

quick look at him, and sat up in a hopeful sort of way.

'What's your name, my lad?' the constable asked, in the grand manner of a 'special' at least.

'John Smith.'

'And where do you live?'

'Anyw'eres.'

'Ah! trampin' it, I suppose?'

'Seemin'ly.'

'Why didn't you go on to Minsterton, to the work'ouse?'

'Beat up. Dog tired,' said the burglar, with a great yawn.

'I hear, constable,' said Uncle Tom, with a sly look at the burglar, 'that tramps have to take a bath now before they are relieved.'

The burglar shifted uneasily on his hamper. Society was getting very complicated.

'That's so,' admitted the constable reluctantly.

'But, mind you, I don't hold with it. It's both *un-Christian* and *un-natural*.'

The burglar gave a sympathetic grunt.

'What did you say?'

'Naught.'

'Well,' the constable continued, 'I suppose you'll come along quietly?'

'Oh yes, I'll come.'

'You won't try to make a bolt, Smith?' Uncle Tom asked with a meaning look.

'Fraction my bones if I do, sir,' the burglar growled.

'Very well, constable; take him with you, and I'll be at the court when the case comes on.'

Later in the morning 'John Smith' was brought before the Minsterton magistrates, charged with being found, unlawfully, in the toolhouse of Mallam Tower.

He stood with several other gentlemen and one or two ladies, a sad, depressed-looking company, each individual member appearing as if he or she had enjoyed themselves not wisely but too well at yesterday's fair.

'Now, constable, what's this case?' asked the

chairman of the Bench when John Smith's turn came.

'Loiterin', yer Waship;' and the constable explained the circumstances.

'Um! an ordinary tramp, I suppose?'

'Yes, yer Waship,' said the constable, thoughtfully fingering in his pockets.

One of the junior magistrates leaned forward and took a keen look at John Smith. 'He seems very clean for a tramp,' he remarked.

John Smith muttered something almost inaudible.

'What does he say, constable?' the chairman asked.

'Says it's his natural colour, yer Waship.'

'Perhaps he's been bathed,' suggested a member of the Bench; at which the Court laughed and the prisoner shuffled his feet uneasily.

'Is he known about here?'

'No, yer Waship.'

'Anything in his pockets? You searched him, I suppose?'

'Yes, yer Waship. Piece o' string, some dried peas, stump o' cigar' (produced).

'You don't identify the cigar, I suppose?' the magistrate asked Uncle Tom with a smile.

'No, your Worship. One cigar-stump is very like another.'

The magistrates whispered together for a few moments. Then, 'Now look here, my man,' said the elderly chairman, 'you mustn't come loitering and tramping here.' He turned to Uncle Tom. 'You don't wish to press the case, I suppose, sir?'

'No, your Worship.'

'Very well, then, Smith. We will dismiss you with a caution. But don't be brought up again, or else something worse will happen to you.—Take him away.'

'All right, gov'nor. I'll turn honest. Cipher my eyes if I don't! Burg'—

But here the constable hustled him out of the court, for fear indiscreet admissions might lead to awkward questions.

THE END.

THE GREAT ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF CHINA.

ATTENTION has been drawn in the *Times* to the fact that Mr Wilfred Merton lent to the London Library for a few weeks a volume containing two sections of the famous Chinese Encyclopædia, which he had picked up for a small sum in the shop of a London firm of booksellers. The volume, which had been bound by Miss Katharine Adams, of the Eadburgha Bindery, Broadway, Worcestershire, comprised sections nineteen thousand eight hundred and sixty-five and nineteen thousand eight hundred and sixty-six of the work, and dealt chiefly with the subject of bamboos. As pointed out by Professor H. A. Giles in the

Nineteenth Century for 1901, the complete work comprises twenty-two thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven separate sections, bound up into eleven thousand one hundred volumes, each half-an-inch in thickness; so that, were all the volumes laid flat one upon another, the column thus formed would reach a height of four hundred and sixty-two feet, or fifty-eight feet higher than the top of St Paul's. This great Encyclopædia of China, the *Yung Lo Ta Tien*, produced at Nanking in 1408, easily ranks as the biggest literary undertaking in the world, over two thousand scholars having been engaged in its

compilation, and it contained a total of nine hundred and seventeen thousand four hundred and eighty pages, and three hundred and sixty-six million nine hundred and ninety-two thousand characters. A few years ago there still existed in manuscript a copy of this encyclopædia, which, on account of the enormous expense involved, was never printed. A complete copy was made in 1567, and stored in the Hanlin College in Peking, until destroyed by fire in 1900. Only about one hundred volumes of this copy are known to have been saved, of which sixty are in the Library of the Ministry of Public Instruc-

tion at Peking. Our British Museum has five, and the Bodleian seven, none of them consecutive. Amongst the seventeen thousand volumes of Chinese literature presented to the Bodleian Library, Oxford, by Mr E. Backhouse, Professor of Chinese at King's College, London, are several encyclopædias, or parts of them, including some volumes of the above-mentioned work. One is a reprint from an encyclopædia which was in five thousand and twenty volumes. This handier edition, executed in Shanghai twenty-five years ago, is in one thousand six hundred and twenty volumes.

THE DEATH OF A FATHER.

By JOSEPHINE CALINA.

JAN ZAREMBA from Uranov held a high reputation in the village as an extremely clever man. Every peasant knew that he could read the newspapers, and that he possessed a large number of books. His fine house, with its beautiful veranda, and his old mill on the wooded hillside opposite, called forth a still greater degree of respect from his poorer neighbours. Sometimes they compared his house to a king's palace.

When the war broke out Jan Zaremba became more important than ever. Every one regarded him as the one person who knew all about the war, because of his books and of his reputed wisdom. Whenever any of the peasants chanced to meet him he would be saluted with a low bow, and asked at once, 'Oh sir, it is a bad war! Will it last long? Could the Germans come to Uranov?' To which he would answer, hurriedly and brusquely, 'Nonsense, nonsense! Everything will be all right soon,' and would walk away. Such an answer from Zaremba was sufficient to make the village cheer up for several days, and not worry about the war. To every one he gave the same sure answer, so that all went away from him with light hearts. He was very proud of his knowledge. He never opened a book to read, but he loved the nice covers of his books with the golden edges and the silk ribbons between the pages. If he had any visitors, he liked to bring them near to his books, and liked to tell them whence every book had come, walking round the room proudly, and curling his moustache. Smiling, he would say, 'Now you know who I am, eh? I got all these because I like books, and I shall get more and more when my son Jeronim grows older, so that he shall have something good to look at.' The people gazed at him with respect and reverence, marvelling at the depth of his knowledge.

On Sunday morning he used to put on his best clothes, wax his moustache, and go from his house, looking back to admire his veranda,

and as he went giving instructions to his old servant to chain up the dog, to scatter sand outside the door, and so on, until his house disappeared from sight. As he entered the church every one looked at him. He stared round proudly, and knelt down with a serious expression.

Coming out of the church, he was surrounded by groups of peasants, asking him all about the war. 'Oh sir, tell us! You know so much. Nobody seems to know, and we all wait until Sunday to hear what you will say. Tell us, sir, when will the war be finished, and who is going to win?'

Jan Zaremba would look round the crowd of people, straighten his moustache, and say, 'You thick-heads! Read the papers and you will know everything.'

'But, sir, we cannot read; we are not so clever as to be able to read newspapers. But you, sir—you have lots of books with red and green covers edged with gold, and you are one who can tell all.'

'That is all right,' Zaremba would say, with a smile, and proud of his knowledge. 'The war is far from Uranov; no one thinks about Uranov. No one will come here;' and, raising his hat, he would turn homeward. On the way home he thought how foolish they were, only wanting to be told. He reflected how little he could in reality tell them, and he felt annoyed with himself and with the world.

That same afternoon the priest of the neighbouring church came to him and told him that the Germans were on their way to Uranov. Zaremba felt annoyed at the suggestion, and answered sharply, 'No Germans will come here. It is all nonsense,' hiding his embarrassment by placing on the table a bottle of wine, which the priest promptly swallowed, complaining that he was feeling the heat. Zaremba felt oppressed, and did not speak overmuch, hoping that the priest would go away and leave him time to think over matters. When the priest again

started theorising about the war, Zaremba rose from his place and nervously asked him if he desired more wine. Not long after the priest left with a red, sad face, making desperate efforts to keep a straight line.

After the priest left, Zaremba sank down broken. He began to think of his past: of his young days, of his searching for happiness. He remembered how he first came to Uranov, and there married Wanda, a rich young girl, with whom he had found happiness and prosperity, but who had died in giving birth to a son, who, like her, was pale and always ill. People had said that she died of consumption. He let these thoughts and others carry him far away, until his attention was arrested by a paper lying on the table with its huge headlines, 'WAR.' He lifted it up and attempted to read, but his old eyes could not follow the print; the letters jumped like living things before him—War! War! War! What was the war? Why had the Kaiser invented it? The Devil take him! And Zaremba, in a temper, called to his son from a side-door. A boy of sixteen entered, ill-looking, pale, and with large, sad gray eyes. His father looked at him sadly. The boy was a consumptive, and Zaremba knew that he too, like his mother, must die soon. A strong desire came over him to pray for the life of Jeronim.

'Read this, Jeronim,' he said, holding out the paper in his outstretched hand.

The son read that the Germans had already taken Plock, and were on their way toward Uranov.

'You lie!' shouted Zaremba.

'But it is so in the paper,' replied Jeronim.

'Everything is not true which is printed,' said Zaremba, losing his temper more and more. 'Leave this room. Do not tell me any more nonsense.'

An hour later he called his son in again; and, seeing the death-pale face and the laboured breathing, 'Oh Jeronim, are you feeling worse?' he asked.

'Yes, father; I must die soon, I think.'

Zaremba could hardly bear to look at this his only son. Jeronim must not die, his life was so precious to him. 'I did not ask you when you were going to die,' said he. 'Why do you speak about it?'

The evening was gray and gloomy. The sky hung over the trees like a filthy old rag. The rain beat against the windows. Presently the old servant entered the room and lit the lamp. As she looked at Zaremba and Jeronim she gave a deep sigh.

'What is it?' asked Zaremba.

'All the people are leaving the village,' she replied. 'Michalko, Kasnizka, Chaslav—they have all gone away. The Germans are near. Oh sir, let us go away; please let us go too.'

'You silly old thing, can't you see that Jeronim is ill? It would be impossible to take

him anywhere in this terrible weather. You silly old woman! I will wrap him up warmly.' Then, as she still hesitated, 'Where is your place, old silly?' he asked.

'In the kitchen, sir,' she replied.

'Go to your place, then, quick.' The servant left the room.—'Jeronim,' said Zaremba, 'bring the Bible and read to me.'

'Where shall I read, father?'

'Anywhere.'

The wind grew stronger, talking and crying like a living voice. Suddenly, 'Stop reading,' commanded Zaremba. 'Some one is coming. Do you not hear horses galloping over the wooden bridge?' Germans! he thought. Who were the Germans? What harm could they do to his poor ill Jeronim? Oh no, it could not be, that people should kill each other for nothing. No, no, never!

Some one is near, quite near; horses, jingling of spurs, and voices in the darkness of the night.

Zaremba rose from his place and went to the door. 'Who is there?' he asked.

'Open. We are not Germans,' came a voice from without.

Zaremba opened the door.

A young officer entered, tired and pale; he looked like Jeronim. He gazed round with nervous eyes, and then turned to Zaremba, saying, 'The mill on the top of the hill is yours?'

'Yes.'

The officer put his hand on Zaremba's shoulder. 'The Germans are following us. My Cossacks will come and entrench themselves around your mill. Are you honest?'

Zaremba raised his head proudly. 'For such a question at another time you would have had to pay dear, sir.'

'Be serious,' said the officer. 'Now is not the time to be offended at such questions. Listen to what I tell you. Whenever you hear the Germans coming you will set fire to the mill. I know it is dangerous; but'—

Zaremba's head hung down on his breast and tears filled his eyes. In a moment he saw the old mill, with its trees, where he had spent all his young days.

'Old man,' said the officer, 'the mill must burn!'

Zaremba woke from his thoughts. 'Oh yes,' he said; 'my mill will burn, I promise you.'

The officer and his soldiers left. Again could be heard the howling wind in the darkness of the night. Zaremba walked into the house, thinking of his son. Suddenly he heard something like the distant noise of thunder. He listened for a moment, and then went to the door, calling the old servant. He handed her matches and said, 'Take a glass of paraffin; go to the mill and set fire to it. You understand? We must burn our old mill. See that the fire

is bright; and when it begins to burn, jump away if you fear death.'

The servant gazed at him with terrified eyes. 'No, no, sir, I cannot! Burn our old mill! Why? Oh, I cannot!'

'Not a word,' said Zaremba. 'Go! The mill must burn, you understand? It must burn.'

The old servant went out, sobbing and whispering, 'Oh Christ in heaven, in my old age!'

A moment later a loud voice sounded outside. 'Halt!'

Zaremba sat with his back to the door as if he had just been reading the Bible. Even when he heard soldiers approaching with their jingling spurs he did not move. Some one entered the room and rapped out a question. Still he did not answer, but made a sign that he spoke nothing but Polish. A soldier then began questioning him in that language. Zaremba rose from his seat, and, looking the man full in the face, remarked, 'Christians entering a room must remove their hats.'

There were six soldiers in the room, and all took off their hats. One of them approached, and, holding out his hand, said, 'Let me introduce myself.' His face was stained with blood, and his eyes were burning.

Zaremba placed his hand in his pocket, and replied, 'I do not know you. You have all entered my house without permission. I do not wish to know you. My name is Jan Zaremba, and all the property you see around belongs to me. That is all I can say.'

'Have the Russians been here just now?' the man asked. 'And where have they gone?'

'Tell the truth,' said an officer at the doorway, 'or else you will be shot.'

Zaremba went back a few steps and looked at the officer. 'You brute!' he said. 'I have never told lies in my life.'

'That means you know where the Russians are?'

'I know.'

'You do not wish to tell?'

'No.'

'If you do not choose to tell me within the space of ten minutes where the Russians have gone, you will be shot.'

Zaremba looked up and repeated, 'Ten minutes! Ten minutes! That is enough.' Then turning to the officer, he said, 'I despise your words. Maybe in ten minutes you will know where the Russians are.'

Just at that moment Jeronim came from the next room, excited, pale, with blood upon his lips. The soldiers had frightened him, and had brought on another attack. 'Father, what is it?'

'Nothing, Jeronim; nothing. You see the officers have come.'

'Is that your son? We will give a treat to your son too if you will not tell us what we want;' and the officer laid his watch upon the table.

The door flew open and a soldier rushed in and said something to the officer. In a moment the sky had become red, and flames rose past the window. Zaremba remained standing in his old position, watching with a smile the flames of his old mill.

The officer leapt from his seat, saying fiercely, 'You have done your work. Now it is my turn. Make yourself ready and come.'

A fever entered into Zaremba's body, and in a trembling voice he asked, 'And he?'

'And he too,' replied the officer coldly.

Zaremba turned to his son. 'We shall have to go for a little walk with this officer into the garden.'

'It is not far, is it?' asked Jeronim.

The officer, with his wild face, replied, laughing, 'No, not far—only to the nearest wall.'

'Jeronim, put on your coat; it is very wet outside. And put on your goloshes; you might catch a cold.' Zaremba chattered on: 'Put on your warm things, Jeronim; it is very cold. God is angry, and He has sent us a cold wind, howling and crying. Now then, come, Jeronim. Be careful; here is some deep water. Do not get wet, Jeronim. You see, Jeronim, you see, we must stand against this wall, and the officer, the Major—I think that is the right title—— You see, we must stand near this first wall, and the officer is going to show us a very interesting exercise.'

'Father, will they kill us?'

'Oh no, my little coward. You see that line of soldiers? They are preparing to show us something very interesting. Now, Jeronim, shut your eyes, and when you open them you will see something very nice.'

'Fire!' commanded the officer; and Zaremba, embracing his son, fell to the ground with his last words on his lips, 'So, my son, that is all—that is all, Jeronim.'

GOOD IN EVERYTHING.

LIGHT from a thousand stars
Makes bright night's gloom;
Love from a thousand hearts
Keeps life atune.

Songs from a thousand birds
Rejoice the heart;
The thought of thousands' woes
Makes tear-drops start.

The fall of thousands brave
Should teach us all
That this life's thousand cares
To duty call.

Then, if we do our best
This call to heed,
He who has promised will
'Supply our need.'

And when this life is o'er,
Then we may rest
For ages evermore
With 'Well done' blest.

HELEN S. PALMER.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

THERE are men and women who have been seeking to know a little more of Britain than they knew before, and, in the most wrackful times that have come upon them have learned more of it in one set of seasons than they might have understood in the haphazard, careless ways of life in two generations. They know how fine and pure is the soul of Britain, how always truly beats its heart for the noble cause. For all its blunders—and they are far too many—they do know that Britain always means well. The whole world has come to understand that spiritual truth as never before. Daily we read in the newspapers what other countries say and think of us—the hatred of the Germans, the compliments of our sister France, the occasional admiration of the Americans. Many of these comments leave us cold, unmoved. At their best they are ephemeral things, flashes of but a moment's fancy, with slight convictions at their base; and at their worst they do not trouble us. But of the thousands of them that one has glanced upon with an occasional gentle curiosity, there is none that is so well remembered and seems so much worth the effort of memory as one contained in a long letter sent by a Polish writer of some repute to a German periodical published in Munich. It was given a disparaging heading in the journal, and surrounded by some harsh comments; but the wonder is that it was reproduced in any form whatsoever. Professor Karl Muth sent to this review an article, consisting mainly of this long letter, with some disparaging comments of his own. It was a letter from M. Vincenty Lutoslawski, one who for many years had attended German universities, and had an excellent knowledge of the country and its people. We shall pass over the terrible denunciation of Germany that is contained in this epistle, the scorn and contempt that the Pole, writing to the Bavarian savant, heaps upon her, the ridicule with which he treats her pretensions to be the sovereign State of the entire world. Let us pass by such a grim warning to the Prussians as that the German army itself, as the German Parliament before it, having broken all the natural laws of mankind, the punishment and atonement must be terrible; that for a century the entire income

of Germany will be needed to pay for the damage done to Belgium, France, and Poland; that five milliards sterling will scarcely suffice; that in order to atone for the destruction caused among innocent populations several generations in Germany must toil ceaselessly and hard for the benefit of the sufferers. But what is more significant than such censure is the tribute paid to Britain. He said: 'There is no longer any world dominion among the human race. The Germans least of all are fitted to rule other peoples, for they never understand them. They have never won the affection of either Poles or Herreros, and the unanimity with which all the inhabitants of the British Empire have taken up arms would have been impossible in a German-ruled empire. A world empire such as the British is a work of God. Treitschke and his pupils imagined a German Empire could be created with weapons, lies, and violence. That is quite impossible. The British Empire was not created by human plans. It will dissolve only when every section of it is ripe for independence. But no other nation on earth can destroy the British Empire, for it is necessary for the defence of the liberty of the world.'

* * *

There is another view to be taken of the discovery of Britain. Along with realising what the heart of the nation is like—the goodness of it—men and women have come to take a better interest in their own country in a hundred ways than they used to do. They have found that the hills and dales of England have not equals of their kind; that no countryside bears on its bosom such charms of exquisite natural simplicity. There is the green of the fields and the woods, the smell of moist earth, the bends of the lanes, the curling banks of clouds in different lights of gray, and the rippling murmur of the streams. None of these things of England has its match in the world away. Imagine now a peasant's cottage at the foot of a hill or on the edge of a wood, on a still, moist day of winter, when boughs are bare and there is the not unpleasant smell of dank masses of the leaves that served in the season gone; some animals that move slowly, listlessly in the meadows, as if they, with nature, were tired and would rest awhile; and the labouring-man, the worker of the farm, who

tramps along as if he walked through a silenced world. To give the inspiring touch to the scene, see the gray smoke rising from the cottage chimney—smoke from a fire of wood, as you can see—rising slowly in a straight thin line through the moistened air. Such a scene is reproduced exactly in thousands of nooks and corners of our islands, and for its natural charm, its magnificent simplicity, it has not its equal in the hemispheres. Some of our men and women have been finding out these things in these latter days, and they have wondered. They who must have waters have gone to Bath and places of such kind instead of to Wiesbaden and Carlsbad, and they also have wondered. There is a beautiful picture in one of our London galleries of a scene in spring-time in the Austrian Tyrol. It has a splendid charm, which seems to lie chiefly in its suggestion of the beauty of natural simplicity, hills and fields and flowers, and it has seduced many wanderers at holiday-times to the farther parts of Europe; yet England, Scotland, and Ireland show better beauty in nearly every county. Again, men and women of these islands go to distant lands in pursuit of some affectation of interest in the places and scenes of great historical events. They will make long journeys from foreign capitals, and will read many metres of printed matter about the facts and dates of these affairs; will persuade themselves, a little hypocritically, that they are concerned; and will make themselves profoundly miserable. However, human nature being still what it has always been, abounding in fantastic conceits, such traits will continue in the characters of peoples; and even after the war is done the Briton who has thought it thorough of himself when one time in France to plod along to Poitiers will continue in search of foreign history—though now he will find more of Britain abroad than ever his forebears did. The wanderer in Europe in days that are coming on will feel in his spirit as he moves from place to place the sad and glorious and wondrous truth that Rupert Brooke before he died expressed in lines of immortal sweetness:

If I should die, think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field

That is for ever England. There shall be

In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;

A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,

Gave once her flowers to love, her ways to roam,

A body of England's, breathing English air,

Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

May not that part of a beautiful sonnet, written by a poet who died at the Dardanelles ere the gloomy tragedy of eastern Europe had begun to unfold itself, be looked upon for ages on as something like a hymn of consecration, of Britain giving herself, with her New Armies and her awakened spirit, to the Europe uprisen for civilisation? The peoples who believed in the soul and in the good future of humanity made

for themselves a community of interests and of territory, and great spaces of Europe, by the blood that has flowed upon them and the graves of heroes that they bear, have been made 'for ever England.' Had that young singer's life yielded nothing more in verse than the first three lines of such a sonnet, surely they were enough to achieve for him continual remembrance, so perfect and so timely is the thought expressed, so beautiful the simple words. But if it is the greatest history, this is new, and old pages will maintain their antique charm. Agincourt, Poitiers will still not be neglected; the field of Waterloo, presenting, as it does, pictures and plans of strategy that are embraced within small compass and are more understandable than the war country of the Aisne will ever be, will surely maintain its attraction. For Waterloo was the last of the great battles that were real and properly human, of the old style of war. By all means, then, when we are next in Brussels let us go out with some of our friends the Belgians, happy at home again, to Waterloo. But we have been thinking of home, of England, of its sweetness and interest, of the little that we have known of it, and the more we are coming to know in the stress of peril and the sharpening of feeling and perception that accompanies it. And the thought arises that history accomplished, like the prophets of the future, is better respected by others than its own people. The ordinary Englishman has paid too little attention to the historical shrines of his country. He knows little of their whereabouts or their significance. There may be some excuse. Most of our modern battlefields stand for internecine turmoils that perhaps were better forgotten. Where, then, is to be found the heart of English history? Upon one view of such a question the only conceivable answer, indeed, is that it is here in this great London, with the grim Tower in the east, and our mother church, the Abbey, in the west, each lapped by the ancient Thames. But leave the capital as a thing apart, and look upon the country.

* * *

An Englishman who had been far away came home again. He felt he would like to look again upon some fair spaces of his own dear homeland; it should be the simple pastoral, with innumerable lanes interlaced, and frequent villages, small and compact, with a church spire mounting upon each of them—little communities of peaceful folk, happy in their completeness and content, something left in them still of the feeling and clannishness of the early families that assembled underneath their village trees. He felt he would like to look upon England the fruitful, with gardens and orchards. Autumn days had come. A soothing stillness was in the air, a smell of the season abounded, little boughs that had been bent with fruit were straightening themselves out again, and the bigger boughs were loosing bronze

and golden leaves that fluttered with some melancholy to the moistened earth. Here and there, amid bushes or by a wall, there were leaves that burnt and glowed in a full scarlet like maple-leaves he had seen in days gone by on forest-sides in Ontario. One county of England answered fully to the need, and that was Kent. There was another reason, seeming to spring from an elementary curiosity, why he should ride through Kent, and that was a wish to see what kind of country had been chosen by the War Lord of England for his home. To the people, Kitchener is of Egypt and of Whitehall. And some remember that he was born an Irishman. Yet there is not one man in a regiment or even a woman in a hospital who has thought of this celibate man, of the cold demeanour, of the square forehead, of the steely eyes, as a man with a home. If they thought, they do not know. Yet when he had done some of his hardest work he chose to make a home, a seat for his earldom, somewhere in England, and there he will go for a day or two now and then when there is a chance for a snatch of rest. You might not fancy Lord Kitchener as a man of any sentiment, or given to a fine imagination or keen perception in any matters other than those which relate to armies and their management. But, if the signs are not entirely wrong, there is something most wonderful in his choice of a place for home. He chose to go where England first began, and where her best armies first assembled. He chose the country that often meant more to England than any other. He chose what more than any other is the soldier's country, and at Broome Park therein he made his home. It was a wonderful selection. So the man who had wandered got up and rode from the southern part of Kent into Kitchener's country. He began by Sandwich and Ebbsfleet, where Hengist first came forcing his anxious road up toward the Medway. No place on the coast of Britain has a history more redolent of the stirring past than this quaint Sandwich that is sleeping its old age away, the Sandwich that was once a most prosperous port, the spot from which the English expeditions were continually directed against the old-time France that, strangely enough as it seems now, was indeed our stern enemy. The ships of Sandwich sailed forth and made war against the ships of France, and won. When Henry the Sixth was king they fetched Queen Margaret from France; when Henry the Seventh was on the throne they took an English army to France, and brought it back again. The third Edward sailed from the Isle of Wight with an army for France, and, making Calais surrender, came again with his queen and the Prince of Wales to Sandwich port. Another time he went out from the harbour, captured forty Spanish pirates, and brought them back with him. Here the Black Prince brought King John of France a prisoner. How it did seem that Sandwich, chief naval and military port of the nation,

with its freemen uncommonly prosperous, was something like a hub of the world itself; and finely proud were the excellent French when once they came along and did some damage to it! Well might Queen Bess pay her queenly respects to this historic spot, and sleep for a night at Sandwich. All the coast along from here to Dover, a few miles away, is the patch of shore that mattered more than anything in the world where waves touch land to the making of England. Here the Romans came and made their grand fortress at Richborough near by; Roman engineers started that wonderful road that leads from south to north-west of England, and has the name of Watling Street. Cæsar's soldiers were the first to march along it; the men of Kitchener's New Army are tramping on it now. And, reflecting upon a gentler case, St Augustine came to this same shore, and he tramped his way through Kent until he came to the end of some rising ground, and then looked down upon the spot that he consecrated, where Christianity had its first establishment in England. It is not without emotion that any wanderer can stand now upon this brow and look down upon those spires of Canterbury. And here, in the cathedral, near to the place where England's armies first assembled, is the tomb of the Black Prince, with his helmet and gauntlets, and his sword, scabbard, and surcoats, with the royal leopards and *fleur-de-lis* still showing plainly, though they have hung there for more than five centuries. There is the Pilgrims' Way from the south to Canterbury. It is a devious path, charming but sometimes difficult. You may travel by it if you please, and can enjoy Kent in no better way. But the wanderer seeing Kitchener's country chooses the Watling Street, the road of the Roman soldiers and the road of the khaki army. Perhaps it is a score of miles from Dover to Canterbury along this road. A little past the middle of this Kentish stretch there is a rolling plain on the right. Leftward a valley embosoms some quaint little villages. There is Denton, and Tappington, and the old manor of the Barhams, which was the scene of some of the *Ingoldsby Legends*; and there is Barham itself, and Kingston, with an old inn to which the wanderer rode, the old 'Black Robin,' once the home of a fine highwayman who stopped the coaches on the turnpike up above. Riding northward along this way we pass a big lodge gateway on the left. It is the entrance to Kitchener's own country, right on the Roman road. You must travel along Watling Street to arrive at Broome Park. Across a field on the other side of the road, nearly within sight, there is a tomb of a past hero let into the side of a little hill. Big trees bend upon this lonely mausoleum. Above its doors a long gun leans out, some cannon-balls beside it. Here a soldier who fought for Britain sleeps. Kitchener's country is on the edge of Barham Downs, and this is the place of the armies. When Cæsar

came up from Deal he fought and had the better of the islanders, and made his first great camps at this place. Some of his earthworks are still here. Traces of these Romans are nearly everywhere. In 1213, long after Cæsar's days, King John collected an army here when the Pope had excommunicated him, and France threatened invasion. That was a great army too; it counted sixty thousand men. The French continued worrying, and half a century later Simon de Montfort made a general assembly of the English forces at this place. In 1642 the Cavaliers mustered on the Downs; and when, a hundred years ago, Napoleon brought his Grand Army to Boulogne, and prepared for that invasion that never did take place, a great camp of British soldiers was formed on this historic plain, these Barham Downs. This is Kitchener's country; the restful moments of the War Lord are spent near by. When peace comes again, he may spend complacent days at this place where great English armies have gathered almost ever since England began. But now, even here, on days when the air is still or a gentle breeze is puffing from the coast, a distant murmur may sometimes be faintly heard. Big guns in France!

* * *

This is stern country; it whispers from the past of tremendous things. But it is beautiful, and it abounds in Nature's chastest, sweetest work; and to a tale of armies and of war, with only one soft touch of a pilgrim's journey, a little childish fantasy may be added for a close. On the stone columns of the lodge gateway of Broome Park there are eagles with their wings outstretched. The eagles look toward each other. These eagles were there before Lord

Kitchener came; but as marking the home of a great warrior, fighting for the greatest cause, they may gather fame. Wanderers like him who rode this way look for them. France and America have eagles of freedom for their emblems; unhappy Germany has eagles with savage claws and vulturous beaks. These eagles in Kitchener's country have no significance. But if they are anybody's eagles they are the children's, for the little people of the villages about have an interest in them. They look at them, and make pretty stories about them. And in particular there is a children's tradition belonging to them, and it is believed by the little boys and girls. It matters not that the eagles fixed on these columns are made of lead and painted white. It is firmly an article of faith among the little innocents of these parts that every night, when the bell in the parish church in the low land at the back strikes the midnight hour, the eagles change their columns; the right eagle flutters to the left and the left eagle to the right. Why not? Even eagles may need change. And no child of Kitchener's country has been in Watling Street at the most lonesome hour to prove or disprove the belief. It will endure long beyond the extinction of the black eagles of the Hohenzollerns. In all great men there is a touch of simplicity and gentleness that is the mark of the divine in human nature. If it is not on the surface, it is still there. Great generals love little children, and when all are happy again, and soldiers no longer dash their way down Watling Street, no soldier of Kitchener's country will tell the babes that the eagles do not change places when the ghosts are restless in the churchyards.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

CHAPTER III.—continued.

DALROY was only vaguely conscious of the scope and magnitude of events in which he was bearing so small a part. He knew enough of German methods in his immediate surroundings, however, to reckon as little of having killed two men as though they were rats. His sole and very real concern was for the girl who answered not. Before going in search of her he was tempted to don a *Pickel-haube*, which, with the rifle and bayonet, would, in the misty light, deceive any new-comers. But the field appeared to be untenanted, and it occurred to him that his companion might actually endeavour to hide if she took him for a German soldier. So he did not even carry the weapon.

He found Irene at once. She had simply fainted, and the man who now lifted her limp form tenderly in his arms was vexed at his own forgetfulness. The girl had slept but little during two nights. Meals were irregular and

scanty. She had lived in a constant and increasing strain, while the real danger and great physical exertion of the past few minutes had provided a climax beyond her powers.

Like the mass of young officers in the British army, Dalroy kept himself fit, even during furlough, by long walks, daily exercises, and systematic abstention from sleep, food, and drink. If a bed was too comfortable, he changed it. If an undertaking could be accomplished equally well in conditions of hardship or luxury, he chose hardship. Soldiering was his profession, and he held the theory that a soldier must always be ready to withstand the severest tax on brain and physique. Therefore the minor privations of the journey from Berlin, with its decidedly strenuous sequel at Aix-la-Chapelle, and this D'Artagnan episode in the neighbourhood of Visé, had made no material drain on his resources.

A girl like Irene Beresford, swept into the sirocco of war from the ordered and sheltered life of a young Englishwoman of the middle-classes, was in altogether different case. He believed her one of the small army of British-born women who find independence and fair remuneration for their services by acting as governesses and ladies' companions on the Continent. Nearly every German family of wealth and social pretensions counted the *Englische Fräulein* as a member of the household; even in autocratic Prussia *Kultur* is not always spelt with a 'K'. She was well dressed, and supplied with ample means for travelling; but plenty of such girls owned secured incomes, treating a salary as an 'extra.' Moreover, she spoke German like a native, had a small sister in Brussels, and had evidently been accustomed to good society. Undoubtedly she was a superior type of governess, or, it might be, English mistress in a girls' high school.

These considerations did not crowd in on Dalroy while he was holding her in close embrace in a field near Visé at dawn on the morning of Wednesday, 5th August. They were the outcome of nebulous ideas formed in the train. At present his one thought was the welfare of a hapless woman of his own race, be she a peer's daughter or a postman's.

Now, skilled leader of men though he was, he had little knowledge of the orthodox remedies for a fainting woman. Like most people, he was aware that a loosening of bodices and corsets, a chafing of hands, a vigorous massage of the feet and ankles, tended to restore circulation, and therefore consciousness. But none of these simple methods was practicable when a party of German soldiers might be hunting for both of them, while another batch might be minded to follow 'Heinrich' and his fellow-butcher. So he carried her to the stable and laid her on a truss of straw noted during that first vivid glimpse of the interior.

Then, greatly daring, he milked the cow.

Not only did the poor creature's suffering make an irresistible appeal, but in relieving her distress he was providing the best of nourishment for Irene and himself. The cow gave no trouble. Soon the milk was flowing steadily into the pail. The darkness was abysmal. On one hand lay a dead woman, on the other an unconscious one, and two dead men guarded the doorway. Once, in Paris, Dalroy had seen one of the lurid playlets staged at the Grand Guignol, wherein a woman served a meal for a friend and chatted cheerfully during its progress, though the body of her murdered husband was stowed behind a couch and a window-curtain. He recalled the horrid little tragedy now; but that was make-believe, this was grim reality.

Yet he had ever an eye for the rectangle of the doorway. When a quality of grayness sharpened its outlines he knew it was high time

to be on the move. Happily, at that instant Irene sighed deeply and stirred. Ere she had any definite sense of her surroundings she was yielding to Dalroy's earnest appeal, and allowing him to guide her faltering steps. He carried the pail and the rifle in his left hand. With the right he gripped the girl's arm, and literally forced her into a walk.

The wood indicated by Maertz was plainly visible now, and close at hand, and the first rays of daylight gave colour to the landscape. The hour, as Dalroy ascertained later, was about a quarter to four.

It was vitally essential that they should reach cover within the next five minutes; but his companion was so manifestly unequal to sustained effort that he was on the point of carrying her, in order to gain the protection of the first hedgerow, when he noticed that a slight depression in the hillside curved in the direction of the wood. Here, too, were shrubs and tufts of long grass. Indeed, the shallow trough proved to be one of the many heads of a ravine. The discovery of a hidden way at that moment contributed as greatly as any other circumstance to their escape. They soon learnt that the German hell-hounds were in full cry on their track.

At the first bend Dalroy called a halt. He told Irene to sit down, and she obeyed so willingly that, rendered wiser by events, he feared lest she should faint again.

When travelling he made it a habit to carry two handkerchiefs, one for use and one in case of emergency, such as a bandage being in sudden demand; so he was able to produce a square of clean cambric, which he folded cup-shape and partly filled with milk. It was the best substitute he could devise for a strainer, and it served admirably. By this means they drank nearly all the milk he had secured, and with each mouthful Irene felt a new ichor in her veins. For the first time she gave heed to the rifle.

'How did you get that?' she asked, wide-eyed with wonder.

'I picked it up at the door of the shed,' he answered.

'I remember now,' she murmured. 'You left me under a hedge while you crept forward to investigate, and I was silly enough to go off in a dead faint. Did you carry me to the shed?'

'Yes.'

'What a bother I must have been! But the finding of a rifle doesn't explain a can of milk.'

'The really important factor was the cow,' he said lightly. 'Now, young lady, if you can talk you can walk. We have a little farther to go.'

'Have we?' she retorted, bravely emulating his self-control. 'I am glad you have fixed on our destination. It's quite a relief to be in the charge of a man who really knows what he wants, and sees that he gets it.'

He led the way; she followed. He had an eye for all quarters, because daylight was coming now with the flying feet of Aurora. But this tiny section of Belgium was free from Germans, for the very good reason that their cohorts already held the right bank of the Meuse at many points, and their Engineers were throwing pontoon bridges across the river at Visé and Argenteau.

From the edge of the wood Dalroy looked down on the river, the railway, and the little town itself. He saw instantly that the whole district south of the Meuse was strongly held by the invaders. Three arches of a fine stone bridge had been destroyed, evidently by the retreating Belgians; but pontoons were in position to take its place. Twice already had Belgian artillery destroyed the enemy's work, and not even a professional soldier could guess that the guns of the defence were only awaiting a better light to smash the pontoons a third time. In fact, barely half a mile to the right of the wood, a battery of four 5.9's was posted on high ground, in the hope that the Belgian guns of smaller calibre might be located and crushed at once. Even while the two stood looking down into the valley, a sputtering rifle-fire broke out across the river, three hundred yards wide at the bridge, and the volume of musketry steadily increased. Men, horses, wagons, and motors swarmed on the roadway or sheltered behind warehouses on the quays.

As a soldier, Dalroy was amazed at the speed and annihilating completeness of the German mobilisation. Indeed, he was chagrined by it, it seemed so admirable, so thoroughly thought-out in each detail, so unapproachable by any other nation in its pitiless efficiency. He did not know then that the vaunted Prussian-made military machine depended for its motive-power largely on treachery and espionage. Toward the close of July, many days before war was declared, Germany had secretly massed nine hundred thousand men on the frontiers of

Belgium and the Duchy of Luxembourg. Her armies, therefore, had gathered like felons, and were led by master-thieves in the persons of thousands of German officers domiciled in both countries in the guise of peaceful traders.

Single-minded person that he was, Dalroy at once focussed his thoughts on the immediate problem. A small stream leaped down from the wood to the Meuse. Short of a main road bridge its turbulent course was checked by a mill-dam, and there was some reason to believe that the mill might be Joos's. The building seemed a prosperous place, with its two giant wheels on different levels, its ample granaries, and a substantial house. It was intact, too, and somewhat apart from the actual line of battle. At any rate, though the transition was the time-honoured one from the frying-pan to the fire, in that direction lay food, shelter, and human beings other than Germans; so he determined to go there without further delay. His main purpose now was to lodge his companion with some Belgian family until the tide of war had swept far to the west. For himself, he meant to cross the enemy's lines by hook or by crook, or lose his life in the attempt.

'One more effort,' he said, smiling confidently into Irene's somewhat pallid face. 'Your uncle lives below there, I fancy. We're about to claim his hospitality.'

He hid the rifle, bayonet, and cartridges in a thicket. The milk-pail he took with him. If they met a German patrol the pail might serve as an excuse for being out and about, whereas the weapons would have been a sure passport to the next world.

It was broad daylight when they entered the miller's yard. They saw the name Henri Joos on a cart.

'Good egg!' cried Dalroy confidently. 'I'm glad Joos spells his Christian name in the French way. It shows that he means well, anyhow!'

(Continued on page 71.)

THE PASSING OF THE BOOKSHOP.

By CLIVE HOLLAND.

THERE is perhaps no feature of modern life in relation to books which gives the real bookman and the lover of books more cause for heartache than the passing of the bookshop. By that phrase we do not mean to infer that there are no longer shops where one can purchase books, for there are many whose windows are garishly dressed with 'displays' of novels bedecked in wrappers with enticing coloured pictures upon them, and whose entrances are blocked by stacks of 'sixpennies,' on the covers of which are pictures usually superior in interest to the contents of the volumes themselves.

In these places there is an odour of cheap printing-ink and an atmosphere of hustle which is quite different from the atmosphere of the real bookshop of past times. If one takes down a volume to sample it, one is conscious of being furtively but carefully watched by some lynx-eyed assistant, lest, forsooth! the volume should leave the shop without an adequate exchange of coin of the realm. And if one is a little too long in the process of 'tasting,' one is plagued by the inquiry, 'Can I get you anything?' or by such a phrase as, 'A capital story that, sir; quite the best the author has ever written.'

Everybody's reading it.' That, for the real bookman, ought to be a sufficient incentive to cause him to replace the volume forthwith upon its shelf, even though he knows full well that the shopman's opinion of the merits of the book has been gathered either from the obliging but naturally biased information given on the wrapper by the publisher, or by a mere 'dipping' at odd moments into the story itself.

But these are not bookshops as the book-lover knows the term. They are just depots where the insatiable maw of what is known as the reading public is satisfied, chiefly by productions which have nothing to recommend them either upon the score of beauty, literary charm, or truth to life; and, alas! if one may accept as truth reports concerning the best sellers, it is poor stuff that they dispense in such colossal quantities. Harmless enough it may be, but the merchandising of it and the methods by which it is brought about give the true bookman ample cause for disquietude.

There is something, indeed, positively indecent to the book-lover's soul in the way in which the modern book is marketed. After an experience at one of the depots we have in mind, on reaching home and entering one's library one looks almost shamefacedly at the treasured volumes which stand upon its shelves. What, indeed, has a first edition of Fielding, Thackeray, Scott, Dickens, Hardy, Meredith, or Byron and Wordsworth, or even Stevenson, Browning, Tennyson, and Stephen Phillips, to do with Hall Caine, Marie Corelli, Ethel M. Dell, Charles Garvice, William le Queux, and the crowd of versifiers of to-day?

The longer one stays in the library and conjures up the visions brought to life by great writers, and communes with the characters in poetry and prose that will live for all time, the poorer in quality seems the literary output of to-day. But we are not altogether inclined entirely to blame the authors. The passing of the true bookshop, with its atmosphere of peace and literary ease—with its well-read owner who knew the books, and was never tired of discussing them; who could recognise and light upon exactly the book one wanted without a hurried turning over of the pages of the *English Catalogue* or Mudie's latest list, making not only for dignity in the selling but dignity in the production—perhaps, in a sense, excuses the writers who, either for love of gold or fame, pander to the lower instincts of the masses, and produce book after book when they have nothing particularly fresh to say. The passing of the bookshop has had at least some reflex action upon their own lives.

Here and there in very remote districts bookshops of the older type linger. The owners have generally lost, we have noticed, some of the peaceful contentment which aforetime distin-

guished their faces, and have gained somewhat in sadness of expression. Most of them, we fancy, know that they are probably the last of their line; that if they hold on against cruel modern competition they will be the last; and when the time comes for the shutters to be put up, if they are taken down again it will be under new conditions.

In these shops we have in mind there still lingers the bookish atmosphere which is so grateful to the book-lover. In the dim light, with the tiers of often, let it be admitted, dusty shelves, one experiences the friendly feeling which has, since Johnson's age, given to the true bookshop its chief charm. Then there is the quietude; the outside noises of the street appear to be stopped at the very door, and only come to one softened, like the music of a viola played on the mute.

There is, however, just that element of adventure in these survivals of the real bookshop which gives an interest to the possible customer. Perhaps one may discover, after an engaging search which will not be interrupted by inanities bred of ignorance and pushfulness, some volume one has long wished to meet with and acquire. Not a pearl of great price for nothing, or the old bookman whose treasures one is inspecting will not have learnt his business, but some book which, of little intrinsic value, may yet be of great sentimental or personal value to one's self. One may take it down from its dusty shelf out of merest curiosity, scarcely noticing the faded title upon the back, and then there comes the glow of a surprise. At last the book one has searched for, perhaps along almost miles of shelves, during years, and in many bookshops, lies in one's hand! Rapidly one turns to the inside cover or flyleaf to find what value the owner sets upon it. It may be pounds, shillings, or merely pence; but, whatever the sum is, the discovery of the book brings the same thrill of excitement to the discoverer.

Then, perhaps, when the bargain has been struck, and one has listened to the old bookman's tale—which, by the way, is not seldom a sad one of fading local interest in his wares, and a heavy falling off in sales by means of postal catalogues—one may hear the story of how the longed-for volume one has just discovered came into his possession. For the old bookman, unless his memory has begun sadly to fail and play him tricks, will tell you where he purchased and how he acquired nearly every one of the thousands of volumes which stand upon the shelves.

That little edition in gray-green cloth of Thomson's *Seasons* was bought, for instance, when an old lady—the last sister of three, who kept a select boarding-school of the old type for 'the daughters of gentlemen'—died some years ago. It was probably one of her treasures, for, though it had been carefully kept, it had in-

scribed in it: 'To Miss Louisa Wing, with the affectionate regard and compliments of John.' Who the 'John' was, and whether, but for fate, Miss Louisa might have become Mrs John, no one could tell; but the simple inscription in brown and faded ink was quite enough, surely, to give to the book a flavour of romance. And that early edition—'title-page slightly damaged,' as the catalogue description had it—of Defoe's immortal work, bound in brown calf, brought to mind the prize-day in a boys' school of long ago, for on the cover, in pedagogic handwriting, we found inscribed: 'To Master John Walter Mickleham. A prize for good conduct and proficiency;' and then followed the signature: 'Josiah Williams, Master of Arts.' Proficiency in what? one was tempted to inquire. But the question could never be answered, for both Josiah Williams, who wrote his signature with so elaborate a flourish beneath it, and the school-boy recipient had long ago passed to the other side. But we can imagine, at least, the joy of the schoolboy who had *Robinson Crusoe* as a prize rather than some dry-as-dust manual upon *Correct Conduct for Young Gentlemen*, or *Elevated Thoughts for the Improvement of Youthful Minds*. How the boy must have revelled in the pages of Defoe! And perhaps he was one who, inspired by that immortal book of adventure, ultimately set forth on some adventuring of his own. That book was purchased, we ascertained, in a job lot, tied together with tape, and thrown years before into the corner of an attic used as a lumber-room in a neighbouring manor house of Jacobean date. On a shelf near the door was another volume with a history. It was a copy of *The Whole Duty of Man* which had belonged to no less a person than General Wolfe. It may have voyaged with him to Canada, for its pages in places were stained as though with salt water, and there seemed to hang about the calf in which it was bound an odour with the tang of the salt sea in it; but whether the thumb-marks in the volume were those of the famous general who died in the hour of victory, and whether it was his fingers that had turned down pages eighty-seven and one hundred and three, no one could tell. But for the old gentleman, who wore a gray beard, whose eyes were somewhat weak but very friendly, and whose shoulders had the

true stoop of the student and the bibliophile, there was a history to each book.

Another true bookman, the author of one or two valuable pamphlets upon the archæology and history of the neighbourhood in which he lived, we found in a western county.

'Ah!' he said, 'the days of this kind of business are almost done. You are the first gentleman, sir, who has entered my shop—save to ask me for "sevenpennies" or "sixpennies," or the way to St Mary's Church—for the last two days. Folks don't read books nowadays; they swallow them, and so it doesn't matter much how they are bound, produced, or written, and that accounts for the big sales of such trash as — and — [we spare the authors' feelings] are constantly turning out. Twenty years ago we sold books—I mean *real* books,' and he threw a glance of affection along his crowded shelves; 'but now, if it weren't for a little business by post, and the fact that the shop's my own, and that I have been a careful liver, I should have to put up my shutters, for the trade I do would scarcely keep body and soul together if I had to pay rent.'

Yet to the bookman this shop, with its shabby front, its faded sun-blinds—a survival of the time when, doubtless, handsomely bound first editions played a considerable part in the window display—how infinitely preferable was it to the modern bookseller's garish riot of 'sixpennies' and 'sevenpennies,' well mixed up with Goss's armorial china, buckets and spades, tennis-balls, and unwholesomely brilliant coloured 'rock,' a few doors farther down!

But be this as it may, the old bookshop, which twenty years ago or so became, as it were, a backwater of literary life, is gradually passing away altogether. The desire for cheapness, competition, and modern hustling methods have rung the knell of the bookshop, and those who care for books—happily there are a few still surviving!—will more and more be driven to their own shelves for solace, and for the pleasure that once came through the medium of the bookshop of the country town. Perhaps it may bring the book-lover back to the study of the volumes he has and loves, even if with a saddened heart he realises that with the passing of the bookshop the happy hunting-ground of the book-lover will become more and more restricted in area.

THE STEAM PIRATE.

By W. F. BATTEN.

CHINA is the home of piracy. But though there have been, and still are, many junks and snake-boats, some lorchas, and even a schooner or two engaged in that lucrative 'profession,' yet I believe there has been only one instance known of a steam pirate vessel in Chinese waters.

The craft with which this story deals was

originally built for a gunboat, but, becoming obsolete, had been sold out of the service, and the mercantile firm that bought her had sent her out to China for resale there. It happened that at this particular time the pirates of the West River, with their confederates on shore, had taken a hand in one of the periodical

insurrections in 'the rebel *kwang*' (provinces). Hence one of the Viceroy's small river-gunboats, commanded by a European, was told off to capture or destroy such a dangerous innovation on piratical customs of over two centuries as a steam pirate constituted to shocked officialdom. Now, as this craft was three or four times the size of his Excellency's little river-gunboats, I thought it quite possible that the sinking might be the other way about! For in those days the broadside guns of war-vessels were smooth-bores, a single muzzle-loading rifled gun only being carried in the smaller boats, generally in the bows, and this of course spelt fighting at short ranges. Consequently these piratical gentry—who, like most Chinese of fighting race, quickly learn to handle ships' guns—were pretty well as good at the game as the better-disciplined crews of the river-gunboats.

I recollect that it was on a very sultry evening, and during the typhoon season, that I received written orders to get up steam in my little toy gunboat, and endeavour to intercept this piratical steamer, which was then reported to have gone to 'the Delta' to bring down a supply of 'Tower' muskets, lead, and kegs of powder for the rebels up the Si-Kiang. That official document, however, entirely omitted to state where this new departure in the piratical line was then supposed to be, to look for her in 'the Delta' being much like looking for the needle in the proverbial bundle of hay. It was, too, just at the time when the barometer was falling in a way I did not at all like. In this dilemma I could think of but one thing to do—to consult the *tankars* (fisher and sailor folk), who saw or heard of almost all that occurred on these inland waters for a thousand miles or more. But to demand information from these people was one thing, to get it quite another—probably an impossibility to the ordinary gunboat commander. But I was not quite that to them, for I had always been interested in, and frequently had befriended, these quaint 'people of the water,' of whom there are a million or so living on the Canton River alone. They were, however, like all oppressed and despised races, cunning, secretive, and obstinate to an almost incredible degree. My best friends amongst them were 'the wives of the husbands,' who ruled their lords with a rod of bamboo. 'The husbands of the wives,' too, always grinned a welcome, for I often chartered their craft, when clean and in good order, for shooting or fishing trips. Hence I had a card up my sleeve in this search for the steam pirate that any other commander, European or native, would have lacked. So it was to a house-boat at 'a buying-fish station' that I first turned my attention. But I left my little armed steamer, and paid my visit in a sampan, a sort of shoe-shaped native boat that I carried on board.

When I reached the house-boat I found that her owners had just disposed of a large cargo of salt fish. This was fortunate, as the attraction that a pan of cream presents to stray cats is not in it with that of a store of silver to Chinese fishermen. Besides, Sam-chi (Little Ah Sam, so nicknamed because he was over six feet in height) and his better half, Ah Muey, were considered to be a wealthy couple; and, though pirates as a rule do not meddle with fisherfolk, this might be the proverbial exception. So, knowing my *tankars*, I politely remarked, 'Well, Ah Muey, you belong number one just now?' 'Hi [yes], capitan,' replied that lady; adding coquettishly, 'What for you no come see me so long time?'

Now, lest it should be supposed that I was engaging in a reprehensible flirtation with a young and attractive married native lady, I had better describe Madame Ah Muey's personal appearance before going any farther. She was about fifty years of age, and, being rather bald, had, when she caught sight of me, hastily clapped an old 'cheese-cutter' (navy cloth cap) on the back of her head in quite a rakish fashion. Her little, black, beady eyes were mere slits over her high cheekbones and flat nose, whilst her mouth had taken a 'list to starboard' by reason of the thickness of the stem of her brass-bowled tobacco-pipe, which she also used for rapping her worsen half's shaven pate when he displeased her. She wore an old navy pea-jacket over her native costume, whilst a pair of soldier's ammunition boots adorned her feet, an expanse of stout yellow ankle filling the gaps between their tops and the hem of her short wide trousers. Such was the sibyl who, I little doubted, 'could an she would' help me out of my dilemma.

For, though the orders I had received were ridiculously vague, still a failure to carry them out would, I knew, seriously injure my reputation at Canton. Therefore, before proceeding to business, I complimented Ah Muey on her looking 'all same one pieceny English missee.' 'Choi' ('Get along'), replied the lady, hugely delighted. 'More better you tell me what for you come see my?' 'Why, Ah Muey, you savey [know] one *lallelong fo shun* [piratical steamboat] has come this side, so I go catch he.' Then, however, I changed my tone, and said very seriously, 'You must find out for me where she is now, for if you don't you may get a visit from the pirates as they pass. You no savey they have catch [taken] all that silver at that Hong-kong side buying-fish station, and have chopped [slashed with swords] the *citow* [owner] and his sons too?' At this Ah Muey's face went a sort of greenish gray, and she hastily summoned her spouse from below to hear the news and see what could be done. After much discussion, on my promising a *cumshaw* [reward], and to maintain secrecy as to their share in the matter, word was passed to all the members of

the *tankar* fraternity, both up and down the river, to obtain the information I required.

Then, as I knew it would be quite impossible for the pirate to keep out of sight of these craft for long, I went back to my little river-gunboat with an easier mind. And, sure enough, just after sunset the next evening the news I expected reached me. It appeared that, for the convenience of certain *houngs* ('firms') in collusion with the rebels, she had gone down toward Macao, where the go-betweens who had bought this craft for the pirates would put the arms and ammunition the rebels expected on board.

As we passed the 'buying-fish junk' on our way out, the *tankars* lighted joss-candles, fired crackers, and began to beat gongs in order that the evil demons befriending the pirates should be frightened from our course, and the good spirits induced to help us. Nor did I laugh at all this; for I knew it was kindly meant. My little vessel, with every light carefully screened from view, was then gliding swiftly and silently down the broad river toward the Delta. But, though pleased at the success of my mission, I became anxious again when the glass (which had risen during the past twenty-four hours) began once more to fall rapidly. The outlook from the bridge, too, showed ominous signs of the approach of a typhoon. Soon, also, wild squalls began to alternate with splashes of warm rain or misty drizzle, whilst native craft in scores, with several European vessels, were driven past us on the rising gale. The oppressive and close atmosphere, the dismal moaning of the wind, the darkened sky, and the heavy sea combined to make a prospect ugly enough, in all conscience.

The pirate, however, being over four hundred tons, had a better chance in such weather than my little craft of but a quarter of that measurement. Her guns, too, threw three times our weight of metal; whilst her crew was twice as numerous as mine, according to the fisherman who had seen her and described her to Ah Muey. Unfortunately it was not only against human adversaries that we had to contend, but with the forces of nature also, and these were much more to be dreaded. My little steamer had by this time been stripped of all superfluous fittings, whether of wood or metal, that were of the nature of splinter-making material, and everything was rendered as snug and secure on deck as the nearness of an enemy would permit. Our topmasts had then been struck and our lower masts were as naked as poles, while plugs and mats for shot and shell holes were all ready at hand. We were already shipping enough of the heavy seas to keep our teakwood decks and boats flooded.

By eight bells we had nearly reached the last of the inlets that would afford secure shelter from the full force of the typhoon. The engines, meantime, were working smoothly and well at a

steady ten knots. Our little craft, fortunately, was a fine sea-boat, leaping lightly up the huge seas and sliding down their depths without effort or strain.

Then, as we drew near our destination, I jammed myself in one corner of the bridge and made persistent efforts to focus the land with my night glass. But after painfully clearing my eyes of the salt spray and driving rain, I made sure that the waste of waters was utterly void, never a craft of any sort in sight. An even heavier sea than its forerunners then expended its fury in a smash that tossed our little vessel's forefoot aside just as one might brush off a settling fly. 'What thing, quartermaster; how can I do?' I growled; whilst, as I shook myself after getting drenched to the skin, the old pilot at my elbow remarked, 'More better you go a littee more slow, sir.' 'I can't yet,' I snapped. 'Look out now, quartermaster!' as the little vessel, in fighting through a heavy sea, fell with a crash into the trough beyond. Then all four of us—commander, pilot, quartermaster, and lookout—clung to the iron rails like grim death as the next great wave broke in a solid mass against the forecastle-head, smothering deck and bridge right up to the funnel. I sprang to the engine-room, whilst the other three were shaking themselves like water spaniels; and as the hissing flood found its way over her lee side I shouted to the chief, 'Slow her down to eight knots, Mr Scot!' But still to leeward, where I suspected the pirate to be, there was no sign of our quarry. 'Keep her stem straight at 'em, quartermaster!' I had to shout again, blinking and peering alternately through my night glass. The little vessel was then quivering from stem to stern under her punishment. Fortunately the stout teak planking of her composite hull was bolted on to three-inch steel frames, whilst her powerful little engines, like her chief, had come out from the Clyde, and both were of the best. But presently a tremendous beam sea hit her squarely in the ribs, and, falling in masses of water on her deck, raced from broadside ports to lee scuppers. 'She's getting it too hot and heavy, Mr Scot; slow to six,' I shouted down the tube, getting a dry, 'I maun think so, sir,' in response. Another bell struck.

The watch on deck meanwhile, little heeding the hurly-burly, had, like so many water-rats, sheltered themselves from the raging seas in handy nooks and corners. I was then bruised and stiff, besides being drenched to the skin, and growing savagely indifferent to further elemental kicks, which seemed to be all I was to get for endangering my little craft amidst the angry waters, that now showed more and more signs of the approach of the threatened typhoon. The sky blackened, spiteful squalls in yet more furious sequence shrieked wildly from windward, whilst the salt spray was blown in blinding showers from the crests of the high, confused

seas. But in the rain and darkness the low, gray hull of my little vessel, I knew, even at close quarters, was almost invisible. Then suddenly a leaden-hued water mountain loomed up right ahead; and as, in quick response to the lessened strain on her throbbing engines, she rose over it, and with birdlike lightness perched momentarily on its summit, a dark mass of black hull was suddenly revealed, staggering and wallowing on a parallel course to our own, and scarce a couple of cables' length to leeward.

The lookout's shouted warning flung down the wind sounded but a whisper; the orders bellowed from the bell-mouthed trumpet, even the lengthened roll of the drum beating to quarters in response, were lost in the roar of the furious elements that seemed to clutch the little gunboat in an ever-tightening grip. Summoned by sight rather than hearing, two-score shadows glided from out the surrounding blackness to answer the sudden call, and eager barefooted gun-crews, stripped to the waist, were soon clinging leech-like to sloping side and canted deck as they hauled, thrust, or swayed the long nines forward till their gaping muzzles peered menacingly out at the stranger. A second order, perforce bellowed through the brazen trumpet to men scarce a score of feet from me, was but faintly caught as it sped away on the roaring gale; though, in quick response, the sultry blackness and flying rain-mists around were momentarily pierced by a quivering sheet of ruddy flame. Yet our warning gun and flashing signal-lamps brought never a sign from the high black hull of the stranger as she forged ahead in the darkness beyond.

Then, as we drew more under shelter of the high land, I shouted down the engine-room tube for a steady ten knots again. Still we had lessened but little the gap between the two vessels, when out of the startled pall-like sky, through mist-wreaths and storm-wrack, there showed horizonward a thin line of clear, white light, which disappeared into the distant darkness with a burst of fire. 'There goes her flag and her answer together—a shell from a heavier rifle than ours,' I said, and then shouted to the boatswain to get in the signal-lamps and see all lights screened again. None too soon either, for dense volumes of fire-flecked smoke began to bank up to leeward as she increased her speed, whilst two flashes from her stern ports lit up her after-end, revealing for a moment an ugly steam-collier-like craft of composite build, and calculated to stand a lot more knocking about than my own little vessel, I thought. But my speculations were abruptly cut short by the scream of a second shell that careered over our heads and burst far away in the blackness astern. I, however, allowed no reply to either stern guns or midship rifle, as, with lights all 'doused,' we continued to creep up to our big enemy.

Meanwhile I left the bridge for a minute or two and went amongst my gun-crews. 'I cannot ensure that all your shells will prove live ones, gunner; but I'll run her close up to give your pop-gun a better chance. So, mind you keep it laid on her stern and right on the water-line.' Then I ordered the crews of the broadside smooth-bores to double-shot them, and at close quarters to use bar-shot on her side as she rolled. After shouting this into the gun-captain's ears at the utmost pitch of my voice amidst the elemental hurly-burly, I climbed wearily up to the canted bridge again. The pirate had now slowed down till she seemed a mere unwieldy mass rolling heavily amidst the whitened surges, so that I hoped to run right under her stern; but in a momentary lull in the fierce gusts of wind, the throbbing of the engines gave us away, and proved instant signal for the black hull towering above us to be lit up with vivid flame-flashes, the round-shot from her smooth-bores holing our funnel and converting our trim lower masts into ragged stumps, whilst a gaping rent in the bridge canvas testified to the narrowness of the quartermaster's escape. Fortunately the heavy rolling of their platform had spoilt the gunners' aim, and their shot flew high, or we should have been badly mauled indeed at such close range. The quartermaster, too, with a grin, called my attention to the bright teak and brass wheel badly chipped by a flying fragment of metal; and though no one on the bridge was hit, there was a gap in the gun-crew beneath it—quickly filled, though; and then at point-blank range the four smooth-bores on the lee side sent their reply to that message from the black mass inshore of us. But our rifle's shell was blind, and no burst followed a palpable hit—roguey or damp to blame, as might be. A second slowing down of our opponent's engines, however, induced me to try again to run in under her stern. Thereupon, with sudden change to full speed, she rushed down the heavy seas with evident intention to give us the stem, and so crush her puny antagonist beneath her heavy forefoot. But her lumbering onrush failed, for our smart little craft, that could turn in her own length, swiftly swerved, and, once clear, poured in round-shot and rifled shell from each gun that would bear. Then, finding that we had the heels of her, the pirate continued on her course to the nearest shelter, working her stern guns meanwhile. The rifled weapons of both craft seemed to suffer from the same defect, almost all the shells proving blind, whilst our six-pounder was rapidly becoming too hot to handle.

I was again congratulating myself on the almost invisible target that my little gray gunboat presented in the driving rain mists, and had ceased to fight her end-on in order to work our broadside guns in place of the almost red-hot rifle, when suddenly there was an appalling crash as of shock of sudden collision or sunken

rock ; the little gunboat reeled blindly forward, shivering from end to end amidst a rending and tearing of wood and metal-work, and the cries of grievously wounded men. We had caught the full weight of metal of the pirate's broadside !

That they had realised our plight the exultant yells borne down the blast quickly showed. Two of the five guns then being worked had been put out of action, whilst the crews either lay still beside their silent weapons or were rolling in agony in the lee scuppers. I had the wounded men quickly carried below, and the two remaining smooth-bores, with the partially cooled rifle, continued the fight. But very grievous was it to me to see these quiet forms lying on the torn and blood-stained deck—one of several ominous signs that the last hour of the little gunboat could not be far off. So, leaving the bridge, I again went down amongst the gun-crews, and by word and action quickly worked them into a state of reckless indifference to wounds and death that I felt must fully equal that then being shown by the pirates, who, however, fought with the shadow of the Canton executioner's sword over their heads. My thoughts were very bitter, too, as I realised that most of the highly priced projectiles of our rifled six-pounder were mere fraudulent dummies, else the fight had gone very differently ere now ; for the fine shooting of my master-gunner would have torn great gaps on the exposed water-line of the pirate as she rolled and wallowed along on the heavy seas, instead of merely making neat clean-cut apertures, easily plugged when she lifted herself well clear of the wave-summits. I saw, also, that a large rent gaped in the canvas round our bridge, and this, like the smashed iron rails, was dripping with blood ; so that, had I been upon the bridge instead of amongst my gunners, my body would have been lying behind it instead of that of the unfortunate lookout. By this time, too, not only were the deck structures wrecked and battered out of all shape, but escaping steam, smoke, and sparks were being driven across the deck in volumes.

The master-gunner, despite his hurts, stuck gamely to his rifle shell-gun, only grinning when I declared that 'a live shell must "pan out" before long,' for he knew as well as I that unless one did there would soon be never a one—blind or live—left. The men at the broadside smooth-bores were now excited almost to the pitch of frenzy by the loss of clansmen and comrades from the pirate's fire, and as they rapidly sponged, reloaded, and ran out their long nines, their bloodshot eyes and savage scowls showed a fierce determination to avenge the slaughter at all costs. Only a torn remnant of the Dragon flag still flew from the stern, for that from for'ard had disappeared with the mast from which it

flew. Constantly some grievously wounded man crawled sulkily below, compelled by my order to quit the gun to which his comrades stuck like leeches, and I believe would have gone down alongside had our boat sunk. For, though the pirate's shells, like our own, seemed to be blind, they got us time after time with their broadside smooth-bores.

My smart little vessel of that morning was by this time battered and distorted out of all recognition, so that I went back to the bridge with a heavy heart, and, standing by the quartermaster, twisted the spokes this way and that ; but though she darted hither and thither in quick response, she could never keep clear of the iron hail that persistently followed her from the pirate. The funnel was holed from uptake to cap, the escaping steam hissing in the slimy crimson pools on her scored and pitted deck, whilst the black smoke, now flame-flecked, that swept across it at times almost obscured the guns.

I had gripped the wheel-spokes with set teeth, and was despairingly meditating a desperate act, when frantic yells from our little shell-gun's crew reached my ears above the din around me. 'What is it, gunner?' I shouted, fully expecting some fresh disaster. But for answer, as the smoke blew clear, he pointed to a large ragged aperture in the pirate's stern, from which a volume of smoke and flame was then pouring. The dry-as-tinder wooden 'tween-decks—doubtless, in the usual Chinese way, strewed with combustible materials, besides the ammunition needed to work the guns—had been ignited by the bursting of almost our last shell, and the after-end had already commenced to burn fiercely. My master-gunner—his wounds forgotten—was now yelling madly at seeing his patient persistence at last rewarded, for the terrific wind-squall that rushed in through her shattered stern quickly fanned the flames beyond any chance of extinction by the neglected hand-pumps and rotten hose of a Chinese-owned steamer. Very soon afterwards smoke and flames were belching forth in volumes from the whole after-part of the pirate. Silhouetted against these dozens of human figures were sharply outlined, apparently engaged in a desperate attempt to check the progress of the fire amidships ; whilst all her guns were now silent. Then, very suddenly, there came a blinding radiance, followed by a roar that even the howling of the wind could not deaden, as great clouds of grayish-yellow smoke streaked with flame rose, carrying with them high into mid-air fragments of metal and woodwork. For a moment her great funnel stood out, seeming red-hot in the fiery furnace her torn and rent hull had become, ere it heeled over and buried itself amidst clouds of steam under a seething cauldron of angry surges that instantly closed above it. The store of good British powder

she carried had sent the steam pirate to her last account!

My men were, like myself, for the moment dazed by this awfully sudden catastrophe; but just then—as sometimes happens—a momentary lull in the fierce gusts preceding the typhoon gave us our chance, and that demanded instant action. The pumps were set agoing, the wounded got to their berths, the deck cleared of wreckage, the guns secured, and all then possible was quickly done to keep our little vessel afloat till shelter should be reached; whilst I anxiously scanned first the barometer and then the outline of the distant land through my night glass. For there was a sheltered anchorage less than a league away that, could we but reach it before the full fury of the typhoon burst upon us—which seemed extremely doubtful—would spell safety. The problem was to get from the shelter of the land to that of the creek we were making

for, across a dangerous and exposed stretch of sea, where, if our engines broke down under the strain, we should be quickly driven ashore and ground to matchwood on the rocks. On the other hand, if the pilot and quartermaster failed me at the helm we should just as inevitably founder.

The spectacle that the battle of the elements then presented was most grand and awe-inspiring. Still, I never in my life felt more thankful than when it was shut out in the dense blackness and close, humid calm prevailing in the tiny landlocked creek into which the little vessel had leapt lightly out of the tempestuous inferno raging behind her, passing through its narrow channel to sudden security.

We had both accomplished our mission and saved the Viceroy's sorely tried little gunboat from the greedy maw of one of the most terrible typhoons that had ever visited the China coasts.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A TALKING-MACHINE.

IT is somewhat remarkable that the talking-machine, although it has attained such an enormous vogue, has undergone but very little development since it first appeared upon the market. From time to time minor improvements have been carried out, but they have been so trivial in character as to escape appreciative attention. To-day the talking-machine remains, as it ever was, purely and simply a mechanical musical instrument, void of all expression and tonal qualities. A record, no matter how well it may be produced, soon grows tiresome and monotonous, simply because it is entirely lacking in feeling, and does not interpret the artiste faithfully. This disability is inherent. Expression has to be ignored to a very considerable extent during the task of producing or recording, because the sound-line, into which the effects of a full orchestra have to be compressed, is of microscopic proportions. Some idea of the dimensions of this sound-line may be gathered from the fact that the groove represented thereby, which is cut by the recorder in consonance with the movement of the diaphragm to which it is attached, is only four-thousandths of an inch in depth; while ninety of these grooves, including the intervening space between them, go to a square inch. The diaphragm is not particularly sensitive; whilst the fact that sound has to be translated into a line accentuates the difficulties of preserving the true tonal value of the music. Unless ample force is imparted to the instrumental or vocal rendition it will fail to be recorded; consequently the claims of expression must be ignored almost entirely. In reproduction an effort is made to veil these

defects by utilisation of loud, soft, or medium toned needles; but these do not affect the monotony of the sound—they merely influence its volume. Of the three needles, the first-named, or loud, is preferable, inasmuch as it brings out all that there is in the microscopic sound-line; on the other hand, when a soft needle is used much of the lesser or lighter irregularities in the sound-line, each of which has a distinctive tonal value, is lost or blurred. These drawbacks have recently been overcome by means of an interesting invention which has been incorporated in an improved talking-machine known as the æolian-vocalion, which is of so far-reaching a character as to convert the monotonous reproducing machine into a living mechanical musical instrument. Fundamentally the new machine follows the familiar lines, though distinct improvements in details have been effected. But the parting of the ways is brought about by a device known as the graduola. While the record is produced in the usual manner, and is void of all expression, in reproduction by means of this new attachment a faithful impression of the work according to the ideas of the vocalist or the composer is for the first time rendered possible. The most delicate variations in light and shade may be obtained. The graduola is manipulated by hand, and the control, which is extremely simple, cannot fail to appeal to all of artistic musical taste. If desired, the graduola attachment may be ignored, in which event the rendition of the record is similar to that of the conventional talking-machine. But the circumstance that real and accurate pianissimo effects may be secured without the sacrifice of any of the partial tones will appeal to all music-lovers. The æolian-vocalion represents as marked an

advance upon the conventional talking-machine as is the piano-player in relation to the barrel-organ.

SHALL WE HAVE THE METRIC SYSTEM?

The war has been responsible for the revival of the perennial controversy concerning the adoption of the metric system by this country. But the issue is no longer only of academic interest; it is being regarded in a far more serious and concrete manner. Our industrial circles realise the fact that the struggle for commercial supremacy is certain to be more vigorous and relentless upon the conclusion of hostilities, more particularly in what are now the neutral countries. It is somewhat interesting to observe that the metric system is meeting with greater favour to-day than at any other period of the agitation. Yet there is a considerable diversity of opinion as to the extent and manner of its adoption. The extremists maintain that decimals should be used *in toto*, both in regard to weights and measurements and to coinage, and that the prevailing arbitrary British measurements and coinage should be abolished. The opponents prefer the prevailing system, under the plea that it has sufficed up to the present time, and will enable British ideas to secure a still wider appreciation. On the other hand, the middle section—and this is the great majority—suggest the use of both systems in regard to weights and measures and the retention of the British currency standard. The latter appears to be the logical solution of the problem. It involves no legislative assistance, and secures the survival of the fittest among those competing for the world's trade. The supporters of the present idea point out that the adoption of the decimal system in its entirety would involve tremendous expense, while the quotation of prices in the coinage of the country whence orders are solicited would prove impossible owing to the wide fluctuations in exchange. It must be admitted that the question of translating the British sovereign into any particular currency is a simple process at the moment, and the retention of the British currency standard should strengthen our position as the dominating factor in the world's financial market. But the decimal system in relation to weights and measurements has undergone considerable development, a result primarily due to the fact that we are being called upon to supply commodities to France and our other Allies in accordance with the metrical method of calculation.

ANOTHER PNEUMATIC LIFE-SAVING WAISTCOAT.

Two paragraphs were printed in our 1915 volume on 'Life-Saving Garments' (pages 272 and 334). Amongst those which have attracted public notice as the inevitable consequence of certain marine disasters both mercantile and

naval, the waistcoat which depends upon air as the buoyant medium appears to have received the greatest meed of appreciation. So far as the men engaged in mine-sweeping are concerned, the authorities have insisted upon every man being provided with a life-saving collar, which must be worn constantly. At the moment of danger this collar can be inflated by merely blowing it out with the mouth, and sufficient support is offered to ensure the head being kept above water. But the life-saving waistcoat is maintained to be preferable both by officers and men. It resembles an ordinary waistcoat, fulfilling all the requirements of that garment, but with the additional advantage that when a crisis develops it can be blown out speedily and easily by the mouth. Full inflation is possible within twenty seconds, and it enables the head and shoulders to be kept above the water for an indefinite period. Moreover, the buoyancy is not only adequate for the support of the wearer, but it will sustain one or two others clinging to him if necessary. This life-saving device has established its possibilities very conclusively in connection with the naval disasters which we have suffered in the waters washing the Gallipoli Peninsula. The fact that it can be worn constantly in the usual manner, and without causing the slightest inconvenience, combined with the circumstance that it can be brought into action so readily, has appealed to the men manning our ships, who realise that therewith they have a fighting chance for their lives if their ship is sunk beneath them.

COVERS FOR DOUBLE-DECKED OMNIBUSES.

One of the objections to the double-decked omnibus is the discomfort attending travel in wet weather. Several suggestions for protecting the outside passengers against inclement weather have been advanced, but they have been generally rejected because of the apprehension that they would render the vehicle top-heavy. Experiments are now being conducted in London with a collapsible hood such as that generally carried upon touring-cars. It is a light canvas waterproof covering fixed to the side-rails, and running from back to front. When extended it covers the whole of the vehicle, but when out of use it folds back and lies out of sight on the roof of the canopy over the driver's seat. When it was first submitted to a practical trial, the fear was entertained by the authorities that the canopy would endanger the safety of the vehicle owing to the increased resistance it offered to the wind, and the thought was expressed that the omnibus might be overturned if struck broadside by a sudden heavy squall. Recently further trials have been carried out in very windy and inclement weather, from the results of which it is obvious that the safety and stability of the vehicle are not affected by the extended hood. Under these circumstances it is anticipated that

the authorities will offer no objection to the employment of the sheltering device.

MUSIC FROM LIGHT.

Some two or three years ago Professor Duddell fascinated, instructed, and amused a young audience at one of our scientific institutions by playing musical airs upon the electric arc. Now it appears that the incandescent electric lamp has been harnessed in such a manner as to enable music to be produced as required. This end is achieved by means of what is known as the audion, or wireless lamp, which plays such a prominent part in wireless telephony between Arlington, Hawaii, California, Paris, and other distant parts. This incandescent lamp is stated to be capable of producing music from light owing to the fact that it acts in a manner somewhat similar to the transformer, whereby direct is converted into alternating current. When an ordinary telephone receiver is introduced into the circuit, the alternating current imparts such a vibration to the diaphragm as to induce the latter to emit a certain musical tone. By varying the intensity of the current supplied to the lamp, the inventor claims that it is possible to vary the tones within such wide limits and so delicately as to render possible the production of a musical composition.

FOOD AND HEALTH.

An interesting contribution to the relationship of food to health has been made by Dr M. Hindhede, the Director of the Danish State Laboratory for Nutrition Research. The doctor, who has made a very intimate study of his subject, first claimed attention because of his attack upon the proteid or albumen body-building fetish, which was the subject of his volume *Protein and Nutrition*. Recently he has made another contribution to the subject in *What to Eat, and Why* (Heinemann). While there are innumerable people who will not agree with the Danish doctor's theories, the book certainly deserves perusal from the fact that Dr Hindhede is not a dietetic faddist. He is not a rigid vegetarian, but he is an enthusiast in the art of economical living. Thus, for instance, while he regards meat and fish as indifferent food-stuffs, his reason for so doing is not hostility to them as articles of diet, but because insufficient value is obtained for the money expended; or, put in other words, as one is able to partake of other comestibles which are fitted to perform the same body-building work at a lower cost, he maintains that these should be eaten for preference. A similar broad line of thought pervades his recommendations in connection with beverages. He suggests that barley-water and orangeade are the most satisfactory and health-giving liquid refreshments, more particularly the latter, which contains an appreciable proportion of alcohol,

though the percentage is not so high as in beer. In his latest volume Dr Hindhede provides a plethora of cooking recipes and rules, which have the charm of infinite variety, and which incidentally bring home the fact very significantly that he is by no means animated by any faddist principles, since his dishes range from vegetable soups to potato chops, in which pork predominates, and Irish stew made with or without meat, as well as steak and kidney pudding. There is no doubt but that the average Britisher is a heavy eater, and is far from being economical in matters pertaining to diet. But the exigencies of the moment demand that greater attention should be paid to the question of cost than has been the case within the recollection of the present generation. Articles of food which have hitherto been considered indispensable, such as meat and fish, have risen much in price. The primest meat is now beyond the reach of the average person, who has naturally turned to the inferior article. A perusal of Dr Hindhede's guide to the question will speedily convince one that exceedingly cheap and appetising dishes can be prepared in which meat is either entirely absent or used only in small quantities and to profitable advantage from the body-building point of view. As a matter of fact, this work recalls the eminent vegetarian who, while a zealot in opposing meat as a food-stuff, was a victim to the failing that he could never eat potatoes unless they were served with an abundance of rich, toothsome gravy, thereby fulfilling in a certain measure the generally accepted scientific theory that it is preferable to consume about 50 per cent. of animal and vegetable proteids to bring about the easy and complete digestion of both.

SOLDIERS IN STEEL.

As the great contest proceeds one cannot fail to speculate as to whether we have really advanced in the art of war. Light steel helmets have been introduced into the armies of the Allies to protect the head from shrapnel, while masks are donned to ward off the asphyxiating effects of noxious gases. The latest development in this direction is the perfection of the bullet-proof cuirass which is now being worn by our soldiers. Although this protective device does not appear to be supplied by the authorities, apparently there is no official objection to its use, and anxious relations and friends at home are supplying the members of their families and colleagues in the firing-line therewith. Experience has proved that a high percentage of casualties in the field are due to spent and ricochetting bullets, splinters of shells and grenades, as well as fragments of stones, and so forth, which, striking the body in the vicinity of such vital parts as the lungs, heart, and principal blood-vessels, have sufficient impetus

to tear through the ordinary woollen clothing and inflict ugly wounds, but which could be successfully warded off were a protective device worn. This fact has been responsible for the perfection of the new body-shield, which is made of a specially prepared toughened metal disposed in four plates, strengthened at the joints by steel strips, the whole being covered with khaki drill. The shield is made to the shape of the front of the body extending from the neck to about the waist-line. The shield may be either in single or double form, the former being for the chest only; while the latter, in addition to the chest-protector, includes another section shaped to the back, the two being joined together by curved metal plates to fit the shoulders. In this instance the shoulders are protected from downward sword-cuts. The shields, which measure twelve by eleven inches, and weigh about twenty-nine ounces, fit comfortably, and can be worn beneath the tunic. Owing to the shape, there is no impediment whatever to any free movement, and the metal has been found to be sufficiently tough to turn the thrust from a bayonet, sword, or lance.

THE SUGAR-BEET SITUATION.

One of the penalties of war so far as the housewife is concerned is the high cost of sugar, although this commodity is very slowly falling in price. The shortage of sugar has been responsible for a revival of the proposal to establish the beet-sugar industry in this country. As is well known, this movement is merely in its infancy; and, although progress has been recorded, it is not particularly pronounced. But the past season has been wonderfully successful in the eastern counties, despite the fact that the conditions have not been favourable. Efforts have been made to extend the new industry, and to bring about its development in other parts of these islands. Trial plots have been sown, and have been deemed to be completely satisfactory. Attempts have been made to secure Government assistance in order to place the industry upon a firm footing, it being pointed out that the greatest producer in this line of industry being now involved in the war, and unable to export its produce, the occasion is particularly opportune to bring this country into a position to meet the keen competition which must arise after peace is declared. But the Government, while sympathetic, does not seem disposed to respond to the call. So far as these islands are concerned, the beet and cane sugar industries are certain to come into conflict. Certain of our colonies are large cane-sugar growers, and official stimulation of the beet-sugar at home, at the expense of the colonial growers, would meet with hostility on the plea that unfavourable preference would be shown to the beet-growers. At the same time, however, it should not be impossible to adjust the situation in such a manner as to avoid

conflict, although the task would prove somewhat delicate. The suggestion has been advanced that the Government should control the factories and refineries, and should buy the raw material at a fixed price. Thus the output of the beet article could be kept down to the level necessary to make good the balance between supply and demand, which the cane article cannot possibly fulfil. A parallel with the butter and butterine crisis of several years ago arises. The dairying interests vehemently and successfully opposed the utilisation of the name butterine, maintaining that the substitute for the milk product should be known under a distinctive name, which could not possibly be confused with that of the genuine article. The situation was finally settled by the coining of the word 'margarine' to distinguish the substitute. The remarkable development of the margarine industry suggests that, if a generic name were evolved for beet-sugar, greater success would attend its production. An article on 'English Beet-Sugar' appeared in this *Journal* for 1910, and another on 'The Sugar Position' in the volume for 1914.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

THE LIVING FAR AWAY.

It's not for them that's dead that I'm weepin' now,
For somehow they seem nearer, now my life is runnin' low;
There's the stars come out in heaven,
Each a gold speck in the gray,
An' the dead seem nearer somehow though they be so far away.

It's for them that's through the world that I'm weepin' now;
An' I not knowin' where they be, though I break my heart to know.
Och! the longin' that comes over me,
As night shuts out the day!
Ay, the dead seem nearer somehow than the livin' far away.

But och! it's *once* to see them that I'm longin' now;
An' sure they're not forgettin' the old times anyhow;
But it's hard to be writin' letters
With the world an' all between,
An' work to set your hand to, an' new friends where old have been.

Dear folk that I've been lovin', that I'm lovin' now,
The breakin' of my heart's the prayer I'm sendin' up for you;
It's my heart's blood shed in longin'
An' in silence day by day!
Ay, the dead seem nearer somehow than the livin' far away!

MARY PATON RAMSAY.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

SINGLE-HANDED.

A STORY OF SCIENTIFIC HEROISM.

By WILLIAM CANON.

CHAPTER I.

JOHN CRANE, marine engineer, sometime of H.M. Royal Navy, sat in a wicker chair on the broad hotel veranda, indulging in the futile but very common amusement of wishing that to-day were to-morrow. He had finished the commission that had brought him to this now half-deserted port of Coatzacoalcas, on the coast of Mexico, and only awaited the mail-boat which would arrive next day. He greatly desired to be back in New York, for his resignation had already been accepted by the great shipbuilding firm with which he had been employed, and his arrangements were all made for returning at once to England and offering his services to the Mother Country.

He was still young, active, and very strong; the wish in his heart was that he might be sent to the front. But his mind told him that his proper place was in the great shipyards on the Tyne, where the clatter of hammers on steel went on night and day, and men strained nerve, brain, and muscle to repair the broken ships that limped in from the North Sea, and to turn out new steel gladiators, that England's grip on the Seven Seas might not be loosened. He knew that his services would be eagerly welcomed by the Naval Board, as he had made a name along certain lines of marine construction that quite belied his youthful appearance.

His mind was still occupied with the contents of the week-old newspapers scattered at his feet, which chronicled the disappearance of a number of British vessels plying between Australian and Oriental ports and the west coast of the United States. Ten or twelve ships were now long overdue, and there were rumours that wreckage, appearing to belong to his Majesty's light cruiser *Guernsey*, had drifted ashore at Tahiti. Fears were expressed that there was still a swift German cruiser at large in the Pacific, despite a statement by the Admiralty that every German war-vessel had been fully accounted for except those in German home waters. This statement laid the blame on a severe cyclone that had lately raged in mid-Pacific.

It was a quiet scene that met his eyes as he looked from the veranda over the luxurious

tropical verdure of the courtyard, across the town with its polyglot mixture of old native and modern commercial architecture, to the long docks and railroad yards that bordered the bay. The opening of the Panamá Canal, the European war, and the chaotic conditions in Mexico itself had combined to reduce the once great traffic through this, the Atlantic port of the Tehuantepec ship-railway, to a fraction of its former proportions. A single ship was unloading at the docks, a rusty tramp steamer flying the flag of Holland.

The rays of the sun were by now slanting well from the west, and Crane stood up and shook himself, deciding on a stroll before dinner. He walked down the narrow cobbled streets, lined and peopled with the curiously mixed evidences of native indolence and foreign industry, until he gravitated naturally to the docks, where he strolled about with an interested professional eye on the unloading of the Dutch steamer. His habit of close observation and his retentive memory of small details had played a large part in his successful career. He had the typical engineering mind that is constantly on the alert for better ways of doing things, and neglects no point, however small, which leads to that end. So he watched keenly the work of the gigantic steel cranes, their tons of metal skeleton animated by the small human being who sat in a little box on the neck of each, with his row of levers before him. There was something almost eerie in the way they swung out over the deck, dropped a mighty arm through the ship's hatch, grasped a titanic handful of boxes and bales, and, swinging back again, deposited them gently on the dock-floor, where they were pounced upon by the porters, who, like a nest of busy ants, trundled them back into the warehouses.

As he walked along among the piles of freight, his quick eye noted something of interest, and he stopped to examine it. It was only a small metal band or clamp on the joints of a long, narrow, wooden box. It was the shape and construction of these iron bands that had caught his eye. They were admirably designed for the purpose, and something about them seemed familiar to him. They had a peculiar arrange-

ment of small metal claws to engage the wood; and he was positive that, sometime and somewhere, he had seen them used before. The box on which they were used was some three feet square and fifteen feet long, and there were about twenty like it in the pile. Besides certain cabbalistic consignment marks, it bore, stencilled in English, the words, 'Terra-cotta. Fragile.' The thought ran through his mind that the boxes probably contained ornamental columns for the palace of some successful trader or petty ruler on a coral island of Oceania. He resumed his walk back to the hotel; but the thought of the iron strap-bands kept coming back, for his memory could not place their association, and did not like to admit a lapse.

The same thought came again next morning as he splashed in his bath, happy that he would soon be sailing north across the Gulf, bound to throw heart, mind, and body into the great war-game; and something, possibly the stimulus of the cold water, brought the answer like a flash. He had seen those straps before in the town of Essen, in Germany, where are located the great Krupp gunworks. Many years before, while filling his first billet in a Belgian shipyard, he had made several trips into Germany, observant, as always. It was at the Krupp works that he had seen cars loaded with boxes carrying those peculiar bands, and had earned a reprimand from a watchman for examining them too closely. This explained the strange uneasiness that had affected him on seeing them again. Of course, commercial manufacturing concerns had undoubtedly come to use them. It was a good clamp for heavy boxes. He put the matter out of his mind, and went down to breakfast.

But the stubborn thing would not stay out. Why had he not seen that strap since the first time until now? He had seen hundreds of cargoes unloaded in all parts of the world. He had examined the packing of thousands of parcels of sea-freight, had written technical articles on the subject; it was one of his hobbies; and never, since he was at Essen, had this particular form of iron strap passed under his eye till now. It was very strange.

Then the waiter appeared with fresh papers. The mail-boat had come in during the early morning; she would sail at noon. He glanced over the papers, and his sense of uneasiness began to take shape. There was more about the mysterious non-appearance of ships in Pacific waters. The list of the overdue was longer; a boat belonging to one of them had been found waterlogged, its stern torn away, with the body of a sailor, who had evidently been killed by a bullet, entangled in its painter. There were conjectures that a German cruiser had slipped through the North Sea cordon and into the Pacific by unfrequented routes; that she was probably interning the crews of sunken vessels on some remote island. British and Japanese

war-ships were scouring the archipelagoes for traces of the supposed marauder.

As Crane ate his breakfast these things kept running through his mind, and, tangled up with them, the incident of the strap iron bands, which quite refused to stay down. Soon he finished the meal, paid his bill, saw that his luggage was placed in the mail-boat pile, then took up his hat and struck a rapid gait for the docks.

The Dutch freighter was gone and her slip lay empty. The freight had all been removed to the warehouse between the dock and the railroad tracks. However, a door stood open, and he walked into the cool, gloomy room. There were the boxes all right, piled near the opposite door. He started toward them, but a voice stopped him.

It was a Mexican watchman, who had been sprawling on a pile of freight. He was a ragged, dirty little man, but a serviceable-looking rifle leaned against the wall beside him. He was saying, '*Buenos días, señor.* Is there something you desire?'

'I simply wanted to check that pile of boxes before leaving, to see that they are all there,' answered Crane readily.

'I beg the *señor's* pardon. Perhaps he has a permit from the superintendent?'

'No, I haven't time for that. I must catch the mail-boat,' answered Crane, as his hand went to his pocket, and came out with a silver *peso*.

The man shook his head, though he eyed the silver wistfully. 'I am sorry, *señor*. Any one entering the warehouse must have a permit. It is orders.'

'Oh, come!' said Crane, as he pulled out four more of the coins. 'The boat leaves in a few minutes, and I probably can't get a permit and be back in time.' And he jingled the coins seductively.

But the watchman was firm. 'I am a poor man, *señor*, with many children. Who am I that I should break the orders of the superintendent? I should probably lose my place.'

Crane walked slowly down the dock. He had had some experience with Latin-American officials; he knew that failure to accept a bribe could usually be traced to a larger counter-bribe, or unusual pressure of some kind. He sat down on a pile, in sight of the door, but some distance away, and stared at the murky, greenish flood that heaved in oily undulations below him. This thing was getting on his nerves. All his inclinations were toward the mail-boat, and a quick voyage north and east. But a number of unformed and exasperating suspicions tugged the other way.

As he sat pondering, two men came down the dock from the direction of the harbour-master's office. One was a dapper, alert fellow, in the uniform of the Tehuantepec Railway Company; the other was a tall, dark man, dressed like a

ship's officer in the freighting or coasting trade. But there was something about his gait and carriage that aroused in Crane the same sensation as those peculiar iron straps had done. The two turned into the warehouse, and Crane arose and sauntered past the open door. Glancing in, he saw the tall man standing by the pile of long boxes, evidently checking them off by a paper in his hand. The watchman was talking volubly to the railway official, and Crane quickened his pace till he struck the crowded side-walk which led to the mail-boat, now almost ready to leave the dock. As he raced along he came to a quick decision; and when the *Galveston* pulled in her gang-planks, a few minutes later, John Crane had already retrieved his bags, packed them into a rickety closed cab, and was rattling over the rough streets to a rather obscure hotel on the other side of the town.

Having engaged a room, he retired to it, and proceeded to change into a suit of heavy, work-stained garments which he often wore in the rougher work of his calling. With heavy boots and a battered hat pulled down over his brow, he looked very different, as he slouched back to the water-front, from the spick-and-span young professional man of the morning. The watchman whom he had attempted to bribe a few hours before looked at him without a flicker of recognition as he passed the warehouse door. A casual glance inside assured him that the long boxes were still there.

He lounged around the docks for a couple of hours, studying the shipping in the harbour and keeping an alert eye for the big seafaring man with the military bearing. A British freighter was taking in a cargo of cocoa, coffee, and hardwoods from the interior; and a refrigerator ship of the United Fruit Company's Line, fed by two giant cranes, was making a gargantuan meal on bananas. A few small coasting-vessels were coming and going; while a trim white yacht, with gay awnings shading a white-clad group, showed by the Stars and Stripes at her masthead that some American gentleman of leisure was sojourning here. Not a suspicious note marred the peaceful activity and tropic indolence of the scene.

As he wandered back by the end warehouse about five o'clock, however, he saw something that galvanised him into activity. A train of cars had been run alongside the warehouse, and a gang of porters were busily engaged in loading the long boxes, with other merchandise, into them. Also, the big, dark man was there, overseeing the work and evidently enforcing special care in handling.

John Crane walked rapidly back to his hotel, but stopped at a second-hand store to make some purchases. He knew that the next train across the isthmus to the Pacific side would leave in half-an-hour, and would already be made up. Those cars, then, could not be a portion of it;

they would probably leave the next morning. When he hurried back and caught the train he was dressed in the soiled dungarees and cap, and carried the dunnage-bag, of a common sailor. Carrying out the part, he purchased a second-class ticket, and passed an uncomfortable night in a reeking day-car.

Arrived in Salina Cruz, the Pacific port of the Tehuantepec Railway, in the early morning, he secured a room in a sailors' boarding-house near the water-front, deposited his bag, and, after assuring himself that the lock on the door was a serviceable one, dropped the key into his pocket and set out for a tour of inspection.

Along the docks several small coasting-steamers were discharging or taking on freight. The big cross-seas freighters which, before the days of the Panamá Canal, had picked up the burdens laid down by their Atlantic mates on the other side of the isthmus were conspicuous by their absence. He visited each of the coasters, making casual inquiry for work. Everything seemed entirely regular. Only three ships lay at anchor in the harbour. At a ship-chandler's he was told that two of them awaited overhauling at the dry dock. The other was the *Cocos*, a Dutch pearl and copra trader from the Islands—something rather unusual in this port.

He picked up a glass from the counter and examined the *Cocos* with interest. She was a ship of some thousand tons burden, low in the water, and rather narrow in the beam and keen in the stem for a trader. She was painted a dull gray, except for a broad red band around her hull at the portholes, and her two funnels were red and black. She carried the flag of Holland. A number of sailors were busy on her deck, and Crane noted that they were all white men, a noteworthy fact, since the bulk of the crew on most ships in the copra trade is made up of Kanakas and other Island natives. Crane loafed around the water-front all morning, ate his lunch, then retired to his room for a *siesta*—very welcome after his sleepless night on the train.

About five o'clock he sallied out, still dressed in his sailor's dungarees, and went back to the docks. He found the Dutch ship at the wharf, and the reeking stench of shell that met him as he approached left no room for doubt that she was a pearler. She had unloaded some shell and copra, though a small cargo for her tonnage. She was now taking in supplies and the ordinary assortment of Island freight, a large part of which consisted of kerosene-oil in wooden cases, each case containing two five-gallon tins. A big hose writhing across her deck was filling her fresh-water tanks; while a close scrutiny discovered another big hose passing under the dock to a valve below her deck-line, and this, he knew, conveyed crude oil. 'Must be a small quantity for her donkey-engines,' he thought; for an oil-burning Island trader would be a novelty, and

the smoke floating lazily from her funnels showed that she was a steamer; also that she had steam up and did not intend to linger long. Her crew, busy with the cargo and routine work on deck, were all white men, so far as he could see; a stocky, heavy-set lot, many of them bearded. Not an Islander was in sight. The portholes were closed by wooden shutters outside the glass.

Crane walked boldly up the gang-plank, but as he reached the deck he was accosted by a seaman at work near by. Speaking in Dutch, the man asked his business. Thanks to his four years in Belgium and Holland, Crane could speak Dutch like a native, and was also proficient in German. Constant contact, in his work, with men of these nations, and his natural habit of doing well anything he did, had kept his linguistic abilities at par. Now he answered in German, but the man shook his head. So, feigning to speak only a smattering of Dutch, he laboriously explained that he wanted to see the captain. This, the man said, was impossible; the captain was ashore, he did not know just where. Crane asked for the mate. He wanted work, he said in broken Dutch. The ship was full-handed, replied the man; and as Crane kept edging across the deck he roughly ordered him back to the dock, saying that no one was allowed on board except on business. So Crane, making the best of a bad job, turned and sauntered away.

He now headed for the railway station, as the train from the Atlantic side was due at six o'clock. Slouched on a truck, he watched it pull in. There was his man all right, the first off the steps. He struck a smart gait for the docks, and Crane, following at a discreet distance, saw him go straight up the gang-plank of the *Cocos*, touching his cap in response to the salute of the sailor near its head. Crane disposed himself on the shady side of a pile of bales, and settled down to watch developments.

The first came in half-an-hour. A puffing switch-engine backed a string of cars down the warehouse track, a car door was opened, and the stevedores swarmed in. They began to unload freight from trucks and wheel it directly aboard the ship, where a donkey-winch lowered it into the hold, as the big dock cranes had stopped at sundown. The deck was brightly lighted with electric globes, and hummed with activity. Evidently she would finish loading and sail in a few hours. Crane sprang to his feet and hurried uptown.

One after another, he visited several ship-chandleries, second-hand stores, and pawnshops, and made a strange assortment of purchases. Then he hurried to his room; and when he left it, a few minutes later, the dunnage-bag he carried was both bulky and heavy.

He slipped quietly down to the docks, avoiding the brightly lighted places, and sought out a

landing-stage in a dark corner, where he had marked, during the afternoon, several small skiffs tied up. Placing the bag in one of these, he cast off its painter and pushed it back under the dock, then paddled cautiously along between the piles toward the Dutch ship.

The velvety-black tropic night had now descended. He felt his way along with the prow of the little boat, through the warm stench of rotting piles and the echoes of the water lapping against them. Presently the *Cocos's* bulk cut off the starlight outside, and he located the gang-plank by the rumble of the trucks overhead. Here he tied the boat to a brace, and climbed carefully up its slippery length till he reached the cap timber, on which rested the sills of the wharf-floor.

In the black darkness he worked his way along on the narrow, slippery timbers till he reached the edge of the wharf and found footing on the walling strips against which the ship's hull rested, rubbing slowly up and down with the slight swell of the harbour waters. Then he felt along her side till he located the cover of one of the portholes.

His exploring fingers soon told him that this cover was of wood, with heavy iron hinges, and was fastened inside. He had seen similar ones many times. So he produced from his pocket a Yankee tool-set, with numerous small tools concealed in its hollow handle. He selected a thin steel blade, fixed it in the handle, and set patiently to work; he had no desire to excite suspicion by leaving a plain trail behind. After about ten minutes he had the satisfaction of hearing the bolt slip back; he cautiously prised the cover outward till a gleam of light showed through, then applied his eye to the crack. What he saw brought an exclamation from his lips a good deal louder than he could have wished. He had rightly guessed that this porthole looked into the engine-room; and he knew that he could judge a ship by her engines as a racehorse by its legs or a wrestler by his shoulders.

The room into which he gazed was extra large for a ship of this size, and was literally filled with massive machinery. A single attendant lounged beside a small motor which hummed quietly in one corner, supplying the lighting system. The electric lights glittered on polished metal, and showed everything spick and span as the power-plant of a millionaire's yacht. Moreover, he saw that these were not steam-engines at all, but large internal-combustion engines of the Diesel type, which has been brought to great perfection in Germany in recent years. These massive units were evidently of tremendous power for so small a ship, and must render her capable of extraordinary speed. Using crude oil as an automobile engine uses gasoline, they dispensed with coal-bunkers, boiler-room, and stokers, giving space for fuel-tanks of great capacity, and

giving the ship a correspondingly wide radius of action. Also, she could be rushed into full speed at a moment's notice, without awaiting the slow process of getting up a high head of steam. A most remarkable power-plant, truly, for an Island copra-trader.

Another thing he noted, for he remembered those red-and-black funnels and the smoke floating from them. There was a small furnace

amidships, from which two pipes ran up through the ceiling. Doubtless a smudge was kept up in this whenever it was desired to complete the illusion of the funnels. Such deliberate plants to create a false impression could be for no honest purpose. This thought ran through Crane's mind as he looked, and hardened his determination to see this matter through.

(Continued on page 92.)

ROUND ABOUT RIGA.

By KATE DOWNING.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that I was for several successive summers in Courland (in which province the enemy is at present engaging the Russians), I never managed to see anything in the holiday season of the neighbouring province of Livland and the beautiful valley of the Aa. I had paid several visits to Riga in winter-time; but my summers had been spent at country estates in Courland, and over and over again my friends there would say, 'You must not go back to England without seeing the Aa valley.' I fully intended doing so before leaving Russia; but, alas! the fates upset all my plans, and compelled me to return sooner than I had anticipated. What could not be accomplished when so near was most gloriously realised four years ago in a short summer holiday while I was visiting the pretty, pine-scented seaside resorts south of Riga and the interior of Livland. Only a few versts from the busy and interesting port Nature has chosen a spot where, in miniature, her choicest handiwork is to be seen, and no one who has an opportunity of visiting the coast should leave without spending a few days in the beautiful valley of the river Aa, the Dūna's pretty tributary. A few days, I said; but if time is no consideration, and the temperament one that can take delight in living the quiet and simple life in a bypath hitherto untoured except by its own countrymen, then the days may be lengthened at will. If it is a case of health, especially that of a nervous breakdown, I can imagine no place on the face of the earth better suited to restore man or woman to a normal condition than a leisured visit to this beautiful and interesting corner of Russia. No one thinks of scenery in connection with Russia; and, strange as it may seem to us, Russians do not think of scenery in connection with England! I well remember asking, many years ago, some Courlanders, who year after year travelled in Switzerland, the south of France, and Italy, why they never came to England for pleasure and to see the scenery. 'Go to England for pleasure!' was the exclamation. 'We never think of England for a pleasure-trip; people only go there for business.' Such is the reputation of our land among the Russians who do not

know it, and we have equally wrong notions about them and theirs. All that is wanted to correct these mistakes is a better personal acquaintance; and the sooner this takes place between us and our great Ally the better for mutual benefit.

Lake, river, hill, and glorious forest scenery diversify the landscape of the plateau watered by the Aa, all features enchanting the eye simultaneously. But, with the exception of the trees, none are to be found on a large scale, as in Switzerland and Norway. Compared with these countries, it is the diminutive, the tranquil, the peace-filling world of nature, rather than the big and awe-inspiring, which allures in Livland. From the coast eastward the land rises in a series of terraces and tree-covered plateaux, from the surface of which spring hills to a height of four hundred feet, seven hundred feet, and even one thousand feet. Intersecting the plateaux are valleys descending as narrow gorges right down to the river Aa, which has hollowed out, and is still deepening, its bed through the elevated ridge which runs through the heart of the province. Between its tree-clad banks, sometimes steep and sometimes gently sloping, it winds its serpentine course amidst romantic scenery, culminating in the part known as the Livonian Switzerland, distant some fifty versts (about thirty-four miles) from Riga, and reached in two hours—railway travelling in Russia is not exactly express speed, and you must possess your soul in patience—by train to Segewold (two shillings second class), at which unpretentious wooden station, as is universal in Russia, excellent food can be got, no matter what the hour. Travelling from Libau to Riga, I recall more than one long midnight wait at Moscheiki, an hour of which was well spent at the inviting supper-tables, a varied supply of well-cooked *à la carte* dishes being ready and quickly served. And on another occasion, on our arriving at five o'clock in the morning at Tuckum, a small junction in the north of Courland, coffee, rolls, butter, and cakes were ready. Very different has been my experience coming in the early morning into Rugby Station by Scotch or Irish express, and waiting some two hours

before even a cup of tea could be got. But comparisons are——

Segewold, the starting-point for a tour in the valley of the Aa, is much frequented during the summer months. There are two well-known hotels and four or five *pensions*. The tariff at the largest of the latter, which consists of four houses, is from ten to thirty roubles (one to three pounds) for a bedroom per month; for board, at the rate of one rouble fifty copecks to one rouble seventy-five copecks (three shillings to three-and-sixpence) a day. The walks and the scenery at and around Segewold are lovely; but in addition to the delights of nature there is here, and farther on at Kremon, Treyden, and Wenden—'the Pearl of Livonia'—much historically to interest the student, native or foreigner, since in the many ruined castles, towers, and churches, pages of the province's past vicissitudes are to be read. For Livland has waged wars and fought and struggled with neighbours within and without its borders—Poland, Sweden, and Russia having singly, and sometimes all together, devastated the land. But that is another story. For the moment I am only concerned with relating my reminiscences, and giving the impressions of a first visit with a *Rigenserinn*.

Leaving Riga on Sunday afternoon at four o'clock, we arrived at Segewold soon after six. But if slow, the train journey was not, to me, in the least boring. The Letts were in their modern Sunday best. A young man in our carriage had on a good cloth suit, a superb tie shaded green, brown, and heliotrope, brown boots, and—no stockings! Intending to return to Segewold the next evening, we took a *liniendroschky* to drive to Treyden, situated on the other side of the Aa. This was the most interesting drive I ever had in my life, and, next to another taken in the early morning a few days later, the most enjoyable. Never shall I forget the first glimpse of the Aa, winding through the beautiful valley, its wooded banks on the one side rising here and falling there to show dark ravine or gloomy gorge. A halt was made to have a look at Prince Nikolai Krapotkin's fine estate (a spot round which during many centuries local history centred), and then on we went, jolting along the roughest of roads. The speed at which we drove across a sandy expanse descending to the river was extraordinary, considering the conveyance. At the river-side a primitive floating-bridge awaited us, on to which our steed skilfully scrambled, as did another drawing a vehicle similar to ours. The ferryman tugged us across, while his wife cleared away the numerous loose pieces of wood which, breaking away from the rafts, encumber so many of the Russian rivers.

On the farther side of the Aa forest scenery deepened; and, as we were now ascending, the pace became slower, and oft we stopped to listen to the nightingales or to take a longer look at

the romantic surroundings of the ancient castles of Segewold, Kremon, and Treyden. At Kremon there has arisen a new castle, built by Fürst Paul von Lieven. A point of interest about Kremon is that it is authentically mentioned in 1318, and as the name is of Lettish origin it is computed that the Letts invaded the land of the Livs about that time; invaded to some purpose, too, for the latter have practically been swept out of existence.

It was nine o'clock when we arrived at Treyden's well-known *Gasthaus*, the Schweizer Hof Hotel (over nine hundred feet high). Dinner was over; but a little supper, consisting of cutlets, cold meat, potatoes, beans, a delicious sweet, and tea, was soon ready. Could equivalent fare be got at a village inn in this country? Simpler, as it was, even than perhaps the Norwegian hotels, we nevertheless found here all that was necessary to civilisation. Our bedroom was clean and the beds most comfortable. On our asking for hot water at night, an enormous teapot full was brought, and it was replenished in the morning. The hotel boasted fourteen rooms, and twenty-five beds at one shilling per bed. Breakfast (delicious coffee, rolls, and butter) cost sevenpence halfpenny; dinner, one shilling for two courses (good soup, meat, and vegetables), and one shilling and fourpence for three. *Pension* for the month, three pounds sixteen shillings, or two-and-ninepence by the day. Meals were served on a large general veranda, or on one attached to your bedroom. Further advantages—cheerful attendance, a rest-cure, and no extras. Supper over, the remainder of the evening was spent in walking through the woods and sitting in a beautiful old-fashioned flower-garden, noted for centuries. It is on the estate of an eccentric old baron, and from its high situation on a plateau between two gorges running down to the Aa one gets a magnificent and characteristic view of this lovely little valley. Another picture on this estate is a very beautiful arrangement of lime-trees. They were planted in imitation of the interior of a cathedral; four rows form the nave and side-aisles, while at the east end the chancel is represented. Standing 'like Druids of old' in their height, their strength, and their ecclesiastical dignity, they are the walls and the pillars of a sanctuary where perhaps services were held long before the erection of temples made with hands. We paid more than one visit to garden and cathedral.

From Treyden, amidst romantic forest-clad hill, valley, and river scenery, there are endless walks leading to the many surrounding beauty landscape spots—to Thoreida, Gutmannshöhle, Kremon, and others; and all have their historical and other individual points of interest. The red-sandstone walls of the cave, which gives its name to Gutmannshöhle, are covered with inscriptions, names, and dates going back to the sixteenth century. Needless to say, all the

schools of Riga (and there are many) have left their mark! There is also a record of the visit of Nicholas II. in the year 1860. Wenden and Wolmar take the tourist farther north; but both, within measurable distance one of the other, are easily reached by train from Segewold, or one can drive by post-horse. Wenden, from the earliest times up to the latest, has played a most important part in the history of Livland. But for many years nothing very much more exciting has taken place than an annual agricultural exhibition—a welcome distraction in the otherwise quiet life of the pretty little town, the population of which is about six thousand five hundred. Here, too, are beautiful walks, and the locality is notoriously healthy.

It was with many regrets that we left Treyden, which we did in the early morning, starting at seven o'clock, comfortably seated on the *linientroschky*, to drive to Peterskappelle. We could have gone with post-horses along the Czar's highway; but the drive would not have been so pretty, for our driver (a Lett) took us by bypaths through fields and forests. In turn we passed fields of high-standing rye, full-headed red clover, the pretty-leaved buckwheat, flax, oats, and vegetables of all sorts. It was quite evident from the general appearance of things that agriculture was not neglected. The best-cultivated land and the tidiest-looking farms were those of the Letts, many of whom have built themselves country houses of no mean size. The Government estates were certainly not so prosperous-looking, and the farm-buildings

were sadly in need of repair. Half-way a stop was made at the village *krug* (inn) of Kolzan, now called a tea-house, because there, as at many country inns, alcohol is no longer sold. There is a big Lettish temperance movement going on in Livland, and not before it was needed. The second part of the drive was entirely through forests, along a road made by the proprietor of the estate. The perfume of the pines lingers with me now, and as we approached Peterskappelle, and passed the little church and pretty villas surrounded by them, they became more redolent. Arrived at our destination, we still seemed in the woods, for each of the isolated dwellings stood in its own little coniferous plantation. At Peterskappelle an ideal week was spent, and not a few interesting hours were passed among the Letts, attending their early morning market, their church service, and in hearing from friends of their economic progress since their emancipation.

Since the foregoing was written the enemy has made headway in Courland, and at the beginning of November Hindenburg reported an advance along the railway from Tuckum to Riga. Libau, the important Baltic port of Courland, had been in the hands of the Germans since the spring. The wife of our late Vice-Consul was practically a prisoner, and was not allowed to write to her daughters in England. The present Mayor of Libau bears the Scottish name of Melville. I knew him well when he was a student at St Petersburg; now he has a son fighting in the Russian army.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

A STORY OF 1914.

By LOUIS TRACY, Author of *The Final War*, *Rainbow Island*, *The Terms of Surrender*, &c.

CHAPTER IV.—THE TRAGEDY OF VISÉ.

EARLY as was the hour, a door leading to the dwelling-house stood open. The sound of feet on the cobbled pavement of the mill-yard brought a squat, beetle-browed old man to the threshold. He surveyed the strangers with a curiously haphazard yet piercing underlook. His black eyes held a glint of red. Here was one in a subdued torment of rage, or, it might be, of ill-controlled panic.

'What now?' he grunted, using the local argot.

Dalroy, quick to read character, decided that this crabbed old Walloon was to be won at once or not at all.

'Shall I speak French or German?' he said quietly.

The other spat. '*Qu'est-ce que tu veux que je te dise, moi?*' he demanded. Now, the plain English of that question is, 'What do you wish me to say?' But the expectoration, no less than

the biting tone, lent the words a far deeper meaning.

Dalroy was reassured. 'Are you Monsieur Henri Joos?' he said.

'Ay.'

'This lady and I have come from Aix-la-Chapelle with your man, Maertz.'

'Oh, he's alive, then?'

'I hope so. But may we not enter?'

Joos eyed the engine-cleaner's official cap and soiled clothes, and his suspicious gaze travelled to Dalroy's well-fitting and expensive boots.

'Who the deuce are you?' he snapped.

'I'll tell you if you let us come in.'

'I can't hinder you. It is an order, all doors must be left open.'

Still, he made way, though ungraciously. The refugees found themselves in a spacious kitchen, a comfortable and cleanly place, Dutch in its colourings and generally spick and span

aspect. A comely woman of middle age, and a plump, good-looking girl about as old as Irene, were seated on an oak bench beneath a window. They were clinging to each other, and had evidently listened fearfully to the brief conversation without.

The only signs of disorder in the room were supplied by a quantity of empty wine-bottles, drinking-mugs, soiled plates, and cutlery, spread on a broad table. Irene sank into one of half-a-dozen chairs which had apparently been used by the feasters.

Joos chuckled. His laugh had an ugly sound. 'Pity you weren't twenty minutes sooner,' he guffawed. 'You'd have had company, pleasant company, visitors from across the frontier.'

'I, too, have crossed the frontier,' said Irene, a wan smile lending pathos to her beauty. 'I travelled with Germans from Berlin. If I saw a German now I think I should die.'

At that Madame Joos rose. 'Calm thyself, Henri,' she said. 'These people are friends.'

'Maybe,' retorted her husband. He turned on Dalroy with surprising energy, seeing that he was some twenty years older than his wife. 'You say that you came with Maertz,' he went on. 'Where is he? He has been absent four days.'

By this time Dalroy thought he had taken the measure of his man. No matter what the outcome to himself personally, Miss Beresford must be helped. She could go no farther without food and rest. He risked everything on the spin of a coin. 'We are English,' he said, speaking very slowly and distinctly, so that each syllable should penetrate the combined brains of the Joos family. 'We were only trying to leave Germany, meaning harm to none, but were arrested as spies at Aix-la-Chapelle. We escaped by a ruse. I knocked a man silly, and took some of his clothes. Then we happened on Maertz at a corner of Franz-Strasse, and persuaded him to give us a lift. We jogged along all right until we reached the cross-roads beyond the hill there;' and he pointed in the direction of the wood. 'A German officer refused to allow us to pass, but a motor transport knocked the wagon over, and this lady and I were thrown into a field. We got away in the confusion, and made for a cowshed lying well back from the road and on the slope of the hill. At that point my friend fainted, luckily for herself, because, when I examined the shed, I found the corpse of an old woman there. She had evidently been about to milk a black-and-white cow when she was bayoneted by a German soldier'—

He was interrupted by a choking sob from Madame Joos, who leaned a hand on the table for support. In pose and features she would have served as a model for Hans Memling's 'portrait' of Saint Elizabeth, which in happier

days used to adorn the hospital at Bruges. 'The Widow Jaquinot!' she gasped.

'Of course, madame, I don't know the poor creature's name. I was wondering how to act for the best, when two soldiers came to the stable. I heard what they were saying. One of them admitted that he had stabbed the old woman; his words also implied that he and his comrade had violated her granddaughter. So I picked up a milking-stool and killed both of them. I took one of their rifles, which, with its bayonet and a number of cartridges, I hid at the top of the ravine. This is the pail which I found in the shed. No doubt it belongs to the Jaquinot household. Now, I have told you the actual truth. I ask nothing for myself. If I stay here, even though you permit it, my presence will certainly bring ruin on you. So I shall go at once. But I *do* ask you, as Christian people, to safeguard this young English lady, and, when conditions permit, and she has recovered her strength, to guide her into Holland—unless, that is, these German beasts are attacking the Dutch too.'

For a brief space there was silence. Dalroy looked fixedly at Joos, trying to read Irene Beresford's fate in those black, glowing eyes. The womenfolk were won already; but well he knew that in this Belgian nook the patriarchal principle that a man is lord and master in his own house would find unquestioned acceptance. He was aware that Irene's gaze was riveted on him in a strangely magnetic way. It was one thing that he should say calmly, 'So I picked up a milking-stool and killed both of them,' but quite another that Irene should visualise in the light of her rare intelligence the epic force of the tragedy enacted while she lay unconscious in the depths of a hedgerow. Dalroy could tell, Heaven knows how, that her very soul was peering at him. In that tense moment he knew that he was her man for ever. But—*surgit amari aliquid!* A wave of bitterness welled up from heart to brain because of the conviction that if he would, indeed, be her true knight, he must leave her within the next few seconds. Yet his resolution did not waver. Not once did his glance swerve from Joos's wizened face.

It was the miller himself who first broke the spell cast on the curiously assorted group by Dalroy's story. He stretched out a hand and took the pail. 'This is fresh milk,' he said, examining the dregs.

'Yes. I milked the cow. The poor animal was in pain, and my friend and I wanted the milk.'

'You milked the cow—before?'

'No. After.'

'*Grand Dieu!* you're English, without doubt.'

Joos turned the pail upside-down, appraising it critically. 'Yes,' he said, 'it's one of Dupont's. I remember her buying it. She gave him fifty

kilos of potatoes for it. She stuck him, he said. Half the potatoes were black. A rare hand at a bargain, the *Veuve Jaquinot*. And she's dead, you tell me. A bayonet-thrust?'

'Two.'

Madame Joos burst into hysterical sobbing. Her husband whisked round on her with that singular alertness of movement which was one of his most marked characteristics.

'Peace, wife!' he snapped. 'Isn't that what we're all coming to? What matter to Dupont now whether the potatoes were black or sound?'

Dalroy guessed that Dupont was the iron-monger of Visé. He was gaining a glimpse, too, of the indomitable soul of Belgium. Though itching for information, he checked the impulse, because time pressed horribly.

'Well,' he said, 'will you do what you can for the lady? The Germans have spared you. You have fed them. They may treat you decently. I'll make it worth while. I have plenty of money'—

Irene stood up. 'Monsieur,' she said, and her voice was sweet as the song of a robin, 'it is idle to speak of saving one without the other. Where Monsieur Dalroy goes I go. If he dies, I die.'

For the first time since entering the mill Dalroy dared to look at her. In the sharp, crisp light of advancing day her blue eyes held a tint of violet. Tear-drops glistened in the long lashes; but she smiled wistfully, as though pleading for forgiveness.

'That is sheer nonsense,' he cried in English, making a miserable failure of the anger he tried to assume. 'You ought to be reasonably safe here. By insisting on remaining with me you deliberately sacrifice both our lives. That is, I mean,' he added hastily, aware of a slip, 'you prevent me too from taking the chance of escape that offers.'

'If that were so I would not thrust myself on you,' she answered. 'But I know the Germans. I know how they mean to wage war. They make no secret of it. They intend to strike terror into every heart at the outset. They are not men, but super-brutes. You saw Von Halwig at Berlin, and again at Aix-la-Chapelle. If a titled Prussian can change his superficial manners—not his nature, which remains invariably bestial—to that extent in a day, before he has even the excuse of actual war, what will the same man become when roused to fury by resistance? But we must not talk English.' She turned to Joos. 'Tell us, then, monsieur,' she said, grave and serious as Pallas Athena questioning Perseus, 'have not the Prussians already ravaged and destroyed Visé?'

The old man's face suddenly lost its bronze, and became ivory-white. His features grew convulsed. He resembled one of those grotesque masks carved by Japanese artists to simulate a

demon. 'Curse them!' he shrilled. 'Curse them in life and in death—man, woman, and child! What has Belgium done that she should be harried by a pack of wolves? Who can say what wolves will do?'

Joos was aboil with vitriolic passion. There was no knowing how long this tirade might have gone on had not a speckled hen stalked firmly in through the open door with obvious and settled intent to breakfast on crumbs.

'*Ciel!*' cackled the orator. 'Not a fowl was fed overnight!'

In real life, as on the stage, comedy and tragedy oft go hand-in-hand. But the speckled hen deserved a good meal. Her entrance undoubtedly stemmed the floodtide of her owner's patriotic wrath, and thus enabled the five people in the kitchen to overhear a hoarse cry from the roadway: 'Hi, there, *dummer Esel!* whither goest thou? This is Joos's mill.'

'Quick, Léontine!' cried Joos. 'To the second loft with them! Sharp, now!'

In this unexpected crisis Dalroy could neither protest nor refuse to accompany the girl, who led him and Irene up a back-stair and through a well-stored granary to a ladder which communicated with a trap-door.

'I'll bring you some coffee and eggs as soon as I can,' she whispered. 'Draw up the ladder, and close the door. It's not so bad up there. There's a window, but take care you aren't seen. Maybe,' she added tremulously, 'you are safer than we now.'

Dalroy realised that it was best to obey.

'Courage, mademoiselle!' he said. 'God is still in heaven, and all will be well with the world.'

'Please, monsieur, what became of Jan Maertz?' she inquired timidly.

'I'm not quite certain, but I think he fell clear of the wagon. The Germans should not have ill-treated him. The collision was not his fault.'

The girl sobbed, and left them. Probably the gruff Walloon was her lover.

Irene climbed first. Dalroy followed, raised the ladder noiselessly, and lowered the trap. His brow was seamed with foreboding, as, despite his desire to leave his companion in the care of the miller's household, he had an instinctive feeling that he was acting unwisely. Moreover, like every free man, he preferred to seek the open when in peril. Now he felt himself caged.

Therefore was he amazed when Irene laughed softly. 'How readily you translate Browning into French!' she said.

He gazed at her in wonderment. Less than an hour ago she had fainted under the stress of hunger and dread, yet here was she talking as though they had met in the breakfast-room of an English country house. He would have said something, but the ancient mill trembled under the sudden crash of artillery. The roof creaked,

the panes of glass in the dormer window rattled, and fragments of mortar fell from the walls. Unmindful, for the moment, of Léontine Joos's warning, Dalroy went to the window, which commanded a fine view of the town, river, and opposite heights.

The pontoon bridge was broken. Several pontoons were in splinters. The others were swinging with the current toward each bank. Six Belgian field-pieces had undone the night's labour, and a lively rat-tat of rifles, mixed with the stutter of machine-guns, proved that the defenders were busy among the Germans trapped on the north bank. The heavier ordnance brought to the front by the enemy soon took up the challenge; troops occupying the town, which, for the most part, lies on the south bank, began to cover the efforts of the Engineers, instantly renewed. History was being written in blood that morning on both sides of the Meuse. The splendid defence offered by a small Belgian force was thwarting the advance of the 9th German Army Corps. Similarly, the 10th and 7th were being held up at Verviers and on the direct road from Aix to Liège respectively. All this meant that General Leman, the heroic Commander-in-Chief at Liège, was given most precious time to garrison that strong fortress, construct wire entanglements, lay mines, and destroy roads and railways; which, again, meant that Von Emmich's sledge-hammer blows with three army corps failed to overwhelm Liège in accordance with the dastardly plan drawn up by the German staff.

Dalroy, though he might not realise the marvellous fact then, was in truth a spectator of a serious German defeat. Even in the conditions, he was aglow with admiration for the pluck of the Belgians in standing up so valiantly against the merciless might of Germany. The window was dust-laden as the outcome of earlier gun-fire, and he was actually on the point of opening it, when Irene stopped him.

'Those men below may catch sight of you,' she said.

He stepped back hurriedly. Two forage-carts had been brought into the yard, and preparations were being made to load them with oats and hay. A truculent-looking sergeant actually lifted his eyes to that particular window. But he could not see through the dimmed panes, and was only estimating the mill's probable contents.

Dalroy laughed constrainedly. 'You are the better soldier of the two,' he said. 'I nearly blundered. Still, I wish the window was open. I want to size up the chances of the Belgians. Those are bigger guns which are answering, and a duel between big guns and little ones can have only one result.'

Seemingly the German battery of quick-firers had located its opponents, because the din now became terrific. As though in response to Dalroy's desire, three panes of glass fell out owing

to atmospheric concussion, and the watchers in the loft could follow with ease the central phase of the struggle. The noise of the battle was redoubled by the accident to the window, and the air-splitting snarl of the high-explosive shells fired by the 5·9's in the effort to destroy the Belgian guns was specially deafening. That sound, more than any other, seemed to affect Irene's nerves. Involuntarily she clung to Dalroy's arm, and he, with no other intent than to reassure her, drew her trembling form close.

It was evident that the assailants were suffering heavy losses. Scores of men fell every few minutes among the bridge-builders, while casualties were frequent among the troops lining the quays. Events on the Belgian side of the river were not so marked; but even Irene could make out the precise moment when the defenders' fire slackened, and the line of pontoons began to reach out again toward the farther shore.

'Are the poor Belgians beaten, then?' she asked, with a tender sympathy which showed how lightly she estimated her own troubles in comparison with the agony of a whole nation.

'I think not,' said Dalroy. 'I imagine they have changed the position of some, at least, of their guns, and will knock that bridge to smithereens again just as soon as it nears completion.'

The forage-carts rumbled out of the yard. Dalroy noticed that the soldiers wore linen covers over the somewhat showy *Pickel-hauben*, though the regiments he had seen in Aix-la-Chapelle swaggered through the streets in their ordinary helmets. This was another instance of German thoroughness. The invisibility of the gray-green uniform was not so patent when the *Pickel-haube* lent its glint, but no sooner had the troops crossed the frontier than the linen cover was adjusted, and the masses of men became almost merged in the browns and greens of the landscape.

The two were so absorbed in the drama being fought out before their eyes that they were quite startled by a series of knocks on the boarded floor. Dalroy crept to the trap-door and listened. Then, during an interval between the salvoes of artillery, he heard Léontine's voice, 'Monsieur! Mademoiselle!'

He pulled up the trap. Beneath stood Léontine, with a long pole in her hands. Beside her, on the floor, was a laden tray.

'I've brought you something to eat,' she said. 'Father thinks you had better remain there at present. The Germans say they will soon cross the river, as they intend taking Liège to-night.'

Not until they had eaten some excellent rolls and butter, with boiled eggs, and drunk two cups of hot coffee, did they realise how ravenously hungry they were. Then Dalroy persuaded Irene to lie down on a pile of sacks, and, amid all the racket of a fierce engagement, she slept the sleep of sheer exhaustion. Thus he was left on guard,

as it were, and saw the pontoons once more demolished.

After that he, too, curled up against the wall and slept. The sound of rifle-shots close at hand awoke him. His first care was for the girl, but she lay motionless. Then he looked out. There was renewed excitement in the main road, but only a few feet of it was visible from the attic. A number of women and children ran past, all screaming, and evidently in a state of terror. Several houses in the town were on fire, and the smoke hung over the river in such clouds as to obscure the north bank.

Old Henri Joos came hurriedly into the yard. He was gesticulating wildly, and Dalroy heard a door bang as he vanished. Refusing to be penned up any longer without news of what was happening, Dalroy lowered the ladder, and, after ascertaining that Irene was still asleep, descended. He made his way to the kitchen, pausing only to find out whether or not it held any German soldiers.

Joos's shrill voice, raised in malediction of all Prussians, soon decided that fact. He spoke in the local *patois*, but straightway branched off into French interlarded with German when Dalroy appeared.

'Those hogs!' he almost screamed. 'Those swine-dogs! They can't beat our brave boys of the 3rd Regiment, so what do you think they're doing now? Murdering men, women, and children out of mere spite. The devils from hell pretended that the townsfolk were shooting at them; so they began to stab, and shoot, and burn in all directions. The officers are worse than the men. Three came here in an automobile, and marked on the gate that the mill was not to be burnt—they want my grain, you see; and as they were driving off again young Jan Smit ran by. Poor lad, he was breathless with fear. They asked him if he had seen another car like theirs, but he could only stutter. One of them laughed, and said, "I'll work a miracle, and cure him." Then he whipped out a revolver and shot the boy dead. Some soldiers with badges on their arms saw this. One of them yelled, "*Man hat geschossen!*" ("The people have been shooting!"), though it was their own officer who fired, and he and the others threw little bombs into the nearest cottages, and squirted petrol in through the windows. Madame Didier, who has been bedridden for years, was burnt alive in that way. They have a regular corps of men for the job. Then, "to punish the town," as they said, they took twenty of our chief citizens, lined them up in the market-place, and fired volleys at them. There was Dupont, and the Abbé Courvoisier, and Monsieur Philippe the notary, and—ah, *mon Dieu!* I don't know—all my old friends. The Prussian beasts will come here soon.—Wife! Léontine! how can I save you? They are devils—devils, I tell you—devils mad with drink and anger. A few scratches in

chalk on our gate won't hold them back. They may be here any moment. You, mademoiselle, had better go with Léontine here and drown yourselves in the mill-dam. Heaven help me, that is the only advice a father can give!'

Dalroy turned. Irene stood close behind. She knew when he left the garret, and had followed swiftly. She confessed afterwards that she thought he meant to carry out his self-denying project, and leave her.

'You are mistaken, Monsieur Joos,' she said now, speaking with an aristocratic calm which had an immediate effect on the miller and his distraught womenfolk. 'You do not know the German soldier. He is a machine that obeys orders. He will kill, or not kill, exactly as he is bidden. If your house has been excepted it is absolutely safe.'

She was right. The mill was one of the places in Visé spared by German malice that day. A well-defined section of the little town was given up to murder, and loot, and fire, and rapine. Scenes were enacted which are indescribable. A brutal soldiery glutted its worst passions on an unarmed and defenceless population. The hour was near when some hysterical folk would tell of the apparition of angels at Mons; but old Henri Joos was unquestionably right when he spoke of the presence of devils in Visé.

The miller's volcanic outburst seemed to have exhausted itself; he subsided to the oaken bench, leaned forward, elbows on knees, and thrust his clenched fists against his ears as though he would shut out the deafening clamour of the guns. This attitude of dejection evidently alarmed Madame Joos. She forgot her own fears in solicitude for her husband. Bending over him, she patted his shoulder with a maternal hand, since every woman is at heart a mother—a mother first and essentially.

'Maybe the lady is right, Henri,' she said tenderly. 'Young as she is, she may understand these things better than countryfolk like us.'

'Ah, Lise!' he moaned, 'you would have dropped dead had you seen poor Dupont. He wriggled for a long minute after he fell. And the Abbé, with his white hair! Some animal of a Prussian fired at his face.'

'Don't talk about it,' urged his wife. 'It is bad for you to get so excited. Remember, the doctor warned you'—

'The doctor! Dr Lafarge! A soldier hammered on the surgery door with the butt of his rifle, and, when the doctor came out, twirled the rifle and stabbed him right through the body. I saw it. It was like a conjuring trick. I was giving an officer some figures about the contents of the mill. The doctor screamed, and clutched at the bayonet with both hands. And who do you think the murderer was?'

Madame Joos's healthy red cheeks had turned

a ghastly yellow, but she contrived to stammer, 'Dieu! The poor doctor! But how should I know?'

'The barber, Karl Schwartz.'

'Karl a soldier!'

'More, a sergeant. He lived and worked among us ten years—a spy. It was the doctor who got him fined for beating his wife. No wonder Monsieur Lafarge used to say there were too many Germans in Belgium. The officer I was talking to watched the whole thing. He

was a fat man, and wore spectacles for writing. He lifted them, and screwed up his eyes, so, like a pig, to read the letters on the brass door-plate. "*Almachtig!*" he said, grinning; "a successful operation on a doctor by a patient." I saw red. I felt in my pocket for a knife. I meant to rip open his paunch. Then one of our shells burst near us, and he scuttled. The wind of the explosion knocked me over, so I came home.'

(Continued on page 85.)

SOME IRISH SUPERSTITIONS.

By REGINALD B. SPAN.

THE Irish are pre-eminently superstitious. The old legends and beliefs whose origins are lost in the mists of antiquity still cling to the Irish people, and obtain credence even in this matter-of-fact age. The fairies still dance (for the Irish) on moonlight nights, as they did in the days of yore; though to-day, with the advance of civilisation, they are constantly retreating into the wilderness and making new haunts. The banshee still wails before the death of the scion of 'good old Irish families,' undeterred by the fact that it is the twentieth century, the age of wonderful material progress and mechanical achievement.

Other death-warnings attached to ancient families still survive, of which the most remarkable is that of the Gormanstown foxes. The crest of that noble family is a running fox, while the same animal also forms one of the supporters of the coat of arms. The story is that when the head of the house is dying, the foxes—not spectral foxes, but creatures of flesh and blood—leave the coverts and congregate at Gormanstown Castle. This strange death-warning has been in the family for centuries, and its cause and origin are unknown, but probably there is some weird legend connected with it.

It will only be necessary to relate what occurred at the death of the last three viscounts to show that there is good evidence for the general belief in the story. When Jenico, the twelfth Viscount Gormanstown, was dying, in the year 1860, a large number of foxes were noticed about the country-side several days before his death, and appeared to be proceeding toward Gormanstown Castle. The day before his death foxes were seen in the gardens and close round the house; and on the day of his death they had become so bold as to advance on to the terrace beneath the dying viscount's windows. Three foxes were first noticed gambolling about and making a curious noise close to the house and just in front of the old yew-tree avenue known as The Cloisters. The Hon. Mrs Farrell, who witnessed the extraordinary spectacle, stated that the foxes came down the yew-tree avenue,

and took up a position beneath the windows where they instinctively knew that death was taking place, and then commenced to howl and make weird noises at intervals all night. The next morning they were seen crouching in stealthy fashion in the grass and bushes in front of and around the house. They passed through the poultry and never attempted to touch them; nor did they do damage of any kind. After the funeral they entirely disappeared.

Edward, the thirteenth viscount, died in 1876. On the morning of the day of his death he was feeling better than he had done for some time; but the fateful warning was there all the same, as foxes were seen in the garden, and several came and barked beneath the windows of the room where Lord Gormanstown was sitting. That evening, contrary to expectations, he had a sudden relapse, became seriously ill, and died.

The fourteenth Lord Gormanstown was not at the castle at the time of his decease, but passed away in Dublin on 28th October 1907. The foxes, however, turned up at the castle just the same, though not so soon as they generally did. About eight o'clock that night the coachman and gardener saw two foxes near the private chapel of the castle (where the body would eventually be brought from Dublin before interment), and six more round the front of the house, and several whining and 'crying' in the yew-tree grove. After Lord Gormanstown's body had been brought to the castle for burial, the Hon. Richard Preston was in the chapel watching beside it, and about 3 A.M. he heard a curious 'shuffling' noise, then a sound as if a number of people were walking stealthily about with bare feet on the gravel outside. He opened the side-door of the chapel and listened, and heard a continuous sniffing and whimpering, and some scratching at the big entrance-door. On opening it he found a large fox sitting on the path within a yard of him. Just in the shadow was another, while several could be heard moving about in the darkness beyond. He then went to the end door opposite the

altar, and saw two more foxes, one so close that he could have touched it. The noise continued all night till 5 A.M., when it ceased suddenly.

In County Limerick there is a well-known death-warning which occurs in the Scanlan family, and takes the form of flames of fire outside the house, and bright lights inside, and is known as the Scanlan Lights. The Scanlans of Ballyknockane, in Limerick, are a very ancient family, descended from the kings of Ossory, and it is in connection with one of these Irish kings—Scanlan Mor, who died A.D. 640—that the death-warning takes its origin (or such is the tradition). Briefly, the legend is as follows. Scanlan Mor was cast into prison by the Ard-Righ of Ireland, and loaded with fetters. When St Colum-cille, who was attending the Synod of Drom Cead, heard of it, he begged that he should be liberated, but the Ard-Righ roughly refused. St Colum-cille therefore declared that, in spite of all opposition, the king should be set free, and that very night, too. Colum-cille then departed; and at midnight a pillar of fire appeared over Scanlan Mor's prison, and the bright light, flashing into the room where he lay asleep, awoke him. Then a voice bade him rise and shake off his fetters, which, in amazement, he did, and he was conducted out past the affrighted guards by an angel in shining white robes. He was met by St Colum-cille, who afforded him his protection ever after. Such is the traditional origin of the Scanlan Lights; though Canon Carrigan, in his *History of the Diocese of Ossory*, shows that this legend should rather be connected with Scanlan, son of Ceannfaeladh.

These lights appear before the death of any member of the Scanlans of Ballyknockane. The present head of the family saw the lights first as a pillar of fire with a radiated top outside the house, and then inside the house by one of the rooms being brilliantly lighted at midnight when no one was in it. Four persons in County Limerick have seen the lights on Knockfierna, near Ballyknockane, before the death of a Scanlan, one of the four being William Scanlan, J.P., who a few years ago saw the flames on the hillside just before his aunt died. In 1913 the lights appeared on the eve of the death of a relation of the present owner of Ballyknockane.

The most famous banshee of olden times was that attached to the kingly family of O'Brien, generally known as Aibhill, which haunted the rock of Craglea, above Killaloe. Before the battle of Clontarf (A.D. 1014), Aibhill appeared to the warrior king Brian Boru, and warned him of his death, which occurred twelve hours later. In olden times the banshee was always seen, but nowadays it is always heard, though very rarely seen. It generally manifests its presence by a wailing noise. The following is a typical instance of the quite modern banshee.

In March 1900 an Irish lady, a Mrs P., was

very ill, and was attended by one of her daughters and a nurse. One evening, as they were arranging the invalid's bed, an extraordinary wailing noise commenced quite close to them, and seemed to come first from over the bed and then from under it, and to proceed round the room. They searched everywhere, but could find nothing to account for the wailing. Another daughter, who was downstairs, heard the noise, and thought at first it was her little boy, who was in bed upstairs, crying and shrieking, and that something terrible must have happened to him; but on going to his room she found him asleep. The people in the house adjoining heard it, and came to inquire what had happened. When they found that the noise was unaccounted for, one of them exclaimed, 'It's the banshee! Mrs P. must be dying.' So it proved to be, as the old lady died soon after.

In connection with the banshee a curious incident occurred in a public school a few years ago. One of the boys, being ill, occupied a room by himself, and had medical attendance. One morning, when the doctor called to see him, he suddenly exclaimed that he could hear some one crying and wailing in the room, and making a horrible noise. The doctor could hear nothing, and concluded that the illness had slightly affected the boy's brain. However, the boy persisted that he could hear some one wailing, and then added, 'I know what it is. It's the banshee. I've heard it before.' The next day the headmaster received a telegram saying that the boy's brother had been accidentally shot dead.

The following legend (which is related by Lord Walter Fitzgerald) is one of that kind which have no evidence of value in support of the facts, but it has been handed down from generation to generation in the Fitzgerald family, and should deserve our respect if only for its antiquity. When Garrett Oge (Gerald the Younger), the eleventh Earl of Kildare, died in London, on 16th November 1585, his body was brought back to Ireland and buried in St Brigid's Cathedral in Kildare. He was known as the Wizard Earl, on account of his practising the black art, whereby he was enabled to transform himself into bird or animal, according to his choice; and so notorious was his power that he became the terror of the country-side. His wife, the countess, had long wished to see some proof of his skill, but he had always refused to gratify her curiosity, as he said that if he did, and she became afraid, he would be taken from her, and she would never see him again. Still she persisted, and at last he said he would grant her request on condition that she first underwent three trials to test her courage. In the first trial the river Greese, which flows past the castle walls, overflowed its banks at a sign from the earl, and flooded the great hall in which they were sitting. The countess showed no sign of fear, so at the earl's command the waters re-

turned to their natural course. In the second trial a great serpent-like monster entered by one of the windows, and, after crawling about amongst the furniture, finally coiled itself around the countess; but still she showed no fear, and at a word from the earl the creature left her and vanished. In the third trial an intimate friend of the countess, who had died some time before, entered the room, and passing slowly by her, went out at the other end; but this did not frighten the countess in the least, so the earl felt he could safely turn himself into another shape in her presence. He then transformed himself into a black-bird, and flew about; but a black cat appeared from under a chest and sprang at the bird, and this so terrified the countess that she screamed and fainted. When she recovered she was alone, the bird and cat had disappeared, and she never saw the earl again. It is said that he and his knights lie in an enchanted sleep, with their horses beside them, in a cave under the Rath on the Hill of Mullaghmast, which stands five miles north of Kilkea Castle. Once in seven years they are allowed to come forth, when they gallop round the Curragh, thence across country to Kilkea Castle, where they re-enter the haunted wing, and then return to the Rath of Mullaghmast.

In connection with this legend there are several stories extant, one of which is as follows. Shortly before '98 a blacksmith was crossing the Curragh in a donkey-cart from Athgarvan to Kildare, and when in a wild, lonely part he heard horses galloping up behind him. Pulling to one side of the road, he looked back, and was terrified at seeing a troop of knights, fully armed, led by one on a white horse. The leader halted his men, and, riding up to the blacksmith, asked him to examine the shoes of his horse. Almost helpless from fear, he stumbled out of his cart and looked at each shoe, which was of silver, and then informed the knight that all the nails were sound. The knight thanked him, rejoined his troop, and they galloped off. On reaching Kildare the man entered a public-house, ordered a noggin of whisky, drank it neat, and then, feeling more himself again, he related to those present what had befallen him on the Curragh. One old man, who knew the folklore of the country intimately, exclaimed, 'By the mortal, man, ye are afther seein' Gerod Earla!' This fully explained the mystery. Gerod Earla, or Earl Gerald, is the name by which the Wizard Earl is known to the peasantry.

Phantom coaches are numerous in Ireland. Here is an account of one seen by a clergyman, a gold medallist of Trinity College, Dublin, and known throughout the whole of the north of Ireland as a most level-headed man. This gentleman occupied an old rectory a few miles from a manufacturing town in County Down. From the main road to the house there was a private avenue, which ended in a gravel sweep in front

of the hall door. One winter evening, when he was returning from a sick call, a carriage going at a sharp pace passed him in the avenue. He hurried on, thinking it was some particular friends coming to see him; but when he reached the door no carriage was to be seen, so he concluded it must have gone round to the stables. The servant who answered his ring said that no visitors had called, and on making inquiries at the stables he learnt that no vehicle of any kind had been there. Those of the household who were sitting in the drawing-room had also heard the carriage draw up. The clergyman was positive he had seen a closed carriage with lamps lit. On another occasion a servant, coming back late from a visit to her home, met the phantom carriage driving down the avenue, but had no idea that it was not a real vehicle. She happened to mention to the cook that she was nearly run over by a carriage in the avenue, and asked who the visitors were. As a matter of fact, no vehicle of any kind had been in the avenue that evening, or anywhere near the house. The occupants of the rectory heard the phantom coach many times, but only twice was it seen.

Another instance of a similar phenomenon is related by Mr Mathias Fitzgerald, Cappagh House, County Limerick. One moonlight night he was driving along the road from Askeaton to Limerick, when he heard coming up behind him the roll of wheels, the clatter of horses' hoofs, and the jingling of bits. He drew over to his own side to let the carriage pass, but nothing came by. He looked back, but could see nothing; the road was bare and empty, though the sounds were still quite audible. This continued for about twenty minutes, until he came to a cross-road, down which he had to turn. As he turned off he heard the invisible carriage dash past rapidly along the straight road. He found out later that other persons had had a similar experience.

Phantom dogs play a large part in Irish superstitions. As an instance, there are the Spectral Hounds of Doneraile, in County Cork, which have been seen and heard by several reputable witnesses. The writer met a Mr Hornibrook at Limerick, who had both seen and heard these hounds in Doneraile Park when he was park-keeper to Lord Doneraile. His son was with him at the time, and witnessed the same extraordinary spectacle. It was a bright moonlight night, and they were crossing the park after seeing that all the gates were closed, when suddenly they heard the baying of a pack of hounds in full cry coming rapidly towards them. They stepped into the shadow of some trees and waited to see what extraordinary thing was happening, as they knew it was impossible that any hounds could be in the park, enclosed as it was by high walls and locked gates. Round a bend of the plantation came a pack of foxhounds, followed by a solitary horseman on a big black horse.

They passed so close that the Hornibrooks could hear the panting of the hounds, and then, sweeping across the greensward at a tremendous rate, they were lost to view. The horseman was stated to be the third Viscount Doneraile. The legend is well known in the country around, and the present Lord Doneraile is fully aware of it. A brief account of this phenomenon appeared in the *Occult Review* some years ago, with a letter from Lord Doneraile regarding it.

Professor Barrett, F.R.S., personally investigated some of the weird occurrences in Ireland, and in a paper read by him before the Society for Psychical Research (*Proceedings*, August 1911),

gave the result of his inquiries, and stated that there was very little room to doubt the genuineness of the phenomena he had seen and carefully investigated. One of the conclusions he drew from his study of the subject was that 'the widespread belief of the Irish in fairies, pixies, gnomes, brownies, &c. probably rests on the varied manifestations of *poltergeists*.' A *poltergeist* is an unseen entity which manifests its presence by making unaccountable noises, moving things about, and playing pranks on human beings; such manifestations are very common in Ireland, and at the root of many of their superstitions.

TRANSMISSION OF CODE MESSAGES.

WHAT the diplomat calls 'notes' are the official messages exchanged between ambassadors, consuls, and the Government. During the present European war the amount of this correspondence has been much greater than before. The notes from the United States to its representatives in Germany and other European countries are, of course, in a cipher known only to the officials who send and receive them. Even the cable operator who transmits them knows nothing of their contents. The code message is composed of ordinary words, used apparently in a meaningless way. Each word represents a phrase or sentence. Thus 'Peni-stone' in one code means 'Can't make an offer.'

Every Government has a special cipher compiled by its experts. The cipher is, however, a somewhat defective method of securing secrecy, as it is almost impossible to baffle the cipher unraveller. During the Spanish-American war the Spaniards were surprised at the seeming laxity of the Americans in allowing a certain cable to be used by them; and they poured through cipher messages which were duly received and acknowledged by their agents. The senders and recipients little dreamed that every message which was sent by that cable passed first through the hands of the Americans, and was read by them. To the surprise of the Spaniards, the supposed secret messages led to operations that disastrously foiled some of their movements.

How the notes are enciphered, coded, guarded against errors, cabled, deciphered, and yet their secrecy preserved is one of the features of interest concerning these international communications. While important papers come through the American State Department, and always bear the signature of the Secretary of State, it is generally known that President Wilson composes some of the more important notes, which are then considered by the Cabinet, and later by the legal staff.

Before an important note is placed on the wire

it is generally the custom to check the accuracy of the cipher by deciphering it and comparing the result with the original. When a note of this kind is transmitted, only those having access to the code-book, or a clever cipher unraveller, would be able to understand a word of it.

The code-book is the cipher dictionary. The books from which the symbols are taken—the latter represented by figures and letters, and sometimes by groups of both, with spaces—are kept in lockfast safes when not in use, and none but trusted persons employed in this particular branch of the American State Department work have access to them. The code-books of the State Department are guarded with the same vigilance as the code of the navy.

An account of the method by which President Wilson's notes were despatched to the German Foreign Minister recently appeared in the *Telegraph and Telephone Age*. After the Secretary of State had affixed his signature, he handed it to the chief clerk of the State Department, who had the pages of the notes, consisting of approximately fifteen hundred words, distributed among the cipher clerks, and the work of enciphering began. Before important notes are placed on the wire, it is, as already mentioned, the custom generally to prove the accuracy of the coding by deciphering and comparing the result with the original. The *Lusitania* note was tested in this way, and did not leave the hands of the chief cipher clerk until he had satisfied himself that when decoded by the Ambassador in Berlin it would be identical, word for word, with the note as the President wrote it. The first page was coded at 2 P.M., and an operator began to telegraph it from the State Department to the Commercial Cable Company's office at New York. At this stage the message was in the form of a stream of dots and dashes, which the operator in the cable office retranslated into the same coded form in which it existed at Washington. As the sheets were

written up by this man they were handed to the cable operator, who proceeded to transmit it over the submarine cable in another disguise. The same system of Morse code employed on land lines is not used for submarine cabling, and another system, known as the Continental cable code, is used. Messages, instead of being hand-keyed, are sent by an automatic transmitter. The nearest example to the operation of this machine is an automatic piano-player. As in the latter the musical composition is disguised in a maze of perforations in a paper roll, so in the cable transmitter the message exists in the form of a procession of small round holes in a continuous strip of paper. Simultaneously with the clicking of the automatic transmitter in the office of the cable company, the signals are received on a recorder at the distant end on a paper tape which runs through the recorder, and a delicate glass siphon draws a fine ink-line on it. When no signals are passing, this line lies in the middle of the slip perfectly straight. When a 'dot' arrives the siphon draws a little hump above the line, while if a 'dash' is sent the hump is below. Thus the signals in a message are represented by a continuous line full of hills and valleys. Hopelessly unmeaning as this line may appear to the uninitiated, the expert operator is able to read it as quickly and with as much certainty as if it were ordinary print. The expert receiving operator translates this as fast as the siphon traces out the mysterious symbols, and if one were to compare the copy he makes it would be found identical with the coded message which a few minutes ago was being keyed on from Washington to New York.

Once more it is despatched over other wires, until finally it is typed out for the last time in its coded form; and then comes the very difficult and lengthy process of decoding, performed with the help of the key in the hands of the Ambassador at Berlin.

At the outbreak of the war Germany had eleven submarine cables. Five of these—the most important of all—landed at Borkum. Two of the cables ran to the Azores, and placed Germany in communication with the United States. One went to Brest, another to Vigo, and another to Teneriffe. As all these cables passed through the English Channel, they were promptly cut. Between England and Germany there were seven cables, and communication by these at once passed under British control. Looking out for an outlet on the north, Germany might seek to send and receive messages through Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Holland; but such messages would reach Britain or France, and so fall under the eye of vigilant censors. In the south Germany was equally unfortunate. The cables laid east and west in the Mediterranean are the property of the Eastern Telegraph Company, a British concern, and land on British soil. Should Germany wish to tele-

graph to Africa she would find herself in the same dilemma—the certainty of her telegrams passing through British hands. She would be no better off if she tried to telegraph to India or China overland, as there are no lines she could use except such as are controlled by the Allies.

Perhaps nothing has contributed more to the commercial supremacy of Britain than her enterprise with regard to the submarine cable. During the last sixty years Britain has excelled all other countries in her quick communication with the remote parts of the world. Europe received its news through London. When at last other countries sought to free themselves from this monopoly they had to seek British aid. When France and Germany desired to possess cables of their own to America, they had to get Britain to manufacture and lay the cables for them. In late years factories for the making of cables have been established by Germany at Ordenham, by France at Calais, and by Italy at Spezia. The foreign manufactories were started with Government subsidies, and the awakening of Governments to the value of cables has been remarkable. Until a few years ago the submarine telegraphs were all in private hands, the capital being wholly subscribed by the public. There are at present no fewer than two thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven cables, and of the various Governments the British hold the largest number.

Of the messages sent by the submarine cables, 90 per cent. are on business. It is estimated that the British spend about three thousand five hundred pounds a day on telegrams to the United States, one thousand pounds a day on cables to Australia, and another one thousand pounds a day on cables to India, South Africa, China, and the East.

The rate for ordinary telegrams to New York is one shilling per word, but the price to some of the states is considerably higher. The cheapest ordinary message to Canada costs the same per word as to New York.

WHEN I SHALL ASK.

I WILL not ask you for your love
 When other suitors seek it too,
 When half the world shall stand in awe,
 And hunger for a word from you;
 Nor will I ask for it when fame
 Has scattered gold about your way,
 And life is like a summer's day—
 I will not ask you then.

But when you find that age has stolen
 The golden gleams from out your hair,
 And youth has vanished from your face,
 And beauty reigns no longer there;
 And all the friends you once thought true,
 Or cold or false and faithless seem,
 And fame has proved an empty dream—
 I'll ask you then!

KATHARINE COX.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

WAR TO-DAY.

By Sir J. H. A. MACDONALD, K.C.B., LL.D., Author of *Life Jottings of an Old Edinburgh Citizen*.

IT was a common and confident prediction, when rifled firearms great and small had asserted their ascendancy over the brass smooth-bore and the Brown Bess, that in the future there would be no protracted wars; that destruction would be so rapid and overwhelming as to cause one combatant or the other to offer terms of peace. This has proved itself to be a short-sighted view. Even the Franco-Prussian war in no way tended to support the prophecy. It is true that it was comparatively short, but that was the result of the Teutonic forces being well equipped and well trained, and of the French being in a state of unpreparedness, losing from this cause a whole army within a few weeks of the commencement of hostilities, and being unable to keep back the enemy from their capital or relieve it when besieged. But that campaign lent no support to the theory that a war between forces both well equipped, well trained, and well handled would necessarily have the adjectives 'short, sharp, and decisive' justly applied to it.

Since the war of 1870 the progress in invention of both artillery and small-arms has been phenomenal. While in the past the guns used in the field ranged from two to three miles, ten miles is by no means the limit of their effectiveness now; and while in the case of small-arms a range of a thousand yards was considered a maximum even with match-rifles, to-day the military weapon is efficient up to two thousand five hundred yards; and, in addition to this, the rapidity of fire has increased enormously, particularly in the case of small-arms, by the aid of detachable magazines, and most of all by the perfection of the machine-gun, which from an ordinary rifle-barrel can project hundreds of shots per minute. Therefore, if there was any plausibility in the prediction that efficiency of weapons would shorten the duration of wars, it should show itself now; but it has not done so. Eighteen months have passed, during which fierce combat has raged over a front of practically a thousand miles; and so far is peace out of contemplation that even military prophecy speaks of what is to be accomplished 'next spring.' And even then there is no safe prediction of the end.

There are two most remarkable features of
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the present war. The one is that the change in weapons has driven the combatants back to many features of the campaigns of the past; and the other is that a new force has for the first time shown its efficiency both for combatant and non-combatant services in war, on land as well as on sea, and, most remarkable of all, both above the land and under the sea.

As regards the first, no one change is more remarkable than the reversion to the use of the howitzer, by which heavy and ponderous shot are fired upwards at a low velocity, to fall with smashing effect—a weapon which was much used in former sieges, in the days before the introduction of rifled guns. The use of these howitzers—the descendants of the old siege mortars—has most telling effect in this day, when every battle is a succession of fortified trenches.

Another most remarkable change is that the advance over open plains to attack is practically no longer possible, and the battlefield of to-day is in character a scene of sieges, the attackers working toward the enemy's position by trenching, with the old zigzag and sap, and mining to get up to the enemy's defending trenches. So much is this the case that the language of the fight speaks no more in the old phrases, the expressions always being when men go forward that they are going 'to the trenches,' and when they are relieved for rest that they are being brought back 'from the trenches.' There is practically no open manœuvring at all. The first thing is to be well dug in, and from your trench to rush a short distance and fight your enemy in his trench, if he will stay to meet you. Till that moment of decision primitive devices are employed: snipers take the place of the sharpshooters with bow and arrow of Crécy and Agincourt, barbed wire takes the place of the stakes against which the French threw themselves in vain, one of their historians declaring, in speaking of the English soldiers, how their troops *vinssent se briser contre leur sang-froid et leurs palisades*. Further, the hand-grenades, from which our Grenadiers take their name and their insignia, are now being thrown in the form of bombs from trench to trench, and in throwing them it is not uncommon to use a horizontal bow, like the ballista or catapult,

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such as the Romans used to project stones at the enemy. It is also part of the training of the troops to practise throwing uncharged bombs at marks, as the soldiers of old received instruction in slinging stones. Again, there is a recurrence to armour, the French providing their soldiers with steel helmets to protect them from fragments of shell, and to give chance of bullets glancing off the rounded surface. It is even being seriously contemplated to provide front-pieces to give some protection to the vital parts of the body.

As regards fire, the volley is no longer heard in ordinary circumstances. Beyond sharp-shooting there is little firing from small-arms, except when the enemy endeavours to rush a trench, when the magazine rifle and the Maxim mow the attackers down. The bayonet has once more asserted itself as the arm of decision. The fight is decided, where those attacked hold fast, by the cold steel in hand-fighting in the trench. Indeed, of late it has been found that the bayonet when attached to the rifle puts the soldier at a disadvantage, and when he jumps into a narrow trench he must rely on shortening his butt or using his fists. This has led to the revival of the use of the ancient weapon, the dirk or the knife. It is probable that in the near future a knife like a skean-dhu, handily placed—say in a sheath fastened to his coat at the left side below the shoulder—will be a regular part of the soldier's equipment.

And if it is permissible to suggest a mode of using the knife in a trench, the writer would say: Do not aim at the body; aim at the face, by doing which you will probably disable without killing, which the good soldier does by preference, and you will flabbergast your opponent more than by striking elsewhere. A job in the face delivered back-handed is the most disconcerting mode of attack at close quarters.

One more revival of an ancient mode of attack in an improved form has been developed during the present war. The Romans were wont to use a formation called the *testudo*, in which, by covering themselves with their great shields, placed close together, both in front, on the side, and above, they were able to advance without suffering from the enemy's arrows or spears on their way to the point of decision. To-day the *testudo* is again in use in the form of an armoured carriage, mechanically driven, in which a Maxim-gun and several rifles are protected, and which can assist the troops by its fire, being able to advance and engage the enemy or to attack a convoy. This is a device which has proved most efficient. It has the special advantage that it can cover an advance or a retirement, and in the latter case can hold on to the last moment, covering the general retreat with its fire.

The second remarkable feature of the present conflict is an entire novelty, and one which has revolutionised much in the conduct of war both

in the army and the navy. Things formerly not dreamt of as possible are now daily accomplished with important effect. And this not by any discovery having a direct military bearing. It is all the result of a very simple invention, which, now that it is in daily use, leads to surprise that it was not thought of before. Not very long after the Franco-Prussian war, Gottlieb Daimler of Cannstatt conceived an idea which was, in its practical application, to revolutionise road locomotion. The gas-engine, which was an invention of the middle of last century, consists in the use of the explosion of mixed air and coal-gas—which previously had been only destructive—to drive machinery, by confining the mixture and exploding it in small quantities, causing the movement of a piston by which the power can be conveyed to machinery to do useful work. Daimler succeeded in producing an engine in which the gas to be used was made by evaporating a liquid (such as petrol) as it was required for each separate explosion, and thus making it possible to carry in a liquid form what was to be used for the explosions by which the engine was driven. In this simple manner the problem of applying the gas-engine to locomotive work was solved, and in less than a generation animal traction for fast-moving vehicles has been practically superseded. It quickly became apparent how valuable this invention would be for war purposes. To-day the power-vehicle is in universal use in non-combatant services—transport, ambulance, &c. Also, it has enormous value for the conveyance of troops. When General Joffre saw the time had come to turn from retreat to advance, he commandeered all the taxi-cabs in Paris in one night, and in the early morning they were conveying to the front reinforcements from the garrison of Paris, which had a powerful influence in turning the tide of war at the Marne. The German commanders also used teams of omnibuses to hurry troops to a flank where reinforcement was called for. And many of our own soldiers were conveyed in omnibuses commandeered in London, and sent to the seat of war with all their Cadbury and Oxo and Monkey Brand advertisements still displayed. Convenience and speed were not the only advantages. Troops which otherwise might have had to march long distances, and so come fatigued to the front, were brought there quickly, but also without fatigue, and therefore more capable of efficient work.

But in no department has the power-vehicle been of greater value than in the service of the Royal Army Medical Corps. The speed with which the wounded have been brought back from the front has saved thousands of lives, and mitigated the horrors of transit to the wounded. It has occurred in cases almost countless that the soldier wounded during a morning fight has been comfortably tucked in a hospital bed on this side of the Channel within twenty-four

hours. It must be remembered that one ambulance to-day can do four times as many trips between the base hospital and the firing-line as could be done by a horsed ambulance. Indeed, this is probably too low a figure. One case is known to the writer where four trips of twenty-six miles each were done between morning and sunset. On another occasion six vehicles, holding four men each, brought back two hundred and thirty-five men in twenty-four hours. There cannot be any doubt that this efficient ambulance service saves many lives, and helps to restore thousands to duty who otherwise might be permanently non-efficient.

The power-vehicle is also invaluable for communication between commanders and their units. At every important headquarters there are a number of motor-cyclists who can carry despatches for long distances at high speed, five times as fast as by horse, and over distances that no horse could cover. Generals and their staffs can visit the different commands quite rapidly and without fatigue. General von Hindenburg, being at one time absolutely crippled by gout, was able to visit his whole command in one run, without ever getting out of his autocar.

For actual combatant purposes the power-vehicle is of enormous value. As already mentioned, armoured motors give most efficient service, and motor-bicycles are much used. These carry a machine-gun on a side-car with a protecting shield, and can be of great service in covering troops and harassing the enemy. The great guns which are now used in field duties, veritable siege-guns for smashing buildings and trenches, can be hauled at considerable speed, and artillery horse-teams can be saved from fatigue and kept fresh if their road work is done by power traction. As regards such work, the motor-vehicle can, by the aid of another ingenious device, take heavy guns over open country, through ploughed fields, and across ground which is uneven, or up and down very steep banks. This device is called the pedrail, and consists of a flat chain round the wheels, both front and back, the chain being armed with discs offering a broad flat surface to the ground. The vehicle thus has a firm base reaching from the one wheel to the other. This prevents sinking and side-slip, and saves from waste of power and possible failure of progression by preventing back-slip in soft or greasy or gravelly ground; also, the contact surface being so great, the vehicle can mount very steep gradients, and be held steady in descending similar gradients. This is a device which it may be expected will find many applications, and enable very heavy loads to be conveyed in tractors. It has already been in use, and has proved its efficiency; and there is a great future before the 'caterpillar,' as it is familiarly called.

Although generally spoken of as a non-com-

batant service, transport may be fairly said to have in many respects a combatant character under modern conditions. In former days, when range of weapons was short, the transport service to the fighting-line was fulfilled when it brought to the front, at depots outside the range of combat, the munitions necessary for replenishing gun-limbers and supplying small-arm ammunition to those told off by the fighting units to bring it forward to the line by packhorse or in boxes or haversacks borne by men. Exposure to direct risk was not called for in the transport service. Nor were the wagons nearly so numerous as they are now, when ammunition of both classes is expended in such enormous quantities, and when its weight in the case of the artillery is so very much greater than it was in former times. In the present war, the tremendous range of weapons brings the ammunition convoys into the zone of risk to a degree that was never contemplated till now. The power-vehicle makes this service more rapid and efficient. The exposure to risk is shorter in duration, and the supply employs fewer vehicles, and it can be brought forward much more rapidly. Thus the power-vehicle meets the necessities of the modern battle, where ammunition might run short from slowness of traffic and excessive length of convoys, as it is possible to convey the supplies by a train of wagons which have no horses to occupy roadway, and can carry a larger quantity in each unit, reducing the length by at least one-half, and thereby delivering much more quickly at the field depot. Speed of movement and speed of delivery are thus accelerated by the use of power traction. But in their work the members of the Army Service Corps must often pass through danger zones, and many casualties have occurred from the increased range of artillery, and the fact that, as the A.S.C. wagons necessarily go by road, to plough these roads with 'Jack Johnson' shell is a favourite ploy of the enemy's artillery when not engaged in actual battle. By the aid of their spies and their hidden telephone wires they can tell exactly when a convoy will pass a particular spot, and can concentrate a heavy fire upon it. All the injury so caused would be infinitely greater if the traction were by horse, and therefore much slower, and the convoy occupying a much greater length of road.

The introduction of the explosion engine, fed from liquid fuel, has not only improved existing war traction, but it has led to the establishment of two services which have absolute novelty, and which are proving to be of very great importance both at sea and on land. Neither the aeroplane nor the submarine could have been brought into use by any appliances which existed before the locomotive explosion engine was developed as a practical means of propulsion. Then the only possible means of moving heavy bodies mechanically was steam-power. But this

for submarine work was obviously an impossible mode, and proved to be practically impossible in the case of flying-machines. Sir Hiram Maxim came nearest to it with his remarkably light steam-engine, but was unable to produce any aeroplane fit for practical use; and if he, with his wonderfully inventive mind, could not succeed, success was not to be hoped for. But whenever it became certain that with light liquid fuel a gas-engine could be supplied with explosive mixture, the prospect opened both of locomotion under water and of locomotion in the air. And it required but little discernment to create the conviction that if experiment showed practical results, two powerful and most important auxiliaries to the efficient conduct of warfare would be at the command of belligerents. And so it has proved. The submarine has shown itself to be a very potent aid to naval service, and in the hands of an unprincipled and heartless foe a means of wholesale villainy and murder. The only comfort is to know that no other nation will be found so lost to right feeling as to sink great non-combatant ships without warning, causing cruel death to many hundreds of people of all nations, who may be peaceful passengers, and so carrying desolation to many a home. The hope is that the perpetrators of such brutal crimes will be rendered unable to do such deeds in the future, and no incentive to fight until they are brought low can be greater than that which their diabolical acts inspire. That the submarine is a valuable instrument of war is undoubted fact, and of this Great Britain has no reason to complain. But never will she use any submarine strength she may possess with such deliberate cruelty to non-combatants as within a few months to cause the death of thousands for no real military purpose, but for intimidation through attack on the lives of peaceful and harmless persons. The hope of these pirates, as they openly avowed, was to drive our ships off the sea. That hope is gone, and nothing is left to them but the shame of having indulged it. And there may be a reckoning yet.

The aeroplane has no such unsavoury history. Its work on both sides has been honourable. Indeed, there seems to be a special chivalry in the service of the air, for we read that on both sides, when an aeroplane has come down in enemy's lines, that enemy has made a point of passing over to his opponent's territory and dropping news of the aeronauts to their friends. This has a delightful ring about it, in marked contrast to the jeering from the decks of submarines at those struggling in the water, a story so horrible that it is difficult to believe, although there is strong testimony to support it, and it is not more abominable than what has been proved to be done on land.

The aeroplane supplies a want which would have been great in the present war but for air service. Distances have become so great in

modern fighting that guns can be brought into position and hid without its being possible by any scouting on the ground or use of glasses to observe with certainty what is going on; and when engagement takes place it is difficult from the ground to check ranges by observing where shots are falling, so that the object aimed at can be struck by altering elevation of guns. The aeroplane supplies the means of overcoming this difficulty. The power to fly above the ground enables observation to be made as to the location of guns and the movements of troops, and by signal to give information. The gunner can be told that his shot fell so many yards short, or so many yards past the object aimed at, and can thus be made sure of his proper elevation. And the troops in the trenches can be observed and their approximate numbers signalled, so that the attackers may be informed of the strength against them, or the defenders informed of the opponents' preparations for attack. The aeroplane can further be highly useful in dropping explosives upon depots, or factories, or railways, or bodies of troops. It is also of great service at sea, in the form of the hydroplane, which, when not in flight, can rest upon the water, being provided with air caissons instead of wheels; and such hydroplanes are now carried on the large war-ships.

A word must be said on the airship, which is really a balloon of enormous size, driven like an aeroplane by petrol-engines. For practical purposes it has been a failure, and an expensive one. It is a weapon from which the Germans expected much, and they fondly believed that as they dare not bring out their fleet to fight, they would be able by their Zeppelin airships to frighten their foes into submission. Time after time they have visited the east coast of England, and have killed a few men, women, and children, but have effected no military purpose whatever. Their crews are quite helpless in a high wind, and cannot expose themselves in the daytime. Thus they must fly at night; and being very vulnerable, and offering a large target, they must keep high up, and so cannot have any certainty of aim when they drop their bombs. They must always return to the same place, as when on the ground they require shelter in a building several hundred feet long. Their enormous bulk would make them a *ludibrium ventis* if it were attempted to leave them exposed when on the ground; and it is, of course, necessary that a Zeppelin should have a clear space of great size to enable it to land in safety, and a large staff ready to assist in the landing and securing it in its shelter.

There is no more convincing proof that the Zeppelin is a military failure than the fact that no other nation has adopted the airship for service, although expensive experiments have been made. There is a great hangar at Aldershot which was used when experimental airships were built, but it is now a depot in which the more

practical aeroplane is housed in quantities. The airship is valuable neither for action nor for intimidation, and it is probable that as aeroplanes increase in numbers their stinging may be found too much for the unwieldy gasbag from which the Germans were foolish enough to expect such great exploits.

This war will not be decided either by submarines or aircraft. They are both valuable for

combatant purposes. But the two powers with which the decision lies are the long-range gun and the *arme blanche*, whether it be bayonet or knife. It is satisfactory to know that the Allies can use both weapons—the gun and the steel—as well as, if not better than, their opponents, and that the spirit behind them is indomitable. The Allies are ready for a war of exhaustion, and have no doubt of the result.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

CHAPTER V.—BILLETS.

THE two, to some extent, were using the local *patois*; but their English hearers understood nearly every word, because these residents on the Belgian border mingle French, German, and a Low Dutch dialect almost indiscriminately. Dalroy at once endeavoured to divert the old man's thoughts. The massacre which had been actually permitted, or even organised, in the town by daylight would probably develop into an orgy that night. Not one woman now, but three, required protection. He must evolve some definite plan which could be carried out during the day, because the hordes of cavalry pressing toward the Meuse would soon deplete Joos's mill; and when the place ceased to be of value to the commissariat the protecting order would almost certainly be revoked. Moreover, Léontine Joos was young and fairly attractive.

In a word, Dalroy was beginning to understand the psychology of the German soldier in war-time.

'Let us think of the immediate future,' he struck in boldly. 'You have a wife and daughter to safeguard, Monsieur Joos; while I have Mademoiselle Beresford on my hands. Your mill is on the outskirts of the town. Is there no village to the west, somewhere out of the direct line, to which they could be taken for safety?'

'The west!' growled Joos, springing up again. 'Isn't that where these savages are going? That is the way to Liège. I asked the officer. He said they would be in Liège to-night, and in Paris in three weeks.'

'Is it true that Britain has declared war?'

'So they say. But the Prussians laugh. You have no soldiers, they tell us, and their fleet is nearly as strong as yours. They think they have caught you napping, and that is why they are coming through Belgium. Paris first, then the coast, and they've got you. For the love of Heaven, monsieur, is it true that you have no army?'

Dalroy was stung into putting Britain's case in the best possible light. 'Not only have we an army, every man of which is worth three Germans at a fair estimate; but if England has

come into this war, she will not cease fighting until Prussia grovels in the mud at her feet. How can you, a Belgian, doubt England's good faith? Hasn't England helped to maintain your nation in freedom for eighty years?'

'True, true! But the Prussians are sure of victory, and one's heart aches when one sees them sweep over the land like a pestilence. I haven't told you one-tenth'—

'Why frighten these ladies needlessly? The gun-fire is bad enough. You and I are men, Monsieur Joos. We must try to save our women.'

The miller was spirited, and the implied taunt struck home.

'It's all very well talking in that way,' he cried; 'but what's going to happen to you if a German sees you? *Que diable!* You look like an Aachen carriage-cleaner, don't you, with your officer air and commanding voice, and your dandy boots, and your fine clothes showing when the workman's smock opens! The lady, too, in a cheap shawl, wearing a blouse and skirt that cost hundreds of francs!—Léontine, take monsieur'—

'Dalroy.'

'Take Monsieur Dalroy to Jan Maertz's room, and let him put on Jan's oldest clothes and a pair of sabots. Jan's clogs will just about fit him. And give mademoiselle one of your old dresses.'

He whirled round on Dalroy. 'What became of Jan Maertz? Did the Germans really kill him? Tell us the truth. Léontine, there, had better know.'

'I think he is safe,' said Dalroy. 'I have already explained to your daughter how the accident came about which separated us. Maertz was pulled out of the driver's seat by the reins when the horses plunged and upset the wagon. He may arrive any hour.'

'The Germans didn't know, then, that you and the lady were in the cart?'

'No.'

'I hope Jan hasn't told them. That would be awkward. But what matter? You talk like a true man, and I'll do my best for you. It's nothing but nonsense to think of getting away

from Visé yet. You're a Liègeois whom I hired to do Jan's work while he went to Aix. Everybody in Visé knows he went there four days ago. I can't lift heavy sacks of grain at my age, and I must have a man's help. You see? Sharp, now. When that fat fellow gets his puff again he'll be here for more supplies. And mind you don't wash your face and hands. You're far too much of a gentleman as it is.'

'One moment,' interrupted Irene. 'I want your promise, Captain Dalroy, that you will not go away without telling me.'

She could not guess how completely old Joos's broken story of the day's events in Visé had changed Dalroy's intent.

'I would as soon think of cutting off my right hand,' he said.

Their eyes met and clashed. It was dark in the mill kitchen, even at midday; but the girl felt that the tan of travel and exposure on her face was yielding to a deep crimson. 'Come, Léontine,' she cried almost gaily, 'show me how to wear one of your frocks. I'll do as much for you some day in London.'

'You be off too,' growled Joos to Dalroy. 'When the Germans come they must see you about the place.'

The old man was shrewd in his way. The sooner these strangers became members of the household the less likely were they to attract attention.

Thus it came about that both Dalroy and Irene were back in the kitchen, and clothed in garments fully in keeping with their new rôles, when a commissariat wagon entered the yard. A Bavarian corporal did not trouble to open the door in the ordinary way. He smashed the latch with his shoulder. 'Why is this door closed?' he demanded fiercely.

'Monsieur'—began Joos.

'Speak German, you swine!'

'I forgot the order, Herr Kaporal. As you see, it was only on the latch.'

'Don't let it happen again. Load the first wagon with hay and the second with flour. While you're at it, these women can cook us a meal. Where do you keep your wine?'

'Everything will be put on the table, mons—Herr Kaporal.'

'None of your lip!—Here, you, the pretty one, show me the wine-cupboard. I'll make my own selection. We Bavarians are famous judges of good wine and pretty women, let me tell you.'

The corporal's wit was highly appreciated by the squad of four men who accompanied him. They had all been drinking. It is a notable fact that during the early days of the invasion of Belgium and France—in effect, while wine and brandy were procurable by theft—the army which boasts the strictest discipline of any in the world was unquestionably the most drunken that has ever waged successful war.

Irene was 'the pretty one' chosen as guide by this hulking connoisseur, but she knew how to handle boors of his type.

'You must not talk in that style to a girl from Berlin,' she said icily. 'You and your men will take what is given you, or I'll find your *oberlieutenant*, and hear what he has to say about it.'

She spoke purposely in perfect German, and the corporal was vastly surprised.

'Pardon, *gnadige Fraulein*,' he mumbled with a clumsy bow. 'I no offence meant. We will within come when the meal is ready. About—turn!' The enemy was routed.

The miller and his man worked hard until dusk. The fat officer turned up, and lost no opportunity of ogling the two girls. He handed Joos a payment docket, which, he explained grandiloquently, would be honoured by the military authorities in due course. Joos pocketed the document with a sardonic grin. There was some fifteen thousand francs worth of grain and forage stored on the premises, and he did not expect to see a centime of hard cash from the Germans, unless, as he whispered grimly to Dalroy, they were forced to pay double after the war. Meanwhile the place was gutted. Wagon after wagon came empty and went away loaded.

Dribblets of news were received. The passage of the Meuse had been achieved, thanks to a flanking movement from Argenteau. Liège had fallen at the first attack. The German High Sea Fleet was escorting an army in transports to invade England, where, meanwhile, Zeppelins were destroying London. Visé, having been sufficiently 'punished' for a first offence, would now be spared so long as the inhabitants 'behaved themselves.' If a second 'lesson' were needed, it would be something to remember.

The first and last of these items were correct, inasmuch as they represented events and definite orders affecting the immediate neighbourhood. Otherwise, the budget consisted of even more daring flights of Teutonic imagination, the crescendo swelling by distance. Liège was so far from having fallen that the 7th Division, deprived of the support of the 9th and 10th Divisions, had been beaten back disastrously from the shallow trenches in front of the outer girdle of forts. The 10th was about to share the same fate; and the 9th, after being delayed nearly three days by the glorious resistance offered by the Belgians at Visé, was destined to fare likewise. But rumour as to the instant 'capture' of Liège was rife not among the lower ranks alone of the German army. The Commander-in-Chief actually telegraphed the news to the All-Highest at Aix. When the All-Highest discovered the truth the Commander-in-Chief decided that he had better blow his brains out, and did.

The fact was that the overwhelming horde of invaders could not be kept out of the city of

Liège by the hastily mobilised Belgian army; but the heroic governor, General Leman, held the ring of forts intact until they were pulverised by the heavy ordnance of which Dalroy had seen two specimens during the journey to Cologne. Many days were destined to elapse before the last of the strongholds, Fort Loncin, crumbled into ruins by the explosion of its own magazine; and until that was achieved the mighty army of Germany dared not advance another kilometre to the west.

When the Bavarian corporal had gone through every part of the house and outbuildings, and satisfied himself that the only stores left were some potatoes and a half-bag of flour, he informed the miller that he and his squad would be billeted there that evening.

'Your pantry is bare,' he said, 'but the wine is all right; so we'll bring a joint which we "planted" this morning. Be decent about the wine, and your folk can have a cut in, too.'

Possibly he meant to be civil, and there was a chance that the night might pass without incident. Visé itself was certainly quiet save for the unceasing stream of troops making for the pontoon bridge. The fighting seemed to have shifted to the west and south-west, and Joos put an unerring finger on the situation when he said pithily, 'Liège is making a deuce of a row after being taken.'

'How many forts are there around the city?' inquired Dalroy.

'Twelve, big and little. Pontisse and Barchon cover the Meuse on this side, and Fleron and Evigné bar the direct road from Aix. Unless I am greatly in error, monsieur, the German wolf is breaking his teeth on some of them at this minute.'

Liège itself was ten miles distant; Pontisse, the nearest fort, though on the left bank of the river, barely six. The evening was still, there being only a slight breeze from the south-west, which brought the loud thunder of the guns and the crackle of rifle-fire. It was the voice of Belgium proclaiming to the high gods that she was worthy of life.

The Bavarians came with their 'joint,' a noble piece of beef hacked off a whole side looted from a butcher's shop. Madame Joos cut off an ample quantity, some ten pounds, and put it in the oven. The girls peeled potatoes and prepared cabbages. In half-an-hour the kitchen had an appetising smell of food being cooked, the men were smoking, and a casual visitor would never have resolved the gathering into its constituent elements of irreconcilable national hatreds.

The corporal even tried to make amends for having damaged the door. He examined the broken latch. 'It's a small matter,' he said apologetically. 'You can repair it for a trifle; and, in any case, you will sleep all the better that we are here.'

Though somewhat maudlin with liquor, he was very much afraid of the 'girl from Berlin.' He could not sum her up, but meant to behave himself; while his men, of course, followed his lead unquestioningly.

Dalroy kept in the background. He listened, but said hardly anything. The turn of fortune's wheel was distinctly favourable. If the night ended as it had begun, there was a chance that he and Irene might slip away to the Dutch frontier next morning, since he had ascertained definitely that Holland was secure for the time, and was impartially interning all combatants, either Germans or Belgians, who crossed the border. At this time he was inclined to abandon his own project of striving to steal through the German lines. He was somewhat weary, too, after the unusual labour of carrying heavy sacks of grain and flour down steep ladders or lowering them by a pulley. Thus he dozed off in a corner, but was aroused suddenly by the entry of the commissariat officer and three subalterns. With them came an orderly, who dumped a laden basket and a case of champagne on the floor.

The corporal and his satellites sprang to attention.

The fat man took the salute, and glanced around the kitchen. Then he sniffed. 'What! roast beef?' he said. 'The men fare better than the officers, it would seem.—Be off, you!'

'Herr Major, we are herein billeted,' stammered the corporal.

'Be off, I tell you, and take these Belgian swine with you! I make my quarters here to-night.'

Joos, of course, he recognised; and the miller said, with some dignity, that the gentlemen would be made as comfortable as his resources permitted, but he must remain in his own house.

The fat man stared at him, as though such insolence were unheard of. 'Here,' he roared to the corporal, 'pitch this old hog into the Meuse. He annoys me.'

Meanwhile one of the younger officers, a strapping Westphalian, lurched toward Irene. She did not try to avoid him, thinking, perhaps, that a passive attitude was advisable. He caught her by the waist, and guffawed to his companions, 'Didn't I offer to bet you fellows that Busch never made a mistake about a woman? Who'd have dreamed of finding a beauty like this one in a rotten old mill?'

The Bavarians had collected their rifles and side-arms, and were going out sullenly. Each of the officers carried a sword and revolver.

Irene saw that Dalroy had risen in his corner. She wrenched herself free. 'How am I to prepare supper for you gentlemen if you bother me in this way?' she demanded tartly.

'Behave yourself, Fritz,' puffed the major.

'Is that your idea of keeping your word? *Mama*, if she is discreet, will go to bed, and the young ones will eat with us.—Open that case of wine, orderly. I'm thirsty.—The girls will have a drink too. Cooking is warm work.—Hullo! What the devil! Kaporal, didn't you hear my order?'

Dalroy grabbed Joos, who was livid with rage. The two girls were safe for the hour, and must endure the leering of four tipsy scoundrels. A row at the moment would be the wildest folly.

'March!' he said gruffly. 'The *oberlieutenant* doesn't want us here.'

'*Le brave Belge* knows when to clear out,' grinned one of the younger men, giving Dalroy an odiously suggestive wink.

Somehow, the fact that Dalroy took command abated the women's terror; even the intractable Joos yielded. Soon the two were in the yard with the dispossessed Bavarians, these latter being in the worst of temper, as they had now to search for both bed and supper. They strode away without giving the least heed to their presumed prisoners.

Joos, like most men of choleric disposition, was useless in a crisis of this sort. He gibbered with rage. He wanted to attack the intruders at once with a pitchfork.

Dalroy shook him to quieten his tongue. 'You must listen to me,' he said sternly.

The old man's eyes gleamed up into his. In the half-light of the gloaming they had the sheen of polished gold. 'Monsieur,' he whimpered, 'save my little girl! Save her, I implore you. You English are lions in battle. You are big and strong. I'll help. Between us we can stick the four of them.'

Dalroy shook him again. 'Stop talking, and listen!' he growled wrathfully. 'Not another word here! Come this way!' He drew the miller into an empty stable, whence the kitchen door and window were in view. 'Now,' he muttered, 'gather your wits, and answer my questions. Have you any hidden weapons? A pitchfork is too awkward for a fight in a room.'

'I had nothing but a muzzle-loading gun, monsieur. I gave it up on the advice of the burgomaster. They've killed him.'

'Very well. Remain here on guard. I'll go and fetch a rifle and bayonet. Nothing will happen to the women till these brutes have eaten, and have more wine in them. Don't you understand? The younger men have made a hellish compact with their senior. You heard that, didn't you?'

'Yes, yes, monsieur. Who could fail to know what they meant? Surely the good God sent you to Visé to-day!'

'Promise, now! No interference till I return, even though the women are frightened. You'll only lose your life to no purpose. I'll not be long away.'

'I promise. But, monsieur, *pour l'amour de Dieu*, let me stick that fat Busch!'

Dalroy was in such a fume to secure a reliable arm that he rather neglected the precautions of a soldier moving through the enemy's country. It was still possible to see clearly for some distance ahead. Although the right bank of the Meuse that night was overrun with the Kaiser's troops along a front of nearly twenty miles, the ravine, with its gurgling rivulet, was one of those peaceful oases which will occur in the centre of the most congested battlefield. Now that the crash of the guns had passed sullenly to a distance, white-tailed rabbits scurried across the path; some stray sheep, driven from the uplands by the day's tumult, gathered in a group and looked inquiringly at the intruder; a weasel, stalking a selected rabbit as in his piratical way, elected to abandon the chase and leap for a tree.

These very signs showed that none other had breasted the slope recently, so Dalroy strode out somewhat carelessly. Nevertheless, he was endowed with no small measure of that sixth sense which every *shikari* must possess who would hunt either his fellow-men or the beasts of the jungle. He was passing a dense clump of brambles and briars, when a man sprang at him. He had trained himself to act promptly in such circumstances, and had decided long ago that to remain on the same ground, or even try to retreat, was courting disaster. His plan was to jump sideways, and, if practicable, a little nearer an assailant. The sabots rendered him less nimble than usual, but the dodge quite disconcerted an awkward opponent. The vicious downward sweep of a heavy cudgel just missed his left shoulder, and he got home with the right in a half-arm jab which sent the recipient sprawling nearly into the stream.

Dalroy made after him, seized the fallen stick, and recognised—Jan Maertz! 'How now,' he said wrathfully, 'are you, too, a Prussian?'

Jan raised a hand to ward off the expected blow. '*Caput!*' he cried. 'I'm done! You must be the devil! But may the Lord help my poor master and mistress, and the little Léontine!'

'That is my wish also, sheep's-head! What evil have I done you, then, that you should want to brain me at sight?'

'They're after you—the Germans. They mean to catch you, dead or alive. A lieutenant of the Guard pulled me away from in front of a firing-party, and gave me my life on condition that I ran you down.'

Here was an extraordinary development. It was vitally important that Dalroy should get to know the exact meaning of the Walloon's disjointed utterances; yet how could he wait and question the man while the Prussian sultans were feasting in the mill?

Dalroy stooped over Maertz, who had risen to

his knees, and caught him by the shoulder. 'Jan Maertz,' he said, 'do you hope to marry Léontine Joos? If so, Heaven has just prevented you from committing a great crime. She, and her mother, and the lady who came with me from Aix are in the mill with four German officers—a set of foul, drunken brutes who will stop at no excess. I'm going now to get a rifle. You make quietly for the stable opposite the kitchen door. You will find Joos there. He will explain. Tell me, are you for Belgium or Germany in this war?'

The Walloon might be slow-witted, but Dalroy's words seemed to have pierced his skin.

'For Belgium, monsieur, to the death!' he answered.

'So am I. I'm an Englishman. As you go, think what that means.'

Leaving Maertz to regain his feet and the stick, Dalroy rushed on up the hill. The unexpected struggle had cost him but little delay; yet it was dark, and the miller was nearly frantic with anxiety when he returned.

'Is Maertz with you?' was his first question.

'Yes, monsieur,' came a gruff voice out of the gloom of the stable.

'Do you know now how nearly you blundered?'

'Monsieur, I would have tackled St Peter to save Léontine.'

'Quick!' hissed Joos; 'let us kill these hogs! We have no time to spare. The others will be here soon.'

'What others?'

'Jan will tell you later. Come, now. Leave Busch to me!'

'Keep quiet!' ordered Dalroy sternly. 'We cannot murder four men in cold blood. I'll listen over there by the window. You two remain here till I call you.'

But there was no need for eavesdropping. Léontine's voice was raised shrilly above the loud-clanging talk and laughter of the uninvited guests. 'No, no; my mother must stay!' she was shrieking. 'Monsieur, for God's sake, leave my mother alone! Ah! you are hurting her.—Father! father!—Oh, what shall we do? Is there no one to help us?'

(Continued on page 99.)

THE GRAVE OF NATURE.

By D. GATH WHITLEY.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT wrote a charming work entitled *Aspects of Nature*; this article will describe a region which is justly called 'Nature's Grave.'

It is a land of silence and solitude; a land which is abandoned to the spirits of loneliness and desolation; a land like that described by the prophet, where 'no man can dwell, nor son of man pass through;' a land in which, though the seasons may come and go, they bring no change in its eternal dreariness; a land in which the winds of winter and the suns of summer cannot wake the sleep of death. This land is the north-east extremity of Siberia.

Let the reader take a map and examine this region, for it is worth while to study it, in order to realise its awful character. It resembles, speaking roughly, a huge triangle, the point of which is found at Behring Strait. The base is formed by the river Lena, which, flowing from south to north, enters into the Arctic Ocean. The southern side of the triangle is formed by the Stanovoi Mountains, which end near the mouth of the Anadir, and shut it off from the more genial portions of Siberia which lie to the south. The northern side of the vast triangle is formed by the Arctic Ocean. Three large rivers flow through the heart of this region of desolation, and empty themselves into the Arctic Ocean. They are—proceeding from west to east—the Yana, the Indigirka, and the Kolyma. In the winter they are covered with a sheet of solid ice more than ten feet thick.

The features of this vast waste are dreary and monotonous in the extreme. When the Verko-yansk Mountains (which form part of its southern limit) are crossed, a great plain is entered, which slopes slowly toward the Arctic Ocean. At first low swelling hills, covered with dark forests of pine and larch, amidst which nestle innumerable lakes and endless morasses, are encountered. But by-and-by these get fewer and fewer, then they altogether cease, and vast plains, consisting of bogs, swamps, and quaking morasses, interspersed with featureless wastes of stony clay, stretch away in unbroken monotony toward the Arctic Ocean. These are called the *Tundras*, and are either mossy or stony, according to the prevailing character of their features.

The *Mossy Tundras* are vast swamps, which are absolutely impassable in summer, owing to the depths of their morasses, and the myriads of mosquitoes which make them their home. Not even the natives dare to traverse these swampy wildernesses during the summer, and all travelling in these solitudes ceases between the months of May and September. From any eminence the eye wanders over the sea-like expanse, which extends in gently swelling undulations to the horizon. Here and there little hillocks rise above the monotonous level, which are often gay with flowers and covered with diminutive bushes. Vast swamps and stagnant pools, over which hover clouds of mosquitoes, appear on all sides, and are utterly wearying in their unending sameness. But the prevailing feature of these swampy

wildernesses is the utter solitude and lifelessness that prevail. The stillness is unbroken, and a dreary monotony reigns on every side, which has led to its being said of them—

They seem inaccessible to joy or to pain,
The types of everlasting rest.

It is only possible to cross these wildernesses of bog, moss, and morass in winter, when they are frozen hard and covered with snow. Reindeer sledges are used in their southern portions, but farther north only dogs can be found to draw the sledges. In passing over these vast snowy expanses by day the sledge of the traveller seems to be in the midst of a boundless pure white sea, on whose dazzling expanse the mirage hovers in strange forms and colours. But by night the spectacle is solemn and unearthly. It is thus vividly described by one who witnessed the weird and ghostly scene:

‘The night was clear, still, and intensely cold, the thermometer at sunset marking 44° below zero, and sinking rapidly to 50° as the rosy flush in the west grew fainter and fainter, and darkness settled down upon the vast steppe. Many times before in Siberia and Kamchatka I had seen nature in her sterner moods and winter garb; but never before had the elements of cold, barrenness, and desolation seemed to combine into a picture so dreary as the one which was presented to us that night near Behring Strait. Far as the eye could pierce the gathering gloom, in every direction lay the barren steppe like a boundless ocean of snow, blown into long wave-like ridges by previous storms. There was not a tree or a bush, or any sign of animal or vegetable life, to show that we were not travelling on a frozen ocean. All was silence and desolation. The country seemed abandoned by God and man to the Arctic Spirit, whose trembling banners of auroral light flared out fitfully in the north in token of his conquest and dominion. About eight o'clock the full moon rose huge and red in the east, casting a lurid glare over the vast field of snow; but as if it too were under the control of the Arctic Spirit, it was nothing more than the mockery of a moon, and was constantly assuming the most fantastic and varied shapes. Now it extended itself laterally into a long ellipse, then gathered itself up again into the semblance of a huge red urn, lengthened out to a long perpendicular bar, with rounded ends, and finally became triangular. It can hardly be imagined what added wildness and strangeness this blood-red, distorted moon gave to a scene already wild and strange. We seemed to have entered upon some frozen, abandoned world, where all the ordinary laws and phenomena of nature were suspended, where animal and vegetable life were extinct, and from which even the favour of the Creator had been withdrawn. The intense cold, the solitude, the oppressive silence, and the red, gloomy moon-

light, like the glare of a distant but mighty conflagration, all united to excite in the mind feelings of awe, which were perhaps intensified by the consciousness that never before had any human being, save a few wandering Chookchees, ventured in winter upon these domains of the Frost King.’ (*Tent Life in Siberia*, by George Kennan, pp. 310, 311.)

The cold during the winter is simply indescribable. Verkoyansk, on the river Yana, is called ‘the coldest place in the world.’ Here, in the depth of winter, the thermometer will sometimes fall to 90° below zero Fahrenheit, and the average temperature for January, which is the coldest month of the year, is 60° below zero. No wonder that the Russians say, ‘No matter from whence the wind may blow, it is always cold at Verkoyansk.’ The aspect of the place is weird and solemn. It is merely a short row of log-houses standing above a lifeless, icy stream, and backed by a dark, funereal pine forest. It is almost impossible to realise the awful cold that prevails here in the depth of winter. Breathing becomes difficult; the intense cold seems to suppress all life and motion; a deep, awe-inspiring silence reigns on every side; and the reindeer retire into the depths of the forest, and stand motionless as if deprived of life. Mr De Windt tells us that the governor of Yakutsk, six hundred miles distant, who had held his post for nearly twenty years, had never summoned sufficient courage to visit Verkoyansk.

During the winter, which is the only time when these icy wildernesses can be crossed, the experiences of the traveller’s company are melancholy in the extreme. In the southern regions the sledges are drawn by reindeer, but farther north the journey has to be performed by the aid of dogs, the only animals available for transport. Travelling in the depth of winter is a fearful experience. Wrapped up in furs which weigh from thirty to forty pounds, the traveller, if he be on horseback, can scarcely move, and cannot descend from his horse. Ice forms over his face and nostrils, and the icicles have to be removed from the lips and noses of the beasts of burden to save them from suffocation. The very trunks of the trees split open with violent reports from the intensity of the cold. Should the wind rise, death is almost certain, for clouds of snow, swept onward by the violence of the hurricane, blind and bewilder the traveller, and unless some shelter be gained life is speedily extinguished. In the vast frozen plains near the Arctic Ocean the reindeer crowd together in herds for warmth, and stand motionless; an appalling silence reigns; and the only creatures that can face the awful cold are the raven, which slowly wings its heavy flight through the icy air, and the snowy-owl, the true habitant of the Arctic regions. (See Wrangell’s *Siberia and the Polar Sea*, pp. 49, 374.)

In the wooded districts where the larch and

the pine form dark and dreary forests, the wolf is the cruel tyrant of the solitudes, and packs of these ferocious animals sweeping through the forests after nightfall make the woods resound with their dismal howlings. Miss Marsden, who was being driven through the Siberian forests in the night, had a startling experience of this peril. It was dark, and on each side of the narrow track there rose gloomy woods, whose sombre outline could just be perceived in the darkness. Suddenly amongst the trees the lady saw glistening lights which were amongst the foliage on both sides of the road. Turning to the driver, she said, 'We shall soon be at our journey's end, for I can see the lights of cottages amongst the trees near the road.' The driver made no reply, but urged his horses at a greater speed. The lights were still seen amidst the trees by the side of the narrow forest road, and Miss Marsden repeated her remark. The driver turned toward her, and said bluntly, 'Lady, those lights you see by the sides of the track do not come from cottages; they are the eyes of the wolves who are watching us from amongst the trees!'

All through the horrors of the long Arctic night the aurora is the spectacle which fills the beholder with awe and admiration. When he is driving in his reindeer sledge over the boundless white expanses of the snowy plains during the night, the superb flames of the Northern Lights, as they spread their wavering glow over the snowy wastes, are unspeakably sublime. Mr Kennan once witnessed an aurora at the Russian settlement of Anadyrsk—a mere cluster of log-huts in a vast pine forest—which was unsurpassable in its sublimity. The whole northern sky seemed on fire, and looked like a blood-red ocean. An arch of brilliant prismatic colours spanned the heavens, from which shot up luminous bands and fringes of crimson and yellow. The auroral bow with its wavering streamers moved up and down toward the zenith. Every instant the display increased in unearthly grandeur; the luminous bands revolved like the spokes of a great fiery wheel; and then mighty crimson and yellow arches broke up into many perpendicular bars which exhibited all the colours of the rainbow. The spectacle was beyond all description in its awful grandeur, and the terror-stricken natives cried aloud, 'God have mercy!' (*Tent Life in Siberia*, pp. 322–335.)

Another wonderful phenomenon of this frightful region is the *perpetually frozen soil*, mingled with *solid ice*, which underlies the surface soil through tens of thousands of square miles. This occurs all through Northern Siberia, but it is found in its greatest intensity in the north-eastern region, to which this paper particularly refers. In Yakutsk, the capital of the territory, there are no wells, and the inhabitants drink the water from the river in summer, and thaw the snow in winter. The reason for this

is that the soil beneath the city is permanently frozen and *never thaws*. If pits are sunk in summer the soil is found to be as hard as a rock, and no water is obtainable, even at the greatest depths. Farther north *solid ice* appears beneath the frozen soil, and rises higher and higher as the Arctic Ocean is approached. At last, on the shores of the Polar Sea, cliffs of solid ice present themselves, in which black layers of frozen soil occur.

Still stranger are the *islands of ice* which are found off this fearful coast. These consist of dark cliffs of *solid ice*, over which lies a thin layer of soil, on which grass grows, and flowers, moss, and brightly coloured lichens flourish in beautiful luxuriance. This thin vegetable carpet can be easily stripped off, and then the solid ice appears beneath. In these islands are lakes with sloping banks of solid ice, which, though split in all directions into deep chasms, *never thaw*. Along the coasts of the Arctic Ocean there are solid ridges of ice. These never thaw, although split into clefts and cracks of great depth. These are not icebergs which have stranded on the beach, but are the permanent ridges which form the coast-line. The remarkable islands called the Liakoff and New Siberian Islands, which lie in the Arctic Ocean to the north of Siberia, contain cliffs of solid ice, which are found not only on the coast, but inland also. Baron Toll, who visited the islands in 1886 and 1893, calls these permanent ice-masses 'fossil glaciers,' and says that the ice cannot have come from the snow, as it has everywhere a granular structure, and therefore these extraordinary ice-masses must be considered as relics of the great ice-sheet which overspread these regions during the Glacial period. These marvellous islands merit the strictest scientific examination.

The term 'Grave of Nature,' which we have applied to North-East Siberia, is found to be still more appropriate when we consider that the whole of this region is one vast graveyard, filled with the bones of animals which have perished within comparatively recent times. Little does the traveller think, as he drives in his reindeer sledge over the dreary wastes of snow, and sees no living thing save the Arctic fox, the raven, and the snowy-owl, that the ground below him, only a few feet beneath his sledge, is packed full of the bones of enormous animals which have perished in some mysterious manner since man appeared upon the earth. Such, nevertheless, is the extraordinary fact. The whole of Northern Siberia, from the Ural Mountains to Behring Strait, is one vast graveyard filled with animal remains. The bones, teeth, and skulls are those of elephants, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, and musk-oxen. These bones occur everywhere. They are found on the banks of the rivers, in the plains, on rising ground, and in frozen cliffs. On the shores of the Arctic Ocean there are sloping banks of ice. These are split and furrowed in all directions

with deep chasms, and as the traveller looks down into their dark depths from above, he sees that the lower portions of these icy chasms are filled with the tusks, bones, and skulls of elephants and rhinoceroses in countless abundance!

In other places on the northern coast of Siberia fronting the Arctic Ocean the low cliffs which rise above the beach, and are formed of earth and clay, are full of the bones of elephants and rhinoceroses. In the brief summer, which hardly lasts for six weeks, portions of these earthy cliffs thaw and fall on the beach below. Then it is that the traveller who walks along the shore witnesses an astonishing spectacle. Not only does he observe icebergs stranded on the beach, but he also sees the tusks, bones, and teeth of elephants (the mammoth) lying on the shore, and whitening the beach for long distances! If he leaves the Arctic Ocean behind, and journeys inland, the same sights constantly meet his astonished gaze. He comes, it may be, to a plain, where for perhaps half a mile the whole ground seems to be formed of masses of tusks, teeth, and bones of elephants and rhinoceroses welded together in one confused mass in the frozen soil. These mighty beasts must have been destroyed in herds, but how they perished no one knows. Still more amazing is the fact that the islands in the Arctic Ocean north of Siberia are equally full of the tusks and bones of elephants and rhinoceroses; and on the shores of these islands

in the Polar Sea the tusks of elephants can be seen sticking up like trunks of trees in the frozen sand!

Stranger still, actually the very bodies of these great elephants, with flesh, fur, and hair perfect, are seen standing upright in the frozen cliffs. When the cliffs thaw, the bodies of these great elephants fall to the ground, and are so perfect, after being entombed for thousands of years, that the wolves eat the flesh!

There are many who maintain that a great future is before Siberia, owing to its vast mineral wealth and its corn-producing power. This applies to the southern districts, but has nothing to do with the regions of awful desolation to which we have referred. Into these silent solitudes man cannot penetrate except when the land is buried in ice and snow. The snow does not melt here from off the surface of the ground until the middle of June, and many of the rivers are covered again with solid ice by the middle of August. It is truly the 'Realm of the Ice-King.' Well may Von Wrangel say of these awful icy wildernesses: 'Here there is nothing to invite. Endless snows and ice-covered rocks bound the horizon. Nature lies shrouded in almost perpetual winter. Life is a continual conflict with privation and with the terrors of cold and hunger. What led men to forsake more favoured lands for this Grave of Nature, which contains only the bones of an earlier world?' (*Siberia and the Polar Sea*, pp. 52, 53.)

SINGLE-HANDED.

CHAPTER II.

HE closed the shutter, and patiently worked the bolt back into place, filling the tiny crack made by his tool with rotten wood from a pile; then he found his way back beneath the gang-plank. He had decided that this vessel must be a scout for some hostile war-ship; hence her elaborate precautions to sail under false colours in waters where the navies of the Allies were in control. However, there was no war-vessel of any Power in this port just now, and she would doubtless slip away to sea before he could arrange an effective plan to stop her. Only one plan seemed to offer any chance. The risk was great, but he determined to take it. But how? Every inch of the ship was brightly lighted; men came and went everywhere. He knew that, in spite of the casual appearance of things, a sharp lookout was being kept.

As he pondered he heard voices close over his head carrying on a heated colloquy in bad Dutch and worse Spanish. He drew himself up to the edge and risked a peep. The bulky captain confronted a swarthy little man in uniform, who seemed to represent the harbour authorities. This functionary had informed the

captain that he could not sail till morning. Certain regulations of the port had not been complied with. The captain expostulated; he wanted his clearance papers. The officer admitted that the matter might be arranged, by the payment of fines and other means.

It was a plain case of hold-up for a substantial sum. The big captain did not take kindly to it. In fact, his attitude toward the suave representative of the authorities was decidedly discourteous. He raged and swore; he would not be blackmailed, so he would wait till morning, and have this person fired. He stamped off the ship, muttering. But, under the gang-plank, Crane drew a sigh of relief. This would give him his chance.

It was nearly midnight when he unfolded his cramped limbs and drew himself up to the edge of the wharf. He had turned his skiff adrift. The long dock was deserted; most of the lights had been turned off. His ears had told him that a single watchman paced the deck of the ship, making regular rounds. This man had just passed down toward the stern; he disappeared behind the deckhouse. Crane tossed his bag

over the edge and hoisted himself after it; then he picked it up and ran to the forward hatchway, moving noiselessly in his rubber-soled tennis-shoes.

Luck was with him; the hatch-cover had not been battened down. He dropped hastily through, bag and all, climbed down the ladder, and crouched behind a pile of freight, hearing the measured tread of the watchman pass over his head. Then he drew a long breath and looked around him.

He was in the forward hold, a large room, taking up nearly all the space ahead of the engine-room, from which it was separated by a steel bulkhead pierced by one door. The room did not run forward to a point in the prow, however, but was cut off square by another steel bulkhead where the beam of the vessel narrowed to some eighteen feet. This bulkhead showed no door. The hold was piled with freight, generally to within a few inches of the ceiling, except for a clear space of some twenty feet next to the forward wall, and two narrow corridors between the piles, running back to the engine-room partition. The place was lighted by several incandescent bulbs, and was ventilated by a row of circular openings through the ceiling, each some eighteen inches in diameter and protected on deck by the usual metal funnels, which stood about six feet high, with the upper end turned inboard to keep out rain and the surf from heavy seas. The place reeked with the characteristic odour of copra, and he breathed his heartfelt thanks that the pearl-shell portion of the vessel's cargo, with its penetrating stench, had evidently been stored elsewhere.

These details Crane noted in his search for his most immediate need—a temporary hiding-place. He knew that as soon as the ship put to sea the hatch would be battened down, and opened only occasionally, to take out supplies or to handle cargo. Now he searched the piles of freight, and finally found a place where a narrow space remained between the upper tier of boxes and the ceiling. By shifting the boxes somewhat, he contrived a cubby-hole in which he could lie at full length, with his head on his bag, safely hidden, unless some one should crawl in to look for him. There was a certain risk, of course; but he had to take it, and he took it, with his automatic pistol lying ready to his hand.

One of the ventilators opened above his head, and the fresh air was very welcome. He dozed quite comfortably for the next few hours, waking, alert, at times when the tread of the watchman on deck passed within a few inches of his face. He was glad he did not have the habit of snoring.

Presently there were sounds of the ship's bell and the awakened activity of morning. Men came into the hold and worked at shoring up the cargo against shifting in heavy seas. They talked a little among themselves, always in Dutch, but only personalities and comments on

the work in hand. After what seemed an interminable time they went out, and the heavy hatch-cover was dropped. Soon the screws began to revolve, there were loud commands, and a great scuffling of feet on deck, and Crane knew that the ship was under way. The die was cast, and somehow his clearest sensation was as the loosening of a certain tension. There could be no turning back now; he was committed to this course to the end of the chapter; and he turned to the work ahead with a curious elation of spirit. Also, he permitted to himself the material comfort of producing some sandwiches from his bag and making his breakfast, for he was ravenously hungry.

Nearly all that day he lay in his hiding-place, venturing out only for a brief reconnaissance to fix in his mind certain information that he needed for formulating his plans. On one important point he had had grave misgivings, and he was relieved to find that they were groundless. He had been able to bring only a little food with him, and had to risk finding a supply on board; so he was glad to discover a plentiful supply of canned meats and vegetables, nuts, &c.; and he also found a fresh-water faucet in one corner, and took a much-needed drink.

One of the things on his mental list he managed to accomplish that day. He wished to find a way to get a peep out on deck. While he was pondering this problem his eye fell on the ventilator-opening near him. He soon found that he could thrust his shoulders through it, and, laying hold of a projecting brace-bolt, he drew himself up till he could peer out into the open air. His view commanded the forward deck and the upper works; the deckhouse and bridge cut off sight of the stern. Land was already low down on the horizon. Two officers stood on the bridge, and some of the crew were busy at routine tasks on deck. He risked only a brief glimpse, for he had no wish to test what might happen should one of them look up and see his face staring out at them.

After the dog-watch had passed, however, and the ship had settled down for the night, he slid from his perch, feeling he would be reasonably secure for some hours. The most pressing problem was to find some place where he would be safe from discovery and fairly comfortable. Searching among the piles of freight, he soon found a place that suited him perfectly.

In the wall of boxes that lined one of the corridors, well back toward the engine-room bulkhead, was a place where the first six feet in height was built up of small cases of kerosene-tins. On top of these was piled a tier of the long boxes that had first excited his suspicion at Coatzacoalcos. By prising at one of the small cases he soon loosened it and slid it out. The next one came out easily. Carrying these cases forward, he built them into an unfinished tier of similar ones, reckoning that so slight a change

in the arrangement of freight would not be noticed. Working in this manner, he finally produced a chamber some eight feet long by four feet wide, in which he could just stand erect. The last boxes taken out he used to rebuild the outside tier, holding them safely in place with wedges. By pushing two of them aside he could crawl in and out.

He soon transferred his belongings to these palatial quarters, and proceeded to furnish and provision them. Bits of sacking, straw, and shavings from broken packing-cases made up a passable bed. Several small boxes of tinned meats and vegetables, not readily missed from the large stock, were stored against the wall; and when a large empty oil-can had been cleaned and filled with fresh water from the faucet, he felt able to stand a siege.

He now carried his bag into his new home, and closed his door of boxes; for his watch showed five o'clock A.M., and he saw no reason for running unnecessary risks by working when the full crew were awake. By way of completing his furnishing, he hung his electric push-button lamp on a peg in the wall, then produced from the bag a folded chart of the Pacific Ocean and a small compass. The compass was placed on a box, while the map was tacked on the wall opposite his bunk. Several times since he had been aboard he had counted the beat of the screws by his watch, and made calculations of the ship's speed, and also noted the compass bearing. He now proceeded to plot her course on the chart, and found that she was bearing on a line about a hundred miles north and east of Honolulu, cutting the course of vessels bound from that popular port of call to the west coast cities of the United States. This matter settled, he made a hearty meal on American pork and beans and canned tomatoes, stretched his tired body on his bed of straw, and was shortly sound asleep.

He awoke late in the afternoon, conscious of voices in the forward part of the hold. There seemed to be a number of men engaged in some sort of drill, as the sound of short, crisp commands reached him, though he could not distinguish the words. Also, there were sharp clangs of metal and the shuffling of feet. This continued for half-an-hour, while he strained his ears to discover its meaning. Presently it ceased, the men filed out, and the hatch-cover was slammed down.

After waiting for some minutes, and hearing no sound, he slipped out and went forward to investigate. The wooden porthole shutters had been opened, but otherwise he could see no evidence of the recent activity. Standing in the open space and peering around, he suddenly dropped flat on the floor and crawled rapidly behind a pile of freight. A man's head had passed by outside one of the portholes. Listening carefully, he heard a slight bumping and scraping

against the outside of the hull. He climbed to his ventilator lookout station and peered out. Two painters were at work on the funnels, swinging in bo's'un's chairs, and the red-and-black coats of these were rapidly changing to a dingy blue-gray. He surmised that the red band around the vessel's hull was likewise merging into the prevailing neutral tint, making her much more difficult to distinguish at a distance or at night. All doubt as to the ship's nationality had now left his mind. She was surely a German craft, disguised as a Dutch trader, and manned by a crew proficient in that language, carrying out her elaborate masquerade for some purpose which, whatever it might be, boded no good to Britain. His task was to find out what she was doing and how she was doing it, and give warning to some vessel of the Allies.

The funnels were not smoking now. They seemed to reserve that function for the benefit of curious eyes only. But above the edge of one of them rose the head and shoulders of a lookout, with a telescope, busily scanning the horizon. He stood inside the big steel cylinder, probably on a grill-work floor a few feet below the top—a cleverly devised crow's-nest, truly!

Crane's next task, when night had brought his chosen work-time, was to get connection with the ship's telephone system. He had marked the location of the wires along the ceiling, coming in over the rear bulkhead and passing out through the forward one. Out of his bag he took a coil of small insulated copper wire, brought for this very purpose. He made a connection with the main just beside a stanchion, pushing the tiny wires out of sight in a convenient crack that led behind the freight, thence between the cases and on to his chamber. This work he performed with the greatest care, as a short-circuit on the line might lead to a search and the discovery of his tap, with the wires making a plain trail to his lair. That bottomless bag of his likewise furnished a small field telephone instrument, such as line-men carry. This was connected up with the wires and hung on a peg just above the head of his bunk. It had no bell, of course, but any voice on the line would be audible several feet from it. This work, involving much shifting of freight to get his wires out of sight, consumed the night hours, and he ate his breakfast while waiting for the crew to come on duty, so that he might test his installation.

The first call he heard was from the officer of the watch to the engine-room. The engineer was informed that the log showed twenty-three knots, and that the captain had ordered the speed to be increased to twenty-six knots. Crane checked by his watch, counting the pulse of the screw-vibrations, and found that he had estimated the screw-factor rather low. He corrected his chart accordingly. A trip to his lookout station just before dawn had shown him

that the ship was driving ahead into the night with all lights blanketed.

About an hour later there was another call: 'Officer of the watch! Lookout station, sir. I have to report smoke south-south-east.'

'Very well. Report again in fifteen minutes.'

A bell clanged in the engine-room, and the ship slowed down to half-speed. Soon the lookout reported again: 'Steamer south-south-east, hull down as yet; seems to be bearing north-east to cut across our wake.' The speed of the *Cocos* dropped to bare steerage-way, and her course changed to due south-west. Crane determined to have a look outside, and hurried to his ventilator.

It was now full daylight, just on the brink of sunrise. The deckhouse cut off his view to the south-east, and he could not see the strange steamer. There were, however, two new developments in sight. A telescopic steel wireless mast had risen from the deck, and flaunted its aerials high above the smoke-stacks; and in the bow a crew of men were stripping the false deck planking from above a sort of cockpit, in which was mounted a twenty-pounder rapid-fire gun. Some activity of the same sort seemed to be going on in the stern of the vessel, but he could not see clearly. Probably another gun was mounted there.

Three officers stood on the bridge with glasses levelled. Soon one of them climbed the ladder on one of the smoke-stacks, carrying a telescope and a small megaphone. Presently he called down to the bridge, 'The ship is a battle-cruiser, colour dark blue, three funnels and two fighting-tops, forward turrets very high. Looks like the Japanese cruiser *Indumo*.' Then, 'She has sighted us, and is heading this way.'

The captain seized a bell-cord, and immediately the ship gathered headway and slipped into full speed. Crane thought it expedient to get back to his chamber before any one entered the hold.

He just reached his telephone in time to hear a message which the wireless operator was reading to the captain, in which the commander of the *Indumo* ordered him to heave-to at once.

'Ask him by what authority he would halt a neutral vessel on the high seas, engaged in its own business,' said the captain. 'Take all the time you can, while we increase the range.'

The engine-room bell jangled again, and the hum of the engines rose to a still higher note.

A few minutes later came the message, 'Heave-to instantly, or we will fire on you.'

'Very good; no reply,' said the captain of the *Cocos*.

Soon a deep, faint detonation reached Crane, and the voice of the lookout over the 'phone, 'A large shell has burst about half a mile astern. The range seems to be ten or eleven miles.'

Another shot followed, then another, and the lookout reported them as falling about the same place.

'We are out of range of her heaviest guns,' thought Crane; and, in spite of himself, it was with a certain feeling of relief. Then he logged the speed of the vessel, counting the vibrations of the racing screws with difficulty, and was amazed to discover that she was rushing through the water at the rate of some thirty-three knots, or nearly forty miles an hour. He realised that the *Cocos* was beating the cruiser by at least eight miles an hour, and would soon be lost to sight. The 'phone was now useless, for the sharp, whip-like crack of the wireless came from aloft continuously, and Crane guessed that the *Cocos's* captain had ordered his operator to 'break up communication' by sending out into space a meaningless jumble of dots and dashes to prevent the war-ship from calling possible consorts to her help.

No more shots were heard, and Crane napped while the ship sped on into the south-west. He awoke in mid-afternoon, to find that the *Cocos* was swinging a wide circle to the south-east, doubling on her course, and crossing her former track near where the war-vessel had first been sighted, and by three o'clock she had taken up her course north-west again, while the *Indumo* presumably pursued her to the southward of the Hawaiian Islands.

(Continued on page 104.)

THE LOSS OF THE 'QUETTA.'

IN the October part of *Chambers's Journal* for 1915, page 684, a reference is made by the writer of the article 'Freits and Fears' to the tragic shipwreck of the steamship *Quetta*. He adds: 'And not a soul on board of her was ever seen again.' This is far from correct, and we regret having been misled by our contributor. In making the correction, we publish some particulars of the tragedy by a reader of *Chambers's Journal*.

The *Quetta* belonged to the British India

Associated Steamers Company; she was three thousand three hundred tons gross, and valued at seventy-five thousand pounds, and was on her way from Brisbane to London, *via* Torres Strait, that coral-reef-studded piece of water between north-eastern Australia and New Guinea, now officially termed Papua. The steamer, on the night of Friday, 28th February 1890, struck a submerged rock, sixteen or eighteen feet below the surface of the water, near Adolphus Island, Cape York Peninsula, which was un-

charted. The shock was so terrific that one side of the vessel was torn out, and after travelling a short distance she went down in about five minutes. Passengers and crew made up a total of two hundred and seventy-six souls; there were ninety-five passengers, including many well-known citizens of Queensland on their way to London for a holiday. The number saved out of the two hundred and seventy-six was one hundred and seventeen, so that one hundred and fifty-nine went to a watery grave. The commander, Captain Saunders, was amongst the saved.

The *Quetta* was steaming along in bright moonlight when, about half-past eight, she struck the unknown rock, which ripped her whole side open. Nearly all the passengers were on deck enjoying the lovely scenery dimly lit up by the silvery moon, which in those latitudes knows how to shine.

The wreck of the *Quetta* is noteworthy, as it furnishes particulars of the longest swim ever recorded. Among the passengers were two sisters, the Misses Lacey, from Mackay, the chief town in a sugar-growing district on the Queensland coast. One of the sisters was undoubtedly the most interesting figure in the events of that calamitous night.

The following is a statement made by the late Rev. A. M'Laren: 'Then we,' the relief party from Thursday Island, 'steamed toward the Three Brothers Islands, when Captain Reid, with glass in hand scanning the sea in every direction, suddenly saw something not much larger than a coco-nut floating out to sea. He at once steamed toward it, and as we drew nearer he saw that it was a person swimming. Just once a hand was lifted up; but before this a boat was sent out, and a poor young lady was lifted in, but she had in the meantime fainted. I at once recognised her to be Miss May Lacey, sixteen years of age, the eldest daughter of Mr Dyson Lacey, of St Helen's Station, Mackay. She was much exhausted; but, thanks to the care of Dr Salter, she is fast recovering, though she is very weak, and burnt by exposure to the sun. Her story is that she was writing a letter to her mother when the sad event happened, and she rushed to get her younger sister, who had gone to bed, and brought her on deck. Both went over together, and she was afterwards dragged into a boat or raft, where she was very kindly treated by the purser. She remained on the raft till the afternoon, Saturday, when, the purser tells me, she determined to swim to shore, so that she must have been swimming about till she was seen by Captain Reid at 8.10 this morning. Her rescue is almost miraculous, as she was drifting out to sea, away from Mount Adolphus Island, and she could not possibly have held out much longer. Perhaps her rescue and her marvellous self-possession are the most wonderful of all the

melancholy incidents connected with this terribly sad calamity.'

The wreck took place at 8.30 p.m. on the Friday; Miss Lacey was picked up at 8.10 a.m. on the Sunday. One of the rescuing party mentioned that when Miss Lacey was lifted on board her limbs worked automatically as if she were swimming, though she was quite unconscious.

This swimming feat is all the more wonderful considering that Miss Lacey had no belt or support of any kind. She got relief by swimming alternately on her back, breast, and sides. Miss Lacey said that she had no fear of the sharks which infest these tropic seas, but the hot sun scorched her face terribly. Probably the swimmer was asleep part of the time. It is pleasant to know that Miss Lacey quite recovered. She is now married, and living in Tasmania, and has a son in the navy, doing his share in fighting for the Empire.

Referring to long swims, there is, I believe, the record of one of twenty-six hours' duration in the case of a survivor from a wreck; and I know of another, an Australian aborigine, who swam for twenty-four hours after being wrecked in a storm; but Miss Lacey's achievement is likely to hold the record for a lady both for its length and on account of its romantic circumstances.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

Oh, where are they, the gallant band,
Our men who marched away,
With tear-filled eyes on either hand—
None so beloved as they?
Into the vortex they were cast,
Going where duty led,
Facing the foemen's withering blast,
Holding the salient firm and fast;
Victors! but joining at the last
The bivouac of the dead.

No more their names may fill the scroll
Of deeds of daring done,
Nor longer find as days unroll
A place beneath the sun.
In vain for them the trumpet's blare,
In vain the signal's spread;
But yet their 'wireless' nerves to dare,
Heartens their comrades everywhere—
A cloud of witnesses that share
The bivouac of the dead.

And when the day of days doth bring
Back men who marched away,
Who proudly shall salute the King—
Victors enwreathed with bay—
There, all unseen amid the cheers,
Marching with silent tread,
Those others from Elysian spheres,
Unscathed by time, untouched by tears,
Holding throughout the endless years
The bivouac of the dead.

WALTER C. HOWDEN.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE ROMANCE OF A TOKYO CANAL.

By Dr J. INGRAM BRYAN.

THE Romance of the East! How familiar the phrase seems, yet how seldom has any one understood it! There is, indeed, a romance of the East; but it is many-sided and queer, and in the aspect herein set forth somewhat weird. Between the romance of the East and what is romantic to the East there is doubtless a decided difference. It is the latter, however, that more often impresses the perhaps too unromantic traveller. Hence the romance of a Tokyo canal.

The million-peopled streets of Japan's overgrown capital, especially in the lower sections of the city, are threaded here and there by shallow, murky streams that, for want of a more appropriate name, have to be dignified under the appellation of canals; and these winding waterways are crossed by numberless nimble bridges, over which pass even more numberless multitudes from hour to hour; while along their sinuous courses curious boats and barges, propelled by yet stranger human beings, men, women, and children, ply from early dawn till night blots out the scene and brings welcome rest.

This Venice-like region is older than the city—the remains, in fact, of what was once a tiny fishing village before the great Ota Dokwan set up his castle in the vicinity, which showed that the warrior had an eye for sites, as the Tokugawa believed when they selected it as the foundation of the Shogun's capital, since become the metropolis of the nation and the Far East. Now these canals of old Yedo have tales of romance and mystery that are all their own. What tragedies lie buried beneath these turbid waters who can conjure up even by yielding to the wildest flights of fancy? Some of these tragedies have slumbered there in the grimy shallows for many a century, and some are but the episodes of the modern world; yet all lay as hidden secrets till the dredger appeared.

The dredger is a new thing in Tokyo; and when it first began to mope its way along the narrow canals, naturally the bridges and other coigns of vantage became the resorts of hundreds of curious loiterers bent upon witnessing the operations of the foreign device for deepening waterways, but to them a means of learning the secrets of the past. At first no one was pre-

pared to find in these ungainly-looking Western machines anything of romance; but as they began to throw light on many dark things, and open up long-hidden mysteries, the city's multitudes were aroused to interest. For hours people were content to stand on the bridges gazing intently at the rise and fall of the great scoop, especially at its rise, for no one knew what it would bring up next—a crock of gold coin, a skeleton, or the recent remains of some unfortunate pessimist.

Beside the uncouth dredgers were lined up numbers of grimy barges to carry away the mud; and as each scoopful was dumped in, it was expected to reveal something new and strange. If it looked innocent, as it arose above the seething waters, the bargemen with long poles probed it till peradventure something protruded from the stubborn mass; it had to deliver up whatever secret it chanced to hide. The wondrous scoop held the key to the situation, and as it loomed up from under the troubled waters every eye was riveted on it as on an apparition.

Among the more numerous objects brought to light by the Tokyo dredgers were purses; and as they represented all types and times, and were, alas! empty, the absorbing query went its round: 'Why so many empty purses?' No one appeared to know, till a policeman, to whom the question evidently seemed trivial, remarked that thieves and pickpockets usually throw purses into the canal after emptying them, so as to prevent a clue to detection. With this explanation the crowd assumes a knowing look of satisfaction; those that have thus lost purses grow meditative, while some who have been adding their quota to the number thrown in glance about them apprehensively, every one being afraid to slip away lest he be taken for one of the light-fingered gentry.

One day the dredger brought up a number of human skulls; indeed, the spot whence they were scooped seemed as thick with them as shells in an oyster-bed. A bed of skulls! The gaping throng on the bridge assumed an attitude of awe and horror. Who could unravel the mystery? Beside this the purses were nothing. Evidently many a year had passed since the victims had met their fate. Was it that they

had all found an end to hopelessness and misery in the bottom of that slimy flood? Perhaps! Here also the police proved the best interpreters of the romance of the shovel. The skulls, suggested the little man in white, were those of criminals executed in the district long years ago; for there used to be a prison on the banks of that canal, and probably the heads of decapitated criminals were conveniently disposed of by being thrown into it. The poor immolated body could not carry its own head, and so it had to be left behind. If nations could collect all the skulls of those they have killed, no water on earth would be deep enough to hide the gruesome mountain. But they are all hidden away in beds, and the world is satisfied. A bed of skulls, and dumped there by law! The crowd is breathless at the new light on an old mystery; but all is soon forgotten in still more breathless anticipation of the next scoopful. What will this fiendish foreign device bring forth next? These foreign things are the most terrible of investigators. The scoop appears once more above the glassy black surface. What is that round-looking thing? Why, there is a human face on one side of it! The bargeman pokes it out from the suspended scoop, and it drops with a ghastly splash into the bargeful of mud. It is no other than a human head, a mere man's head, the hair cropped and all intact; and it is not very long since the poor fellow lost his head either. Here at last is a mystery which no one ventures to explain, though each has his opinion. The bargeman picks it up. A groan just audible goes up from the spectators, and the foreman gives the word to 'go on.' *Brrrrr—splash!* and the merciless scoop descends again to the infernal regions.

What next? Nothing doing! Several scoops, and still nothing out of the way. The multitude sighs with ennui. The scoop appears again. 'Nothing,' did some one say? What is that rotund protrusion on the far side of the heaped-up mass? The bargeman has seen it from the first. Nothing escapes his practised eye. He gives it a poke. It seems as hard as stone. What can it be? The foreman orders the scoop to remain suspended, and the man prises out the object of interest. It proves to be a piece of crockery, fortunately unbroken—an earthenware pot, and, lo! a cover fitted into it. The lid is forced open. There lie, unawakened from the sleep of centuries, golden coins of the realm current before modern civilisation was born. Whether this find was esteemed of really more interest than the skulls it would be hard to say. The crock of coin is duly noted and handed over to the police as the property of the State.

At a snail's pace the lumbering dredger still makes its way a bit farther up the turbid stream. The new hunting-ground excites deeper interest; and so it goes on through the humid

summer heat each livelong day. Some sections of the way so slowly covered prove much more rich in deposits than others. Always some of the crowd are departing and being replaced by others less pressed for time, errand-boys and shop-boys delivering goods, nurses with babies on their backs, and old men whose daily task is simply to wait. Down goes the scoop again with a whir and a splash. The strong chain grinds on its rusty wheels, slackens, and the cruel scoop opens its wide steel jaws and takes hold with ravenous teeth like some monstrous tiger. The chain tightens; the great jaws come slowly together on some delicious secret of the underworld. Anything this time? Yes, the most remarkable find yet! Up come a man and a woman tied together in the awful grip of the unfeeling scoop. There is a faint burst of astonishment from the crowding spectators. The monotony is broken, and that at least is satisfactory. The bargeman rolls the remains of the unfortunate lovers out of the mud on to the small deck at one end of the barge, under which the bargeman and his family live. Ah! what a tale this find tells let the disappointed lovers of all lands relate. Not so long ago, perhaps the day before, this man and maid were young and fair, revelling in the ecstasy of love's young dream, but the interference of some cruel parent or guardian broke the spell and shut out hope; yet love conquers all things through death, and the black, unsavoury shallows of the canal became to them the way to life.

In a farther section of the ancient canal most of the objects brought to light were old saddles, rusty swords, old-time sabres, military boots, and other martial accoutrements. That a barracks has long occupied the vicinity explained whence these objects came, but not why such things should have been dumped into a canal. Not to shock the reader too greatly, let it be simply stated that one day, when the onlookers were intent, as usual, on the omnivorous scoop, lo! what should it bring up but the body of a girl, the fair young victim demurely seated with folded knees, while the crowd gazed in horror-stricken amazement! Yet why should they have been thus astonished? The only thing new about it was the manner of the discovery. There is hardly a day passes without the body of a young girl being found with life snuffed out in the nation's waters, and no one makes any remark. Such incidents have ceased to be tragic or worthy of surprise.

'What's this?' shouted one bargeman to another as the scoop once more ascended flush with the gunwale of the mud-scow. 'Ah, another baby!' exclaimed his colleague, with little show of either feeling or amazement. 'We got another baby!' said one to the other among the workmen, as though one had been born to them, and they expected congratulations. It was set

aside to await police investigation, and the dredging went on. The next treasure-trove was distinctly more interesting, for it represented not death, but life, and life in its most active form. The dripping water hissed and mud spattered in all directions. Something was flapping and floundering in desperation. It proved to be a

sort of devil-fish, a nameless sort of creature from a foreign point of view, but of great importance, as the boat-hands look to this as a means of reducing their food bills. The foreman soon decided whose turn it was to have the mud-fish, and the dredger went on unravelling the romance of a Tokyo canal.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

CHAPTER VI.—THE FIGHT IN THE MILL.

AS Dalroy burst open the door, which was locked, the heart-rending screams of the three women mingled with the vile oaths of their assailants. He had foreseen that the door would probably be fastened, and put his whole strength into the determination to force the bolt without warning. The scene which met his eyes as he rushed into the room was etched in Rembrandt lights and shadows by a lamp placed in the centre of the table.

Near a staircase—not that which led to the lofts, but the main stairway of the domestic part of the dwelling—Madame Joos was struggling in the grip of the orderly and one of the lieutenants. Another of these heroes—they all belonged to a Westphalian detachment of the commissariat—was endeavouring to overpower Irene. His left arm pinned her left arm to her waist; his right arm had probably missed a similar hold, because the girl's right arm was free. She had seized his wrist, and was striving to ward off a brutal effort to prevent her from shrieking. Busch, that stout satyr, was seated. Dalroy learnt subsequently that the sudden hubbub arose because Irene resisted his attempt to pull her on to his knee. The last of the younger men was clasping Léontine to his breast with rascally intent to squeeze the breath out of her until she was unable to struggle further.

Now Dalroy had to decide in the fifth part of a second whence danger would first come, and begin the attack there. The four officers had laid aside their swords, but the lieutenants had retained belts and revolvers. Busch, as might be expected, was only too pleased to get rid of his equipment. His tunic was unbuttoned, so that he might gorge at ease. Somehow, Dalroy knew that Irene would not free the hand which was now closing on her mouth. The two Walloons carried short forks with four prongs—Joos had taken to heart the Englishman's comment on the disadvantage of a pitchfork for close fighting—and Jan Maertz might be trusted to deal with the ruffian who was nearly strangling Léontine. There remained the gallant lieutenant whose sense of humour permitted the belief that the best way to force onward a terrified elderly woman was to plant a knee against the small of her back. He had looked around at once when the door flew open, and his right hand was

already on the butt of an automatic pistol. Him, therefore, Dalroy bayoneted so effectually that a startled oath changed into a dreadful howl ere the words left his lips. The orderly happened to be nearer than the officer; so, as the bayonet did its work, Dalroy kicked the lout's feet from under him, and thrust him through the body while on the floor. A man who had once won the Dholepur Cup, which is competed for by the most famous pig-stickers in India, knew how to put every ounce of weight behind the keen point of a lance, because an enraged boar is the quickest and most courageous fighter among all the fierce creatures of the jungle. But he was slightly too near his quarry; the bayonet reached the stone floor through the man's body, and snapped at the forte. Then he wheeled, and made for Irene's assailant.

The instant Dalroy appeared at the door the girl had caught the Prussian's thumb in her strong teeth, and not only bit him to the bone, but held on. With a loud bellow of 'Help! Come quickly!' he released her, and struck fiercely with his left hand. Yet this gentle girl, who had never taken part in any more violent struggle than a school romp, had the presence of mind to throw herself backward, and thus discount the blow, while upsetting her adversary's balance. But her clenched teeth did not let go. It came out long afterwards that she was a first-rate gymnast. One day, moved by curiosity on seeing some performance in a circus, she had essayed the stage trick of hanging head downward from a cross-bar, and twirling around another girl's body girdled by a strap working on a swivel attached to a strong pad which she bit resolutely. Then she discovered a scientific fact which very few people are aware of. The jaw is, perhaps, the strongest part of the human frame, and can exercise a power relatively far greater than that of the hands. Of course, she could not have held out for long, but she did thwart and delay the maddened Prussian during two precious seconds. Even when he essayed to choke her, she still contrived to save herself by seizing his free hand.

By that time Dalroy had leaped to the rescue. Shortening the rifle in the way familiar to all who have practised the bayonet exercise, he drove it against the Prussian's neck. The jagged

stump inflicted a wound which looked worse than it was; but the mere shock of the blow robbed the man of his senses, and he fell like a log.

In order to come within striking distance, Dalroy had to jump over Busch. Old Joos, piping in a weird falsetto, had sprung at the fat major and spitted him in the stomach with all four prongs of the fork. Busch toppled over backward with a fearsome howl, the chair breaking under his weight combined with a frantic effort to escape. The miller went with him, and dug the terrible weapon into his soft body as though driving it into a truss of straw. Maertz, a lusty fellow, had made shorter work of his man, because one prong had reached the German's heart, and he was stilled at once. But Joos thrust and thrust again, even using a foot to bury the fork to its shoulder.

This was the most ghastly part of a thrilling episode. Busch writhed on the floor, screaming shrilly for mercy, and striving vainly to stay with his hands the deadly implement from eating into his vitals.

That despairing effort gave the miller a ghouliah satisfaction. 'Aha!' he chortled; 'you laughed at Lafarge! Laugh now, you swine! *That's* for the doctor, and *that's* for my wife, and *that's* for my daughter, and *that's* for me!'

Dalroy did not attempt to stop him. These men must die. They had come to the mill to destroy; it was just retribution that they themselves should be destroyed. His coolness in this crisis was not the least important factor in a situation rife with peril. His method of attack had converted a fight against heavy odds into a speedy and most effectual slaughter. But that was only the beginning. Even while the frenzied yelling of the squirming Busch was subsiding into a frothy gurgle he went to the door and listened. A battery of artillery was passing at a trot, and creating din enough to drown the cries of a hundred Busches.

He looked back over his shoulder. Madame Joos was on her knees, praying. The poor woman had no thought but that her last hour had come. Happily, she was spared the sight of her husband's vengeance. Happily, too, none of the women fainted. Léontine was panting and sobbing in Maertz's arms. Irene, leaning against the wall near the fireplace, was gazing now at Joos, now at the fallen man at her feet, now at Dalroy. But her very soul was on fire. She, too, had yielded to the madness of a life-and-death struggle. Her eyes were dilated. Her bosom rose and fell with laboured breathing. Her teeth were still clenched, her lips parted as though she dreaded to find some loathsome taste on them.

Maertz seemed to have retained his senses, so Dalroy appealed to him. 'Jan,' he said quietly, 'we must go at once. Get your master and the others outside. Then extinguish the lamp. Hurry! We haven't a second to spare.'

Joos heard. Satisfied now that the fork had been effective, he straightened his small body and said shrilly, 'You go, if you like. I'll not leave my money to be burnt with my house.—Now, wife, stir yourself. Where's that key?'

The familiar voice roused Madame Joos from a stupor of fear. She fumbled in her bodice, and produced a key attached to a chain of fine silver. Her husband mounted nimbly on a chair, ran a finger along one of the heavy beams which roofed the kitchen, found a cunningly hidden keyhole, and unlocked a long, narrow receptacle which had been scooped out of the wood. A more ingenious, accessible, yet unlikely hiding-place for treasure could not readily be imagined. He took out a considerable sum of money in notes, gold, and silver. Though a man of wealth, with a substantial account in the State bank, he still retained the peasant's love of a personal hoard.

Stowing away the money in various pockets, Joos got down off the chair. Busch was dying, but he was not unconscious. He had even watched the miller's actions with a certain detached curiosity, and the old fellow seemed to become aware of the fact. 'So,' he cackled, 'you saw, did you? That should annoy you in your last hour, you fat thief!—Yes, yes, monsieur, I'll come now.—Léontine, stop blubbing, and tie up that piece of beef and some bread in a napkin. We fighting-men must eat.—Jan, put the bottles of champagne and the pork-pie in a basket.—Léontine, run and get your own and your mother's best shoes. You can change them in the wood.'

'What wood?' put in Maertz.

'We can't walk to Maestricht by the main road, you fool.'

'That's all right for you and madame here, and for Léontine, perhaps. But I remain in Belgium. My friends are fighting yonder at Liège, and I'm going to join them. And these others mustn't try it. The frontier is closed for them. I was offered my life only two hours ago if I arrested them.'

'Jan!' cried Léontine indignantly.

'It's true. Why should I tell a lie? I didn't understand then the sort of game the Prussians are playing. Now that I know'—

'Miss Beresford,' broke in Dalroy emphatically, 'if these good people will not escape when they may, we must leave them to their fate.'

'Do come, Monsieur Joos!' said Irene, speaking for the first time since the tragedy. 'By remaining here you risk your life to no purpose.'

'We are coming now, ma'm'selle.'

Suddenly the miller's alert eye was caught by a spasmodic movement in the limbs of the last man whom Dalroy struck down. '*Tiens!*' he cried; 'that fellow isn't finished with yet.'

He was making for the prostrate form with that terrible fork, when Dalroy ran swiftly and collared him. 'Stop that!' came the angry

command. 'A fair fight must not degenerate into murder. Out you get now, or I'll throw you out!'

Joos laughed. 'You're making a mistake, monsieur,' he said. 'These Prussians don't fight that way. They'd kill you just for the fun of the thing if you were tied hand and foot. But let the rascal live if it pleases you. As for this one'—and he spurned Busch's body with his foot—'he's done. Did you hear him? He squealed like a pig.'

Dalroy was profoundly relieved when the automatic pistols and ammunition were collected, the lamp extinguished, the door closed, and the whole party had passed through a garden and orchard to the gloom of the ravine. The hour was about half-past eight o'clock. Twenty-four hours earlier he and Irene were about to leave Cologne by train, believing with some degree of confidence that they might be allowed to cross the frontier without let or hindrance! Life was then conventional, with a spice of danger. Now it had descended in the social scale until they ranked on a par with the dog that had gone mad and must be slain at sight. The German code of war is a legal paraphrase of the trickster's formula, 'Heads I win, tails you lose.' The armies of the Fatherland are ordered to practise 'frightfulness,' and so terrorise the civil population that the inhabitants of the stricken country will compel their rulers to sue for peace on any terms. But woe to that same civil population if some small section of its members resists or avenges any act of 'frightfulness'! Soldiers might murder the Widow Jacquinet and ravish her granddaughter; officers might plan a bestial orgy in the miller's house; but Dalroy and Joos and Maertz, in punishing the one set of crimes and preventing another, had placed themselves outside the law. Neither Joos nor Maertz cared a farthing rush-light about the moral consequences of that deadly struggle in the kitchen, but Dalroy was in different case. He knew the certain outcome. Small wonder if his heart was heavy and his brow seamed. His own fate was of slight concern, since he had ceased to regard life as worth more than an hour's purchase at any time from the moment he leaped down into the station-yard at Aix-la-Chapelle. But it was hard luck that the accident of mere association should have bound up Irene Beresford's fortunes so irrevocably with his. Was there no way out of the maze in which they were wandering? What, for instance, had Jan Maertz meant by his cryptic statements?

'We must halt here,' Dalroy said authoritatively, stopping short in the shadow of a small clump of trees on the edge of the ravine, a place whence there was a fair field of view, yet so close to dense brushwood that the best of cover was available instantly if needed.

'Why?' demanded Joos. 'I know every inch of the way.'

'I want to question Maertz,' said Dalroy shortly. 'But don't let me delay you on that account. Indeed, I advise you to go ahead, and safeguard Madame Joos and your daughter. I would even persuade, if I can, Mademoiselle Beresford to go with you.'

'I don't mind listening to Jan's yarn myself,' grunted the miller. 'And isn't it time we had some supper? Killing Prussians is hungry work. Did you hear Busch? He squealed like a pig.—Léontine, cut some chunks of beef and bread, and open one of these bottles of wine.'

There was solid sense in the old man's crude rejoinder. Criminals about to suffer the death penalty often enjoy a good meal. These six people, who had just escaped death, or—where the women were concerned—a degradation worse than death, and before whose feet the grave might yawn wide and deep at once and without warning, were nevertheless greatly in want of food. So they ate as they talked.

Maertz's story was coherent enough when set forth in detail. He was dazed and shaken by the fall from the wagon; but, helped by the sentry, who bore witness that the collision was no fault of his, being the outcome of obedience to the officer's order, he contrived to calm the startled horses. The officer even offered to find a few men later who would help to pull the wagon out of the ditch; so Jan was told to 'stand by' until the column had passed. Meaning no harm, he asked what had become of his passengers. This naturally evoked other questions, and a search was made, with the result that the lamp and Dalroy's discarded sabots were found. The lamp, of course, was numbered, and carried the initials of a German State railway; but this 'exhibit' only bore out Maertz's statement that a man from Aix had come in the wagon to explain to Joos why the consignment of oats had been so long held up in the goods-yard.

In fact, a squad of soldiers had put the wagon right, and were reloading it, when the bodies of Heinrich and his companion were discovered in the stable. Suspicion fell at once on the missing pair. Maertz would have been shot out of hand if an infuriated officer had not recollected that by killing the Walloon he would probably destroy all chance of tracing the man who had 'murdered' two of his warriors. So Maertz was arrested, and dumped into a cellar until such time as a patrol could take him to Visé and investigate matters there.

Meanwhile the unforeseen resistance offered to the invaders along the line of the Meuse and in the neighbourhood of Liège was throwing the German military machine out of gear. In this initial stage of the campaign 'the best-organised army in the world' was like a powerful locomotive engine fitted with every mechanical device for rapid advance, but devoid of either brakes or reversing-gear. As the 7th and 10th Divisions recoiled from the forts of Liège in something

akin to disastrous defeat, congestion and confusion spread backward to the advanced base at Aix. Hospital trains from the front compelled other trains laden with reserves and munitions to remain in sidings. The roads became blocked. Brigades of infantry and cavalry, long lines of guns and wagons, were halted during many hours. Frantic staff officers in powerful cars were alternately urging columns to advance and demanding a clear passage to the rear and the headquarters staff. No regimental commandant dared think and act for himself. He was merely a cog in the machine, and the machine had broken down. Actually the defenders of Liège held up the Kaiser's legions only a few days, but it is no figure of speech to say that when General Leman dropped, stupefied by an explosion in Fort Loncin, he had established a double claim to immortality. Not only had he shattered the proud German legend of invincibility in the field, but he had also struck a deadly blow at German strategy. With Liège and Leman out of the way, it would seem to the student of war that the invaders must have reached Paris early in September. They made tremendous strides later in the effort to maintain their 'time-table,' but they could never overtake the days lost in the valley of the Meuse.

What a tiny pawn was Jan Maertz in this game of giants! How little could he realise that his very existence depended on the shock of opposing empires!

The communications officer at the cross-roads had not a moment to spare for many an hour after Jan's execution was deferred. At last, about nightfall, when the 9th Division got into motion again, he snatched a slight breathing-space. Remembering the prisoner, he detailed a corporal and four men to march him to Visé and make the necessary inquiries at Joos's mill.

For Maertz's benefit he gave the corporal precise instructions. 'If this fellow's story is proved true, and you find the man and the woman he says he brought from Aachen, return here with the three of them, and full investigation will be made. If no such man and woman have arrived at the mill, and the prisoner is shown to be a liar, shoot him out of hand.'

A young staff officer, a lieutenant of the Guards, stretching his legs while his chauffeur was refilling the petrol-tank, overheard the loud-voiced order, and took a sudden and keen interest in the proceedings.

'One moment,' he said imperatively. 'What's this about a man and a woman brought from Aachen? Who brought them? And when?'

The other explained, laying stress, of course, on the fractured skulls of two of his best men.

'Hi, you!' cried the Guardsman to Maertz; 'describe these two.'

Maertz did his best. Dalroy, to him, was literally a railway employé; but his recollection of Irene's appearance was fairly exact. More-

over, he was quite reasonably irritated and alarmed by the trouble they had caused. Then the lamp and sabots were produced, and the questioner swore mightily.

'Leave this matter entirely in my hands,' he advised his confrère. 'It is most important that these people should be captured, and this is the very fellow to do it. I'll promise him his life, and the safety of his friends, and pay him well into the bargain, if he helps me to get hold of that precious pair. You see, we shall have no difficulty in catching and identifying him again if need be. Personally, I believe he is telling the absolute truth, and is no more responsible for the killing of your men than you are.'

Lieutenant Karl von Halwig's comparison erred only in its sheer inadequacy. The communications officer's responsibility was great. He had failed to control his men. He was blind and deaf to their excesses. What matter how they treated the wretched Belgians if the road was kept clear? It was nothing to him that an old woman should be murdered and a girl outraged so long as he kept his squad intact.

'So now you know all about it, monsieur,' concluded Maertz. 'When I met you in the ravine I thought you were escaping, and let out at you. God be praised, you got the better of me!'

'Was the staff officer's name Von Halwig?' inquired Dalroy.

'Name of a pipe, that's it, monsieur! I heard him tell it to the other pig, but couldn't recall it.'

'And when were you to meet him?'

'He had to report to some general at Argenteau, but reckoned to reach the mill about nine o'clock.'

'Oh, father dear, let us all be going!' pleaded Léontine.

'One more word, and I have finished,' put in Dalroy. He turned again to Maertz. 'What did you mean by saying a little while ago that the frontier is closed?'

'The lieutenant—Von Halwig, is it?—sent some Uhlans to the major of a regiment guarding the line opposite Holland. He wrote a message, but I know what was in it, because he told the other officer. "They're making for the frontier," he said, "and if they haven't slipped through already, we'll catch them now without fail. They mustn't get away this time, if we have to arrest and examine every — Belgian in this part of the country."'

'Ho! ho!' piped Joos, who had listened intently to Jan's recital. 'Why didn't you tell us that sooner, animal? What chance, then, have I and madame and Léontine of dodging the rascals?'

'Caput!' cried Maertz, scratching his head; 'that settles it! I never thought of that!'

'Oh, look!' whispered Léontine. 'They're searching the mill!'

So earnest and vital was the talk that none of the others had chanced to look down the ravine. They saw now that lights were moving in the upper rooms of the mill. Either Von Halwig had arrived before time, or some messenger had tried to find the commissariat officers, and had raised an alarm.

Joos took charge straight away, like the masterful old fellow that he was. 'This locality isn't good for our health,' he said. 'The night is young yet, but we must leg it to a safer place before we begin planning. Leave nothing behind. We may need all that food.—Come, Lise,' and he grabbed his wife's arm, 'you and I will lead the way to the Argenteau wood. The Devil himself can't track me once I get there.—Trust me, monsieur, I'll pull you through. That lout, Jan Maertz, is all muscle and no brain. What Léontine sees in him I can't guess.'

For the time being, Dalroy believed that the miller might prove a resourceful guide. Before deciding the course he personally would pursue it was absolutely essential that he should learn the lie of the land and weigh the probabilities of success or failure attached to such alternatives as were suggested.

'We had better go with our friends,' he said to Irene. 'They know the country, and I must have time for consideration before striking out a line of my own.'

'I think it would be fatal to separate,' she agreed. 'When all is said and done, what can they hope to accomplish without your help?'

Joos's voice came to them in eager, if subdued, accents. He was telling his wife how accounts were squared with Busch. 'I stuck him with the fork,' he chortled, 'and he squealed like a pig!'

(Continued on page 114.)

THE FOREST AWAKES.

By F. G. AFLALO.

WE went to the forest at dead of night. It lies in the government of Novgorod, rather more than a hundred miles out of St Petersburg, on the new line to Vologda and Archangel, and we were the whole night on the journey, for trains do not hustle unduly in the Russian Empire, and there were, besides, several miles through the snow on foot, in springless country carts, and even on an open ferry across a wide river just making up its mind to freeze. Oh those springless carts! The *tarantass* is also springless, but is at any rate slung on a pole, with a swaying movement not far from soothing on a good road or over snow; but in the jolting of the country cart there is no comfort, whether the hardy little pony is plodding over apologies for roads or crashing through thin ice, or stumbling amid the trees on the outskirts of the forest. Yet the memory of daybreak in that silent wood, with its white carpet and its slender frosted pinnacles of fir and birch, is so enthralling as of itself to have been worth the discomfort of the journey; and well it needed such solace, for the blackcock, which should have flown obediently to the decoys silhouetted in the tree-tops against the growing light of that November dawn, stayed away, with the result that not a cartridge was fired by any of the party. The two innocent-looking wigwags of boughs hid the four of us. In one crouched the Japanese Ambassador, Baron Motono, and the Russian representative of the best-known newspaper in the whole world; and the other I shared with the first secretary of the Swedish Embassy, a curiously international quartette of guns willing to wound, yet with no opportunity of striking. With as little disturbance as possible we had crept over the hard snow to our hiding-places, and there we were built in by the keepers, who then

fastened excellent imitations of blackcock and gray hen to slender poles and fixed these close to fir-trees. Then the keepers beat up the cover; but snow was falling, a keen wind was rustling the branches, and the birds would not move.

It may sound a heresy, but I was almost glad. There was something so wonderful in the witchery of that gradual illumination of the forest, home of elk, bear, wolf, lynx, fox, capercaillie, and other game; something so compelling in the silence, broken only by the faint chirruping of little birds awaking to another short winter day, that the sound of firearms would have broken the spell, and the murder that was in our hearts would have been unutterable profanity. Let me not even seem to pretend that the business of the moment was out of my thoughts. Given the chance, I should have held my gun as straight as possible in that deceptive twilight, but I vow I was not wholly sorry that the chance should be withheld. There is always a holy mystery about the dawn, particularly at sea or in the forest. At sea there is the wonder of seeing the light spread of a sudden out of the east, as it were overflowing the rim of a chalice, until the great waters, so dreadful in the darkness of night, glow in a moment with not unfriendly smiles of welcome. In the forest the beauty of daybreak lies rather in its association with the movement of living things; of shrinking plants that, once night is past, open to the kiss of the sun; of small birds that give their feathers a shake and sing out of the joy of their hearts; and, on the other hand, of suspicious creatures of the night that must, with the first shafts of light, get back into hiding.

This special forest in Novgorod is a couple of hundred thousand acres in extent, and the

shooting rights are in the hands of a small international club. The recent opening of a railway line brought, particularly during construction, the inevitable accession of poachers; but, thanks to influence in the right quarters, the house is being set in order, and in a year or two some wonderful bags should be made. Even now the wolves and foxes are so numerous that, in order to buy exemption for the hares, it is found necessary to dole out stronger meat in the shape of dead horses.

Sport on this occasion was, as has been said, utterly wanting. Yet I saw nothing amiss in having travelled a couple of hundred miles, out and back, some of the distance in comfortless fashion, for I had sensed the curious magic of the gigantic Russian forest as it stretches its limbs at daybreak. Something of the same transformation is witnessed by sportsmen in India, who sit through the night in their *machan*. Yet I think that the glamour of the Northern woods is unique.

SINGLE-HANDED.

CHAPTER III.

AS Crane attended to his rough chart, and snatched a bite of food, his mind was running on a matter that had been present as an undercurrent in his thoughts ever since he came aboard, but which the pressure of events had hitherto kept in the background. The sight of that twenty-pounder rapid-fire gun had brought it to the fore. This was the question of the contents of these long, iron-strapped boxes. In looking over the freight he had noted a pile of small square cases near his chamber that were bound with similar iron bands, but had not had time to look into them. He did not dare to work outside just now; but the long boxes were near at hand; they formed the roof over his head, though three of them were piled in the outside tier of freight forward. Getting out his tool-kit, he began to investigate the box just over his head. First he bored four holes in a square, some eight inches apart; then with a narrow saw, and with little more noise than the gnawing of a rat, he began to cut out the section of board. The tough wood took time and patience, but it yielded at last, and the little square dropped out. He pulled away a thick layer of packing until he reached a hard surface. His exploring fingers told him that this was a smooth cylinder, about a foot in diameter, like a column, but not terra-cotta. The light of his lantern flashed into the opening. The cylinder was made of steel, and his mind flashed as quickly to the probable explanation. This steel cylinder was a torpedo capable of sending to the bottom the heaviest battleship afloat. The smaller boxes must contain shells for quick-firing guns. The purpose of this voyage to Salina Cruz must have been to receive this consignment of ammunition, and to transport it to the war-vessel that had been preying on the shipping of the Allies in these waters. She might be a powerful sea-going submarine, making her base at some unfrequented island in mid-Pacific.

It was with the liveliest emotions that Crane realised that he had made his home in the heart of a magazine of high explosives, which, should it happen to be set off by accident or by a hostile

shot, would scatter the ship like scum over the face of the water. But this thought did not occupy him long. There was a fatalistic streak in his make-up, a bulldog determination to 'hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may,' that had got him into trouble several times during his life, but had straightway got him out again. For the present, at least, he put personal considerations aside; his whole business was to 'do his durnedest,' as the cow-boys have it, and watch the future with a steady nerve and a clear mind. His greatest interest was centred on seeing the ship that was to use these torpedoes. He was destined to see her sooner than he expected.

About five o'clock that afternoon, as he lay listening to the routine calls over the 'phone, the voice of the lookout sounded, calling to the officer on the bridge. 'Smoke over the starboard bow,' he reported. The speed of the vessel slackened. At short intervals the lookout reported, and Crane gleaned the information that a large freighter of about five thousand tons burden, with two funnels, buff in colour, and flying the British flag, was crossing the bows some four miles ahead. The *Cocos* kept to her course; the British freighter ploughed on into the south-west, bound probably from San Francisco to Sydney by the Samoan route. Darkness came on, and Crane awoke from a doze—for his rest had been broken by the warship's chase—to note that his compass was acting strangely. The ship was evidently circling southward again; soon she straightened out on a due south course at increased speed. Nothing came over the 'phone save routine orders for running the ship, so after an hour or so he decided to slip up to his lookout station and reconnoitre.

He looked out on a deck that was almost dark. Two shaded lights were directed on the rapid-fire gun in the bow, which a crew of men were busily preparing for action. He was certain that the *Cocos* was following the British freighter; but what for? Surely she did not intend to attack that massive vessel with this little gun and her small crew. Many merchant-vessels themselves mounted a light gun or two in these

troublesome times. Such an attack might succeed ; but it would be a desperate hazard, and did not harmonise with the methodical and scientific methods of the men he was watching.

Suddenly he felt the *Cocos* make an abrupt change in her course, and the lights of the freighter hove in sight over the larboard bow. Running two knots to her one, the *Cocos* overhauled her rapidly and silently.

A file of men came across the deck, raised the hatch-cover, and dropped into the hold. Crane dropped as quickly from his ventilator, but there was no time to regain his enclosed chamber. He had perforce to remain in his original hiding-place on top of the freight. He had taken the precaution to place some boxes so as to screen him from observation by any one forward ; also he had carefully broken the filament in the nearest electric-light globe. This had not been noticed, and it left the corner quite gloomy. He was therefore free to move about in comparative safety.

Through a small crevice he commanded a view of the open space forward and the hatchway ladder, as the men filed down. One of them stepped to a corner, lifted a board in the floor, seized a long lever, and raised it upward. Instantly two of the large steel plates on the forward bulkhead separated, rolled apart, and left a wide-open doorway. Through this could be seen a triangular room, reaching forward into the prow, and brilliantly lighted. In the centre of the room sat a glittering steel monster like a huge gun. Crane recognised it instantly as a torpedo-tube of the latest type, not fixed in position like the older tubes, but working on a semicircular track, and capable of direction like a coast-defence mortar. He at once realised the meaning of the whole manœuvre. These fiends meant to slip up beside the huge freighter ploughing her peaceful way southward with her sleeping crew, and let loose upon her one of the hideous devil-fish from the long boxes. Suddenly, without warning, all these inoffensive, unsuspecting fellows would be hurled to a horrible death through no fault of their own. His blood ran cold ; then it boiled up, and a red mist sprang before his eyes. He grasped the handle of his revolver, and his muscles strained for a leap to the floor. He would get some of these devils, anyhow.

But just in time the cold hand of reason touched his brow, and chilled the unruly surge of passion. Of what avail would be the sacrifice ? He might kill two or three, possibly four, of the crew below. The rest would kill him, then calmly step over the bodies and complete their task. He could not save the British ship now ; but with his present knowledge he might save many others by keeping his head and watching his opportunity. The *Cocos*, with her tremendous speed, could laugh at the combined navies of England and Japan, and, so long as she was not known to be the perpetrator

of these outrages, could operate indefinitely. His plain duty was in the higher sphere—to withhold action now, and devote his whole energy, and his life if need be, to some plan to end the career of this destructive masquerader.

Meanwhile he watched with intense interest the actions of the crew before him. They stepped into their positions and prepared the tube for action with the quickness and certainty of long practice. The deadly missile was already in place ; he knew now when it was put there. In a few minutes the lights were snapped off, except a small bulb which barely illuminated the sighting mechanism. Then a panel slid back, and a large porthole opened in the larboard bow. Crane could not see the doomed freighter, but he could see the reflection of her lights on the water. There were a few low orders, a clicking of machinery, and then a sudden hiss of escaping air as a long black shadow shot through the open porthole. Regardless of danger, Crane leaped up and scrambled into his ventilator.

The night was black, the sky overcast. Hardly a thousand yards away, and slightly in advance, the British vessel glided along, her bulk pricked out by occasional lights. She seemed not to realise the *Cocos's* presence. Everything was calm and quiet ; his senses refused to realise the meaning of that sinister black shape slipping so silently through the black water. A few moments thus, and then a red glare showed at the freighter's water-line and flamed upward, setting out every detail of the scene like a photographer's flashlight. He saw the big freighter heel over ; a quarter of her port-side disappeared, showing her interior structure like a house struck by a cyclone. The glare died down ; then a second explosion came as the water reached her boilers, and a shower of embers from her furnaces flew out and hissed into the sea. A muffled roar filled his ears, and a sharp blast of air struck his face, and the *Cocos* rocked and tossed in the waves.

All was dark now ; only a black bulk showed where the freighter lay—a black bulk that settled slowly, slowly lower. A jumble of minor sounds came across to him, small explosions, screams, shouts, commands. The black bulk heaved once endwise, settled back gently, and disappeared. For a few moments there was silence.

Then, like the crack of a whip, the *Cocos's* searchlight leaped across the waters and played upon the spot. A little wreckage floated—surprisingly little. A few men clung to boxes or planks, and one small boat, with about a dozen occupants, rowed toward them. The *Cocos* was swinging in closer, and Crane expected to see a boat manned for the rescue. Then he heard a crisp order forward, and saw the crew of the quick-firer leap to stations. The gun swung round ; three sharp explosions rent the air in rapid succession. Three more explosions echoed

back as the shells reached their mark, and the small boat crumpled like an egg-shell. Once more the searchlight swept the scene, then flickered out; the hum of the engines quickened, and the nose of the ship swung away to the west.

Sick at heart, sick in mind and body, Crane crept down from the lookout, and lay almost listlessly watching the German crew as they opened the nearest box and fitted another torpedo into the tube. For the first time he realised the capabilities of the literal, scientific Teutonic mind. The men before him did not look cruel or brutal. They were simply carrying out a plan to its logical conclusion. Their operations could be carried on only by absolute secrecy. They could not burden themselves with prisoners. They knew before they attacked that the crew of the freighter must die. The destruction of the

few miserable, helpless survivors was, to them, not murder, but a simple military measure. They must not be left to be picked up and to spread their story. It was no worse than dropping bombs from aircraft on sleeping cities, or shelling towns filled with non-combatants, both common events in the present war. Nevertheless his flesh crept and his fingers closed convulsively on the handle of his heavy Leuger.

Presently the torpedo-crew finished their work, the panels were shut, and they filed out through the hatchway. Crane lay thinking for an hour or more as the ship settled into quiet. A plan was taking shape in his mind, and he wished to work it out to the last detail. When midnight came, he roused himself and climbed down to the floor. The time for work had come.

(Continued on page 119.)

OLD SCOTTISH SAYINGS

AS TO LOCALITIES, ANIMALS, WEATHER, &c.

By JAMES FERGUSON, K.C.

THE descriptive sayings of Scotland, other than those which have a prophetic form or relate to historical episodes or family characteristics, are often quaint and picturesque. They contain much local wisdom, they photograph for us the special features of different districts or of natural objects such as rivers and mountains, and they often enshrine traditional lore, curious superstitions, and romantic legends. They epitomise the results of much observation of natural phenomena, of weather conditions, and shrewd judgments of agricultural land. Thus the comparative values of different regions are succinctly summarised in:

A lairdship in the Links o' Forth
Is worth an earldom in the North;

and

Ae rood o' Don's worth twa o' Dee,
Except it be for fish and tree;

otherwise given as

The river Dee for fish and tree,
The river Don for horn and corn;

or

Ae mile o' Don's worth twa o' Dee,
Except for salmon, stane, and tree;

or thus expanded:

Don and Deveron for grass and corn,
Spey and Dee for fish and tree.

The good fortune of the Highland Frasers in their territory is noted in the Gaelic observation:

Great is the profit of the Aird to MacShimei;
while the bareness of the Border uplands is indicated in:

Had heather bells been corn o' the best,
Buccleuch had had a noble grist.

A Strathspey rhyme runs:

Dipple, Dundurcas, Dandaleith, and Dalvey
Are the four bonniest haughs on the banks o' the Spey.

The searching breezes of the north-east and the changes of ownership of a Banffshire lairdship are epitomised in:

Cauld blaws the wind
About the house o' Eden,

and

Cauld Carnousie stands on a hill,
An' mony a fremit ane gangs theretill.

The varied interests of Forfarshire are summarised in the Arbroath weavers' toast:

The life o' man, the death o' fish,
The shuttle, soil, an' plough,
Corn, horn, linen, yarn,
Lint an' tarry woo;

while the number of small estates in Fife is alluded to in the definition:

A Fife laird—a wee pickle land, gey muckle debt,
and a doocot.

The perils of a low-lying coast are recorded in:

'Tween the Isle o' May
An' the Links o' Tay,
Mony a ship's been cast away;

while before the days of lighthouses sailing directions were provided for those navigating along the sandy shore, with its dangerous reefs, between Peterhead and Fraserburgh:

Keep Mormond Hill a handspike high,
And Ratray Briggs ye'll no' come nigh;

and a guide to those making the port of Aberdeen:

Clochnaben and Benachie
Are twa landmarks aff at sea.

A rhyme of the south-eastern shores commemorates the situation of three old churches :

St Abb, St Helen, and St Bey,
They a' built kirks to be nearest the sea;
St Abb's upon the nabbs,
St Helen's on the lea,
St Bey's upon Dunbar sands
Stands nearest to the sea.

The rhymes about rivers are numerous, and illustrate the varied character of our Scottish streams. The sinuous course of one northern river makes emphatic the Aberdeenshire comment on a double-dealing man :

He has as many crooks as Don.

Many of the lines are of grim significance :

Tweed said to Till,
'What gars ye rin sae still?'
Till said to Tweed,
'Though ye rin wi' speid,
An' I rin slaw,
Yet where ye droon ae man
I droon twa.'

Was ne'er ane drooned in Tarras,
Nor yet in doubt;
For ere the head wins down
The harns are oot.

Of a sluggish Forfarshire stream the rhyme runs :

Dowie, dowie Dean,
Ilka year gets ane;

and the characteristic of the northern Avon is indicated in :

The water o' A'an it rins sae clear,
'Twould beguile a man o' a hundred year.

An old rhyme relating to a quiet agricultural district in Buchan says :

Ugie said to Ugie,
Where shall we twa meet?
Doon in the haughs o' Rora,
Where a' men are asleep;

and a Lowland version of the Gaelic prophecy,

Great Tay of the waves
Shall sweep Perth bare,

indicates the same fate in terms of significant obliquity, referring to two tributary streams :

Says the Shochie to the Ordie;
'Where shall we meet?'
'At the Cross o' Perth
When a' men are fast asleep.'

The close proximity of the sources of rivers running in different directions and their different courses are described in :

Annan, Tweed, and Clyde
Ran a' oot o' ae hillside;
Tweed ran, Annan wan,
Clyde fell an' brak its back owre Corra Linn.

A Forfarshire rhyme runs :

Prosen, Esk, and Carity
Meet at the birken buss o' Inverquharity;

and a Peeblesshire one referring to a well on a hill near Eddleston, said to rise from an underground reservoir, says :

Powbate, an' ye break,
Tak' the Moorfoot in yer gate,
Moorfoot an' Mauldsalie,
Huntlycote, a' three,
Five kirks an' an abbacie.

Those relating to mountains are not so numerous, and often deal with them as barometrical indicators. The three Galloway hills of the same name are distinguished as

Cairnsmuir o' Fleet,
Cairnsmuir o' Dee,
And Cairnsmuir o' Carsphairn,
The biggest o' the three.

A quaint tradition in regard to Tinto, in Lanarkshire, is embodied in :

On Tintock tap there is a mist,
And in that mist there is a kist,
And in the kist there is a caup,
And in the caup there is a drap;
Tak' up the caup, drink aff the drap,
And set the caup on Tintock tap.

Several districts have their own sayings relating to weather connected with prominent hills. Thus Aberdeenshire :

When Benachie puts on its tap
The Garioch lads will get a drap.

Fife, referring to the summits of the Lomonds :

When Falkland Hill puts on its cap
The Howe o' Fife will get a drap;
And when the Bishop draws his cowl
Look out for wind and weather foul.

The Borders :

When Ruberslaw puts on his cowl,
The Dunion on his hood,
Then a' the wives o' Teviotdale,
Ken there will be a flood.

Dumfriesshire : a saying used to point a political moral at the time of the Union :

If Skiddaw has a cap
Criffel wots full weel o' that.

Central Scotland :

When the Castle o' Stirling gets a hat,
The Carse o' Corntoun pays for that.

And Haddingtonshire :

When Traprain Law puts on his hat,
The Lothian lads may look to that.

The general distiches as to weather are curiously borne out by repeated experience. The first of the three spring storms, known in the North as the 'Borrowing Days,' the 'Teuchit's Storm,' and the 'Gab of May,' is commemorated in :

March said to Aperill,
I saw three hogs on yonder hill,
An' if you'll lend me dayis three
I'll find a way to gar them dee.
The first o' them was wind an' weet,
The neist o' them was snaw an' sleet,
The third o' them was sic a freeze
It friz the birds' nebs till the trees;
An' when the three days were past an' gane,
The silly poor hoggies cam' hirplin' hame.

The shepherd's saying was :

Leap year
Was ne'er a good sheep year.

Other weather-wise rhymes run :

A' the months o' the year,
Curse a fair Februeer.

If Candlemas day be dry an' fair,
The half o' winter's to come an' mair;
If Candlemas day be wet an' foul,
The half o' winter's gane at Yule.

A warm May and a weeping June
Bring the hairst richt sune.

St Swithin's day, gin ye do rain,
For forty days it will remain;
St Swithin's day, an ye be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair.

As lang's the bird sings afore Candlemas he greets
after it.

A Merse mist along the Tweed
Is a harvest morning's gude indeed.

A misty May and a dripping June
Brings the bonny land o' Moray abune.

Moray has fifteen days more summer than its
neighbour.

To this a contrast is afforded by the Aberdeen-
shire saying referring to a herculean task or
attempting the impossible :

As well try to stop the north wind blowing through
the glens o' Foudland ;

which recalls the new petition added by John,
Earl of Kintyre, to his prayers :

Lord keep the hill o' Foudland between me and
Duff o' Braco.

Another Aberdeenshire saying, referring to the
third Thursday in February, is :

The Fair-day o' Auld Deer
Is the warst day in a' the year ;

but a more cheerful Gaelic one declares that

Frosty winter, misty spring, chequered summer,
and sunny autumn never left dearth in Scotland.

Much wisdom and some superstition are also
found in couplets or sayings about animals, birds,
and trees. Generally correct in its application
to the earlier-mentioned beings, and in accord-
ance with traditions about famous stags, is the
Highland one :

Thrice the age of the dog is the age of the horse,
Thrice the age of the horse is the age of a man,
Thrice the age of a man is the age of the deer,
Thrice the age of the deer is the age of the eagle,
Thrice the age of an eagle is the age of the oak-
tree.

Some versions, it is understood, interpose the
raven before or after the eagle.

The pyet or magpie has always been a favourite
bird of augury :

Twa's joy, three's grief,
Four's a wedding, five's a birth.

And there is a subtle charm in the lines :

Gang and hear the gowk yell,
Sit and see the swallows flee,
See the foal before its mother's e'e,
'Twill be a prosperous year to thee.

Among our native trees the rowan has always
been believed to possess a peculiar potency. An
Aberdeenshire rhyme says :

Rowan-tree and red woodbine
Will haud the witches' oncomin'.

A more southern one runs :

Black cogie, lammer bead,
Rowan-tree, an' red thread,
Put the witches to their speed ;

or

Gar the witches dance to deid.

The maiden's test of her demon lover, who
appeared in the guise of a handsome young man,
was :

Gin ye wish to be leman mine,
Lay off the St John's wort an' the vervine.

Superstitions were also associated with colours,
more particularly with yellow, still the flag of
quarantine and plague; and green, fatal to
the Lindsays since the battle of Brechin, to the
Sinclairs since that of Flodden, and to the
Grahams :

Blue is beauty, reid's a taiken,
Yellow's grief, an' green's forsaken.

The march to Flodden is also responsible for
the tradition that it is fatal to a Sinclair to cross
the Ord of Caithness on a Monday ; but a record
of brighter change of fortune is preserved in
that which prevents any Bruce killing a spider.

A Forfarshire rhyme preserves the designations
of four branches of an ancient house :

Guthrie o' Guthrie,
Guthrie o' Gagie,
Guthrie o' Taybank,
An' Guthrie o' Craigie.

And the hard fortune of a supernatural being
impressed into the service of Graham of Morphie
is recorded in his metrical soliloquy :

Sair back an' sair banes,
Driving the Laird o' Morphie's stanes.
The Laird o' Morphie'll never thrive
As lang's the kelpy is alive.

Local peculiarities or incidents are also hit
off in a few graphic, but not very complimentary,
rhymes. A village on the north of the Ochils
is commiserated thus :

The lasses o' Exmagirdle
May very weel be dun,
For frae Michaelmas till Whitsunday
They never see the sun.

Another Perthshire rhyme runs :

Was there e'er sic a parish, a parish, a parish,
Was there e'er sic a parish as Little Dunkeld ?
They ha'e stickit the minister, hanged the pre-
centor,
Dung doon the steeple, an' drucken the bell ;

which is perhaps paralleled by a Fife one relating to Kinghorn:

Here stands a kirk without a steeple,
A drucken priest, and a graceless people.
And very emphatic was the imprecation on the owner of a Stirlingshire village:

Baron o' Bucklyvie,
May the foul fiend drive ye,
An' a' to pieces rive ye,
For biggin' sic a toun,
Where there's neither horse-meat nor man's
meat,
Nor a chair to sit down.

A CALL ON THE 'PHONE.

By H. HUNTER.

RAIN was falling—had been falling steadily for hours.

Bert Willoughby pulled at his cigar, and, turning from the window, flung himself into the low easy-chair by the brightly burning fire, his face a picture of weariness and disgust.

'Guess I was a fool to come back,' he yawned, staring gloomily at the ceiling. 'Over there I was somebody. Over here I'm nobody—only one of the crowd, just a human item; and in this swagger hotel not even that—only a number—22, B Floor—like a blooming convict.'

It was less than a fortnight since Mr Willoughby had returned from the Yukon; but to-day he was almost persuaded that 'coming home' was a big mistake. He had been away too long.

'I suppose I'm in a downright beastly frame of mind,' he muttered, watching the smoke as it drifted away from the end of his cigar. 'But I reckon it would beat the band to be jolly under these circo. I don't know anybody, and nobody knows me. I'd plank down every dollar of the big wad I'm carrying on me at this present only to hear the tinkle of the old dog-team coming up the trail. 'Twould sound sort o' friendly, anyhow.'

Willoughby had put in eight years on the gold trail; and five out of the eight were a nightmare to him now whenever he closed his eyes, and let his mind run back to the days when the icy stream and the frozen ground had refused him even a bare living; days when he had lain in his shack too weak to move, too ill to care whether he ever swung a pick or shook a pan again. And now, on this wet Sunday afternoon in London, a lonely man in the 'swagger' hotel, he saw a log cabin in the Yukon; himself, hardly able to stand, in the doorway; and a girl with a pick in her hand, and her face flushed with the exercise, digging for all she was worth, but without making much impression, at the frozen gravel.

His luck had been out for months and months. Indeed, it had never been properly in. Now and then, however, he had dropped on a small 'pocket,' with just enough in it to keep hope alive. And he had stuck to the trail.

On one of these occasions, the 'pocket' having been a little fuller than usual, he had gone down to Dawson.

In a gaunt frame-building, across the whole front of which was roughly painted in great red letters the words 'Opera House,' a variety entertainment was being given.

Willoughby paid a dollar for a seat, and saw there a girl who struck him as having drifted rather a long way out of her latitude. He wondered, in fact, what she was doing there. She was billed as Madge Minton, and had a very sweet voice—clear, bell-like, and of good compass. Also, she was a strikingly pretty girl, but of a type altogether different from the bold-eyed beauties who accepted 'dust' and drinks from all and sundry, passing jokes and lavishing smiles as they fitted hither and thither amongst the audience, when they were not displaying their lingerie or otherwise advertising themselves on the stage. Obviously the girl was out of her element. The man felt sorry for her; and again he wondered how she came there, what she was doing in that crew, and a few other things besides. Anyway, she held him; and he determined to seek her out after the 'show,' and learn something about her.

A 'select' dance was to follow, when the girls would 'foot it' with their friends from the gullies and the creeks, and everybody would help everybody else to make things hum. That would be Willoughby's chance.

The revel was at its height, the air palpitating with excitement, when suddenly there was a commotion.

A big, brawny six-footer from Golden Gulch, who was 'knocking down' his pile in Dawson, had forced himself upon the girl in a way that she was not disposed to allow. The man had passed the limit; and Willoughby had invited him to an interview 'back o' Byers,' where such disputes were often settled before breakfast, unless he apologised in the meantime.

The girl had gone very white. The man's reputation was bad. 'That's Buckeye!' she said. 'Bully Buckeye!'

'I know,' said Willoughby. 'What of it?'

'Well, of all the toughs that come into Dawson he's the roughest. They say he killed a man once; and I don't want him to hurt you. I've met him before, and am willing to believe that he honestly thought he had some ground for the mistake he made.'

But Bert refused to listen. 'He shall beat

me black, blue, and yellow before I'll allow you to be mauled about by a great, coarse beast like Buckeye,' he declared emphatically.

However, there's a code of manners—and morals even—in the wild, and before the dance finished the offender staggered up to where Willoughby and the girl were standing, and made his amends. 'Mistake, pard!' he hiccuped, taking Bert aside. 'Sorry! Awf'ly sorry! Cut out—tongue 'fore ever I'd say a word as 'u'd hurt a good woman. But you know, pard, we don't meet many up here. Now yer can kick me roun' the town if you've a mind to, and I won't raise a howl. I'll take it as a tonic. You won't? Then grip! But tell her fro' me to drop punching the pianner at them dance-halls in camp if she doan wan' be mistook. You unnerstan'—give her a hint.' And the incident closed, but it left Willoughby with an uncomfortable sense of the danger to which the girl was exposed.

Madge Minton, otherwise Susie White, was the daughter of a struggling professional man in London—a hard-working East End doctor. Adopting the stage as her own profession, she had come out to the States to look for chances, and after various experiences had found herself stranded in Seattle, where what was left of the company of which she was a member was disbanded, she herself at the time being sick. Two of the girls had gone up to the Klondike, where they heard there was big money to be earned; and, when she felt strong enough, Susie White had followed.

'Well,' said Willoughby, after he had heard her story, 'you'll do no good up here, anyway. You won't get the audience up to your songs; and you can't come down to them and keep your self-respect.'

She smiled a pathetic little smile. 'But I guess I shall have to—come down to them. Playing the piano at a dance-hall, I agree, is bad form for a girl in the Klondike, only one remove from being a dance-hall girl one's self—which is why I was willing to make allowance for Buckeye. Yet, if I don't give them—what they pay for—something with pepper and spice in it, and a short-skirt dance for me, I shall get "fired." And then—as she looked him straight in the face with a frank, open eye—'well, there will only be the dance-hall piano between me and—the river. Only,' with a pretty hesitation, 'I couldn't face the crowd if I thought you were in the house. So I want you to promise'—

'Now, listen to me,' broke in Willoughby, a certain sternness in his voice. 'You've been up here for three months; but I've been here for five years. And if you don't get out it'll be hell at the last for a girl like you. And do it now,' he urged, 'while the pass is open, or you may get shut in for the winter. The bits—the dimes—the nickels? Is that the difficulty? Well, as a countryman of yours, I claim the

right to help you. At the moment, fortunately, I'm able to do it.'

She protested; but he insisted. 'You've got a clear call home. You left a father and a sister there; and the Klondike is no place for women, unless of a sort that ought not to rub shoulders with you. Now, I left nobody; and my work is here. But before I hit the trail again I want to see you on the way out.'

Next day he bade her farewell, and wished her God-speed. What he had given her had nearly emptied his 'sack'; and for weeks afterwards Willoughby's luck was rotten. Then, just before winter came, he struck up with a chap who had staked out a claim on the Little Bonanza. Before they could start in, however, Tom Matthews, Willoughby's partner, dropped out—died, his last act being to make over all his rights in the claim to his 'chum, Bert Willoughby.'

But Fate seemed to be playing it low on Willoughby just then, for he had only started to put in the assessment work when he was laid up himself. Day after day he had not strength enough to lift the pick, let alone swing it. How he was to get in the full number of days to comply with the law before the expiration of the time-limit, and so save his rights, was beginning to worry him.

Labour on the Creek was very scarce, and Willoughby was unable to go in search of it. Then, when hope was almost dead, a girl had come to his cabin. 'You!' he stammered. 'What are you doing here? I thought you'—

'The White Pass was closed, so'—

'You came back?'

'Yes. No sense in stopping at Lake Bennett. Nothing doing there. Been staying down in Dawson. Then I heard that you were on the Little Bonanza nursing a man who was queer; so I came up with the dog-team to do the nursing, and let you get on with the work. When you've no more use for me, guess I'll hit the trail again for home, and follow it to a finish.'

Bert told his story; and the girl, notwithstanding his protests, at once seized the heavy pick and went out on to the claim. He had managed to keep his fires going fairly well; but the ground was still too stubborn to yield to what effort she was able to bring against it.

'Reckon 'bout the best thing I can do for you,' she said when her hands were sore and her arms aching, 'is to go back with the team, and send you some help.'

Standing at the door, he followed her with his eyes till the dogs who were bearing her away disappeared down the trail. At the bend he saw her look round and wave her hand. Then, turning into his cabin, he dropped into the chair in front of the Yukon stove, forgetting even to light his pipe, and sat for a solid hour thinking of the might-have-beens, the yesterdays, the missed chances of his life.

Time and again since then he wished he had not let her go—anyway, that he had not lost touch with her; for the claim turned out to be the richest on the Creek. Pocket after pocket was found, and well filled, too; while the veins ran into ridges, the streaks into seams. By the end of the third season Willoughby was well on the way to finish up as a dollar millionaire.

It had been a hard fight to get his assessment work done in time, and but for the girl he doubted whether he would have been able to make good. Yes, it was she whom he had to thank for all he was worth to-day. And now, as he reclined in the big chair on this dismal Sunday afternoon in London, he could see her slim, lithe figure wielding the heavy pick, and hear her merry laugh as she said, 'I guess I shall be a pretty long time getting down to the pay-dirt. But it's up to me to do it, or find somebody who can.'

Faintly he heard the telephone-bell in his room ring. 'What's that mean, anyway?' he muttered. 'I don't know a soul in London, and nobody in London knows me.'

The bell rang again, sharply.

'Bother!' he exclaimed petulantly, going over. 'Hallo!' he called. 'Are you there? Are—you—there? . . . What? Yes, Willoughby! . . . Yes, I said so.'

For the next minute and a half he held the receiver glued to his ear, while he listened to a message which both puzzled and amused him.

'Eh? Where?'

There seemed to be more than one person talking. 'Oh, Bloomsbury! . . . Yes, all right! . . . No, don't worry!' And, with a laugh, he hung up the receiver.

Planting himself on the hearthrug, legs apart, he took a long pull at his cigar.

'What's it mean, I wonder, anyhow? A hoax; or are there really two of us who, in this city of millions, haven't a friend to make life worth living? Only, how the dickens did'—He broke off, threw the end of his cigar in the fender, and chuckled immoderately to himself. 'An adventure! Yes, certainly an adventure!'

'I'm sure you must think me an amazingly cool hand—quite the boldest girl that ever lived. It's what I'm thinking of myself. And yet really I'm not,' she had said. 'But I just had to do it, or— Well, I just had to,' she repeated more energetically. 'Though, being a man, of course you won't understand.'

'No,' he commented, 'of course not, when I'm suffering from the same complaint myself. A lonely little girl in lodgings, eh?' he mused. 'And so utterly sick of herself this depressing Sunday afternoon in November that, in sheer desperation, she had asked a stranger to have pity on her, and take her somewhere for an hour—anywhere fit for a respectable girl to go.'

'But,' she had finished up, 'if you do come I'm sure I shall be ashamed to see you.'

Bert Willoughby laughed. It was an audacious proposition, certainly. Unheard of—almost unimaginable. But anything, it was said, might happen in London; and so it seemed. He had been rung up on the telephone in a mysterious way by a mysterious girl who had made a request which, if not actually mysterious, was certainly startling.

The adventure appealed to him; its novelty amused him; the unknown herself interested him; and a quarter to six found him knocking at the door of a certain house in Bloomsbury.

'I think it must be the genelman what you said you was expectin', miss,' said the small 'general,' grinning as she noticed how the colour came and went in the girl's face. 'But Light was the name he asked for—Miss Light.'

'Thank you, Mary!' said the girl hastily. 'P'raps you misunderstood.'

At the door of the visitors' room she paused and pressed her hand to her heart. It was galloping terribly. What would he think of her? What manner of man would he prove to be himself? It was a dreadful thing that she had done. Of course, if she didn't like him she must find some excuse. She opened the door, but halted on the threshold.

'Madge!' he cried, coming forward.

She stared in silence at the tall figure with the smiling mouth.

'Don't you know me? I'm Bert—and, of all the things that could have happened, this, the least likely, is the most welcome. The unexpected has scored again.'

'But—I—don't understand,' she faltered.

He shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

She looked at him helplessly—confusedly. 'I don't understand,' she repeated. 'I'—She stopped abruptly.

'Does it matter? Call it fate! Obviously it was to happen, since the chances were altogether against its occurring.'

'Well, it wasn't the sort of thing for me to do,' she said nervously; 'and if'—

'Pooh!' he returned lightly. 'I'm glad—real glad—you had the courage to dare. If I hadn't been the sort you felt you could trust yourself with, you'd have sent me about my business directly.'

'Then you don't despise me?'

'Poor little girl!' he crooned soothingly, and would have taken her in his arms, but she drew back. 'And were you really feeling so almighty lonely in this great, overgrown Babylon that'—

'Lonely!' she exclaimed, speaking swiftly. 'Just the loneliest girl in the world; lonelier than ever I felt in the Klondike; lonely enough to do the mad, desperate thing which I did; and of which, now I've come to my senses, I feel heartily ashamed. But, I couldn't shake off the feeling which had seized me. In all London, with its teeming millions, there wasn't a soul with whom I could claim kinship—not one to

whom I might look for a kind word. And it just scared me. I suppose the weather, the constant drip-drip of the rain, and the silent house had got on my nerves. Everybody was out; everybody had somewhere to go, some one to meet—everybody but me! I bore it till I could bear it no longer. Then I went down to the hall. We've a telephone there. The book was open. Some one, I suppose, had been using it. Closing my eyes, I placed my hand on the page—a child's trick—and took the name my finger pointed to.'

He smiled. 'The man you rang up, I expect, is a resident in the Savoy precinct. There must be lots of Willoughbys in London; and owing to some fault in the wires—these things do happen, you know—I got the message instead of him. P'raps we both got it. It was a tangled-up affair, anyhow. I heard more than one person talking. However,' he broke off, laughing, 'he hasn't turned up; so I reckon you'll have to put up with me, if you don't mind.'

'And you aren't shocked at my'—

'Shocked! My dear girl, it must have been an inspiration. But, seriously, Madge, somehow I've always thought of you by the name I first knew you by over in Dawson; and it was about you I was thinking when I heard the call on the 'phone. Well, now that Fate—yes,' his dark eyes gleaming—'what else could it have been?—now that Fate has interested herself on our behalf, we must show ourselves grateful, and not waste the—er—precious minutes in—er—saying nothing. Anyway,' he laughed, 'I've a lot to say to you. And the first is that such a mighty nice girl has got no sort of business to be floating round the world by herself. Do you follow—savvy, as we used to say over yonder?'

There was no mistaking his meaning, and, overwhelmed, she was silent. Faced with a situation for which she was totally unprepared, she was uncertain how to act.

'Shall I take you somewhere?' he said gently, *à propos* of the purpose of his visit. 'Let's see—where?'

'I don't think it matters now,' she said, smiling feebly, a faint colour tingeing her cheeks. The desire, springing as it did from an abnormal mood, had already passed.

'Well, come back with me to the Savoy, anyway. There's a cab at the door. An orchestra plays in the Palm Lounge, and sometimes there's singing. But I've never cared to sit there. I always felt sort of out of the picture. But to-night, Madge!' he cried exultingly—'to-night I guess we'll be right bang in front of the picture. I've been feeling the loneliness of the great city myself; and this afternoon I was just about fed up with it when the telephone began to call. I was of two minds whether to answer it. Couldn't be for me. But the bell kept ringing. Gad!' he exclaimed, 'don't tell me these things happen by chance. I don't believe it, though I can't

explain it. But this I know, that many and many a time out yonder my heart has cried aloud for somebody; and sometimes, out of the great white silence, I have heard a voice which has called to me. This meeting, unforeseen by either, is the answer to a question we have both asked of the future. Shall we accept it?'

She smiled, her eyes bright with sudden tears.

'Anyway, before we decide,' he said gaily, 'I've a yarn to spin you, my girl—a yarn which'—He threw back his head and laughed. 'My word! but I struck it rich at the last—as rich, Madge, as any. *Our* claim, partner, turned out to be the richest for its size in Alaska; and it wasn't the smallest one either. Never a day for weeks and weeks when it didn't yield fifty ounces—nine hundred dollars! There was a fortune in every square yard. Now you and I have got to come to an understanding, pard,' he said, smiling into her eyes.

A little quiver played round the corners of her mouth.

'Yes, an understanding! As my partner, you're a rich wom'—

'But I'—

'Fact, my dear!' he cut in, 'solid as the earth, hard as the ground on the day you went out to put in the first day's work on the claim. And you can't argue against facts. You must adjust yourself to 'em. Now come right back with me, and I'll tell you the story.'

It was eleven o'clock, and the Palm Lounge was deserted. His story, and hers too, had been told. But he had still something left to say; and now, as she leaned toward him, her heart yearning for love and happiness, he said it. 'Then, since we're both in the same boat to-day, all alone, by ourselves, Madge, I guess we'd better finish the voyage together. What say? Will you trust yourself to me?'

Her heart was too full for speech; its throbbing was almost painful; but she gave him her hand, and her eyes looked straight into his. There was no mistaking their answer.

FOR ENGLAND.

By J. D. BURNS. (An Australian killed at the Dardanelles.)

THE bugles of England were blowing o'er the sea,
As they had called a thousand times, calling now
to me;

They woke me from dreaming in the dawning of
the day—
The bugles of England, and how could I stay?

The banners of England, unfurled across the sea,
Floating out upon the wind, were beckoning to me;
Storm-rent and battle-torn, smoke-stained and gray—
The banners of England, and how could I stay?

Oh England, I heard the cry of those that died for thee
Sounding like an organ-voice across the winter sea;
They lived and died for England, and gladly went
their way.

England! oh England! how could I stay?

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

A TRENCH LETTER.

MY DEAR P.,—In the summer I described to you a typical day during our attempted offensive. We and the French have now made another effort against the Bosch fortress, so I will try (and it is really the first opportunity) to send you, at the Dardanelles, some word of our recent experiences.

You will remember how widely it was reported in the summer that the Allies would attempt no serious aggressive in the West until late in the year, when our New Army would have had time to get some experience of war conditions. It looks now as though politics—Balkan politics perhaps—forced us from nibbling to biting, and it has proved a tough mouthful, though we nearly swallowed it at a gulp—so nearly! What fun the military critics will have some day, when that censor and his blue pencil have ceased to reign!

You will have read of Hill 70 and the road to Lens; both crowded the papers for days. Lens is the central mining town of Artois—something as Chester-le-Street is to the North Durham field. Like all this country, it has a warlike history too. Wasn't it in *Twenty Years After* that Bragelonne first saw fire when Condé beat the Spaniards at Lens? We haven't got there yet, but it was no fault of the gallant Division of Highlanders who first carried the slopes of Hill 70. We spent two strenuous days there, and from my trench on the slope I watched at brief intervals the battle over the lower ground to the north—a real spectacle, thrilling beyond words, for we knew the regiments engaged, and strained our eyes to see how our friends were faring.

Then we were moved to another section of this famous Vermelles salient, to improve new trenches and dig and burrow and prepare for new attacks. The days have been so crowded with incident and bare of sleep that there is little sequence in one's memory; but one particular day I will describe to you—it was so typical—and I remember it well, because it was the day we were relieved for a short forty-eight hours' rest to sleep and scrub—I was going to say scrape! The weather has been clear and cold, and that morning was particularly fine. Isn't it a curious sensation to look over a wasted country, knowing there are hundreds of men to the acre, and yet not a soul in sight, and just a few gray smoke-trickles from breakfast fires,

and endless scars and scrapes of gray and yellow earth—yellow where newly turned, gray where the chalk crops up through the clay? From above it must look as though some mighty farmer had gone clean mad with a Titan's plough! The early morning is the special hour of the flying folk; this particular morning they were out in force, and shelling had begun much earlier than usual. (The Bosch likes a quiet breakfast.) Suddenly, on our part of the line, the firing died down, and here and there heads appeared and faces gazing up. Three of our aircraft had got above and headed off a Bosch 'albatross;' for ten wild minutes hunters and quarry soared and swung, curved and climbed, till the Bosch gave it up and lighted well back in our lines—quite close, it turned out, to our transport, who had the excitement of securing the pilot and his observer. We, in the front line, having had our air battle as an appetiser, proceeded to breakfast.

The day was ominously peaceful till just before dusk. (We were not to be relieved till ten at night.) Suddenly a mile up the line machine-guns started together, and there was a roar of bombing. Our guns began, too, almost at once, and the Bosch guns were already at it. All in ten minutes a wasted, silent scene turned into a tornado of noise and smoke. You know all about artillery retaliation. It was just our luck that our bit of the line was selected by the Bosch to be bombarded while the fight was going on merrily a mile away. The whole show lasted half-an-hour. My old soldier-servant—after a short scuttle to cover when a shell burst in the far end of the traverse we were in—proceeded to dish out and serve our twilight cocoa, which was boiling up when the shelling began. I wish I could draw him for you, moving about quietly in his gray shirt-sleeves.

When the shelling was over there were wounded to help down the trench to the dressing-station, two poor chaps to bury, and many shattered parapets to rebuild. Our men are such nailers at that work, they would make any contractor's fortune. Later, when they'd mended the telephone-wire, a friend rang through to tell us that the bomb attack by the Bosch on the right had failed; they'd come out in the open and suffered heavily.

It was midnight before our relief arrived, and the trench was full of sulphur smoke, as the

Bosch had shelled us again, and had battered down much of the communication trench. It's strange to wander down these endless burrows at night, with every object above the parapet showing in distorted shapes; occasionally stumbling across a pile of débris, and having to go 'out into the open' to pass an obstacle. At last one gets into a real road, and after being a troglodyte for days one feels like Xenophon and his Greeks when they saw the sea at last, and cried, '*Thalatta! thalatta!*'

We emerged above ground just as it was beginning to grow light, and we had a few miles' march back to rest billets, past weird encampments of transport, cavalry, engineers, and all the sundries which cling to the back of an army; down long rows of forlorn poplars; past a great gloomy coal-dump with upturned pit trucks and empty sidings; and so in the early

morning light through untidy little mining villages to our rest billets—and sleep, and soap. I could entertain you with lots of criticism—carping is in vogue just now; but how long did it take Sheridan and Grant to wear down the South? And they had Lincoln behind them, while we have before us a foe fortified as Vauban never hoped, armed as Jules Verne never dreamed, and a master in the art of war. But he *is* beginning to wear. If our folk at home will only play the game and back the army, we shall begin to make headway and to beat him even at bombing—his own game. (Remember, in the eighteenth century the English grenadier companies were the best in the world.) No, this is not a time to be despondent, but to learn from our mistakes and prepare for our next effort. We cannot perform miracles; we must wear the enemy down.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

CHAPTER VII.—THE WOODMAN'S HUT.

THE miller was cunning as a fox. He argued, subtly enough, that if a man just arrived from Argenteau was the first to discover the dead Prussians, the neighbourhood of Argenteau itself might be the last to undergo close search for the 'criminals' who had dared to punish these demi-gods. Following a cattle-path through a series of fields, he entered a country lane about a mile from Visé. It was a narrow, deep-rutted, winding way—a shallow trench cut into the soil by many generations of pack-animals and heavy carts. The long interregnum between the solid pavement of Rome and the broken rubble of Macadam covered Europe with a network of such roads. An unchecked growth of briars, brambles, and every species of prolific weed made this particular track an ideal hiding-place.

Gathering the party under the two irregular lines of pollard oaks which marked the otherwise hardly discernible hedgerows, Joos explained that, at a point nearly half a mile distant, the lane joined the main road which winds along the right bank of the Meuse.

'That is our only real difficulty—the crossing of the road,' he said. 'It is sure to be full of Germans; but if we watch our chance we should contrive to scurry from one side to the other without being seen.'

Such confidence was unquestionably cheering. Even Dalroy, though he put a somewhat sceptical question, did not really doubt that the old man was adopting what might, in the circumstances, prove the best plan.

'What happens when we do reach the other side, Monsieur Joos?' he inquired.

'Then we enter a disused quarry in the depths of a wood. The Meuse nearly surrounds the wood, and there is barely room for a tow-path

between the river's edge and a steep cliff. The quarry forms the landward face, as one may say, and among the trees is a woodman's hut. I shall be surprised if we find any Germans there.'

'From your description it seems to be a suitable post for a strong picket watching the river.'

'No, monsieur. The slope falls away from the river, while the opposite bank is flat and open. I have been a soldier in my time, and I understand these things. It would be all right for observation purposes if these pigs hadn't seized the bridge-heads at Visé and Argenteau; but I saw their cursed Uhlans on the left bank many hours ago.'

'Lead on, friend,' said Dalroy simply. 'When we come within a hundred metres of the main road, let me do the scouting. I'll tell you when and how to advance.'

'Is monsieur a soldier, then?'

'Yes.'

'An officer perhaps?'

'Yes.'

'Ah, a thousand pardons if I presumed to lecture you. Yet I am certainly in the right about the wood.'

'I have never doubted you, Monsieur Joos. Do you know what time the moon rises?'

'Late. Eleven o'clock at the earliest.'

'All the better, if you are sure of the way.'

'I could find it blindfolded. So could Léontine. She goes there to pick bilberries.'

The homely phrase was unconsciously dramatic. From the highroad came the raucous singing of German soldiers, the falsetto of drunkards with an ear for music. In the distance heavy artillery was growling, and high-explosive shells were bursting with a violence that seemed to rend the sky. Over an area of many miles to the west

the sharp tapping of musketry and the staccato splutter of machine-guns told of hundreds of thousands of men engaged in a fierce struggle for supremacy. On every hand the horizon was red with the glare of burning houses. The thought of a village girl picking bilberries in a land so scarred by war and rapine produced an effect at once striking and fantastic. It was as though a ray of pure white light had pierced the lurid depths of a volcano.

Dalroy advised the women to take off their linen aprons, and Madame Joos to remove as well a coil of the same material. He unfastened and threw away the stump of the bayonet. Then they moved on in Indian file, the miller leading.

A definite quality of blackness loomed above the low-lying shroud of mist which at night in still weather always marks the course of a great river.

'The wood!' whispered Joos. 'We are near the road now.'

Dalroy went forward to spy out the conditions. A column of infantry was passing. These fellows were silent, and therefore sinister. They marched like tired men, and their shuffling feet raised a cloud of dust.

An officer lighted a cigarette. 'Those guzzling Prussians would empty the Meuse if it ran with wine,' he growled, evidently in response to a remark from a companion.

'Our brigadier was very angry about the broken bottles in the streets of Argenteau,' said the other. 'Two tires were ruined before the chauffeur realised that the place was littered with glass.'

These were Saxons, cleaner-minded, manlier fellows than the Prussians. Behind them Dalroy heard the rumble of commissariat wagons. He failed utterly to understand the why and wherefore of the direction the troops were taking. According to his reckoning, they should have been going the opposite way. But that was no concern of his at the moment. He knew the Saxon by repute, and hurried back to the two men and three women crouching under a hedge, having already noted a little mound on the left of the cross-roads where cover was available. He explained what they were to do—steal forward one by one, hide behind the mound, and dart across when a longer space than usual separated one wagon from another, as the mounted escort would probably be grouped in front and in rear of the convoy.

'Ah, that is the calvary,' said Joos. 'It stands on a rock by the roadside.'

'It is hard to distinguish anything owing to mist and dust,' said Dalroy. 'Of course, the darkness is all to the good.—If you ladies do not scream, whatever happens, and if you run quickly when I give the word, I don't think there will be any real danger.'

In the event, they were able to cross the road in a body, and without needless haste. A horse

stumbled and fell, and had to be unharnessed before being got on to its feet again. The incident held up the column during some minutes, so Dalroy was not compelled to abandon the rifle, which it would have been foolish in the extreme to carry if there was the slightest chance of being seen.

Thenceforth progress was safe, though slow and difficult, because the gloom beneath the trees was that of a vault. Even the miller perforce yielded place to Léontine's young eyes and sureness of foot. There were times, during the ascent of one side of the quarry, when whispered directions were necessary, while Madame Joos had to be hauled up a few awkward places bodily.

Still, they reached the hut, a mere logger's shed, but a veritable haven for people so manifestly in peril. They were weary, too. No member of the Joos household had slept throughout the whole of Tuesday night, and the women especially were flagging under the strain.

The little cabin held an abundant store of shavings, because its normal tenant rough-hewed his logs into sabots. Here, then, was a soft, warm, and fragrant resting-place. Dalroy took command. He forbade talking, even in whispers. Maertz, who promised to keep awake, was put on guard outside till the moon rose.

The wisdom of preventing excited conversation was shown by the fact that the five people huddled together on the shavings were soon asleep. There was nothing strange in this. Humanity, when surfeited with emotion, becomes calm, almost phlegmatic. Were it otherwise, after a week of war soldiers would not be sane men, but maniacs.

Dalroy resolved to sleep for two hours. About eleven o'clock he got up, went quietly to the door, and found Maertz seated on the ground, his back propped against the wall, and his head sunk on his breast. As a consequence, he was snoring melodiously.

He woke quickly enough when the Englishman's hand was clapped over his mouth and held there until his torpid wits were sufficiently clear that he should understand the stern words muttered in his ear.

'Pardon, monsieur,' he said shamefacedly. 'I thought there was no harm in sitting down. I listened to the guns, and began counting them. I counted one hundred and ninety-nine shots, I think, and then'—

'And then you risked six lives, Léontine's among them!'

'Monsieur, I have no excuse.'

'Yet you have been a soldier, I suppose? And you gabble of serving your country?'

'It will not happen again, monsieur.'

Dalroy pretended an anger he did not really feel. He wanted this stolid Walloon to remain awake now, at any rate, so he turned away with an ejaculation of contempt.

Maertz rose. He endured an eloquent silence for nearly a minute. Then he murmured, 'Monsieur, I shall not offend a second time. Counting guns is worse than watching sheep jumping a fence.'

The moon had risen, revealing a cleared space in front of the hut. A dozen yards away a thin fringe of brushwood and small trees marked the edge of the quarry, while the woodcutter's path was discernible on the left. A slight breeze had called into being the myriad tongues of the wood, and Dalroy realised that the unceasing cannonade, joined to the rustling of the leaves, would drown any sound of an approaching enemy until it was too late to retreat. He knew that Von Halwig, not to mention the military authorities at Visé, would spare no effort to hunt out and destroy the man who had dared to flout the might of Germany; so he was far from satisfied with the apparent safety of even this secluded refuge.

'Have you a piece of string in your pockets?' he demanded gruffly.

Trust a carter to carry string, strong stuff warranted to mend temporarily a broken strap. Maertz gave him a quantity.

'I am going to the cross-road,' he continued. 'Keep a close watch till I return. When you hear any movement, or see any one, say clearly, "Visé." If it is I, I shall answer, "Liège." Do you understand?'

'Perfectly, monsieur. A challenge and a countersign.'

Dalroy believed the man might be trusted now. Taking the rifle, he made off along the path, treading as softly as the cumbrous sabots would permit. He was tempted to go barefooted, but dreaded the lameness which might result from a thorn or a sharp rock. At a suitable place, half-way down the steep path by the side of the quarry, he tied a pistol to a stout sapling, and, having fastened a cord to the trigger, arranged it in such fashion that it must catch the feet of any one coming that way. The weapon was at full cock, and in all likelihood the unwary passer-by would get a bullet in his body.

It was dark under the trees, of course; but the moon was momentarily increasing its light, and the way was not hard to find. He memorised each awkward turn and twist, in case he had to retreat in a hurry. Once the lower level was reached there was no difficulty, and, with due precautions, he gained the shelter of a hedge close to the main road.

The stream of troops still continued. Few things could be more ominous than this unending torrent of armed men. By how many similar roads, he wondered, was Germany pouring her legions into tiny Belgium? Was she forcing the French frontier in the same remorseless way? And what of Russia? When he left Berlin the talk was only of marching against the two great

Allies. If Germany could spare such a host of horse, foot, and artillery for the overrunning of Belgium, while moving the enormous forces needed on both flanks, what millions of men she must have placed under arms long before the mobilisation order was announced publicly! And what was Britain doing and saying? Britain! the home of liberty and a free press, where demagogues spouted platitudes about the 'curse of militarism,' and encouraged that very monster by leaving the richest country in the world open to just such a sudden and merciless attack as Belgium was undergoing before his eyes!

Lying there among the undergrowth, listening to the tramp of an army corps, and watching the flicker of countless rifle-barrels in the moonlight, he forgot his own plight, and thought only of the unpreparedness of Britain. He was a soldier by training and inclination. He harboured no delusions. Man for man, the alert, intelligent, and chivalrous British army was far superior to the cannon-fodder of the German machine. But of what avail was the hundred thousand Britain could put in the field in the west of Europe against the four millions of Germany? Here was no combat of a David and a Goliath, but of one man against forty. Naturally, France and Russia came into the picture; yet he feared that France would break at the outset of the campaign, while Austria might hold Russia in check long enough to enable Germany to work her murderous design. Be it remembered, he could not possibly estimate the fine and fierce valour of the resistance offered by Belgium. It seemed to him that the Teuton hordes must already be hacking their way to the coast, leaving sufficient men and guns to contain the Belgian fortresses, and halting only when the white cliffs of England were visible across the Channel.

If his anxious thoughts wandered, however, and a gnawing doubt ate into his soul lest the British fleet might, as the Germans in Visé claimed, have been taken at a disadvantage, he did not allow his eyes and ears to neglect the duties of the hour.

A fall in the temperature had condensed the river mist, and the air near the ground was much clearer now than at eight o'clock. The breeze, too, gathered the dust into wraiths and scurrying wisps through which glimpses of the sloping uplands toward Aix were obtainable. During one of these unhampered moments he caught sight of something so weird and uncanny that he was positively startled.

A sorrow-laden, waxen-hued face seemed to peer at him for an instant, and then vanish. But there could be no face so high in the air, twenty feet or more above the heads of a Prussian regiment bawling, '*Deutschland, Deutschland über alles.*' The land was level thereabouts. The apparition, consequently, must be a mere trick of the imagination. Yet he saw, or fancied he saw, that same spectral face twice again at

intervals of a few seconds, and was vexed with himself for allowing his bemused senses to yield to some supernatural influence. Then the vision came a fourth time, and a thrill ran through every fibre in his body.

Because there could be no mistake now. The face, so mournful, so benign, so pitying, bore on the forehead a crown of thorns! Even while the blood coursed in Dalroy's veins with the awe of it, he knew that he was looking at the figure

of Christ on the Cross. This, then, was the calvary spoken of by Joos, and invisible in the earlier murk. The beams of the risen moon etched the painted carving in most realistic lights and shadows. The pallid skin glistened as though in agony. The big, piercing eyes gazed down at the passing soldiers as the Man of Sorrows might have looked at the heedless legionaries of Rome.

(Continued on page 132.)

FISH FOOD, AND HOW TO COOK IT.

By CLIFFORD CORDLEY.

MEDICAL men and other experts on diet laud the herring, either fresh or in the bloater stage, as ideal food, whether regarded from the edible or the nutritive standpoint. But the common herring, seasonable in autumn, winter, and spring, is a somewhat scarce fish in war-time, when fish food is a subject so important to the nation at large.

By way of introducing our subject, let us glance cursorily at the past. There is a quaint old book treating of fish in the medieval kitchen. This work is styled *The Forme of Cury: a Roll of Ancient English Cookery*. It was compiled about 1390 by the master-cook of King Richard the Second. This roll shows that certain species of fish were not much eaten in the fourteenth century, whilst others, now largely neglected, were valued. However, we find that this royal chef prepared fish-jelly, and also sent to table roach, tench, ruffe, and pike. There is no reference to most palatable perch; but it is stated that porpoise was highly esteemed, and deemed altogether a dish to set before a king. As regal food, also, were regarded the mackerel, turbot, gurnards, sole, loach, lampreys, lamperns, and tench; of which last-mentioned more anon. In those bygone, jolly medieval days, sellers of fresh-water fish were dubbed 'pikemongers'—another proof of the olden-time value of the luce or pike as a fish food.

Whether by experience or by repute we all know the toothsome-ness of the game varieties of British fresh-water fishes: of salmon, of sea-trout, under its various names of sewin, salmon-trout, peel, mort, and, in the grilse stage, herling, whitling, finnock, &c.; of brown or brook trout; and of grayling; all of which are costly to buy, and still more so to kill with the angle-rod even in times of peace. Pretty generally, however, the culinary value of so-called 'coarse' or 'rough' fishes is alike misunderstood and neglected; and yet these are so valuable, and are, or might be, and should be, so plentiful in these islands. It was not always thus in Britain.

According to Chaucer, the average country gentleman five hundred years ago kept bream and pike in stew, and—mark this, for it is

important—fed them. Then, and later, every lord, squire, yeoman, bishop, abbot, prior, and every other owner and even occupier of land and water, kept, cultivated, and preserved 'coarse' fish in moat, stew, pond, pool, or dike; and these old-fashioned folk were well aware that cultured fishes were more palatable than excursive ones, contrary to Johnson's dictum with regard to feathered and furred game. They cooked and ate, with relish and nourishment, pike, perch, dace, carp, tench, gudgeon, loaches, and eels, most of which, save luscious eels, are too little eaten in these up-to-date times, when we are up to the eyes in war and up to the neck in debt.

There are in British waters over forty varieties of fresh-water fishes, all of which are edible. Indeed, Sir Herbert Maxwell specifies some fifty or more, of which some, as they ascend rivers to spawn, pertain alike to marine and fluviatile orders, and others are merely variants of better-known species. Even the gudgeon (which some anglers regard merely as bait), the minnow, the bleak, and the loach may be made as pleasing to the palate as the overrated whitebait; while eels, lampreys, and lamperns are esteemed as delicacies by those who have eaten of them—properly cooked. It is the cook who wins or loses the trick. On the Continent carp and tench are served and eaten as dainties, owing largely, but not entirely, to the accompanying sauces. We need not follow Walton's tip, and disguise the flavour of our fish with anchovy, wine, herbs, and other foreign matter; but we might take a hint from an enemy land, where coarse fish are largely provided and eaten. Nor must we forget the exquisite smelt, swarming in estuarine waters, and seasonable in autumn and winter. Most dainty food, it is, alas! very perishable. Also, the toothsome gray mullet, strictly a marine variety of fish, is largely prevalent in the lower waters of certain of our rivers in August and succeeding months.

Especially in these times, the cook is too apt to be prejudiced in favour of costly flesh food, and to despise the far more economically valuable qualities of fish, including some of the roughest

of 'coarse' varieties. Let us consider how best to prepare for table and palate the humblest fishes of British streams and enclosed waters.

The ways in which fish is ordinarily introduced at many British tables are: firstly, boiled with water for the main ingredient, the flesh saturated for want of exactness on the part of the cook; secondly, fried, the skin either pale or colourless, or of dark, unpleasing hue, and limp and greasy, also the result of carelessness or ignorance of the cook; and, thirdly, broiled, which turns out well, provided always that the fire is bright and clear, and the operation executed with cleanliness and precision. The appetising *souchet* (a dish of Dutch origin), *poisson au gratin*, fricassees, stews, fish-pies, twice-laid, rissoles, and, above all, the *bouillabaisse* (lauded in verse by Thackeray) are largely strangers on many British tables.

From a gustatory point of view, fish has great value, and deserves, and demands, much more favour than it gets. From a sanatory point of view there is no question as to the worth of fish. As a matter of national and individual economy, under existing abnormal circumstances and conditions little likely to relax for some time to come, fish food ought to be, and should be, largely used.

We hardly need to treat of the cooking of salmon, sewin, trout, and grayling. It will be more profitable to deal briefly with the preparation for the table of pike, perch, eels, tench, carp, dace, gudgeon, bream, and other common and fairly plentiful species. Eels may be boiled, stewed, fried, served as a pie, or potted; whilst eel-soup is alike dainty and strengthening. Perch may be served up in many excellent fashions: grilled like a haddock, floating in *souchet* (which is stock), fried in fillets with egg and bread-crumbs, stuffed and baked, stewed like a red mullet, or broiled, with inside intact, and head, gills, and scales remaining—for the time being. With this fish, as with all others, it is important that it should be fresh from the water, and be of medium rather than of abnormal size. A perch from running water is far preferable to one from reservoir, pool, or pond.

The tench and the carp, being closely allied, may be treated together here, and somewhat similarly in the kitchen. Our dear Gallic friends and Allies stew and fry these fish, while the inhabitants of Germany, previously hinted at, greatly cherish the carp family. There is tench-pie, and there are boiled carp, baked carp, marinade (which is, roughly, pickle) of carp, grilled carp, and matelote (a mixture or *salmagundi* of fishes); preparations of tench, pickerel, and eels. Stewed barbel may (perhaps) be made toothsome to some mouths, while gudgeon should be fried like the exquisite smelt. Nor must we forget the flounder, which is a delicious fish. Pike may be baked, or confected as pie, or potted; but, preferably, a jack should

be boiled, mackerel fashion, with appropriate sauce—as parsley, caper, Hollandaise, or what not—according to that taste about which there is proverbially no disputing; and a pike should be stuffed, roasted, basted, and exhibited much as one would deal with a hare or a fillet of veal. By jack one means a fish of a few pounds weight; by pike, a specimen of at least ten pounds ponderosity. As for the villain chub, one fears that the cook must generally reject these 'skillies,' while bream, beloved of our ancestors, cannot be recommended highly. Similarly with barbel, or more so.

But in order to have an abundance of fish food we must have an abundance of fish. There is no reason why the majority of fishes which are found in our rivers, meres, lochs, lakes, reservoirs, ponds, pools, moats, dikes, and watery areas generally should not be both plentiful and cheap, should not furnish desirable, delectable, and provident food for the million. Game fish—the salmonidæ—should be preserved, protected, conserved, cultivated. A good example is set by numerous corporations, which have stocked their reservoirs with trout, thus providing sport, revenue, and aliment. All manner of coarse fish should be bred, fed, and reared, as are sheep, cattle, and poultry. The harvest of the waters may be made as profitable as that of the land. Where streams are flowing, and where enclosed waters have ingress and egress, trout may be cultivated: Fario, Rainbows, Lochlevens, &c. But every reservoir, lake, pool, pond, and ornamental water in the British Islands should teem with some of the several varieties of coarse fish, practically all edible: pike, perch, roach, carp, tench, eels, ruff or pope (of the perch family), and burbot or eel-pout, which is very pleasing to the palate. In one of his books Sir Herbert Maxwell says: 'Were we, as a nation, more careful than we are to develop the natural resources of our waters, the burbot would undoubtedly repay care in its propagation, for it would thrive at the expense of less valuable fish in many ponds and lakes now exclusively inhabited by inferior varieties. It is equally at home in running and still waters, and would probably pick up a living wherever it can do so'—that is, wherever it is wet or damp.

But in the preserving of fish and the provision of fish food we must not overlook the fact that the fish themselves must have a sufficiency of nutritious food. Certain plants, certain so-called 'weeds' (often good matter in the wrong place), bushes, trees, shrubs, cresses, crustaceæ, and other piscine aliment, or that which is productive of aliment, must be provided, especially, but not solely, in still and enclosed areas of water.

In planting fish—in fish-farming—the ground needs as careful preparation as the water. Also, particularly as regards the trout family, we need inlets and outlets and aeration. We should bear

in mind the possible adaptation of brooks, burns, and tricklets. Absolutely barren waters, useless and unproductive, which, with a provision of aquatic plants and other fish food, may be rendered fishy and profitable, should be stocked. We should encourage the growth of trees, bushes, shrubs, and long grasses on the banks, together with dahlias, artichokes, and so forth; whilst larvæ of water-flies can be bought and introduced, together with suitable aquatic plants. For further and full information on this most important subject, see *Fish Farming for Pleasure and Profit*, by 'Practical' (the Burlington Publishing Company).

How rarely does one see pike or perch exposed on the slabs of fishmongers! And yet, in the matter of distribution, it must be remembered that fresh-water fishes are no more perishable than are herrings and mackerel; and they should

be bought and sold by all dealers in the vicinity of the waters providing the fishes in question. However, there are signs of progress in this matter. It was recently reported in Midland newspapers that considerable quantities of perch and bream were being sold, from time to time, in the Market Hall at Birmingham. These fish came from the neighbouring Avon. There are in Britain, even in mining and manufacturing districts, innumerable unproductive sheets of water—ornamental lakelets, disused claypits, quarries and other mining holes, dikes, ditches, moats, ponds, pools, and roadside swamps—all of which might, and ought to, contain fish for profit, for sport, and for the supply of that cheap and valuable food for the people for which the demand is now greater than ever it was in the history of the British Islands, and of which the supply is at present so inadequate.

SINGLE-HANDED.

CHAPTER IV.

HIS first act was to locate the mechanism that opened the concealed door. He tried it; the panels parted easily. He opened the door wide enough to slip through, found that he could operate it from the inside, and closed it behind him. Then he went carefully over every detail of the giant tube and the lay-out of the room. The ceiling hung low on heavy beams; that was the cockpit of the gun overhead. He was familiar with all the details of torpedo construction. He went back to his den for his tools, then opened the breech of the tube. For two hours he worked silently and rapidly; then he closed the breech, arranged everything as he had found it, and stood up with a sigh of relief. He had disarranged the steering apparatus of the great steel fish inside. Instead of swimming straight ahead to its mark, this one would curve rapidly away and lose itself in the sea.

So he closed the bulkhead door and sought out one of the smaller iron-bound boxes. This he opened, and found, as he had anticipated, a number of the twenty-pound shells. Four of these he lugged into his den, then carefully hid the box away. Then he once more retired to his den, where the sounds of his work were less likely to be detected.

It was ticklish work opening the big cartridges; but his plans called for it, and open them he must. His trusty bag yielded a small coil of waterproof fuse and some caps; and when his daylight bedtime arrived the four shells had changed into excellent hand-grenades, with five-second fuses. Meanwhile his chart showed that the captain had changed his course, and was now heading south-west. Evidently he had decided to look for victims along the sea-lane between Honolulu and Australian ports.

During the next afternoon the *Cocos* was again chased by a warship, a fast British destroyer this time, which put up a determined race. But the *Cocos's* powerful engines settled to their task, and maintained a lead beyond the range of the destroyer's shells. The captain did not seem anxious to show his utmost speed; he simply kept his distance till night came on. Then he dodged to and fro for a while with lights blanketed, and presently left the British ship far to the leeward, her ineffectual searchlight playing back and forth over the empty waste.

The same ruse had to be repeated next day, this time for the benefit of the Australian cruiser *Sydney*. Crane gathered over the 'phone that she was acting as convoy to a fleet of five merchant vessels. Then, too, certain code messages, picked up during the night by the wireless operator, seemed to indicate that a small gray ship, having given the slip to several war-vessels, was under suspicion. The captain evidently decided that these waters were too well guarded, that he would seek new pastures; for he set a south-west course at a good speed which led, through unfrequented seas, toward the Dutch East Indies.

A week passed by quietly, and the *Cocos* was threading her way through the narrow seas of the Dutch archipelagoes. Not a ship had been sighted except two small traders, with which the *Cocos* exchanged signals, reporting herself as bound from the Marshall Group for Borneo. Twice she stopped at small trading stations, left a little freight, and took on small quantities of shell and copra, doubtless to strengthen her disguise in case of necessity. Certainly the shell part of the cargo strengthened her odour perceptibly. Sometimes men walked through

the corridor within a few feet of Crane, as he lay in his narrow cell; but his luck held. Then one dark night they ran the Strait of Sunda, between Sumatra and Java, and when the morning came were in the Indian Ocean, standing out in the track of shipping from Australia to the Suez Canal.

All this time Crane had been busily working at night and lying hidden by day. His work was laborious and slow, by reason of his inadequate tools and the constant necessity to work noiselessly and leave behind no visible trace of his operations. This much he had accomplished. Digging patiently, hour after hour, with his small gimlet, saw, and chisel, he had hollowed out two spaces in one of the thick ceiling-beams, and had planted two of the twenty-pound shells directly under the feet of the gun-crew on deck, and likewise just over the heads of the torpedo-crew. To make sure, he had planted two more shells in the floor just under the sliding-door through the forward bulkhead. The outside sections of wood removed he fitted back into place, putting the cracks with a mixture of sawdust and baked beans, coloured with scraped iron-rust. These shells were connected up by his fine copper wires, concealed in cracks in the planking, caulked with dust. The wires ran back below the freight and up to his lookout station under the ventilator. The free ends were fastened some three inches apart, so that he could bridge the gap with his saw-blade. Then he brought in a lead from the electric-light wires, and this plant was ready. A simple touch of his switch would seal the fate of every man around the torpedo-tube and the gun above.

The thing that worried him most was the uncertainty as to conditions in the stern of the ship. He suspected that another gun was concealed there, but knew nothing of how it was placed. However, he did not dare to venture on deck, even at night. The slightest suspicion of his presence on board meant death, and, worse than death, the failure of all his plans. He had seriously considered death; it was so easy to blot this ship instantly from the face of the waters. A hammer swung on the nose of one of these torpedoes, and the thing was done. He would go too, like scores of nameless heroes who have given up life gladly to accomplish lesser things for the Motherland. The results were worth the cost, but for one thing. He did not believe that the intelligence which had conceived and directed this grisly masquerade was on this ship. If one such craft could operate, why not a dozen? Were there not others now at large under various disguises? It was his duty to see that the information he had should reach the Admiralty, that the ports and lanes of the Seven Seas be watched for such ghouls. So he could take no unnecessary chances with his life yet.

For two days longer the *Cocos* cruised north-

ward through the Indian Ocean, while Crane grew restless and nervous from enforced confinement and inactivity. Then, in early morning, the lookout reported smoke ahead. Soon it appeared that they were overhauling a fleet of three large passenger-steamers convoyed by a battleship which was in the lead. When this was learned, the *Cocos* slackened speed and allowed the flotilla to draw away. At sundown the lookout reported the smoke barely visible. The crisis was still postponed.

About eight o'clock, however, a message passed over the 'phone that brought Crane up on the alert. Picked up by the wireless operator, it identified the flotilla ahead as H.M. battleship *Dauntless*, convoying three transports that carried five thousand Australian troops, bound to the help of the Mother Country. The speed of the *Cocos* increased, and her course swung slightly to port. Crane let himself out of his chamber and hurried to his lookout post. Soon the deck lights flicked out, and the gun-crew came forward and began stripping the piece. He realised that the captain would try to sink one or more of these transports, and trust to the darkness and his great speed to slip away from the guns of the battleship. They represented great prizes to the captain, well worth the risk. Crane realised that the crisis was at hand, and his courage and determination rose to meet it. Everything hinged on his actions in a few short minutes, and his brain cooled and his muscles hardened to the task.

For two tense hours he lay quietly, while the *Cocos* drove at full speed through the black night. Then he climbed into the ventilator and looked out. A smother of misty rain had come up, and the wind was rising. A better night for this adventure could hardly have been imagined. He felt the speeding ship make a sharp turn, as one feels a railway train take a curve. And off to the lee, almost abreast, he caught sight of the battleship's searchlight playing like a golden pencil on the mist. Behind her, faint yellow spots marked the position of the transports. They had taken no precautions to mask their lights, so secure did they feel in these waters.

The plans of the *Cocos's* captain soon became evident. He had headed to cross the wake of the last transport, at least two miles behind the battleship. In this weather he could come to easy range without being discovered. Then he would hurl his torpedo, and race off at full speed to the rear. Some minutes must elapse before the battleship could get her bearings and turn round; meanwhile his tremendous speed would carry him well beyond the reach of her rain-baffled searchlights. He might even lead her out of the way, then swing back and torpedo the remaining transports.

Swiftly and silently the gray wraith bore down on the placid ship, with her score of hun-

dreds of unsuspecting human lives. Doubtless the troopers were frolicking in the saloons, waiting for the bugle-call of taps, little dreaming that the sinister death-angel so near at hand was preparing their call to death. Crane saw the bright spot in the haze grow rapidly brighter; the outline of the ship, now a scant half-mile away, became distinct. He dropped back into his pit, fumbled for his switch, and fixed eager eyes on the torpedo-crew.

They stood still and ready at their stations, one at the porthole-cover, one at the tube lanyard. There was a low command; the cover slid back; the tube swung into position. With a hiss of escaping air, the slim black shape darted out. A moment passed; it was safely buried in the water, but harmless. Crane's hands bridged his switch, and he dropped back flat on his face. There was a blinding flash and a roar that beat on his ear-drums; the air was full of flying splinters. A box rolled upon him, but he struggled free and leaped to the floor. The forward end of the deck was gone, the hull at the bows split and twisted. The hatchway-ladder was torn away at the floor, but still hung suspended. He leaped and caught it, drew himself up, carrying a heavy box in his free hand, and scrambled out on deck. Men were running and calling out in the darkness. He swung close to the lee rail and raced to the stern. As he drew near he saw that a gun was also mounted here, the crew standing stiffly at attention. He dodged behind a steel ventilator funnel, seized one of the bombs from his box, and struck a match. The officer of the gun-crew came toward him, asking what he wanted. He coolly applied the match to the fuse, held the sputtering thing a moment, then hurled it toward the gun and stepped back. It burst almost instantly, and when he stepped out only the officer was on his feet. He, however, had drawn a pistol and came on firing. Crane felt a shock in his left shoulder, and reeled back. Then he recovered, laid his Leuger against the funnel, and emptied three shots into the man's body.

Picking up his box, he leaped over the crumpled corpses and the wreck of the gun, and stopped at the taffrail. Quickly he lighted another bomb, held it a moment, and dropped it in the foam of the wake, close under the stern. A great wave boiled up, and he grasped the rail to save himself from being washed away. He knew that the shock of the explosion, reacting against the stream of water thrust back by the racing screws, would affect the propeller-blades for an instant, as though the water were solid granite. There was a grinding wrench; the ship gave a leap like a horse struck by a whip, then began to lose speed; while from below came the clatter of engines suddenly released from their load and running wild.

Dashing the water from his eyes, Crane started forward along the black deck. Two men accosted

him, but he dodged around the deckhouse and ran on till he came to the foot of the forward funnel. One of the men he had passed was now following, firing as he ran. Just as Crane started up the ladder that led to the lookout another shock told him that a bullet had pierced his thigh. Still he climbed desperately, his pursuer, seemingly out of cartridges, coming up after him. As he reached the top the lookout leaned over the edge, asking what the trouble was. He received the butt of the heavy automatic pistol full across his forehead, and sank back without a sound. Crane dropped safely over into the steel cylinder, while his pursuer began hastily to climb down.

The *Cocos*, now almost behind the transport, had lost headway, and lay wallowing in the choppy seas. With a blinding flash, a searchlight from the transport was brought into play, enveloping the disabled vessel in a brilliant glare of light; and the big ship swung round toward her, hardly five hundred yards away. A hoarse voice came across the water, asking in good English, 'What's the matter there?'

Crane fumbled on the floor of his cage till he found the lookout's megaphone; then he bellowed a reply: 'This is a hostile German torpedo-boat. Send fifty armed men in your boats.'

They were shooting at him now. Bullets rapped sharply on the steel stack. Then one tore through his forearm, and he almost lost his megaphone. He dropped lower in his cage.

Men were swarming around the boats on the transport's decks. The davits swung out, boats dropped to the water, and men tumbled into them. Two boatloads pushed off and started for the *Cocos*.

'More men,' shouted Crane. 'There are thirty Germans here who will fight to the death.' He was getting very weak now from loss of blood, and he leaned back exhausted in the shelter of the stack. But when a fusillade of shots broke out below—as the Germans, with desperate courage, opened fire on the boats with rifles—he slipped a fresh clip of cartridges into his revolver, leaned over the edge, and commenced shooting down upon them. A volley of shots answered, and a red flame seemed to sear his brain. He crumpled down on the body of the German lookout, and knew no more.

He recovered consciousness with the sensation of lying on something cold and hard. Some one was talking. He opened his eyes cautiously, and saw a ship's surgeon in white, facing several officers in the uniforms of both the British army and navy.

'I think he will do very nicely now, gentlemen,' the surgeon was saying. 'He was most extraordinarily lucky. I have removed the bullet from his shoulder, and those in his leg and arm passed through cleanly. The wound on his head barely touches the skull, and I think there is no concussion.'

'There'll be some cussin' soon,' spoke up

Crane weakly, 'if you don't get me off this beastly cold table.'

He convalesced rapidly on board the *Dauntless*, where he occupied a cabin eagerly vacated by one of the junior officers. During the voyage up the Red Sea, to Suez, and then through the sunny Mediterranean, he heard in detail how the German crew had fought like caged rats till the last man was down. Only ten had been taken alive, overpowered in a hand-to-hand struggle. Since their capture they had maintained a sullen silence when questioned about the *Cocos* and her exploits. They would be taken to England and tried. The *Cocos* had been taken in tow by one of the transports, and Crane occasionally saw her when, in the latter days of the voyage, he was wheeled out on deck by his nurse, to be lionised by men and officers alike.

The following is taken from a leading London paper of 10th September 1915:

'The Victoria Cross has been awarded to Mr John Crane for his brilliant services leading up to the capture of the German privateer *Cocos*, in the Indian Ocean, last July. The details of this gallant exploit must still be fresh in the minds of our readers. The captured members of the *Cocos's* crew have been tried, sentenced as pirates, and hanged. Needless to say, nothing could be found to connect them directly with

the German Government. The men stoutly maintained that they were acting on their own initiative; that their boat was equipped by private parties from motives of patriotism. Nor could any directly incriminating evidence be found aboard the ship. Trust German "thoroughness" for that. The men went to their death unmoved.

'However, thanks to the information uncovered by Mr Crane, a second vessel of similar character has been seized on the coast of Borneo, where she was trying to replenish her fuel-supply, and was disabled by long-range fire.

'Mr Crane has entirely recovered from the wounds sustained in his memorable adventure, and the Foreign Office has put in a request for his services, as he is too valuable a man to waste his time over a drafting-board in the Navy Department.

'It is a source of great pleasure to realise that England still produces men who are able to face the supreme efforts of Germany's much-vaunted "military preparation and thoroughness," and, single-handed, set their efforts at naught. Both England and Australia owe a debt of deep gratitude to Mr Crane for services that called for resource, ability, and cool courage to a very extraordinary degree. We take pleasure in extending our felicitations.'

THE END.

THE STORY OF THE 'EMDEN.'

By TAFFRAIL, Author of *The Decoy*, *The Outer Patrol*, *An Eye for an Eye*, *The Bad Hat*, &c.

THE *Emden*, a small cruiser of over three thousand five hundred tons displacement, armed with twelve 4.1-inch guns, and capable of a speed of about 24.5 knots, was one of the squadron at Tsing-tau, the German port in north China, on the commencement of hostilities. On the outbreak of war Admiral von Spee, the Commander-in-Chief, was absent in southern waters with the *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau*, and one other ship. The squadron from the north, however, joined up with him, and it was not until about the middle of August that the *Emden* was finally detached, with orders to do what damage she could to the Allied trade in Eastern waters.

Her captain, Von Müller, undoubtedly a consummate seaman and a brave man, the son, it is said, of an English mother and the husband of an English wife, was eminently fitted for the difficult rôle he had to play; and the story of the *Emden's* short but eventful career, and of her final destruction by H.M.A.S. *Sydney*, will never be forgotten.

According to one account, Von Müller's adventures started soon after leaving Tsing-tau. He realised that he might meet one of the vessels of the Japanese squadron outside, though as yet that country had not declared war upon Germany.

Still, he had no wish for his ship to be shadowed and her movements reported to the British; so, before sailing, he had had his vessel disguised as a British light cruiser by providing her with a dummy fourth funnel of canvas and wood, and by displaying the white ensign. Within a few hours of sailing, the story goes, he actually did meet a Japanese armoured cruiser, a ship which could have blown him out of the water with one broadside; but the Japanese vessel, satisfied that the *Emden* was what she purported to be, suffered her to pass unmolested and unreported.

For the next six weeks the *Emden's* movements were shrouded in obscurity, and it was not till 10th September that she suddenly reappeared in the Bay of Bengal. Here, between the 10th and 14th of the month, she captured seven large merchantmen, of which six were sunk, and the other sent into Calcutta with the crews. On the 20th of September the raider was reported to be in the neighbourhood of Rangoon; while two days later she suddenly appeared off Madras after dark, and, using her searchlights, fired one hundred and twenty-five shells into the town. Some oil-tanks were set ablaze and a few natives were killed, but very little other damage was done; and presently, when the shore batteries

returned her fire, she extinguished her lights and vanished in the night. On sailing, Von Müller purposely steered to the north-eastward to give the impression that he was making for Calcutta; but on getting out of sight of land he altered course to the southward along the east coast of Ceylon.

The presence of the hostile cruiser in Indian waters had caused no little alarm and anxiety amongst shipowners and insurance brokers, and all the British and Allied men-of-war in the vicinity were soon set to work to hunt her down. But at first searching for a single small ship in that vast area of ocean was rather like looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack, for Von Müller was an adept at covering his tracks, never carried out two successive raids in any one locality, and made full use of his wireless telegraphy in determining the positions and movements of his pursuers and victims.

Between 25th and 30th September he sank four more ships to the southward of Ceylon, the collier *Buresk* was captured, and one other vessel was liberated with the crews of the remainder. It was during this period that a British merchantman is said to have been in communication with the *Emden* herself by wireless telegraphy, quite unaware whom she was talking to. 'Have you any news of the *Emden*?' she is supposed to have asked. 'Am I steering a safe course?' 'I am IT!' eventually answered the German with grim humour after further conversation, and shortly afterwards overhauled and sank the inquisitive questioner. On 15th October the British cruiser *Yarmouth* sank the German Hamburg-America liner *Markomannia* off Sumatra, and captured the Greek collier *Pontoporos*, which was in company with her. This last vessel, full of coal, had previously been commandeered by the *Emden* against the will of the Greek captain, and was subsequently released by us; but both ships had been reported as accompanying the raider, and were, in fact, two of the craft upon which she relied for her stores and coal.

After 30th September, however, the *Emden* herself had again disappeared, and until 20th October her movements were unknown to the outside world. From a diary kept by one of her petty officers, however, it is known that she visited Diego Garcia, an unfrequented island in the middle of the Indian Ocean about one thousand miles to the south-south-eastward of Ceylon, on 10th October, and that she spent the day replenishing her depleted bunkers. The spot was well chosen, for none of the islanders were aware that war had been declared, while the only means of communication with the outside world is by a three-monthly steamer. The inhabitants, though British subjects, were treated kindly, and the diary states that the cruiser's engineers even repaired the local motor-boat, and that they were given baskets of fish and coco-nuts in return for their labour.

The rest of the time, as the weather was fine, was probably spent at sea in the vicinity cleaning the boilers and overhauling the engines; but on 20th October the *Emden* made another dash out to the well-traversed trade route midway between India and Africa. Here she sank five more steamers, captured another collier, and released a seventh vessel with the crews.

Having done this, Von Müller must have realised that the Indian Ocean would soon be too hot to hold him; so, with his usual cunning, he doubled back to the eastward, entered the Strait of Malacca, and at dawn on 28th October suddenly appeared off the British port of Penang. His arrival was utterly unexpected, and here it was that he brought off the most audacious and amazing exploit of his career.

Lying at anchor in the harbour was the Russian light cruiser *Jemtchug*, one of the vessels which had fought in the battle of the Sea of Japan in May 1905. The *Emden* arrived off the harbour in the gray half-light of dawn, when a thick mist overhung the water. She knew the British cruiser *Yarmouth* was not very far off, and disguised herself as that ship by hoisting her dummy fourth funnel and displaying British colours, and, steaming on into the anchorage without exciting suspicion, is said to have replied to the *Jemtchug's* challenge by saying she was the *Yarmouth*. When she was about six hundred yards from the hapless and unsuspecting Russian, the white ensign came down with a run, and the black-crossed German flag fluttered out in its place. At practically the same instant a torpedo was fired. The range was so short that a miss was impossible, and the weapon struck the *Jemtchug* amidships and exploded. A second torpedo was discharged, and the unfortunate ship heeled over rapidly and began to sink. Then the inhabitants of Penang were awakened by the roar of guns, and sheet after sheet of orange flame broke out from the *Emden's* gray sides as her quick-firers poured shell into her already stricken adversary. The *Jemtchug's* decks were soon littered with dead and dying, for most of her men were asleep down below, and rushed swarming on deck when the shock of the first torpedo explosion came. The watch on deck made valiant efforts to work the guns and return the fire, but their gallantry was useless. The surprise had been so complete that they had no chance. They were mowed down in heaps, and the terrific close-range bombardment continued until the *Jemtchug* heeled over and sank. Then her destroyer turned and steamed rapidly from the harbour.

But the tale of destruction was not yet complete. The French destroyer *Mousquet*, a craft of three hundred and three tons, twenty-eight knots speed, armed with two torpedo-tubes and five small guns, had been patrolling outside the harbour, and had apparently sighted the *Emden* on her way in; but, deceived by her appearance, she

had apparently mistaken her for a British cruiser. Soon afterwards, hearing the sound of guns, she came hurrying back, and sighted the raider a few miles outside the harbour. The *Emden* sighted the destroyer at much the same time as the Frenchman saw her, and promptly opened fire on the *Mousquet* at a range of three thousand eight hundred yards. The gallant little destroyer replied with her light guns, and endeavoured to use her torpedoes, but without success; for the German high-explosive shells swept her decks and perforated her thin hull, until she eventually sank by the stern with her colours still flying. Thirty-six of her men were rescued by the *Emden*, which then steamed out into the Indian Ocean at full speed.

Throughout this affair Von Müller had behaved according to the usages of war, though at first it might be thought that he acted in an underhand manner in approaching a hostile port displaying false colours and with his ship disguised. International law, however, lays it down that a ship may not attack under any flag but her own, and the German took the precaution of hoisting German colours before firing her first torpedo at the *Jemtechug*. In war, too, the disguising of a ship for the purpose of misleading an enemy has always been perfectly legitimate.

For thirteen days after the Penang affair the *Emden* disappeared; but early on the morning of 9th November, the *Sydney*, Captain John C. T. Glossop, then on convoy duty in the vicinity of the Cocos Keeling Islands—a group of coral islands in the Indian Ocean well to the southward of Sumatra—received a wireless message from the station there reporting a strange man-of-war off the entrance. It was the *Emden* again; and with her imitation fourth funnel rigged, and flying no colours, she had appeared off the islands at daybreak. According to personal narratives which have since appeared in the newspapers, it would seem that the dummy funnel of canvas and wood was seen flapping in the wind, and so established the raider's identity; upon which the wireless and cable operators promptly despatched the wireless message giving the news, and informed the neighbouring cable-stations that they were about to be raided.

Whether or not this is true is not known; but at 7.30 A.M. the *Emden* landed an armed party with machine-guns, who, without molesting or ill-treating the inhabitants, proceeded to wreck the wireless station and instruments with gun-cotton charges and flogging-hammers, and to cut the shore ends of the telegraph cables passing through the islands. The cable-operators, however, realising that a raid was by no means unlikely, had placed dummy cables to mislead the enemy, and had buried a spare set of instruments. The consequence was that though the wireless installation was completely demolished, the mast blown down, and the cable instruments in place

shattered, only one dummy cable and the Perth cable were actually cut, while the other two cables, to Batavia and Rodriguez, were left undamaged. The hidden instruments, moreover, were never unearthed; and having, as they thought, completed their work of destruction, the *Emden's* men then set about commandeering supplies.

At about 9.20 A.M., while this work was still in progress, the cruiser blew her siren to recall her men. Soon afterwards a cloud of smoke was seen on the horizon, and presently this resolved itself into the *Sydney*, steaming toward the island at twenty knots. Von Müller, leaving his party ashore, at once proceeded to meet her, and soon afterwards fired the first shot of the engagement. The *Sydney* replied, and to start with the firing on both sides was very accurate. The Australian ship, however, being the faster vessel, armed with the heavier guns, could choose her own range for fighting, and steaming to and fro across the bows of her opponent, poured in a heavy fire without receiving much punishment in return. The effect of her 6-inch lyddite shells must have been appalling, for the raider's fire slackened very rapidly, and before long her foremost funnel and foremast were shot away. Then a bad fire broke out in the stern, and the second and third funnels fell. But even then Von Müller did not intend to surrender his ship, though, overmatched as he was, he certainly had a justifiable excuse for doing so; and at eleven o'clock, with his decks covered with dead and wounded, and his vessel little more than a floating wreck, he turned for the beach at North Keeling Island. At about 11.20 she struck the coral-reef with a crash, blazing furiously, but with her colours still flying. The *Sydney* approached, gave her a couple more broadsides to finish her off, and then steamed away in pursuit of a merchant-ship which had hove in sight during the action.

This vessel was the collier *Buresk*, which had been captured by the *Emden* at the end of September, and from which she had doubtless intended to replenish her coal during her stay at Keeling Cocos. But when the *Sydney* came up with her it was found that she had been badly damaged by her prize crew and was in a sinking condition; so Captain Glossop removed the men, fired a few shells into her to expedite the foundering, and then returned to the *Emden* and asked by signal if she surrendered. No reply was instantly forthcoming; but after another brief bombardment the German hauled down her colours and showed the white flag. She could do little else; her career was at an end.

Meanwhile the three German officers and forty men who had landed on the other island had seen their ship steam away to engage the *Sydney*, and, after watching the preliminary stages of the action and guessing what the result would be, had seized and provisioned the 70-ton schooner

Ayesha, belonging to Mr Ross, the owner of the islands. They had with them four Maxim guns and ammunition, and sailed at 6 P.M., while the *Sydney* was still absent at North Keeling. The subsequent adventures of this party must have provided excellent material for a most interesting book, for, after crossing the Indian Ocean under sail, the schooner eventually arrived at the Turkish port of Jeddah, in the Red Sea. Here her crew left her and went ashore, and after an overland journey through Asia Minor, with many adventures, including several attacks by bands of wandering Arabs, eventually arrived in Constantinople.

Early on 10th November, the day following the engagement, the *Sydney* set about succouring the *Emden's* wounded. Captain Von Müller himself was unhurt, and after receiving a promise from him to the effect that the Germans would not attempt to damage his ship, Captain Glossop embarked all the survivors. The work of transporting the wounded was a very difficult task, for the heavy swell on the reef made it dangerous for boats to go alongside the stranded raider. Some of the crew had managed to get ashore in spite of the surf; and it was here, it is said, that several of the more badly wounded, unable to help themselves, were attacked by the enormous land-crabs with which the islands abound. The story has often been put down as untrue; but from personal experience of Keeling Cocos, the writer can affirm that the crabs, ferocious-looking creatures a foot to eighteen inches across, with large claws strong enough to break through the shell of a ripe coco-nut, are quite capable of attacking a wounded man who is unable to drive them off.

The state of some of the *Emden's* wounded was deplorable. Already many of their hurts were gangrenous; but with infinite care and no little risk they were all taken on board the *Sydney*, where the doctor, assisted by the surgeon and some assistants from the cable station, did all he could to alleviate their sufferings. Over one hundred officers and men of the *Emden* had been killed during the action, while fully fifty more had been wounded, and of these several died subsequently.

The ship herself was in a terrible state. All three funnels and the foremast had fallen, while superstructure, boats, deck fittings, and hull were riddled through and through with high-explosive shell splinters. The *Sydney's* casualties were comparatively light, only three men being killed and fifteen wounded, and they all occurred at the start of the engagement. The ship was only hit ten times, and was barely damaged.

The details of the two vessels were as follows: *Sydney*—5440 tons, 25·5 knots, nine 6-inch guns, four 3-pounders; *Emden*—3544 tons, 24·5 knots, twelve 4·1-inch guns. From this it will be seen that the *Sydney* had a great advantage,

particularly as her superior speed and heavier guns enabled her to keep off to a range at which the German's weapons could inflict little damage.

But Von Müller, overmatched as he was, fought his ship very gallantly, and throughout the whole of his career he had behaved in what, for want of a better word, we may call a thoroughly gentlemanly manner. He never took life unnecessarily, and was always courteous and considerate toward his victims; and when the Admiralty gave orders that he and his officers were to be accorded all the honours of war, and were to be allowed to retain their swords, their lordships only voiced the sentiments of the British public, in whom a love of fairplay is innate. Captain Von Müller was a 'sportsman.' His exploits were rather akin to those of the celebrated Lord Cochrane; and in carrying on his war against British commerce he ran daily risks of being brought to action and destroyed by a superior force, while all along he must have realised that his eventual capture was only a matter of time. He did his work well, too well from our point of view; but, enemy though he was, his sporting behaviour rather appealed to the hearts of British people.

The *Sydney* rendered a great service in ridding the sea of the notorious raider, and the congratulatory message from the First Lord of the Admiralty—'Warmest congratulations on the brilliant entry of the Australian navy into the war, and the signal service rendered to the Allied cause and to peaceful commerce by the destruction of the *Emden*'—was thoroughly well deserved, more so than ever because many of the *Sydney's* men were Australian seamen, who behaved magnificently under fire.

The news of the *Emden's* destruction was received with great acclamation at Lloyd's and by shipowners generally, for her successful forays had put the premiums up and had occasioned no little concern on the insurance markets. During her comparatively brief career she sank vessels worth about six hundred and fifty thousand pounds, carrying cargoes to the approximate value of three millions sterling; and this result only shows what an enormous amount of damage could have been done on our trade routes if the Admiralty methods of dealing with hostile commerce destroyers had not been so effective and efficient.

It is believed that the Commonwealth Government has recently accepted a tender for the salvage of the *Emden* and her removal to Australia. If the venture is a success, Australia will have a monument of which she may well be proud; for, if it does nothing else, it will show that her home-bred seamen are as capable of giving as good an account of themselves in action as are her gallant troops now adding to their already fine record in the Gallipoli Peninsula.

WITH THE LEGION.

A SKETCH.

By VERE SHORTT, Author of *Lost Sheep*.

'NO. 3 company will parade in half-an-hour from now, *en état de partir*, a hundred and eighty rounds of ball cartridge to be carried by each man. The company will proceed to Douargala, to join a flying column under Commandant Sevonikoff. The lieutenants of No. 3 company will report themselves for duty immediately to Captain Rodriguez.' Then, his message delivered, the orderly officer became his unofficial self again. '*Tenez, mes amis*, you're in luck this time. It's quite a big business, or at least it would be a big business if the country wasn't in a profound state of official peace. There's been a big smash up at El Zaïr. The Touaregs came in this afternoon, rushed the place, killed off every man they could find, and are off to the desert with the loot and the women. A *sous-officier* of the Goumiers [Algerian yeomanry] has just sent on the report that they have camped about ten miles out of El Zaïr, and they've got their tents up and the camels hobbled. That means they'll stay there at least twelve hours. And there's a holy lot of them, too. It only took about three hundred of them to clear out El Zaïr, and since then they've been joined by about seven hundred more, and the last lot are quite fresh, and spoiling for a fight. The *sous-officier* says that they are El Roumi's men, and in that case they won't try to get away, but will stand and make a fight of it. It ought to be a really pretty little affair. Pity we haven't any cavalry at Douargala! The nearest thing we have that way is a *peloton* of mounted legion; but that ought to be enough to round up M. El Roumi. Well, you gentlemen had better get ready *tout de suite*. The company starts in half-an-hour, and the rest of us will come to give you a send off. *Au revoir, mes amis!*'

As Shelton, the English lieutenant of No. 3 company, passed the quarters of his company on his way to his own he could hear the ordered bustle of disciplined men in haste, and over the noise caught the sound of the Legion's hymn, '*Le sac, ma foi, toujours au dos!*' and then the bark of a *sous-officier's* voice demanding less noise. A quarter of an hour later, when he came on the parade-ground, the men of his company were standing in silent ranks, looking like ghosts under the Algerian moon in their white campaigning kit. There were a few minutes of inspection, the ammunition was distributed, and then the company moved off at the regulation Legion pace of four miles an hour.

Shelton was in command of No. 2 *peloton*, or half-company; while the adjutant, or company

sergeant-major, a Corsican, acted as his second lieutenant. The other *peloton* was commanded by two lieutenants, one a Belgian and the other a Frenchman. At the head of the company rode Captain Rodriguez, a Spaniard, on his old white Arab horse. The sand muffled the footfalls of the two hundred and fifty men of the company, and again Shelton thought how ghostly the whole scene appeared, and the thought came across his mind, 'I wonder how many of us *will* be ghosts this time to-morrow?' But he dismissed it with a half-laugh. Life in the Foreign Legion is not one which lends itself to introspection. To the legionary, officer or man, life is lived from day to day; and for work or rest, march or camp, death or life, he has one formula—'*C'est la Légion!*'

Then Captain Rodriguez turned in his saddle and shouted, '*À volonté!*' ('March at ease!'), and the sound of voices began to rise from the ranks. The men had fifteen miles of a march in front of them, with probably a hard fight on top of it; but they swung along under their eighty-pound packs as if they were returning from drill. They were in high spirits—the legionary always is at the prospect of active service, and the men knew from the issue of ball cartridge that this was no ordinary promenade. Jests in many tongues began to fly, and then from the head of the column rose an old Legion song.

As Shelton swung along on the flank of his half-company, the adjutant drew level with him, and remarked with a half-salute, 'The men are in good spirits to-night, *mon lieutenant*.'

Shelton laughed a little. 'They appear to be,' he said; 'the prospect of fighting always seems to put a legionary in better temper than anything else you can name. Well, I hope we get it. Things have been slow enough, in all conscience, since I joined the Legion.'

The Corsican shrugged his shoulders. 'What will you, my lieutenant?' he answered. 'These are not the old days. *Then* we had an affair of this kind about once a month. Now we are lucky if we get a "fantasia" once in a year. The *Arbis* have had their lesson from the Legion—yes, *bien sûr*, they have had their lesson—and they have profited by it.'

Shelton smiled. 'Yes,' he said, 'I've heard of the Legion's "schooling" of the *Arbis*, and seen souvenirs of it too—I mean those tobacco-pouches made of the skin of a woman's breast, and that sort of thing. Well, I suppose it was necessary; but it seems a bit drastic.'

The Corsican looked at Shelton, and spoke slowly. 'Yes, my lieutenant,' he said, 'it *was*

necessary. With respect to you, you are a new-comer to the Legion, and have never seen what we old soldiers of the army of Africa have. I remember my first fight, when I was a "*bleu*" [recruit]. I have seen things since then, but I will never forget that. There had been a fight in the desert, and we had a company practically wiped out—all except half-a-dozen men, who were taken prisoners. Well, we found their bodies after the Arbis had finished with them. Do you know what they had done to these prisoners?'

Shelton shook his head.

'They had cut off their lips, and noses, and eyelids, and hands and feet, and rubbed salt into the wounds, and pegged them down face upward in the sun. One of these men was my comrade. Yes, there was a payment—oh yes, a payment!—if a quick, clean death from bullet or bayonet can pay for what our men suffered before they died; and these fat, comfortable bourgeois at home in France talked of "atrocities" on natives. My lieutenant, I swear to you that if I could have had my way I would not have left an Arab alive in Africa. Men and women? Devils from hell! No, if ever you are in a tight corner in this country, remember the Legion's proverb: "The last bullet for yourself, and blow out your brains before you let the Arbis take you!" *Eh bien*, here are the lights of Douargala, and we shall be there in another twenty minutes;' and with another salute the Corsican fell back to his section.

As they entered the dusty drill-ground an officer rode forward and exchanged a few words with Captain Rodriguez, and the latter saluted, turned in his saddle, and halted his command. 'The company will march in two hours from now,' he said; 'in the meanwhile get what rest you can, and attend to your footgear. A ration of coffee and bread will be distributed. *Rompez!*' ('Dismiss!').

Shelton saw his half-company settled down, and joined the other officers of his company to learn the plans for the day's march. Captain Rodriguez was in consultation with the *chef de bataillon*; and Des Barres, the French lieutenant, greeted Shelton with a friendly gesture. 'We march in two hours from now, *mon vieux*,' he explained. 'We take two companies—ours and one from here—a company of Goumiers and half-a-company of mounted Legion—just on a thousand men altogether. It ought to be enough; but I wish that they would leave the Goumiers behind. The Legion want no help from native troops; and in any case these chaps are just raw levies, and none too steady. Brave? Oh yes, I grant you; but—oh, well, I have nothing to do with it. It is now four o'clock, and we march at six. We could strike the Arbis at midday; but the commandant is sure to give the men a couple of hours' rest, and they'll want it if these beggars are El Roumi's

men. You know he was a native officer in *Les Homards* [native cavalry] before he went back to his people, and he knows our ways. If M. El Roumi waits for us, it will be because he has a little surprise for us up his sleeve. I don't quite understand the motive of this raid, unless, as I think, it is a deliberate "draw" for us. El Roumi may be playing for a stake of his own; and, if he is, nothing would give him more prestige than a successful show against us. Of course it may be just devilment, or the younger men may have taken the bit in their teeth. In any case, we shall know one way or the other before to-morrow. Now I go to repose my feet, and I advise you to do the same. *À bientôt, mes amis!*'

Two hours afterwards Shelton stood beside his company on the dusty parade-ground, and saluted as the *chef de bataillon* rode along the line. Then the command, '*À vos rangs—fixe!*' ('Attention!'), rang out, and within a few minutes the little column was on the march. The advance guard and the flankers were formed by the half-company of mounted Legion, while Goumiers brought up the rear. The men were marching as only the Foreign Legion can march, with a steady effortless stride which can be kept up for hours, and which eats up the miles at the rate of four to the hour. At the end of every hour came the order, '*Halte! Rompez! Repos!*' and the column broke into chattering, smoking groups. Then came the order, '*Fixe! En route!*' and it swung off again. This is the invariable order of march of the Foreign Legion—one hour's march, ten minutes' rest; and the distance covered is officially supposed to be thirty miles a day, but as a matter of fact is usually considerably more. No questions are asked in the Legion as to how a man marches; but march he must, or die. If a man straggles in the desert, he does so in the sure and certain knowledge that a slow and agonising death from thirst, or at the hand of hostile Arabs, awaits him; and as a rule he prefers death from an overstrained heart to either of these.

As the men moved off after the third halt the adjutant went swiftly up the line to Shelton's side. '*Mon lieutenant*,' he said in a low voice, 'during the *repos* did you notice anything on the left flank?'

Shelton shook his head. 'No,' he said; 'but I was not looking in that direction. Did you?'

The Corsican nodded. 'But yes,' he answered, 'I am almost certain that I saw a man on a camel against the sky on the high ground—over *there*, my lieutenant;' and he pointed.

Shelton looked in the direction named. To the right lay a low range of rolling sandhills, and in front the desert stretched away yellowish-brown, and seemingly flat, but, as Shelton well knew, seamed in all directions with *wadys* (gullies) and folds. With the exception of the column there was no sign of a living thing in

the whole landscape. 'No,' he said, 'I don't see anything, and we are not due to strike the Arbis yet. If you saw anything, it must have been a Bedouin. By Jove, though, there *is* something up! Look! Here comes the advance guard! And who are those behind them?'

The adjutant looked under his hand—one look only—and bounded back to his half-company. The whole face of the desert had changed with the suddenness of a dream landscape. The men of the advance guard were spurring back to the column as fast as their mules could carry them, and at their heels raced a huge confused mass of camels and horses ridden by white figures and tipped with waving steel. Shelton heard the shout, 'Square of companies! fix bayonets!' There was a confused moment or two, and he found himself inside his company square, feeling for the butt of his revolver, and longing for the good, comforting feel of a heavy Webley instead of the light French .320 calibre weapon.

Then he heard Des Barres's voice, '*Parbleu*, we are in the soup this time! Who would have thought that these devils would have come back to meet us? *Mon Dieu!* look! There are more of them, and they are all over the Goumiers!'

It was quite true. The Algerian troops had blown back the first shock of the Touareg flanking charge with a straggling volley, and then their discipline—never very much in evidence—had gone to shreds, and with yells of triumph they had broken rank and hurled themselves on the enemy. The end came quickly. There was another forward surge of camels and horses, swords and spears rose and fell, and nearly a quarter of the French force had been wiped out of existence in a few blood-stained minutes. Then the desert seemed to vomit men, horses, and camels into Shelton's very face, and for the next few minutes his world resolved itself into yellow sand, flying draperies, and snapping, reeking camels. Two men in the front rank went down, and a man on a white horse forced his maddened mount into the gap, a heavy mace going in flying circles round his head. Shelton heard the splintering crash as the Arab got home on a man's forehead, and then the inside of the square was chaos. In the mêlée Shelton found himself jammed against a camel, and was conscious of a pair of blazing eyes with a black veil below them bent toward his. Then a spear-point with a vicious triple-barbed iron shaft behind it licked out straight at his throat. He swung a desperate cut, countered by a parry which nearly dislocated his wrist, and then threw himself sideways almost under the camel's feet to avoid the spear-point. As he went down some one behind almost leaped on top of him, and the Touareg slipped off his camel, coughing blood through his black veil. He had been bayoneted under the armpit by a man behind Shelton. Just as he touched the ground he

pulled himself semi-upright on his knees by Shelton's legs, and the latter saw a long curved dagger in his hand. Then a bayonet slipped into the Touareg's throat, and he subsided face downward on the trodden sand.

The front rank of the square had closed, but the rear rank had faced about to deal with those of the enemy who had broken their way in. Occasionally a man would fire, but in the main it was Lebel bayonet and rifle-butt against two-handed sword and mace. Outside, the Touaregs charged up to the bayonets again and again, only to be blown and pitchforked back. Captain Rodriguez and Lieutenant des Barres were both down, and the inside of the square was a shambles of dead and wounded legionaries, Arabs, and horses. Then the attack ceased as suddenly as it had begun, a respite which the men of the Legion used to dispose scientifically of the few remaining Touaregs inside the square. The enemy seemed to be in full retreat, for no very apparent reason; but as Shelton watched them he saw more white-clad figures among the sandhills on the left.

The adjutant pointed to them. 'When thieves fall out, my lieutenant,' he said, 'honest men come to their own. These are Mauricauds, Moors from across the border. They waited till the Touaregs got well engaged with us, and then swooped down on their camp and looted *their* loot. See how the Touaregs ride! Well, this has been a bad day for the Legion!'

A bad day, indeed, it had been. Out of a force of less than a thousand men over four hundred were dead or mortally wounded, and were put to rest that night in the sands of the desert, where so many brave men of all nations wait for the last reveille. *C'est la Légion*, that Legion which marches, and fights, and dies for the glory of their regiment and of France.

ASHES OF MEMORY.

I NEVER sit in twilight gray
Or gaze across the lea,
But pictures fair before me swim
Of things I used to see.

When fields are clothed with green, and sweet
With Spring's breath in the air,
I think of fields that once I knew
When other Springs were fair.

I see the children at their play,
Such sweet light in their eyes,
And think of strange realms that were mine
Ere I was old or wise.

If lovers dream and laugh and plan
Where silver moonlight gleams,
I think of how, when I was young,
I drank the wine of dreams.

How sweet to me those old dreams now,
And each lost scene how fair,
Since I have gleaned through aging years
My meed of joy and care!

GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

WHO shall demur to the statement that in some respects the Germans are a very admirable people? Nature struggles always for a sort of balance. Against the hideous instincts, tendencies, and dispositions, foul, brutal, horrible, that have been bred in these Huns, and that their leaders have trained into them, it has been difficult to hang an attribute to the other end of the beam that could make a tremble of the scales. Nature might be melancholy at a stupendous failure; for in the scale-pan swinging up in the air are some of the best qualities with which the human kind has been endowed, but they are such as make only for what we may call the technical and the mechanically efficient side of man, and do little for his spirit. On this side of the balance are enterprise, efficiency, thoroughness, and splendid foresight, and it is one of the saddest tragedies in man's history since his first fall that such perfections, exquisite of their kind, should be linked in the same beings with such faults as an empire of devils is loaded with. A piteous incongruity it is! They have failed to understand that the ultimate aim of civilisation is surely the beautifying of life. In the struggle of the Huns with their own selves vice has won, and these qualities of theirs, misapplied and wasted, lie scattered and torn like an exhausted mockery. Persistence might have been added to these attributes. Those who speak and write of the final and complete destruction of Germany and all that is German must overlook the persistence and the foresight. A curious display is being made of these even at this moment, and in strange conditions; and it is a contemplation of this fact that leads one to this restricted admiration of the people. Some of our own have barely ceased to wonder when they hear French words fall from the lips of a Parisian in England. Our travellers, with superb confidence imparted to them by a map of the world that is mostly red with a border of priceless blue round the isles of home, have brazened themselves along with plain English talk, and have used it and no other in the Champs Elysées, in the Corso, and the Alcalá. It has served them better than it should. Hosts have been thoughtful for their own convenience, and accommodating. Selfishness and insularity, stupidity and want of foresight, have made of

the English monoglots. Wise men have tried to make them understand that such a limitation will be bad for them in the future if persisted in. Never have languages been so much advertised as in London in the last few months; never have there been such excellent facilities offered for acquiring them. For a few shillings and not many weeks of effort a person may gain almost any language, and thus obtain the freedom of countries and peoples in a way impossible by other means. It is obvious that languages are necessary in the changed conditions of the world and commerce, now being rapidly formed, as never before, and that the speaking of but a single tongue is a heavy handicap; and it is believed that a good part of young business England is at present engaged in conjugating unfamiliar verbs and absorbing idioms of peculiar formation. Not so much so as you may think. The efforts of inducers have only been moderately successful. Public authorities have classes for the teaching of foreign languages spread all over London, but they are not so popular as they should be. Other special classes managed by educational institutions are less patronised than one would have fancied.

* * *

We do not now pay unnecessary compliments to the Germans; but, as sensible persons, we must recognise that pathetic blend in them of the fiendish with the efficient. What are the Germans doing? There is some reason to believe that such as are not out to be shot on the various fronts are studying foreign languages with great enthusiasm. One would not be surprised to know that in hours of idleness under the sea of such U boats as are left, the officers and crews spend a little time in the study of some language they may possibly not yet have acquired. They appear to know most that are extensively used, for they have never been at a loss for complete vocabulary, grammar, and perfect accent when they have suddenly appeared on the waters and encountered vessels of all nationalities. A Spanish captain who was thus suddenly surprised the other day, and whose vessel was ultimately sent down, reported that upon the moment of his appearance the young German commander addressed him in the smoothest, most sonorous, most excellent Castilian, as if half his time had

been spent in the best social circles and *salons* of Madrid, and the other half in a profound study of the grammar set forward by the Spanish Academy. But for the better support of the suggestion of German foresight, efficiency, and thoroughness, let it be mentioned that the German prisoners in England, in addition to enjoying numerous comforts and conveniences, and sometimes even luxuries, are giving time to perfecting methods of a more decent kind of struggle with the world when this war is done. They are piling up munitions of words. These numerous Germans, prisoners in England, are not perfecting their knowledge of the grammar of their own language, nor do they study the immortal works of Schiller and Goethe. With all their might they are instead grappling Spanish to their German tongues, and they hope and believe that when the war is over, and they become free men again, they will proceed from the camps with a vocabulary nearly as complete as that of a Madrileño and an accent and mode of expression of which a Castilian gentleman might be proud. More than this, they will have especially directed their linguistic studies to the commercial side of things, and know as much Spanish of the business kind as a merchant of Barcelona or Seville. They will be able to write letters in good Spanish business form. Thus, when the war is done, they may proceed from prisoners' camps in England, not home to Hamburg or Berlin, which they have a fear sometimes may be no very pleasant or promising places to visit, but to Spain itself, or, better, to the Argentine and certain other parts of South America. These prisoners have considered the subject, and their fancies have been supported by various official reports and documents with which they have become acquainted. They believe, not without reason, that after the war Spain will be, in relation to other European countries, one of the best situated and most promising, for of all in the middle and south she will have suffered least. Even now she is engaged in an endeavour to establish closer and more active commercial relations with her offshoots in South America, and it is widely believed that the greatest trade boom of the future will be in this part of the world. The British consul at Rosario, which has been called 'the Liverpool of the Argentine,' wrote recently: 'This market is going to be a scene of keen competition between the United Kingdom and the United States. The Americans are showing great activity, and will get the market if it is in any way possible. The next few years are going to be years of revival after a period of depression.' Now all this trade in South America, save that of Brazil, which is done in Portuguese, is carried through by means of the Spanish language, and nothing seems more certain than that after the war there will here be a tremendous commercial struggle between the Americans, the Germans,

and ourselves for that trade. The Germans, and especially the prisoners—who have more time at their disposal and less anxiety about food questions than those in Germany and other parts of Europe—are consequently devoting themselves most assiduously to the learning of Spanish. I am informed that at an internment camp at Holloway they are deeply engaged with their studies of this language; that at the Alexandra Palace they have a Spanish class; and that at other places where they are held in bondage they are applying themselves to the grammar, mastering the subtleties of the use of *ser* and *estar*, the most confusing part of it, and gaining fluency in Spanish speech. They find it, as others may do, not only a comparatively easy language to obtain possession of, but one the study of which is unusually interesting, a smooth and sonorous tongue, one that seems beautiful to those who come as strangers to it. You may recall, perhaps, what the Emperor Charles V. remarked in classifying some of the languages of Europe that he had at his disposal: 'I speak Spanish to my God, Italian to my wife, French to my mistress, and German to my servants and my dogs.' Dr Mahaffy, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, was once invited to a reception at which the chief guests were the Kaiser and the Queen of Spain, then only recently married. He inquired of the British princess how she fared in her studies of the language of her adopted country, and she responded that she liked Spanish well. He told her this story of Charles V., and there was laughter enough to attract the attention of the Kaiser, who walked across from the other side of the room to inquire what the fine joke might be that produced the mirth. The Provost was good for the emergency. 'I have only had the honour,' said he, 'of knowing her Majesty for some ten minutes, but already we have a secret to conceal.'

* * *

The great Earl of Chesterfield, writer of the famous *Letters to his Son*, would have given shrewd advice to the British people if he were living now. Late at nights, when volumes of such letters make the nicest reading, I have been looking again through these shrewd epistles with all the good and worldly advice of the perfectly equipped gentleman, such as people of these times would benefit by absorbing. This master of secrets of life's success came constantly to the subject of the acquisition of foreign tongues in his counsel to Mr Stanhope. I wonder in what order of importance and value he, if now alive, would place the languages of Europe at this moment. The proper order, of course, changes with times and political circumstances. He would, no doubt, rate French the first, for without good French no man can with satisfaction adventure beyond the blue edging of the isles. Next he would place Spanish, for even in his own day he had a predilection for it. Russian,

to which he used not to refer, because it was of little consequence in his time, would probably be third on his list, and he would perhaps wish that the Russians themselves would enter more into the scheme of the better freedom of the nations among each other by adopting the characters that the others employ. Italian and Portuguese would follow next in his list—leaving German for the moment out of his considerations. How his lordship would marvel if he breathed in these chaotic days and learned that British Cabinet Ministers at the beginning of the war had to set themselves to learn French, and, being called to Paris to consult with statesmen of our Allies, had to converse through interpreters! What would his comment be upon the circumstance that a British Minister in Constantinople could not speak Turkish to the Turks with whom he had to negotiate on matters of supreme importance? He would have enjoined thoroughness, too, and that is what most of the British, in learning languages, lack. ‘Remember,’ says he, ‘that knowing any language imperfectly is very little better than not knowing it at all, people being as unwilling to speak in a language which they do not possess thoroughly as others are to hear them. Your thoughts are cramped, and appear to great disadvantage in any language of which you are not perfect master.’ And he gives advice on study: ‘The shortest and best way of learning a language is to know the roots of it—that is, those original, primitive words of which many other words are made by adding a letter or a preposition to them, or by some such small variation which makes some difference in the sense.’ And he suggests that his son should write down each morning ten words of the language he is learning, out of a dictionary or vocabulary, and get them off by heart, ‘which will go a great way in a year’s time.’ Then he writes in another letter: ‘Were I you, I would learn the Spanish language if there were a Spaniard at Hamburg who could teach me; and then you would be master of all the European languages that are useful; and, in my mind, it is very convenient, if not necessary, for a public man to understand them all, and not to be obliged to have recourse to an interpreter for those papers that chance or business may throw in his way. I learned Spanish when I was older than you, convinced by experience that, in everything possible, it was better to trust to one’s self than to any other body whatsoever. Interpreters, as well as relaters, are often unfaithful, and still oftener incorrect, puzzling, and blundering. In short, let it be your maxim through life to know all you can know yourself, and never to trust implicitly to the information of others. This rule has been of infinite service to me in the course of my life.’ He insists always on the great importance of German and Italian. ‘I recommend to you,’ he writes, ‘to

get as much Italian as you can before you go either to Rome or Naples; and the knowledge of the grammatical part, which you can easily acquire in two or three months, will not only facilitate your progress, but accelerate your perfection in that language when you go to those places where it is generally spoken.’ Again: ‘I hope you not only keep up but improve in your German, for it will be of great use to you when you come into business; and the more so as you will be almost the only Englishman who either can speak or understand it. Pray speak it constantly to all Germans wherever you meet them, and you will meet multitudes of them at Paris. Is Italian now become easy and familiar to you? Can you speak it with the same fluency that you can speak German? You cannot conceive what an advantage it will give you in negotiations to possess Italian, German, and French perfectly, so as to understand all the force and *finesse* of these three languages. If two men of equal talents negotiate together, he who best understands the language in which the negotiation is carried on will infallibly get the better of the other. The signification and the force of one single word is often of great consequence in a treaty, and even in a letter.’

* * *

About London the few German notices one saw displayed in public places have been removed. No longer do we observe upon shop windows any announcement that the servitors within can speak as they do in the stricken Fatherland. It is not necessary now that they should; but what a littleness it is for any in great England to behave in the way of this effacement! The tongue in which Goethe spoke will live; it will flourish, and it will be used extensively in commerce though the empire beyond the Rhine may be dismembered and Hohenzollernism die. As well and with as much reason might we decree the extinction of the majestic music of the great Beethoven. And yet the ignorant of superficial thought and a ridiculous view of patriotism exclaim that the painters with a can of obliterating black should be brought to work upon the notice outside the station at Charing Cross where, with the English and French, the direction ‘*Fahrkarten-Ausgabe*’ is still given, a melancholy reminder that in those distant days of a year and a half ago Germans were free among us, and might with full facility and convenience depart as it pleased them. Last year the London County Council opened a special summer session of evening classes in foreign languages; and, though it was prepared to begin classes in German at thirty-three centres, there were only eighteen students, and one class was enough. But there were thirty new classes and more than a thousand students of French, and eight Russian classes with ninety-six students. And, again, the other day I saw it reported that at the last session of the City of London College

there had been a large influx of students for Russian, which had been met by the establishment of three new classes, the number attending being a hundred and fifty-one; that the French classes had remained normal; and that the entries to the German classes had decreased 70 per cent. The official comment was made that the decrease was understandable, but showed some want of foresight, and ought not to be encouraged. The German language, it was said, will be necessary in business after the war, and unless our people are able to use it Germans must again be employed. Let it be used again; the abstention is so silly and so small. Let us hurt the Germans as much as we can; no patriot of sense is for kissing and being kind as soon as the guns are done with their bloody business; but the German tongue was made by a better Germany than lives to-day, and will go through to a regenerated Germany, not even the British Empire being able to kill the language, or being desirous so to do.

* * *

The young people are learning some languages that will be needed after the war; the middle-aged and those who are even older are reviling the school systems under which they were trained because they were taught conjugations by the yard. To impart a little less of grammar and more useful phrases would seem a too utilitarian way, and somewhat vulgar. Masters and systems must be academic, always academic. They must ignore the circumstance that when nature, instinct, and the desire to grow and acquire get to work on the opening mind of the little child, and first give him speech with a speed and completeness that is the marvel of the grown-up student at classes, the bairns have no grammars. Nature knows her business. In the highly practical language schools in the great centres they now adopt the principle that a little grammar serves for much, and they teach in a few weeks the language that at school, when the mind was young and receptive, was not acquired in several years. If departments and boards and masters only realised that if they could give the boy and girl 'the three R's' and three languages complete for service and fully talkable to go along with them at sixteen years of age, as easily they might, they would be doing magnificent service to their country, and earning

the subsequent gratitude, deep and profound, of their pupils. But, instead, there must too often be the grammars and the conjugations, and in the intervals the binomial theorem and other such gymnastics for the mind—and the examiners.

* * *

Years pass, the tabular conjugations are forgotten, crises and wars come on, the world is upset, and new problems of life and work arise. And then the old pupils, grown up and sedate, with little time to spare and many responsibilities, seek the new classes and learn the languages they should have been taught at school. They find it harder to fasten things in their minds than it used to be in knickerbocker days. It is not ripeness of judgment that is wanted for learning this new way of talk, but the willing memory. Sometimes the task seems impossible, and indeed it is hard enough. But there are encouragements. Is not the waiter at a Piccadilly restaurant ever courteous and careful in five different languages as they may become necessary? And to these elderly students, who need encouragement, one would tell of the achievement of the late Mrs Elizabeth Carter of Deal, which always does seem to be most admirable. There should be a bronze medallion of this good lady of the marvellous linguistic accomplishment placed upon the walls of each of these schools for the grown-ups. Her life was spread through the greater part of the eighteenth century, and in it she mastered Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Italian, Spanish, German, Portuguese, and Arabic! Yet these seem to have been but pleasant diversions, for she also took a great interest in astronomy, ancient and modern history, ancient geography, played both the spinet and the German flute, and worked with her needle to the last days of her life, which ended at the age of eighty-nine. And Dr Johnson said, 'My old friend Mrs Carter could make a pudding as well as translate Epictetus from the Greek, and work a handkerchief as well as compose a poem.' A thousand pounds came to her once for a translation of Epictetus. And so those of England who only English know should be heartened, and should go on with their French and their Russian, their Spanish and Italian, and not overlook their German either, for the new time that is coming.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

CHAPTER VII.—*continued.*

THE travelled Briton, to whom the wayside calvary is a familiar object in many a Continental landscape, can seldom pass the twisted, tortured figure on the Cross without a feeling of awe, tempered by insular non-comprehension of the religious motive which thrusts into promi-

nence the most solemn emblem of Christianity in unexpected and often incongruous places. Seen as Dalroy saw it, a hunted fugitive crouching in a ditch, while the Huns who would again destroy Europe were lurching past in thousands within a few feet of where he lay, the image of Christ

crucified had a new and overwhelming significance. It induced a vague uneasiness of spirit, almost a doubt. That very day he had killed four men and gravely wounded a fifth, and there was no shred of compunction in his soul. Yet, in body and mind, he was worthy of his class, and this gray old world has failed to evolve any finer human type than that which is summed up in the phrase, an officer and a gentleman. For the foulest of crimes, either committed or contemplated, he had been forced to use both the scales and the sword of justice; but there was something wholly disturbing and abhorrent in the knowledge that two thousand years after the Great Atonement men professedly Christian should so wantonly disregard every principle that Christ taught and practised and died for. He reflected bitterly that the German soldier, whether officer or private, is enjoined to keep a diary. What sort of record would 'Heinrich,' or Busch, or the three Westphalian lieutenants have left of that day's doings if they had lived and told the truth? The answer to these vexed questionings came with the swift clarity of a lightning-flash. Another rift in the dust-clouds revealed the upper part of the Cross, and the moonbeams shone on a gilded scroll. Dalroy knew his Bible. 'And a superscription also was written over Him in letters of Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew, This is the King of the Jews. And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on Him, saying, If Thou be Christ, save Thyself and us.'

From that instant one God-fearing Briton, at least, never again allowed the shadow of a doubt to darken his faith in the divine, if inscrutable, purpose. He had passed already through dark and deadly hours, while others were then near at hand; but he was steadfast in doing what he conceived his duty without seeking to interpret the ways of Providence. 'If Thou be Christ?' It was the last taunt of the unbeliever, though the veil of the temple would be rent in twain, and the earth would quake, and the graves be opened, and the bodies of the saints arise and be seen by many!

A harsh command silenced the singing. An officer had reined in his horse, and was demanding the nature of the errand which brought a squad of men from Visé.

'Sergeant Karl Schwartz, Herr Hauptmann,' reported the leader of the party. 'An Englishman, assisted by a miller named Joos and his man, Maertz, has killed three of our officers. He also wounded Herr Leutnant von Huntzel, of the 7th Westphalian Regiment, who has recovered sufficiently to say what happened. The general-major has ordered a strict search. I, being acquainted with the district, am bringing these men to a wood where the rascals may be hiding.'

'Killed three, you say? The fiend take all such *Schweinhunde* and their helpers! Good luck to you.—*Vorwartz!*'

The column moved on. Schwartz, the treacherous barber of Visé, led his men into the lane. There were eleven, all told—hopeless odds, because this gang of hunters was ready for a fight and itching to capture a *verdammte Engländer*. And Joos's 'safe retreat' had been guessed by the spy who knew what every inhabitant of Visé did, who had watched and noted even such a harmless occupation as Léontine's bilberry-picking, who was acquainted with each footpath for miles around, from whose crafty eyes not a cow-byre on any remote farm in the whole country-side was concealed.

This misfortune marked the end, Dalroy thought. But there was a chance of escape, if only for the few remaining hours of the night, and he took it with the same high courage he displayed in going back to the rescue of Irene Beresford in the railway station at Aix. He had a rifle with five rounds in the magazine and one in the chamber. At the worst, he might be able to add another couple of casualties to the formidable total already piled up during the German advance on Liège.

The sabots offered a serious handicap to rapid and silent movement, but he dared not dispense with them, and made shift to follow Schwartz and the others as quietly as might be. He was helped, of course, by the din of the guns and the rustling of the leaves; but there was an open space in the narrow road before it merged in the wood which he could not cross until the Germans were among the trees, and precisely in that locality Schwartz halted his men to explain his project. Try as he might, Dalroy, crouched behind a pollard oak, could not overhear the spy's words. But he smiled when the party went on in Indian file, Schwartz leading, because the enemy was acting just as he hoped the enemy would act.

He did not press close on their heels now, but remained deliberately at the foot of the hill and on the edge of the quarry. Standing erect, with the rifle at the ready, he waited. He could hear nothing, but judged time and distance by counting fifty slow steps. He was right to a fifth of a second. A shot rang out, and was followed instantly by a yell of agony. He saw the flash, and, taking aim somewhat below it, fired six rounds rapidly. A fusillade broke out in the wood, the Germans, like himself, firing at the one flash above and the six beneath. A bullet cut through his blouse on the left shoulder and scorched his skin; but when the magazine was empty he ran straight on for a few yards, turned to the right, stepping with great caution, and threw himself flat behind a rock. As he ran he had refilled the magazine, but now meant using the rifle as a last resource only.

In effect, matters had fallen out exactly as he calculated. Schwartz had blundered into the man-trap set on the path half-way up the cliff, and was shot. The others, lacking a leader, and

stupefied by the firing and the darkness, bolted like so many rabbits to the open road and the moonlight as soon as the seeming attack from the rear ceased.

Uncommon grit was needed to press on through a strange wood at night, up a difficult path bordering a precipice, when each tree might vomit the flame of a gunshot. And these fellows were not cast in heroic mould. Their one thought was to get back the way they came. They were received warmly, too. The passing regiment, hearing the hubbub and seeing the flashes, very reasonably supposed they were being taken in flank by a Belgian force, and blazed away merrily at the first moving objects in sight in that direction.

Dalroy does not know to this day exactly how the battle ended in rear, nor did he care then. He had routed the enemy in his own neighbourhood, and that must suffice. Regaining the path, he sped upward, pausing only to retrieve the pistol which had proved so efficient a sentinel. Judging by the groans and the stertorous breathing which came from among the undergrowth close to the path, Karl Schwartz's services as a spy and guide were lost to the great cause of *Kultur*. Dalroy did not bother about the wretch.

He pressed on, and reached the plateau above the quarry. The clearing was now flooded with moonlight, and the doorway of the hut was plainly visible. Jan Maertz was not at his post, but this was not surprising, as he would surely have joined old Joos and the terrified women at the first sounds of the firing.

'Liège!' said Dalroy, speaking loudly enough for any one in the hut to hear. There was no answer. 'Liège!' he cried again, with a certain foreboding that things had gone awry, and dreading lest the precious respite he had secured might be wasted irretrievably.

But the hut was empty, and he realised that he might grope like a blind man for hours in the depths of the wood. The one-sided battle which had broken out in the front of the calvary had died down. He guessed what had happened, the blunder, the frenzied explanations, and their sequel in a quick decision to detach a company and surround the wood.

In his exasperation he forgot the silent figure surveying the scene at the cross-roads, and swore like a very natural man, for he was now utterly at a loss what to do or where to go.

(Continued on page 160.)

MR JACOB OF SIMLA. A MODERN WONDER-WORKER.

By REGINALD SPAN.

IT is not generally known that the late Marion Crawford, in his remarkable novel, *Mr Isaacs*, took as his hero a living person; but such was indeed the case. 'Mr Isaacs' was none other than Mr Jacob of Simla, who was famous throughout India for his extraordinary powers and fascinating personality.

During his travels in India the novelist met Mr Jacob, and became intimately acquainted with him, and was so deeply impressed with his wonderful personality that when he returned to England he wrote a book about him. This book laid the foundation of Marion Crawford's literary reputation. It sold well, because it dealt with a comparatively unknown phase of Eastern life and character. Everybody of any note in India knew Mr Jacob, and his bungalow at Simla became the rendezvous of many distinguished personages, as every Anglo-Indian of position who visited the social capital of the country made it his business to call upon the famous wonder-worker. As soon return from India and say you had not seen the Taj Mahal as come home and confess you had not met Mr Jacob of Simla. In addition to being the hero of Marion Crawford's novel, Mr Jacob figures as Lurgan Sahib in Rudyard Kipling's *Kim*. Altogether, he has inspired no fewer than six books.

Mr Jacob is a human mystery, and was, in the zenith of his power, the wonder of India. No

one has been able to solve the amazing riddle of his personality or give a satisfactory explanation of the remarkable things he has done. It was generally supposed that he was a high-caste Brahmin; but in reality he was a Turk by birth. Long residence in India had given him the appearance and nature of a native. A Yoghi by religious persuasion, and an 'Adept' by profession, he presented as interesting a subject for study as it would be possible to find in any part of the world.

Born in Constantinople in the humblest circumstances, his boyhood was passed in abject poverty. Later he became the servant of a rich pasha, who took an interest in him, and encouraged his inordinate love of study by giving him all the books he desired and every facility for obtaining knowledge. At this time he acquired a deep acquaintance with Oriental lore which was later to make him a leading figure in Anglo-Indian society at Simla. On the death of his master he decided to make the pilgrimage to Mecca, being deeply read in the rites of Mohammedanism, able to recite the Koran from beginning to end, and conversant with all the practices of the Moslem religion. He reached his destination safely, and later, after many hardships, found himself in Bombay without money, and nothing but his knowledge of Eastern languages to help him. This was sufficient, however, to obtain him

employment at the Court of the Nizam of Hyderabad, where he remained for some time; and, having saved money, he moved to Delhi, where he started business as a dealer in precious stones. In a few years Jacob amassed a small fortune; and then, extending his business, he established himself at Simla, where he rose to be the first dealer in the famous mart, and was patronised by all the *élite* of Anglo-Indian society, who purchased his goods and visited him at his house. He was lavish with his hospitality and munificent in his generosity. His rooms were furnished in the most gorgeous Oriental style, and full of priceless ornaments and jewels. Not only was he extremely rich, but there was something very attractive about the man which drew everybody who was anybody to his doors. Viceroy, governors, the leading members of the civil and military services, and society generally, flocked to see him. He soon became known as one who could perform 'miracles,' and everybody wanted to see his 'tricks' (as they were termed), and try to find out how they were done. All Simla was startled and mystified by his extraordinary performances; and though many considered them vulgar impositions, they were bound to admit that what they saw was quite impossible of explanation.

A record of many of Mr Jacob's 'magical' feats has been kept. One of the most remarkable is related in *The Autobiography of a Magician*, and was personally witnessed by the author, who vouches for the absolute veracity and accuracy of his account. This gentleman was invited to a dinner-party at Mr Jacob's bungalow, which was situated about two miles from his own abode, and he and a well-known General drove there together. Several other military officers were also guests. After dinner, when they were smoking, General B. asked Mr Jacob to show them some of his tricks. Their host did not appear to like the word 'trick,' but simply said, 'Yes, I'll show you a trick!' and, turning to a servant, told him to bring in the sahibs' walking-sticks. Selecting a thick grape-vine stick with a silver band round the handle, he asked, 'Whose is this?' The General replied that it was his; whereupon a glass bowl, similar to those in which goldfish are kept, was placed on the table, some water poured in, and Mr Jacob held the stick upright on its knob for a few moments. After a time they saw numbers of shoots like rootlets issuing from the handle till they filled the bowl and held the stick steady, Jacob standing over it, muttering all the time. A continuous crackling sound was then heard, and young twigs began to appear from the upper part of the stick. These grew rapidly, became covered with leaves, and flowered before their eyes. Then the flowers changed to small bunches of grapes, and in ten minutes from the beginning a fine vine laden with bunches of ripe black Hamburgs stood before them. A

servant carried it round, and they helped themselves. The fruit was declared to be excellent. In case the whole affair might be due to hypnotic delusion, the writer placed half of his bunch in his pocket to see if the grapes would still be there after he left Mr Jacob's house.

The vine was replaced on the table, and covered with a sheet, and in a few minutes was changed back into the General's stick. Many other interesting feats were performed, and the company were filled with amazement; then, as they were about to depart, Mr Jacob requested a few words privately with the writer before he left. They went out on to the veranda and conversed on occult subjects for a few minutes. Mr Jacob then offered to cause him to undergo a special experience which would give him something to think about. His guest replied that that was just what he would like. So Mr Jacob said, 'Shut your eyes and imagine that you are back in your bedroom in your bungalow.' He did so; and after a few seconds Jacob called out, 'Now open your eyes!' He opened his eyes, and found that he was really in his bedroom—two miles in a few seconds! Jacob then told him to shut his eyes again, and they would rejoin their friends; but this he firmly refused to do, as he thought it might all be hypnotic delusion, and he wanted to see how Jacob would get out of the difficulty. However, the magician simply laughed good-naturedly, and said, 'Well, since you won't come, I must go alone; so good-bye;' and in an instant he had vanished, and the subject of this marvellous feat was left alone. Looking at his watch, as he had done at the commencement of the experiment, he found that the whole affair had not lasted two minutes. He then walked straight out of his bedroom into the dining-room, where he found two of his friends, who were astonished at seeing him, and wanted to know how he had managed to get into his room without their seeing him pass. He then sat down and told them all about it. One of them (Dr S.) asked to see the grapes. Accordingly he felt in his pocket, and there they were sure enough, so he passed them to him. The doctor turned them over suspiciously, smelt them, and finally tasted one. 'They are the real thing, my boy; genuine black English Hamburgs,' he said, and proceeded to devour the lot. 'But where's the *tat*?' exclaimed his other friend. The writer replied that he had forgotten all about it, but supposed he had better send for it. Calling a servant, he told him to go to the stables and send a syce up to Sahib Jacob's bungalow for the *tat*. In a few minutes the bearer returned and said that the *tat* was at that moment safe in his own stable. They stared at one another in amazement, then went out to see for themselves. Sure enough, it was there. *So the horse and cart were also levitated!*

Mr Frederick Heath, a writer of some distinction, who was well acquainted with Mr Jacob, relates the following.

One evening Jacob had made arrangements to hold a *séance* at his house in Simla. He had invited six friends to dinner, and Jacob and his guests were all seated at table, when suddenly Jacob vanished. Behind his chair stood his *kitnagar*, as surprised as the guests at Jacob's disappearance. Only a second before he had been plainly visible to them all, and had been talking to them, yet he had vanished through closed doors. Hardly had the guests recovered from their surprise when Jacob was once more in his seat at the table. When questioned, Jacob merely said that his 'Master,' Ram Lal, had sent for him in order to tell him that the *séance* could not take place that evening. The mysterious Ram Lal, by the way, is also brought into Marion Crawford's novel. Jacob refused to give any explanation of either his disappearance or the postponement of the *séance*; but later he gave Mr Heath the reason for the sudden postponement of the *séance*, though the way in which he was able to leave and return to the table in such a remarkable manner is still a mystery.

The *séance* was postponed by order of Ram Lal, who by some inexplicable means had discovered that one of the guests was not in good health; and as all those who attended Mr Jacob's *séances* had to be in good health, otherwise a *séance* could not be successful, Ram Lal thought it his duty to warn Jacob in time.

On another occasion a *séance* was held at which six of the stoutest sceptics in Simla attended. They were all army officers, and each had seen active service in India. Mr Jacob had put up with the ridicule of these men for a long time, and he was determined to show them that there was something in his powers besides vulgar pretension. He asked one of the officers to give him an account of any battle in which he had taken part. The officer did as requested, and Jacob then said, 'Look at the wall and you will see the battle again.' All turned their eyes to

the spot indicated, and there they saw a living, moving representation of the battle, not unlike a bioscope film. Everything was vividly depicted to the smallest detail; and there, leading a charge, was the face and form of the man who had just related the incident, looking as real as life. The officers were astounded, and evidently believed that their eyes had been bewitched. Another officer mentioned an affair he had been engaged in, but omitted to say anything about his own actions in the battle, where he had distinguished himself by great bravery. His heroism was, however, shown in the picture which followed, and it was known to be quite correct, though Jacob himself was unaware of the part the officer had played in the fight. The officers confessed that they were completely mystified, and became convinced of the genuineness of Jacob's uncanny powers from that evening.

One of this wonder-worker's most extraordinary feats was walking on the water. There was a wide, deep pond in his grounds, on the surface of which Jacob often walked. Crowds of people came to see him do it, and try to discover how the 'trick' was performed; but they were completely baffled, and were obliged to admit in the end that Jacob possessed powers undreamt of in their philosophy.

Other things no less wonderful he is alleged to have done, but they are too numerous to be related here. Gradually he built up a reputation that remains with him to-day. All India knew something of his powers. He was one of the most-talked-of men in that country; but eventually his powers failed him, he lost his wealth, and sank into poverty and obscurity, and to-day he is a broken-down old man, friendless and disappointed, eking out a precarious existence in Bombay, with nothing but memories of a brilliant past to lighten the darkness and dreariness of his life's evening.

LOST IN THE VOSGES.

A SOLDIER'S TALE RETOLD.

By EDWIN L. ARNOLD.

THERE is a world of romance in the backways of campaigning, and a thousand strange things happen in war that are never recorded. I could fill a volume with startling incidents that have either been told to me or actually chanced to myself personally. Here is one of the latter kind, not the most wonderful, but weird enough in its way; at least it seemed so at the time.

It was in the wildest district of the Vosges, and on one of the most dismal nights of the black month of last December. What I, an Englishman, was doing, hungry and alone, at that moment does not matter to the story, and could not be conveniently told if it did. It is sufficient

to say I had been wandering about all day through a wilderness of pine-woods and barren hillsides over which the shadow of war had passed like a blight the week before, and at nightfall found myself hopelessly lost. Friends and shelter were certainly somewhere not far off, but it was a time when no man cared to advertise his whereabouts to possible enemies, and when darkness came it settled down on as forlorn and God-forsaken a waste as ever offended mortal eyes. Worse still, it began to rain, and rain as it only does among mountains; and presently vivid flashes of lightning leapt from the clouds overhead, lighting the sky from verge

to verge, and making every descending raindrop into a strand of golden wire as it fell into the nether gloom of the woods behind. And then the thunder! The sodden ground trembled under it; in the splendour of that giant detonation everything seemed to cringe, and the hundred voices of the storm sank into silence. It numbed the senses, and when at last the tumult died out among the ravines the very rain ran more gently down the slopes, and the wind was hushed in awe, as though it feared to provoke again the subsiding tumult.

It was a night to make you bless the man who invented bedstead and roof-tree; to thank Providence for shelter while you prayed for the homeless. But it looked very much as if neither roof nor bed was going to fall to my lot. There was not a trace of the camp I was in search of, and the miserable woodman's trail I had been following so far grew more and more visionary in the deepening gloom. I clung to it until my instinct told me the camp ought to have been reached long before, and then went back for half a mile to a piece of open ground, whence there was a chance of seeing fires or lanterns, but not a glimpse of either showed. I tried to retrace my steps, and in another mile or so came to the conclusion that a goat would have scorned to call the track I was following a path. I was hopelessly lost in the haunted Vosges. A few minutes' consideration in the partial shelter of a rock convinced me that it was no good standing there all night; so I buttoned up my khaki coat to my chin, for it was cold as well as wet, and plunged forward again. It was nearly an hour later when a momentary break in the clouds showed something that looked like another path going across a patch of rock-strewn grass-land, and a couple of hundred yards up it a shadow that could hardly have been caused by anything but a human habitation. Had it been Buckingham Palace I could scarcely have been better pleased. I hurried through the lonely clearing, and in another minute found myself indeed before a dwelling-place.

It was nothing but a deserted hut, and a small one at that; but it represented welcome shelter. The roof was made of shingles, the walls were of mud, and there was a raised platform of the same material all round, over which the eaves projected. The whole place had a tumble-down and forlorn look in the blackness of the night; but I went up to the porch, determined at least to find out my whereabouts, if nothing more, and called out loudly. There was no response, and after waiting a moment I shouted again. Still no answer; so, pushing open a waist-high hurdle woven with decaying reeds which served as a door, I went inside. It was still as death and black as a coal-mine. Nothing stirred; no one came to meet me; so I struck a match and held it overhead. The light shone on a little room with the

floor littered with dead leaves, and mouldy walls from which a coating of whitewash was peeling in flakes. On the floor were the ashes of a fire, and over beyond them a mud partition separated the main apartment from a smaller one beyond.

There was nothing in the outer room; but, striking another match, I went into the inner compartment, and against the wall, in the dim yellow shine of my lucifer, lay the huddled figure of a man apparently asleep, and wrapped in a rough and very ragged peasant's gray cloak. Bending down, I touched him on the shoulder, and, as he did not move, gave him a shake. He was a small, thin man, and obviously a sound sleeper; and, as there was no response, I gave him a second shake. When this produced no result I took hold of his uncovered hand. It was cold and stiff. I lifted the hood of the cloak from his face, and his staring eyes met mine, but without intelligence. He was dead; and, as I realised the fact with an involuntary start, the rain pattered like feet over the bare ground outside, and a draught of damp air sighing through the hut extinguished my match and left me in funereal darkness.

Covering the poor peasant's face again, I went out and looked into the night. It was very wet and wild, the forest full of sad voices of wind and falling water, all as dismal and uninviting as could be. The clouds in the west seemed a little like breaking, and there was a pale gleam of moonshine on a distant hillside; but all else was gloomy, unbroken solitude; flying storm-clouds overhead, and blacker pine-forests down below; a most grim place at any time, and doubly so at that moment. There might not have come a human being, save myself and the man within, to such a lonely spot once in a year or more. Yet, poor as the hospitality behind me was, it seemed better than wandering about in the abysmal depth of the forest; so I went inside again, and, leaving the hurdle-door open, for the hut smelt very pronouncedly of the dead within, I sat down opposite the opening, making myself as comfortable as possible, with my back to the wall, and, strange as it may seem, quickly began to doze, and presently dropped asleep, and slept for an hour or more.

I dreamt I was at a dinner-party in Paris, and sitting next to a most charming lady, who, in Oriental fashion, kept putting morsels from her own plate upon mine, and then even feeding me with her own fork—the while her diamonds glittered on her bosom, and her silvery laughter made all the other guests stop and look at us—feeding me so fast that I was near to choking. How long this foolish fancy would have gone on I cannot say, but I was still dazzled by the lights and diamonds and merriment about me when suddenly I awoke. I awoke with a start, staring into the chilly blackness, and it was only

after a minute or two that remembrance returned and I knew where I was.

I stared all round, and presently my eyes settled on the doorway. The clouds by this time had broken, and the entrance to the hut—which had been but a faint patch of purple an hour before—was now faintly lit up by the reflection of moonshine on the slope beyond. The forest was still black as the infernal regions, and full of sighs; but what riveted my attention with a terrible fascination was the *doorway*. It was not empty! Squatting on the floor, and leaning against the framing post in a limp, sad attitude, was the dead peasant. I could not believe my eyes. I stared and stared, while my heart began to beat fiercely, and my skin involuntarily to creep. It was he for certain. Who else could it be? There was not another human being within miles of the place. In the dim light I could just make out the stooping round of his shoulders, the bent head, the crooked knees under the iron-gray cloak; and then, as I looked, that head was slowly lifted, and two glowing eyes, burning with a horrible, soulless shine, were turned fixedly upon me. For a moment my own quailed before that remorseless stare; for a moment I was a coward! Then, when my heart had done its first wild beating, my courage came back. I set my teeth in silence, and looked up. The figure had not moved; the eyes were still on me, cold, piercing, inflexible; and outside it was raining again. 'Was it really a ghost? If so, how interesting! How foolish to be afraid!' I said to myself, sitting meanwhile as still as the thing, and struggling with my emotions. Only once before had I seen anything really supernatural.

That happened in an old Devonshire manor-house. I was going up alone to bed about midnight, candle in hand, full of everyday thoughts, and as sober as man could be, when at the top of the ancient oak staircase appeared a little haze of blue light about eighteen inches in diameter. It passed gently to the carved balustrade, and then came floating toward me. I was astonished, but not frightened, and stood back against the wall. Nearer and nearer came the soft glow, going down the woodwork with indescribable gentleness; and when it was but a yard or two away I saw within the rays a lady's hand—a beautiful white hand with jewelled rings—fingering the oak with quiet confidence, just as the hand of a living lady would in like circumstances. It passed me so near that I could almost touch it, and went on till it got to the hall below, where the light evaporated into something like a strand of summer mist! That was actual fact, and as I thought of it now my pulses went back to their normal and my confidence returned.

If this were really the astral of the dead man, what a chance for an interesting conversation! I could not run, even if inclined, for he was in

possession of the doorway. I had my back to the wall in more senses than one, and there was nothing to do but to brave it out, and speak. Suppose he did not understand me? The peasants in the district used a strange dialect, and my French was limited. 'Do ghosts comprehend all languages,' I asked myself, as we stared at each other across the few yards of mud floor, 'or only that which was their own on earth?' It was a curious point which I could not remember to have heard raised before; but as the silence was growing unpleasant I pulled myself together and said in the best French I could muster, 'It is a wet night, comrade.'

The result was most disconcerting. My voice was quite horrible in that chamber of the dead. It was more ghostly than the ghost opposite. As for that ugly *thing*, no sooner did the whisper reach him than a pale red shine rose in his immovable eyes, and at the same time two satanic-looking ears pricked up from the forehead under the cloak-hood. What was it? What could it be? Almost blood-red optics in the grim black setting of the night; ears, horrible, inhuman, where nothing like them ought to be! A ghoul? Of the whole fraternity of the disembodied, that is the thing that has always seemed most damnable, most intolerable, to me! It was more than human nature could stand. I was on my feet in a moment; but even quicker than I got to them the thing was on its own, the gray shawl turned to ragged fur, the glowing orbs to hungry eyes, the thin, bent limbs to beast legs, and a living mountain *wolf* stood between me and the moonlight.

We stared at each other hard for a space; and then, impelled by reckless anger, I sprang forward. The brute disappeared into the darkness at the same moment, and as I plunged out on to the veranda the shadow of a second one slunk into the coverts.

The mystery was solved; the ghost had proved material; but my friend was not done with yet. He had no doubt scented the dead within, and, being astonished to find a living man in such company, had sat down in the doorway to consider the situation. He was still thinking it over when I awoke. With better backing from his companion outside he might have come to a decision quicker, and that would have ended this story before it began. These Vosges wolves are savage and powerful brutes, and when pinched by winter hunger will attack man or beast with equal ferocity. Only a little time before, I remembered as I stood in the darkness trying to catch a sight of the enemy, they had killed a Frenchman I knew personally. Poor fellow! he had started to walk through the snow one evening to the next camp, and as he did not arrive, we went to look for him next day. We found him—all there was to find, and that was not much more than his bloody overcoat, and his boots with his feet still in

them! I could not forget these boots as they lay in the snow, and they loomed up most uncomfortably in my imagination at that moment.

I was not going to turn out of my shelter, however, for any number of wolves; so, going into the hut, I pulled to the rotten, waist-high door; and after spending my last match on another look at the peasant, who, poor chap! was as dead as dead could be, I retired in the outer apartment to my wall, and sitting down, strange as it may seem, soon began to doze once more. This time the lady with the diamonds would not come to me; my sleep was broken by occasional starts of semi-wakefulness, but it continued till the night was far spent, and then I suddenly awoke in earnest.

The square patch of the doorway opposite had changed by now from moonlight purple to gray; the winter dawn was coming. And sharp, clear-cut against that light, as my sleepy eyes opened, they took in a black form that seemed almost to fill the entire space; it was the wolf again. He was on his hind-legs, his front-paws resting on the top of the hurdle door, peering hungrily into the chamber, while the steam of his hot breath rose to the eaves, and its foul aroma came abominably down the draught to me. He was feeling with a back leg for a foothold on the bars. He was coming in!

This time I did not wait, but rose quietly, a short-bladed hunting-knife, my only weapon, gripped in my hand. The wolf saw me, and I heard his teeth snap savagely together with a sound like the shutting of a rabbit-trap. He turned his head away for a moment, probably to look for that cowardly companion outside; then quickly reverting it, fixed those cruel, hard eyes on me, a very basilisk in the chilly twilight of the early dawn. I was cold, hungry, and tired, I had had no food all the previous day, and that stare seemed to be sinking into my soul. For a moment my senses wavered, and as the hut reeled about me I imagined it was truly the dead man who was in the doorway. Then with a gasp and an effort the fancy went again, and as the blood rushed into my face I mastered the fatal wolf-mesmerism, and, first one foot and then the other, moved softly toward the beast. Presently we were not more than four yards apart, and at that distance we stood rigid as statues for a couple of minutes. I must say

such boldness was to the brute's credit, and unusual. Thinking it over afterwards, I have been inclined to believe that he doubted throughout whether I was really alive. He could not see the man inside, the hut smelt very much of the dead, and there was I. Probably fear, hesitation, and hunger possessed him by turns, and saved my life; but now the adventure drew to a climax.

We stared at each other for a time, listening to the beating of each other's hearts, and then I could stand it no more. Suddenly swinging the knife overhead, I threw myself headlong on the figure against the gray. There was a fierce howl, apparently right in my ear, as the blade descended, a crashing of rotten woodwork as the hurdle gave way, and I, and wolf, and woodwork shot out together into the darkness. I was on my feet in an instant, and shook myself clear of the litter. There was blood and fur on the knife; but the ghoul, the prowler, the hunter of sheep and shepherds, was gone!

Then followed two of the coldest and dullest hours I ever experienced, while the December daylight came slowly over the hills. The rain had stopped now, and the sky was clear; but when the fighting flush went from me it was intolerably cold. However, there at least was the day, and behind it—delight of delights—a low gleam of winter sunshine. No man on whom it rose was gladder of the sun that day than I. I went out on to a hillock to get the most of it; and as I stood uncovered in the rays, with every sense high-strung, there presently came to my ears the thin silvery sound of a bugle in the next valley sounding the reveille. It meant friends, warmth, breakfast! I rushed back to the hut and told the dead man that I would have him put out of the way of fangs and claws; then outside again, and did my hair with a pocket-comb at a pool, and tidied myself; and half-an-hour later was in camp. They had steak and chipped potatoes, and coffee—French coffee—in the officers' mess that morning; and you must have starved for twenty-four hours, and shivered all night in a dead man's house, and fought the devil, or something very like him, between starlight and dawn, if you would really understand how good, how surpassing good, these things can be.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

EXPLOSIVES FROM COAL.

THE increasing use of the high explosives familiarly known as T.N.T. and T.N.A.—the base of which is toluol or toluene, derived from coal in the course of its distillation into gas—has been responsible for the recent War Office communication to the various local

authorities requesting the temporary abrogation of gas tests. Although the manufacture of coal-gas is carried out in such a thorough manner as to extract every available and commercial by-product, a certain proportion of benzol and toluol associated with the gas has been allowed to pass into the mains in order to improve the lighting and calorific powers. But even these traces are

now to be wrung out for more nationally vital purposes. The domestic and commercial consumption of coal in grates and furnaces is probably the most wasteful method of burning this fuel, inasmuch as in so doing all the valuable by-products are lost. In Germany, following the outbreak of war, all Government concerns, including the railways, were forbidden to burn the raw material. The explosive and liquid fuel products were urgently required, and by forbidding the use of crude coal an outlet was forced for the consumption of the vast accumulation of residue known as coke. The average individual may not realise how great is the dependence placed to-day upon the by-products arising from coal distillation. In Germany, owing to the absence of native mineral oil resources and the impossibility of importing supplies because of the blockade maintained by the British fleet, dependence has to be placed upon the benzol and other liquid inflammables derivable from coal for driving the Diesel motors of the submarines and the high-explosion engines of aircraft and road motor-vehicles. The carbolics are utilised for disinfectants. Cyanogen is used as the medium for the poison-gas war and poison-gas shells; while the toluol, of course, enters into the preparation of the high explosives, as does also the ammonia in the form of sulphate of ammonia, which is adopted as a substitute for saltpetre, supplies of which from Chile are no longer available. In this country the increasing demand for gas for driving machinery as well as for domestic purposes is creating another difficulty. Huge stocks of coke are accumulating at the gasworks, and this residue remains to be cleared. Although coke is utilised in industrial and domestic circles for power and heat purposes, the consumption is by no means so heavy as in other countries, a result due in a great measure to the comparatively low price of the coal. But this latter fuel has now soared to a high figure, and is well-nigh inaccessible to certain classes of the community. On the other hand, the coke is going begging. What is required is the formation of a coke distributing organisation to ensure that adequate supplies may be sent from the districts where it exists in plenty to those where it is difficult to obtain. If this were carried out upon methodical lines it might enable the domestic fuel problem to be eased appreciably. Coke, being the residue of coal after every useful by-product has been extracted, should be available at a low price; and, even when the high charges for transport are paid, it is a fuel which should be purchasable at prices from 50 to 60 per cent. below those of coal. It is admitted that the accumulation of coke in the great gas-producing centres, especially in the Midlands, is attaining serious proportions; but no attempt appears to be made to bring it into more formidable competition with coal as a fuel. A campaign of education, combined with

the elaboration of ways and means of transporting it to the possible centres of consumption, should prove lucrative at the present juncture. As a rule, there is one advantage possessed by coke as compared with coal in matters pertaining to transport: such long hauls as attend the crude mineral are not imperative, so that the expenditure under this head should not be prohibitive. We are a long way behind the Germans in the economic handling of coal and in the distribution of the coke. In Germany the gas-producing works are in close proximity to the coal-fields, while the gas is pumped over long distances through big mains, recalling the economic transport of oil by pipe line in the United States. This practice enables the residue from the retorts to be marketed at a low figure, whereas in some districts in this country at the present time coke is practically as expensive as coal.

AN INGENIOUS COFFEEMAKING POT.

In making coffee the true art is to produce a beverage free from tannic acid. By using the universal coffee-percolator no such apprehensions need be entertained. This device varies in style and design, according to requirements, ranging from the vessel of conventional shape to the urn with which either a spirit-lamp or gas-jet is employed. But in each instance the working principles are identical. Within the percolator is placed a hollow vertical stem or tube, the lower end of which fits into a small conical chamber fitted with a valve, while the upper end terminates in a perforated cup and filter. The coffee, ground but not pulverised, is placed within the perforated cup after the vessel has been charged with cold or lukewarm—not boiling—water to a point below the upper coffee-container. The percolator is then placed into position within the vessel, and the lid closed. The coffee-pot is either placed upon a gas-stove or range to be heated. Owing to the special design of the lower chamber, the water within this receptacle first becomes heated, then, opening the controlling valve, passes up the tube and escapes over the upper end. In its descent the water falls upon the coffee, and finally drops through the perforations into the body of the vessel. Thus one secures a continuous cycle, the water passing from the body of the pot through the heating-chamber, up through the tube, into the coffee, and back again into the vessel, the action being continued until sufficient strength has been extracted from the coffee to impart the desired flavour to the liquid. The pump, as it is called, is absolutely automatic in its action, and the operation is carried out without any danger of the liquid attaining the boiling-point. The liquid is also filtered in the process, so that no clarifying with egg is required. Tannic acid cannot be produced, because the water never boils. Moreover, no steam or aroma escapes from the percolator, because the steam is

condensed within the valve-case, where the process of steam cooking the coffee takes place, so that the aroma is confined to the interior of the pot. With this apparatus, coffee of any desired strength may be obtained in a few minutes; and, owing to the aroma being retained, the quality and flavour of the beverage are considerably enhanced. The pot is designed upon thoroughly hygienic lines, inasmuch as the cooking-chamber, valve, pipe, and perforator may be withdrawn bodily, and taken apart for cleaning.

ESTIMATING DISTANCE AT SEA.

An ingenious method for estimating distance at sea in thick or foggy weather, which has been devised by Professor Joly, is set out in the report of the proceedings of the Royal Society, and is described in *Nature*. As is well known, sound travels at varying velocities according to the media through which it is transmitted. Thus, sound travels more quickly through water than through the air. If aerial and submarine signals are transmitted simultaneously from one point, the former lags behind the latter to the extent of about four and three-tenth seconds per nautical mile. If an approaching vessel picks up the signals, and should make an error of one second in timing the log, she can determine her position within a quarter of a mile. Wireless and submarine signals or wireless and aerial signals may be used. Suppose, for instance, that the faster-moving signals are sent out in groups, the individual signals being despatched at regular intervals—say of one second—and that the first slow-moving signal is always sent out simultaneously with the first rapid-moving signal of a group, the captain of a ship need only count the rapidly moving signals until the first slower-moving signal reaches him in order to ascertain the distance of his ship from the station emitting the signals. In this instance it is not necessary for the navigator to make any actual time measurement on board his ship, because the signals themselves tell him the distance. In the event of a vessel being able to send out a loud, crisp signal simultaneously with a wireless or submarine signal, and should wireless information concerning speed and course also be given, the captains of two approaching vessels are able to ascertain accurately, firstly, whether there is or is not any risk of collision, and, secondly, the point upon the respective courses and the moment when the collision is threatened. The solution of the problem depends upon the circumstance that at each instant the speed of mutual approach is the maximum if the ships are advancing in such a way as to collide. A simple geometrical construction, which by its character is unlikely to involve error, enables the navigator to determine the problem the instant the signals are received.

SUBJUGATING THE TRENCH PLAGUE.

One of the direst penalties of the trenches, and one which is inevitable when large numbers

of men are congregated in confined and limited quarters, and denied the opportunity to remove their clothes at frequent intervals or to partake of a bath, is the visitation and propagation of lice and body vermin. Various attempts to remedy this plague have been made, but few have proved successful. An efficient measure to this end is the simple body-cord which has been evolved by a Scottish chemist. It consists of a flexible length of chemically prepared material of the thickness of a blind-cord, which is worn around the waist next to the skin. Owing to its pliability it sets tightly upon the surface and accommodates itself to the contour of the body. No personal discomfort or inconvenience is caused by its use, while it does not affect the skin, owing to the absence of irritant ingredients in its composition. But it spells death to the unwelcome visitors. It not only destroys the vermin, but renders the body so unpalatable as to prevent them from lodging on the person or underclothing of the wearer for any prolonged period. According to the tests which have been made in the trenches, the cord fulfils all that has been claimed for it, one officer in a Highland regiment who had suffered severely from these marauders having passed twenty-four days in the trenches without suffering a single bite. Seeing that the trench plague is declared by our soldiers to be worse than fighting the enemy, any simple and inexpensive means wherewith it may be successfully combated should be adopted. It may be mentioned that this new curative has received the approval of the medical profession.

ELECTRICITY AND AGRICULTURE.

For some months past the Government has been emphasising the imperative need of increasing our native food-supply, and in this direction the Board of Agriculture has been playing an active part. Many of those who work the land are steeped in conservatism, and have resolutely declined to keep step with progress. This has been largely due to the abundance of rural labour at comparatively low wages. But the war has brought new factors to bear upon the whole problem. It is stated that approximately 20 per cent. of the farm labourers have enlisted, added to which is the increasing cost of living, which has been reflected in the necessity to increase the wages of those who have remained to till the soil. The farming element of the community admits that it is faced to-day with problems which never have arisen before. Labour will be a severe stumbling-block for many years to come, while increasing wages will serve to decrease the farmer's profits to an appreciable degree. One solution is to develop scientific and labour-saving methods upon an extensive scale. The farm labour problem is not peculiar to this country. It is more pronounced in new territories suitable to agricultural development, such as the vast plains of the United States, Canada, Argen-

tina, and the steppes of Russia. Had the pioneers in these countries been content to rely upon human labour, less than 50 per cent. of the land now under exploitation would have been reclaimed from virginity. It is the lack of labour which has been responsible for the wonderful huge power-driven machines upon the wheat-growing plains for ploughing, harrowing, seeding, reaping, and threshing. It has brought the wheatfield measuring twenty or more miles between fences within the bounds of possibility. But it is easier to introduce mechanical methods in a new than in an old country where the land is fully occupied, and where the farmers are conservative. In the United States at the present moment there is a boom in the agricultural utilisation of the electric servant, experience having proved that there are over one hundred and thirty distinct operations now performed on a farm by human and animal effort which may be more efficiently carried out, and at a lower expenditure and within shorter time, by electricity. The use of mechanical appliances upon American farms is being encouraged with unabating activity by agricultural colleges, farming experts, and the railways. In that country, as in this, people are being lured from the land by the glamour of the cities, and this migration can only be counterbalanced by the more extensive use of machinery. In America, however, the farmer receives greater assistance than his brother in these islands. He pays for his plant with his crops, and if the outlay be heavy and impossible of fulfilment within a single year, then he is assisted by extended payments. The banks advance money upon his growing crops, while directly the grain is garnered all further risk disappears. It is transferred to the elevator. In return for his delivery of grain the farmer receives a certificate which he can either realise immediately or hold against the fluctuations of the market, meantime expending low premiums for insurance against destruction by fire and other causes. British agriculture demands the infusion of some new blood by the introduction of new methods upon a sufficiently extensive scale and to a degree compatible with local requirements.

A NOVEL TIN-OPENER.

Among the many ingenious appliances which have appeared, and which make appeal to the household, is a new tin-opener. It differs completely from the usual utensil of this type, being designed upon safer principles and capable of dealing with any kind of tin. If desired, it can be employed in the orthodox manner, or it can be used to cut the top completely off the sealed metal receptacle. But possibly its most useful feature is its ability to meet the conditions arising from the new method of sealing tins. As is well known, certain commodities are so packed and sealed that the top face of the vessel

has to be completely removed. A small tongue of metal is left, which slips into a slotted key. By winding the latter the tin surface may be peeled off. Unfortunately, however, in many instances the key, which is a casting, fails to perform its allotted duty, and snaps in twain, or the sheet of tin is so sealed as to defy the peeling effort. To open such a sealed vessel in the ordinary manner with the conventional tin-opener is a difficult, if not a dangerous, task, especially if the tin be round in shape. This new opener meets such a situation. The free end is pointed, and with this the lid is punctured in the centre. Upon the arm of the opener slides a small attachment fitted with a cutting edge, while the outer end of the arm is provided with a bent projection. This last is slipped into the puncture, forming a pivot for the opener. The sliding cutter, held horizontally, is moved along the arm to the required distance from the centre, which varies with the diameter of the tin; the cutter is pressed down, cutting through the lid near the periphery; and then, by moving the opener round, describing a circle about the axis formed by the bent end of the opener, a clean circular cut is made, allowing the top of the tin to be lifted off in the form of a disc, and enabling the contents to be withdrawn in a solid mass.

AN INTERESTING TELEGRAPH FOR SHUNTING OPERATIONS.

The shunting-yard is probably one of the most dangerous corners of a railway system, more particularly in foggy weather. With a view to rendering the work safer, and to facilitate and expedite it, the Great Western Railway has installed at Southall West Junction, as an experiment, what is described as a shunting telegraph. In general appearance the apparatus resembles the telegraph which is utilised for communication between the bridge of a vessel and the engine-room. The transmitter is placed at the neck of the shunting-spur, and the indicator in the cab of the shunting-engine. The signals are transmitted electrically, the engine being fitted with shoes which establish contact with conductors set parallel to the running rails. The indicator in the cab is fitted with six different signals, each of which is illuminated electrically when brought into service. The signals which may be despatched in this manner are respectively 'Go ahead,' 'Back,' 'Stop,' 'Steady,' 'Ease up,' and 'Back smart.' Every signal transmitted remains illuminated in the cab so long as the shunter desires, so that the driver is provided with a constant visual signal of the particular task in hand. When the signal is changed a bell rings, calling the driver's attention to the fact, the bell coming into action every time the order is altered. Consequently, in this way, the visual signal is supported by an audible warning, thereby fulfilling the requirements of an efficient and reliable mechanical

signalling system between the road and the driver on the engine. The apparatus, it is stated, has proved especially useful during foggy weather, and the liability of misinterpretation is practically eliminated.

ASPARAGUS-GROWING.

It is generally thought that asparagus can only be grown in expensive, well-raised beds; but this is not so. It can be planted as seed or plants in any odd corner of a garden with excellent results, a plant being put here and there between gooseberry-bushes or between well-trained fruit-trees, or under apple-trees in orchard or garden. A dozen plants would give two bundles of good heads a week, and later on the fern-like foliage would be an ornament to the garden. Once planted, they will continue to bear for many years. Messrs W. Crisp & Sons, of Fordham Heath, Colchester, have a plant that grows by the doorway, and after cutting is finished it is tied to the lattice on the wall, and is quite pretty. As soon as the shoots appear in spring, weak liquid manure should be applied, but care should be taken not to put it on the shoots. A little salt can be given in winter. Do not cut after 20th of June.

THE CELERY CABBAGE.

The celery cabbage is a new vegetable introduced into this country from China. It supplies a long-felt want—a vegetable which can be eaten either cooked or raw, and is quite equal to boiled spinach. It is also first-rate as a salad, or for sandwiches or soup. The plant is a very rapid grower, and is fit to be cut in eight weeks from the time of sowing, and would be splendid for *cloche* work or in a cool frame. Salad could be grown all the winter. It grows to about the size of a cos lettuce, having the same upright growth; and it has a white midrib, which is excellent when boiled. Seed should be sown in early spring and autumn in rows fifteen inches apart, and should be thinned out to nine inches between each plant. In the hot season the plant is liable to run to seed. In Canada it is used for cold slaw, which is made as follows: Cut the celery cabbage in half and lay in cold water, then shave it very fine; boil from half to a pint of vinegar, stir into it the well-beaten yolk of an egg, and then pour it over the cabbage, and serve with cold meat.

SAVED FROM A BONFIRE.

In a privately printed booklet, *Some Notes by A. Donald Mackenzie*, founder of the Edinburgh firm of Mackenzie & Moncur, horticultural builders, there is an interesting reference to how the writer first became a reader of *Chambers's Journal*. Mr Mackenzie was born in the strath of Appin, Argyllshire, in 1836, and died in Edinburgh in 1915. He began life as a working joiner, turned his attention to hothouse-building, and became a heating engineer, to the business

of which he brought a scientific and practical knowledge which revolutionised the trade. The firm did work in many parts of Great Britain, including Sandringham, where the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward, would talk with Mr Mackenzie on the matters in hand, and show a practical interest in what was being done. In Mr Mackenzie's only too brief narrative of his early days in Argyllshire, after giving some recollections of Appin Parish School, he continues: 'What a happy life it was, roaming the woods and hills with no one to interfere, but a scolding from my mother when I stayed away too long or too late instead of attending to duties which she laid upon me in connection with our croft, or cutting peats, which, along with sticks, was our only fuel! Coals were never seen, except at the laird's house. I was for six months herding cattle at the farm of Elerig, in Glencreran, where I got my first introduction to *Chambers's Journal*. The farmer's daughters were at school in Edinburgh, and had taken home a great many copies of *Chambers's*. After the marriage of the daughters a clearance of a great many old books was made, and I had the duty of burning them laid on me. I remember what a bonfire it was. Picking up some sheets and looking them over, I got much interested, and saved as many as I could from the devouring flames. The reading of these was a great source of enjoyment to me during the summer and autumn. I have a vivid remembrance of some of the stories yet. I may say that I have continued the reading of *Chambers's Journal* ever since.' He afterwards became quite a student and reader of good books, which, along with a game of golf, were the solace of his later years.

A NEW MATERIAL FOR PAPERMAKING.

Experts in the United States Department of Agriculture have been making experiments in connection with a new material for papermaking. In Bulletin No. 309, from this department, attention is called to the possible use of zacaton grass, which, the bulletin says, grows from California and Texas southward to the Argentine Andes. It grows most profusely, however, in the mountain regions east and west of the City of Mexico, where it is harvested for the sake of its roots. These are made into brushes of various kinds, and for this reason the zacaton plant is frequently known by the common English names of broom-root grass, wire grass, and rice-root grass. At the present time the tops of the plant are allowed to go to waste; it is from these that there is reason to believe that a satisfactory papermaking material may be developed. An acre of grass should yield at least three tons of tops. The plant is a perennial one, the growth being almost entirely from self-sown seed. Unless checked by fire, cultivation, or the harvesting of the roots, the grass will soon cover

a field solidly, and it is not uncommon to find many square miles densely covered with the growth. Laboratory tests of this grass conducted by the United States Department of Agriculture show that it can be chemically reduced to paper stock by the soda process more easily and with less expense than is necessary to reduce poplar-wood. The same processes and methods which are employed for the manufacture of pulp from poplar-wood are quite suitable for the treatment of zacaton; but in place of the wood-sawing, chipping, and screening machinery, a grass duster is necessary. The paper manufactured from the stock has proved as satisfactory in physical tests as a first-grade machine-finished printing-paper. It has, moreover, a very satisfactory appearance and feel. In bleaching, however, the experiments showed that more bleaching-powder was required than with poplar stock. The percentage of air-dried fibre obtained from the zacaton grass appears to be somewhat less than that from poplar-wood, but practically equal to that of esparto.

THE SIGN AND STAR NAMES.

In *Chambers's Journal* for March 1915, in an article on 'Stars and Planets,' it is stated that the American writer Artemus Ward asked the very pointed and sensible question as to the names of the stars and signs, 'How had we discovered the names?' Perhaps some others would be interested in the best answer that can be given to this inquiry. The astronomical names on our ordinary planispheres, globes, and star maps are derived from the great official star maps, atlases, and globes in the various State Observatories. These names are the same as those found on the Anglo-Saxon planispheres, as seen in a very fine Saxon manuscript in the British Museum. The Anglo-Saxon names are the same as those found in a very valuable Roman astronomical manuscript in Latin of the second century A.D. These star names, again, are the same as those given by Hyginus and still earlier astronomers, as Ptolemy, Hipparchus, and others. This carries the star names back to the great Greek astronomers. But there is another line of evidence, quite distinct, which carries the star names backward to much remoter eras. Riccioli of Bologna, in his great work *Almagestum Novum* (1670), gives the ancient Arabic names of the stars and constellations. He speaks of them as of vast antiquity, and expresses his own opinion that the names were antediluvian. The astronomical Latin names Leo, Taurus, &c. are merely translations from the Arabic and Hebrew. Ulugh Beigh, the Tartar prince and astronomer (A.D. 1450), gives the Arabian names as they were reported to have come down from the earliest times. His *Catalogue of the Stars* was printed by Dr Hyde, with *Commentaries*, about 1660. It has been reprinted since then in England. Albumazer or

Abu Masher, who flourished A.D. 800, and was a great Arab physician and astronomer to the Caliphs of Granada (A.D. 850), hands down the same names as being antediluvian. Lyell, in his *Geology*, says 'these [Arabians] were evidently great astronomers.' He mentions Riccioli's testimony as above. The celebrated Jewish writer Aben Ezra refers to Albumazer as a great authority. These authorities carry our star names back to primeval times as being antediluvian, and even coeval with man's origin. I understand that Dr R. H. Allen, astronomer, of Chatham, New Jersey, U.S.A., has published his valuable work on *Star Names*, upon which he has been long engaged.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

RETURN.

WHAT calls thee back to mortal days,
To haunt me in these silent ways?
Whisper, beloved, what quivering pain
Unbinds thee from the grave again?
Speak to me, love, from thy dread shore;
On earth I cannot trace thee more.
Twelve moons since thou didst pass away,
And cast aside the cumbrous clay;
And I, deep bowed beside thy bier,
Mourned thee for lost with futile tear.
That love which moves the sun and stars
Was thrust without its broken bars;
Yet, still, like one of alien birth
From unseen realms who walks the earth,
Thou com'st from out the astral gloom
To steal about my silent room,
And stab the web of memory spun
Gray o'er my peace from sun to sun.
Ofttimes I hear, not as in dreams,
Thy swift, elusive, lightning gleams
Pierce through my darkly veiled brain
Sweet words of old that ring again
Out through the silent, listening air,
As, floating forth in ambient prayer,
Thy subtle presence shimmers by,
Translucent to my straining eye.
When death unloosed thy lovely star,
And set thy gate of life ajar;
When God broke short life's golden strand,
And laid on thee His silent hand,
Surely of thee I was a part
Deep set within thy glowing heart,
Strong as in bond divine which knew
That I from thee my heaven-world drew.
Was I not thine, and not mine own,
Thine eyes my light, thy breast my home?
Break through the wall of starry light
That hides thee from my mortal sight;
Come forth from out thy shadowy shroud,
That veils thee as a silver cloud
Dims the pure light of heaven's high shore,
And bid me call thee mine once more.

VIOLET TWEEDALE.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE BOAR'S FOOT.

By Mrs BRIAN LUCK.

CHAPTER I.

EVERY Frenchman is at heart a detective. M. Achille Beaulande, being a Frenchman, was no exception to the rule; and, further, as every detective, professional or amateur, has to be a good actor as well, Achille did not neglect that point either, and was, so to speak, a Vidocq, an Arsène Lupin, and a Coquelin rolled into one. He was other things as well: an epicure, a linguist, a connoisseur in clothes, and a casual amorist. Incidentally he was a large and prosperous apple-grower from Picardy, and a very good friend. You will see, in this little episode of his career, which of these rôles he played the best.

He stood on the wide steps of his hotel at Monte Carlo; and, though it was only half-past eleven, and in March, the sun was very hot. Two little tables were just outside on the wide top step, and at one of them sat a fair American, well dressed, friendly. She had played a rubber of bridge with him the week before.

'Good-morning, monsieur,' cried the lady. 'You are waiting to go out with your Englishman, I suppose?'

Achille bowed, and when he bowed it was something very beautiful and moving. It invited, it suggested, it conquered, like the abbé's voice when he only said, 'Madame.'

'I do wish you would introduce him to me,' she said. 'He is so good-looking, so distinguished, so smart, even if he is sixty. And you know him well, too, don't you?'

'Madame, I could not possibly say I know him well. I say zat of no one, least of all of an Englishman. Every March he comes here for a month. The last three Marches I also have come here for a month, zat is all.'

'Well, you go about together a lot, and I'd got the notion you knew him pretty well. He's a widower, isn't he?'

'So I believe, madame.'

'A son, isn't there? Do you know?'

'I regret, madame, I do *not* know,' replied Achille, seeking for escape.

'Sir Donald Carnegie,' she pursued reflectively. 'He's a coin-collector, isn't he?'

'I believe so. What zey call "an English country gentleman;" yet I never hear people say "an English town gentleman." Zat is vairy

curious. I must find out. *Tiens!* I go, I fly, I tear myself away, madame; but I see him impatient for me at the bottom of the steps.'

Another beautiful bow, and Achille was gone.

The man whom he joined was certainly smart and distinguished, as the lady had said. He was tall and upright, with fine features and a gray moustache. He walked well, and wore well-made clothes, and women looked at him. The clothes were always gray for the daytime, and the gray hair and the gray moustache, and his very blue eyes, made him noticeable.

Achille lit a cigarette and walked along with his friend.

'The lady on the steps, zat American who plays bridge, would like to meet you,' he began.

'Very kind of her. Tell her I've got measles, or glanders, or a most infernal temper—which is true. I don't want to meet any woman.'

'All right,' returned Achille placidly. 'I'll tell her you are an Englishman. Zat will explain all. She is not stupid.'

'English? Who said I was English?' demanded Sir Donald. 'I'm not English; I'm Scotch. And I thank God for it,' he added.

'Ten thousand pardons. I regret infinitely;' and M. Beaulande's hat and hand described an interesting parabola in the air.

'Not at all, not at all,' replied the old gentleman. 'Well, where shall we sit? The usual place?'

It was just three years ago, reflected Achille, that he first met the Carnegies. The wife had been alive then, a nice woman, and had been very good-looking—yes, was good-looking even then. The fact had not escaped him. He, not knowing them, had rendered her a small service, an ordinary courtesy, the night before they left; 'a nothing, a real nothing,' Achille would say; 'but then it is "nothing" that endears you to a woman.'

They had left the next day, and he did not see them again. The following March Sir Donald, true to his custom, had returned, but alone. Achille was at the hotel for his month's holiday; and, recognising the baronet in the hall, he raised his hat. Sir Donald had not forgotten him either, and they spoke for a few

minutes. Presently Achille asked after Lady Carnegie. Was she there? Was she coming?

'She is dead,' said Sir Donald gravely.

Achille said nothing. First he stared, and then he had the good thought to raise his hat again, which he did, and stood uncovered a moment.

And that made their friendship. Sir Donald was touched by the silence, by what he interpreted as the deep and unexpressed sympathy of the Frenchman. The respect conveyed in that simple action of raising his hat was what reached the widower's heart.

But I am sorry to say that the real reason of M. Beaulande's silence was that he was bereft of speech. 'What!' he said to himself; 'this Englishman passes the month of March, year after year, in this delightful spot, in company with the wife of his bosom, at least of his shirt-front, stiff and starched. Here they spend the most delicious of hours in a land of orange-blossom and sunshine. And yet! *poudre de Perlimpimpin!*' (which was his favourite expletive), 'here he comes again after his wife's death, unchanged, unmoved!'

'I will certainly say you have the glanders,' murmured Achille; 'but, if it is difficult now to parry that lady's questions, it will become infinitely more difficult later on to answer them, when she hears zat you are infectious. And of such a disease, too! So dangerous, so unsuitable for a hotel!'

The blue eyes opposite gleamed for a moment with amusement.

'What questions does she ask of me?'

'*Mon Dieu!* she'll ask anything, zat lady. She wished to know, this morning, if you had not a son.'

And then Achille got a surprise. He was looking vaguely across at his friend in pure amusement, without a tinge of curiosity, and then he saw a transformation. He saw his friend's face grow hard, his mouth set in a tight line; and he saw the eyes that he liked so much flash dangerously. Bright, angry light they shot out; wild, terrible anger; then, in a moment, it was all over.

'I have no son,' said Sir Donald harshly.

But Achille had seen.

'Shall we go for a turn?' asked his companion. 'It's only twelve o'clock. Come and get an English paper.'

As they walked along Achille opened his eyes and stared with all his might. For coming toward them was the very replica of Donald Carnegie, but that he was thirty years younger. The same figure, the same walk, the same face. Fine features somewhat tanned, a small moustache that was brown, not gray, but precisely the same clear-cut chin, and precisely the same bright blue eyes. Even the suit was gray, a flannel thing for yachting, and he wore white deck-shoes.

And he was coming nearer. Achille still stared with all his eyes. He could have sworn that they were father and son; moreover, that they both went to the same tailor.

Perhaps it was Achille's steady, unwinking gaze that caused the young man to look at him. His eyes then fell on the tall, well-preserved figure in the gray suit. The stranger half stopped. Then he came on. He was quite close now. A wave of colour came slowly into his face. It came to his cheeks and mounted to his forehead. He raised his hat and looked at Sir Donald.

Sir Donald walked on.

'Ah,' said Achille to himself as he also walked on beside his friend, 'then the Scotch *are* English after all, only more so.'

The young man had been cut—cut dead, as they say, and presumably—well, presumably by his own father. He was well dressed and debonair. Therefore it was to be inferred that he, not being of a Latin race, was not penniless. He had means, good looks, *chic*. Ah, what an entrancing mystery!

Achille, wise in his generation, pretended that he had seen nothing, and presently they went back to the hotel.

When Sir Donald was tired of sunning himself and watching the people, he always wandered off to the jewellers' and curiosity shops to look at their coins. Far away, up in the chilly North, he had a collection of Provençal coins that was famous in both Europe and America. There were Roman coins from Orange and Valence, there were those of the date of King René, and there was, greatest gem of all, a very well-preserved specimen of 'The Boar's Foot.'

If you go to Nîmes you will see the beautiful Roman house there, and its collection of Roman objects and implements. You will see specimens of a coin struck by the Romans at Nîmes, bearing on one side the figure of a crocodile. And there is a peculiarity of these coins that renders them unique in the world. The smooth circumference is broken at one point by a small projection of the metal. It sticks out, a tiny three-cornered thing shaped like a boar's foot. Hence the name. Only a few specimens are known in Europe; some are at Nîmes, one in London, and two at Petrograd. Sir Donald Carnegie was the envied owner of one of these coins, and it was his most valued possession.

This treasure was generally kept locked away in a velvet-lined box, but on this particular visit to Monaco it accompanied its owner. Sometimes he looked at the little crocodile lying placidly in its velvet bed; and sometimes he would lift it gently, holding it by the edges between finger and thumb. Yes, it was a great treasure, well preserved, and, thank Heaven! genuine.

To-day he called upon Gobert, a well-known jeweller and numismatist.

'Anything to tempt me to-day?' he asked at the doorway.

'Ah, Sir Carnegie, what a pleasure to see you here once more! Since last week I have these two coins. See, how admirable, how perfect! And this very year they are four hundred years old. Think there.'

'I am afraid I have these,' said Sir Donald.

'These here, then? They are beautiful. Rare also.'

'These too. I have them all.'

'Alas! it is impossible to show you what you have not got; you have all. But stay; I have here a forging that will interest you. But something ravishing, something perfect. It is a reproduction of "The Foot of the Boar."'

The jeweller opened a little box and took out of it a small coin, and gazed with professional pride at it.

'*Ecoutez!* I do not say it is a good thing to do to make false coins; it is a business that hurts my own. Still, when a *canbrioleur* has the talent—nay, the genius—to produce a thing as ravishing, as wonderful, as that, *mon Dieu!* then I admire him and the coin too.'

Sir Donald lifted the spurious coin.

'I ought to know about these things,' he said slowly; 'but unless you had assured me that this was a counterfeit I really should not have known. Who made it?'

'The man who made it is dead, monsieur. Look, I will show you how to tell the difference; it is very slight. See, in this coin the tail of the crocodile twists a little bit up; in a genuine coin the tail twists a little down. You see?'

'I see; so it does. Mine does, I know. I mean the tail of my crocodile. Is that all?'

'That is all, except, of course, that they are hundreds of years apart in age. But the thing is marvellous—marvellous.'

'It is marvellous,' agreed Sir Donald. 'I happen to have mine with me this time, and I'll bring it along to-morrow to compare it with yours.'

'Then you will not have this one, monsieur?'

'No, no, I won't buy it, thank you. Put it in your window. It will attract any one who knows.'

He had hardly gone half-an-hour when a couple of young foreigners, by the cut of them English, came into the shop. One was a clean-shaven youth with longish hair under a peaked sailing-cap, and the other was a tall, bronzed man, with bright blue eyes and features uncommonly like those of the old client, Sir Carnegie.

Now there was no coincidence in the young man coming into the shop. His eye had been attracted by the odd coin in the window, and as he knew about such things, and was interested in them, in he came. Precisely as Sir Donald had said.

'That coin in the window? Ah! certainly.

A spurious one; but, as you see, very perfect. There is not another known in the world.'

'There are not many originals in the world, are there?' said he with the blue eyes.

'There are only six or seven. Monsieur is interested in coins? He collects, perhaps?'

'No. But what is the price of that?'

The Frenchman named his figure.

'I say, Donald,' drawled the long-haired youth, 'you're not going to buy that rotten little thing, are you?'

His friend did not answer him.

'That seems a good deal,' he said in reply to the jeweller. 'And you say it is an imitation.'

'*Parfaitement.* It is an imitation. Also, as I know it to be a modern coin, and sell it as such, I would do so on the understanding that you accept it equally, and would not expose, describe, or sell it as genuine.'

'All right. I will buy it. As an imitation, of course, and I shall not try to pass it off as the real thing.'

'It is to protect myself,' said Gobert. 'I should not like people to suppose I had sold you a false for a real coin. Though it is easy to see the difference if you take it to Nîmes. The real ones have the crocodile's tail going downward a little; this one has the tail going up.'

'I see—I see,' said the young man, for all the world exactly like Sir Donald Carnegie. And he paid for the coin and went out.

'What in thunder do you want a dirty little thing like that for?' asked his friend, in mild surprise. 'Not as if it were a real one, you know.' And they went to Ciro's for some beer.

Beer is good at many times; but it is surprisingly and insidiously good at four-thirty in the afternoon. A golden joy capped with a snowy cloud of froth, what more alluring to the eye? And it is so good, too, just the moment before and the moment after it is drunk.

Now, Achille, when he was in the mood, oftentimes had a coffee or an *eau sucrée* at Ciro's. And this afternoon, coming across the square, he felt very much in the mood for it. For his sharp black eyes fell upon the figures of the two Britons, and the detective in him awoke again. He took a seat at a table, and saw the upright figure of his friend pass, stop, and his clear eyes scan the place for some sight of Achille.

Achille lost no time. He waved a hand and a hat, while his expressive face implored, entreated his friend to come.

And all because the wicked Achille knew that to reach him the old gentleman would have to pass the table where the two young men were sitting, and he wished to see what would happen. When he actually saw what did happen he was sorry that he brought it about.

Sir Donald came slowly through the crowd. Now, whether he with the blue eyes thought that the non-recognition of the morning was intentional or not, that I do not know; but he

acted as though he thought it had been a mistake. When the old man came close to them, as he was obliged to do very slowly because of the crowd, the young man rose to his feet and lifted his hat. Then he stood for a moment, uncovered, and quite still.

Sir Donald passed on tranquilly, and seated himself beside Achille. He called a waiter and ordered a coffee and cognac.

'*Poudre de*'— began Achille to himself. 'What a nerve! But, alas! what a heart! It is not a heart at all; it must be a parallelogram of phosphor-bronze.'

The young Englishman went away.

Monsieur Beaulande took out a cigarette—the fifteenth that day. He was quite delighted to observe that his friend's hand was shaking as he put down the coffee-cup.

'And what have you been doing with yourself, *cher ami*?' he began pleasantly. And he was told of the visit to the jeweller's, and the strain was relaxed. Achille, who hated coins, had to hear the history of the Boar's Foot (of which he had never heard), and of the false specimen at Gobert's shop.

'I'll show you mine one day. I have it here with me, locked up.'

'I should like to see it,' murmured the polite Frenchman; 'it must be a great treasure.'

'Yes; and if there was another to be had for love or money I'd have it. But there isn't. There are only seven in Europe, and they are all known.'

Achille nodded and smiled, but his thoughts were far away.

(Continued on page 168.)

GRETN A GREEN.

By Sir ANDREW AGNEW.

Delicious is the lay that sings
The haunt of happy lovers.

AND what haunt more sacred to happy lovers than the hamlet of Gretna Green? Here is the land of promise to which so many eager hearts have turned. Here is the blacksmith's anvil at which have been forged so many links which only death could unloose. For a hundred years Gretna Green was better known than any other place of its size in the United Kingdom; and to this day we cannot read the name, even on the prosaic name-board of its railway station, without its calling up a whole host of romantic memories.

These memories, however, are about to be rudely disturbed. Gretna Green is to spring into public notice once again, but associated this time not with love, but with war. The Government have taken the village, with a tract of surrounding land, for the purpose of setting up extensive works for the production of war material. The blacksmith's shop will be overshadowed by huge factories, and the historic village will become the adjunct of a mushroom city which is to house thirty thousand workmen with their families. Before the change has actually taken place it may be worth while for a few moments to recall some of the circumstances which have given Gretna Green its singular reputation.

Down to the middle of the eighteenth century Gretna Green was an obscure hamlet of thatched cabins, like scores of others in the south of Scotland, and quite unaware of the distinction in store for it. But an Act of Parliament passed in 1754 gave it an opening of which it was quick to take advantage. Before that date clandestine marriages in England were common enough, and were performed in various ways. Sir Walter

Besant has made us familiar with one class of such marriages in his well-known novel, *The Chaplain of the Fleet*. But in the year above mentioned a law was passed imposing very heavy penalties on all persons celebrating marriages anywhere in England except in buildings licensed for the purpose, and after the proper formalities had been complied with. Since few clergymen cared to run the risk of fourteen years' transportation, irregular marriages south of the Border came to a sudden end, and impatient lovers had to look elsewhere for a means of getting the knot speedily, and at the same time securely, tied. This was the origin of the Gretna marriages.

The marriage law of Scotland has always been of a peculiarly simple character. A man and a woman have only to declare themselves man and wife in the presence of witnesses, and the thing is done. A legal marriage is instantaneously effected. This is still the law for persons domiciled in Scotland; it formerly applied to every one, whether domiciled in Scotland or not. Consequently, after 1754, a stream of post-chaises began to set toward the Scottish Border; and Gretna Green, being only a few miles from Carlisle, where many roads converged, and the easiest hamlet to reach on Scottish soil, woke up to a sudden activity.

The first of the self-constituted 'priests of Gretna,' as they came to be called, was one Joseph Paisley, who kept a small grocery store in a thatched cottage near the church. He is described as a man of enormous size, weighing at least twenty-five stone; and perhaps his powerful build did something to inspire confidence in the weaker clients who sought his aid. At any rate, he was the first to make the marrying of runaway couples a regular trade, and for

some time he had a practical monopoly of the business. But his house lay a little off the main road, whilst exactly opposite the turn which led to it stood, and still stands, a blacksmith's forge. The old road from Carlisle crossed the Sark, the boundary stream, at the foot of the present village of Springfield. But Springfield did not come into existence till long after 1754, so that the first Scottish dwelling reached was that of the blacksmith. Here anxious couples often stopped to inquire the way to Paisley's house, till the blacksmith, tired of answering such questions, and of directing easily earned fees into another man's pocket, determined to set up business on his own account. From that time Gretna marriages became associated in the public mind with the old smithy of Headless Cross; and the only 'priest' whose memory survives is the village blacksmith.

Later, in the early part of last century, another formidable rival appeared on the scene. This was the tenant of Gretna Hall, the picturesque old mansion which still stands among venerable trees a little way back from the village street. The owner of the property had got into financial difficulties, and was glad to let his house to John Linton, who turned it into an inn and posting-house. As Linton had been a valet in the service of Sir James Graham of Netherby, he understood the needs and tastes of the wealthier classes, and his comfortable hotel became well patronised. From 1825 onwards all the principal marriages took place at the Hall, Linton himself conducting the ceremony.

The little village in the heyday of its popularity must have enjoyed a lively time. Scarcely a day went by without its excitement: first the clatter of post-chaises bringing lovers impatient to be united, and a little later the clatter of tongues as furious guardians arrived to find themselves too late. The number of marriages contracted at Gretna Green was very large. For a considerable period they averaged fully three hundred in the year; and one man alone, during a career of thirty years as 'priest,' confessed to having united no fewer than three thousand eight hundred and seventy-two couples. One hopes that few of them found cause to repent at leisure the vows made in so much haste.

The most celebrated of the Gretna marriages was that of the Earl of Westmorland to Miss Sarah Child, which took place in 1782. She was the only daughter of the wealthy banker Robert Child, founder of Child's Bank, by Temple Bar. For some reason Mr Child objected to Lord Westmorland as a son-in-law. What the reason was history does not state; but, as he proved obdurate, the young couple agreed that there was nothing for it but to elope, and they set off secretly for Gretna Green. Mr Child was soon on their track, and by dint of lavish expenditure he was able to make a record journey,

and to sight the fugitives before they reached the Border. Thereupon ensued a mad race. Both parties urged their postillions; the postillions urged their horses; the wheels flew round, and the coaches thundered along at breakneck speed. Mr Child, with the fresher team, continued to gain ground; and as his straining horses came level with the window of the foremost chaise, Lord Westmorland drew out a pistol and shot one of the leaders in the head, bringing down the whole team, and leaving the pursuers at a complete standstill. Having made sure that her father was uninjured, Miss Child agreed to continue her flight, and the pair reached their destination without further mishap, and were safely united before Mr Child could come up with them a second time. He vowed in his anger that neither they nor their children should touch a single penny of his money, but of course he relented in due time; and, as his daughter predeceased him, he left almost the whole of his enormous fortune, including Osterley Park, with its stately mansion, to his granddaughter, another Sarah, who was married to the fifth Earl of Jersey. Her love affairs do not seem to have run any more smoothly than those of her mother; but she got over the difficulties in the same way, being married to Lord Jersey at Gretna Green in 1804. Some thirty years later her own daughter, Lady Adela Villiers, made a similar runaway match with Captain Charles Ibbetson. It is curious that history should thus have repeated itself in three successive generations!

There were other Gretna marriages which made some little stir in their day. Prominent among them was that of Lord Cochrane, afterwards tenth Earl of Dundonald, a brilliant seaman and a man of many adventures. He was the chosen heir of an uncle, an East India merchant of great wealth. This uncle considered that, since he was going to leave him his fortune, he had a right to select the wife who was to share it with him. On this point uncle and nephew disagreed. Lord Cochrane settled the question by a journey to Gretna Green, accompanied by Miss Katherine Barnes, which resulted in his being promptly cut out of the will. He gallantly declared, however, to the end of his life that he considered his wife a rich equivalent for his uncle's fortune.

Then there was the Lord Chancellor Erskine, famous as a lawyer and as the chivalrous defender of Queen Caroline. In his old age he felt persuaded that no one was so fitted to make him happy and comfortable as his housekeeper, Miss Mary Buck. His family disapproved of the match, and would have thwarted his plans. So he gave them the slip, and sped secretly to Gretna Green with Miss Buck, disguising himself in woman's clothes so as to throw them off the scent.

And, to give one more example, there was

Prince Charles Ferdinand of Bourbon, brother of the King of Naples, who fell in love with the beautiful Miss Penelope Smith, and resolved to marry her. But one attempt after another to get the marriage performed on the Continent was frustrated by his influential relatives. So at length the pair bethought them of Gretna Green, and hither they came and were wedded in 1836, rejoiced to find some haven where neither royal decrees nor papal marriage laws could prevent two persons obviously intended for each other from being lawfully joined together in holy matrimony.

It was the railway, the destroyer of so much that is picturesque, that gave the death-blow to Gretna Green and its marriages. The advent of the railway made the journey to the Border so cheap and expeditious that hasty marriages increased to an alarming extent; and the scene on the station platform, where degenerate 'priests' lay in wait to compete for the patronage and the fees of hapless young lovers, grew into a serious scandal. Every one began to feel that a check was needed, and the Marriage Act of 1856 was passed with general approval. The measure was not a drastic one, like the old Act of 1754; it merely enacted that to make a marriage legal one of the parties must have resided in Scotland

for three preceding weeks. But these three weeks were sufficient to do the business. Gretna marriages rapidly dwindled away, and after a crowded century of glorious life the little Border village sank once more into repose, and was left to support itself on past memories and summer visitors.

Yet not altogether on past memories. Old customs die hard. Though no reason now exists for a Gretna marriage, there are romantic souls who do not ask for reason, and who find a thrill in a rude ceremony performed by the side of a forge which is wanting in the decorous ritual carried out before the altar. For such the matrimonial office at Headless Cross has been kept open until now, and the blacksmith has never been long without a client. But he may close his register now. A new spirit is abroad. Gretna Green is preparing to start a fresh page in its history, in which stern reality will take the place of tender sentiment. Banks are already jostling each other in the village street in anticipation of the stream of wealth which is expected to pour into the district. And with the inrush of Government workmen, and the industrial activity which they come to create, the last glimmer of romance which attaches to Gretna Green will inevitably disappear.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

A STORY OF 1914.

By LOUIS TRACY, Author of *The Final War*, *Rainbow Island*, *The Terms of Surrender*, &c.

CHAPTER VIII.—A RESPITE.

NEVER before in the course of a somewhat varied life had Dalroy felt so irresolute, so helplessly the victim of circumstances. Bereft as he was of the local knowledge possessed by Joos and the other Belgians, any scheme he adopted must depend wholly on blind chance. The miller had described the wood as occupying a promontory in a bend of the Meuse, with steep cliffs forming the southern bank of the river. There was a tow-path; possibly a series of narrow ravines or clefts gave precarious access from the plateau to this lower level. Probably, too, in the first shock of fright, the people in the hut had made for one of these cuttings, taking Irene with them. They believed, no doubt, that the Englishman had been shot or captured, and after that spurt of musketry so alarmingly near at hand, the lower part of the wood would seem alive with enemies.

Dalroy blamed himself, not the others, for this fatal bungling. Before snatching a much-needed rest he ought to have arranged with Joos a practicable line of retreat in the event of a night alarm. Of course he had imposed silence on all as a sort of compulsory relief from the tension of the earlier hours, but he

saw now that he was only too ready to share the miller's confidence. Not without reason had poor Dr Lafarge warned his fellow-countrymen that 'there were far too many Germans in Belgium.' Schwartz and his like were to be found in every walk of life, from the merchant princes who controlled the trade of Antwerp to the youngest brush-haired waiter in the Café de la Régence at Brussels.

Dalroy was aware of a grim appropriateness in the fate of Schwartz. The German automatic pistols carried soft-nosed bullets, so the arch-traitor who murdered the Visé doctor had himself suffered from one of the many infernal devices brought by *Kultur* to the battlefields of Flanders. But the punishment of Schwartz could not undo the mischief the wretch had caused. The men he led knew the nature and purpose of their errand. They would report to the first officer met on the main road, who might be expected to detail instantly a sufficient force for the task of clearing the wood. In fact, the operation had become a military necessity. There was no telling to what extent the locality was held by Belgian troops, as, of course, the runaway warriors would magnify

the firing a hundredfold, and no soldier worth his salt would permit the uninterrupted march of an army corps along a road flanked by such a danger-point. In effect, Dalroy conceived a hundred reasons why he might anticipate a sudden and violent end, but not one plan offering a fair prospect of escape. At any rate, he refused to be guilty of the folly of plunging into an unknown jungle of brambles, rocks, and trees, and elected to go back by the path to the foot of the quarry, whence he might, with plenty of luck, break through on a flank before the Germans spread their net too wide.

He had actually crossed some part of the clearing in front of the hut when his gorge rose at the thought that, win or lose in this game of life and death, he might never again see Irene Beresford. The notion was intolerable. He halted, and turned toward the black wall of the wood. Mad though it was to risk revealing his whereabouts, since he had no means of knowing how close the nearest pursuers might be, he shouted loudly, 'Miss Beresford!'

And a sweet voice replied, 'Oh Mr Dalroy, they told me you were dead, but I refused to believe them!'

Dalroy had staked everything on that last despairing call, little dreaming that it would be answered. It was as though an angel had spoken from out of the black portals of death. He was so taken aback, his spirit was so shaken, that for a few seconds he was tongue-tied, and Irene appeared in the moonlit space before he stirred an inch. She came from an unexpected quarter, from the west, or Argenteau, side.

'The others said I was a lunatic to return,' she explained simply; 'but when I came to my full senses after being aroused from a sound sleep, and told to fly at once because the Germans were on us, I realised that you might have outwitted them again, and would be looking for us in vain. So here I am!'

He ran to her. Now that they were together again he was swift in decision and resolute as ever. 'Irene,' he said, 'you're a dear. Where are our friends? Is there a path? Can you guide me?'

'Take my hand,' she replied. 'We turn by a big tree in the corner. I think Jan Maertz followed me a little way when he saw I was determined to go back.'

'I suppose I had unconscious faith in you, Irene,' he whispered, 'and that is why I cried your name. But no more talking now. Rapid, silent movement alone can save us.'

They had not gone twenty yards beneath the trees when some one hissed, 'Visé!'

'Liège, you lump!' retorted Dalroy.

'Monsieur, I'—

'Shut up! Hold mademoiselle's hand, and lead on.'

He did not ask whither they were going. The path led diagonally to the left, and that was what he wanted—a way to a flank.

Maertz, however, soon faltered and stopped in his tracks.

'The devil take all woods at night-time!' he growled. 'Give me the highroad and a wagon-team, and I'll face anything.'

'Are you lost?' asked Dalroy.

'I suppose so, monsieur. But they can't be far. I told Joos'—

'Jan, is that you?' cried Léontine's voice.

'Ah, Dieu merci! These infernal trees'—

'Silence now!' growled Dalroy imperatively. 'Go ahead as quickly as possible.'

The semblance of a path existed; even so, they stumbled over gnarled roots, collided with tree-trunks which stood directly in the way, and had to fend many a low branch off their faces. They created an appalling noise, but were favoured by the fact that the footpath led to the west, whereas the pursuers must climb the cliff on the east.

Léontine, however, led them with the quiet certainty of a country-born girl moving in a familiar environment. She could guess to a yard just where the track was diverted by some huge-limbed elm or far-spreading chestnut, and invariably picked up the right line again, for the excellent reason, no doubt, that the dense undergrowth stood breast-high elsewhere at that season of the year.

After a walk that seemed much longer than it really was—the radius of the wood from the hut being never more than two hundred yards in any direction—the others heard her say anxiously, 'Are you there, father?'

'Where the deuce do you think I'd be?' came the irritated demand. 'Do you imagine that your mother and I are skipping down these rocks like a couple of weasels?'

'It is quite safe,' said the girl. 'I and Marie Lafarge went down only last Thursday. Jules always goes that way to Argenteau. He has cut steps in the bad places. Jan and I will lead. We can help mother and you.'

Dalroy, still holding Irene's arm, pressed forward.

'Are we near the tow-path?' he asked.

'Oh, is that you, Monsieur l'Anglais?' chuckled the miller. 'Name of a pipe! I was positive those *sales Alboches* had got you twenty minutes since. Yes, if you trip in the next few yards you'll find yourself on the tow-path after falling sixty feet.'

'Go on, Léontine!' commanded Dalroy. 'What you and your friend did for amusement we can surely do to save our lives. But there should be moonlight on this side. Have any clouds come up?'

'These are firs in front, monsieur. Once clear of them, we can see.'

'Very well. Don't lose another second. Only,

before beginning the descent, make certain that the river-bank holds no Germans.'

Joos grumbled, but his wife silenced him. That good lady, it appeared, had given up hope when the struggle broke out in the kitchen. She had been snatched from the jaws of death by a seeming miracle, and regarded Dalroy as a very Paladin. She attributed her rescue entirely to him, and was almost inclined to be sceptical of Joos's sensational story about the killing of Busch. 'There never was such a man for arguing,' she said sharply. 'I do believe you'd contradict an archbishop. Do as the gentleman bids you. He knows best.'

Now, seeing that madame herself, after one look, had refused point-blank to tackle the supposed path, and had even insisted on retreating to the cover of the wood, Joos was entitled to protest. Being a choleric little man, he would assuredly have done so fully and freely had not a red light illumined the tree-tops, while the crackle of a fire was distinctly audible. The Germans had reached the top of the quarry, and, in order to dissipate the impenetrable gloom, had converted the hut into a beacon.

'*Miséricorde!*' he muttered. 'They are burning our provisions, and may set the forest ablaze!'

And that is what actually happened. The vegetation was dry, as no rain had fallen for many a day. The shavings and store of logs in the hut burned like tinder, promptly creating a raging furnace wholly beyond the control of the unthinking dolts who started it. The breeze which had sprung up earlier became a roaring tornado among the trees, and some acres of woodland were soon in flames. The light of that fire was seen over an area of hundreds of miles. Spectators in Holland wrongly attributed it to the burning of Visé—which was, however, only an intelligent anticipation of events, because the delightful old town was completely destroyed a week later in revenge for the defeats inflicted on the invaders at Tirlemont and St Trond during the first advance on Antwerp.

Once embarked on a somewhat perilous descent, the fugitives gave eyes or thought to naught else. Jules, the pioneer quoted by Léontine, who was the owner of the hut and maker of sabots, had rough-hewed a sort of stairway out of a narrow cleft in the rock-face. To young people, steady in nerve and sure of foot, the passage was dangerous enough, but to Joos and his wife it offered real hazard. However, they were allowed no time for hesitancy. With Léontine in front, guiding her father, and Maertz next, telling Madame Joos where to put her feet, while Dalroy grasped her broad shoulders and gave an occasional eye to Irene, they all reached the level tow-path without the least accident. Irene, by the way, carried the rifle, so that Dalroy should have both hands at liberty.

Without a moment's delay he took the weapon

and readjusted the magazine, which he had removed for the climb. Bidding the others follow at such a distance that they would not lose sight of him, yet be able to retire if he found the way disputed by soldiers, he set off in the direction of Argenteau.

In his opinion the next ten minutes would decide whether or not they had even a remote chance of winning through to a place of comparative safety. He had made up his own mind what to do if he met any Germans. He would advise the Joos family and Maertz to hide in the cleft they had just descended, while he would take to the Meuse with Irene—provided, that is, she agreed to dare the long swim by night. Happily there was no need to adopt this counsel of despair. The fire, instead of assisting the flanking party on the western side, only delayed them. Sheer curiosity as to what was happening in the wood drew all eyes there rather than to the river-bank, so the three men and three women passed along the tow-path unseen and unchallenged.

After a half-mile of rapid progress Dalroy judged that they were safe for the time, and allowed Madame Joos to take a much-needed rest. Though breathless and nearly spent, she, like the others, found an irresistible fascination in the scene lighted by the burning trees. The whole country-side was resplendent in crimson and silver, because the landscape was now steeped in moonshine, and the deep glow of the fire was most perceptible in the patches where ordinarily there would be black shadows. The Meuse resembled a river of blood, the movement of its sluggish current suggesting the onward roll of some fluid denser than water. Old Joos, whose tongue was seldom at rest, used that very simile.

'Those cursed Prussians have made Belgium a shambles,' he added bitterly. 'Look at our river. It isn't our dear, muddy Meuse. It's a stream in the infernal regions.'

'Yes,' gasped his wife. 'And listen to those guns, Henri! They beat a sort of *roulade*, like drums in hell!'

This stout Walloon matron had never heard of Milton. Her ears were not tuned to the music of Parnassus. She would have gazed in mild wonder at one who told of 'noises loud and ruinous.'

When Bellona storms

With all her battering engines, bent to raze
Some capital city.

But in her distress of body and soul she had coined a phrase which two, at least, of her hearers would never forget. The siege of Liège did, indeed, roar and rumble with the din of a demoniac orchestra. Its clamour mounted to the firmament. It was as though the nether fiends, following Moloch's advice, were striving, Arm'd with Hell-flames and fury, all at once, O'er Heaven's high towers to force resistless way.

Dalroy himself yielded to the spell of the

moment. Here was red war such as the soldier dreams of. His warrior spirit did not quail. He longed only for the hour, if ever the privilege was vouchsafed, when he would stand shoulder to shoulder with the men of his own race, and watch with unflinching eye those same dread tokens of a far-flung battle line.

Irene Beresford seemed to read his passing mood. 'War has some elements of greatness,' she said quietly. 'The pity is that, while it ennobles a few, it degrades the multitude.'

With a woman's intuition, she had gone straight to the heart of the problem propounded by Teutonism to an amazed world. The 'degradation' of a whole people was already Germany's greatest and unforgivable offence. Few, even the most cynical, among the students of European politics could have believed that the Kaiser's troops would sully their country's repute by the inhuman excesses committed during those first days in Belgium. At the best, 'war is hell;' but the great American leader who summed up its attributes in that pithy phrase thought only of the mangled men, the ruined homesteads, the bereaved families which mark its devastating trail. He had seen nothing of German 'frightfulness.' The men he led would have scorned to ravage peaceful villages, impale babies on bayonets and lances, set fire to houses containing old and bedridden people, murder hostages, rape every woman in a community, torture wounded enemies, and shoot harmless citizens in drunken sport. Yet the German armies did all these things before they were a fortnight in the field. They are not impeached on isolated counts, attributable, perhaps, to the criminal instincts of a small minority. They carried out bestial orgies in battalions and brigades acting under word of command. The jolly, good-humoured fellows who used to tramp in droves through the Swiss passes every summer, each man with a rucksack on his back, beguiling the road in lusty song, seemed to cast aside all their cheerful camaraderie, all their exuberant kindliness of nature, when garbed in the 'field gray' livery of the State, and let loose among the pleasant vales and well-tilled fields of Flanders. That will ever remain Germany's gravest sin. When 'the thunder of the captains and the shouting' is stilled, when time has healed the wounds of victor and vanquished, the memories of Visé, of Louvain, of Aerschot, of nearly every town and hamlet in Belgium and northern France once occupied by the savages from beyond the Rhine, will remain imperishable in their horror. German *Kultur* was a highly polished veneer. Exposed to the hot blast of war, it peeled and shrivelled, leaving bare a diseased, worm-eaten structure, in which the honest fibre of humanity had been rotted by vile influences, both social and political.

Women seldom err when they sum up the characteristics of the men of a race, and the women of every other civilised nation were united

in their dislike of German men long before the first week in August 1914. Irene Beresford had yet to peer into the foulest depths of Teutonic 'degradation;' but she had sensed it as a latent menace, and found in its stark records only the fulfilment of her vague fears.

Dalroy read into her words much that she had left unsaid. 'At best it's a terrible necessity,' he replied; 'at worst it's what we have seen and heard of during the past twenty-four hours. I shall never understand why a people which prided itself on being above all else intellectual should imagine that atrocity is a means toward conquest. Such a theory is so untrue historically that Germany might have learnt its folly.'

Joos grew uneasy when his English friends spoke in their own language. The suspicious temperament of the peasant is always doubtful of things outside its comprehension. He would have been astounded if told they were discussing the ethics of warfare.

'Well, have you two settled where we're to go?' he demanded gruffly. 'In my opinion, the Meuse is the best place for the lot of us.'

'In with you, then,' agreed Dalroy; 'but hand over your money to madame before you take the dip. Léontine and Jan may need it later to start the mill running.'

Maertz laughed. The joke appealed strongly.

Madame Joos turned on her husband. 'How you do chatter, Henri!' she said. 'We all owe our lives to this gentleman, yet you aren't satisfied. The Meuse, indeed! What will you be saying next?'

'How far is Argenteau?' put in Dalroy.

'That's it, where the house is on fire,' said the miller, pointing.

'About a kilometre, I take it?'

'Something like that.'

'Have you friends there?'

'Ay, scores, if they're alive.'

'I hear no shooting in that direction. Moreover, an army corps is passing through. Let us go there. Something may turn up. We shall be safer among thousands of Germans than here.'

They walked on. The Englishman's air of decision was a tonic in itself.

The fire on the promontory was now at its height, but a curve in the river hid the fugitives from possible observation. Dalroy was confident as to two favourable factors—the men of the marching column would not search far along the way they had come, and their commander would recall them when the wood yielded no trace of its supposed occupants.

There had been fighting along the right bank of the Meuse during the previous day. German helmets, red and yellow Belgian caps, portions of accoutrements and broken weapons, littered the tow-path. But no bodies were in evidence. The river had claimed the dead and the wounded Belgians; the enemy's wounded had been transferred to Aix-la-Chapelle.

Nearing Argenteau, they heard a feeble cry. They stopped, and listened. Again it came, clearly this time: 'Elsa! Elsa!'

It was a man's voice, and the name was that of a German woman. Maertz searched in a thicket, and found a young German officer lying there. He was delirious, calling for the help of one powerless to aid.

He seemed to become aware of the presence of some human being. Perhaps his atrophied senses retained enough vitality to hear the passing footsteps.

'Elsa,' he moaned again, 'give me water, for God's sake!'

'He's done for,' reported Maertz to the waiting group. 'He's covered with blood.'

'For all that, he may prove our salvation,' said Dalroy quickly. 'Sharp, now! Pitch our firearms and ammunition into the river. We must lift a gate off its hinges, and carry that fellow into Argenteau.'

Joos grinned. He saw the astuteness of the scheme. A number of Belgian peasants bringing a wounded officer to the ambulance would probably be allowed to proceed scot-free. But he was loath to part with the precious fork on which the blood of 'that fat Busch' was congealing. He thrust it into a ditch; and if ever he was able to retrieve it, no more valued souvenir of the great war would adorn his dwelling. They possessed neither wine nor water; but a tiny rivulet flowing into the Meuse under a neighbouring bridge supplied the latter, and the wounded man gulped down great mouthfuls out of a *Pickel-haube*. It partially cleared his wits.

'Where am I?' he asked faintly.

Dalroy nodded to Joos, who answered, 'On the Meuse bank, near Argenteau.'

'Ah, I remember. Those cursed'—Some dim perception of his surroundings choked the word on his lips. 'I was hit,' he went on, 'and crawled among the bushes.'

'Was there fighting here this morning?'

'Yes. To-day is Tuesday, isn't it?'

'No, Wednesday midnight.'

'Ach, Gott! That *verdammte* ambulance missed me! I have lain here two days!'

This time he swore without hesitation, since he was cursing his own men.

Jan came with a hurdle. 'This is lighter than a gate, monsieur,' he explained.

Dalroy nudged Joos sharply, and the miller took the cue. 'Right,' he said. 'Now, you two, handle him carefully.'

The German groaned piteously, and fainted.

'Oh, he's dead!' gasped Irene when she saw his head drop.

'No; he will recover. But don't speak English.—As for you, Jan Maertz, no more of your "monsieur" and "madame." I am Pierre, and this lady is Clementine. You understand?'

Dalroy spoke emphatically. Had the German retained his wits their project might be undone. In the event, the pain of movement on the hurdle revived the wounded man, and he asked for more water. They were then entering the outskirts of Argenteau, so they kept on. Soon they gained the main road, and Joos inquired of an officer the whereabouts of a field hospital. He directed them quite civilly, and offered to detail men to act as bearers. But the miller was now his own shrewd self again.

'No,' he said bluntly; 'I and my family have rescued your officer, and we want a safe conduct.'

Off they went with their living passport. The field hospital was established in the village school, and here the patient was turned over to a surgeon. As it happened, the latter recognised a friend, and was grateful. He sent an orderly with them to find the major in charge of the lines of communication, and they had not been in Argenteau five minutes before they were supplied with a *laisser passer*, in which they figured as Wilhelm Schultz, farmer, and wife; Clementine and Léontine, daughters; and the said daughters' fiancés, Pierre Dampier and Georges Lambert; residence Aubel; destination Andenne.

There was not the least hitch in the matter. The major was, in his way, courteous. Joos gave his own Christian name as 'Guillaume,' but the German laughed.

'You're a good citizen of the Fatherland now, my friend,' he guffawed, 'so we'll make it "Wilhelm." As for this pair of doves'—and he eyed the two girls—'warn off any of our lads. Tell them that I, Major von Arnheim, said so. They're a warm lot where a pretty woman is concerned.'

Von Arnheim was a stout man, a not uncommon quality in German majors. Perhaps he wondered why Joos looked fixedly at the pit of his stomach.

But a motor-cyclist dashed up with a despatch, and he forgot all about 'Schultz' and his family. As it happened, he was a man of some ability, and the hopeless block at Aix caused by the stubborn defence of Liège had brought about the summary dismissal of a General by the wrathful Kaiser. Hence the Argenteau major was promoted and recalled to the base. His next in rank, summoned to the post an hour later, knew nothing of the *laisser passer* granted to a party which closely resembled the much-wanted miller of Visé and his companions; he read an 'urgent general order' for their arrest without the least suspicion that they had slipped through the net in that very place.

Meanwhile these things were in the lap of the gods. For the moment, the six people were free, and actually under German protection.

(Continued on page 163.)

HOUSE-BOATS *VERSUS* HOUSES FOR HEALTH AND ECONOMY.

By W. O. HORSNAILL, A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.E.

A GREAT many more people live in ships than is generally known. I do not mean vessels which carry merchandise or passengers, and upon which the crews live, but ships moored in one spot for the sole purpose of serving as houses.

The plan of living in a ship has many advantages and few drawbacks. The main point in these economical times is that you have no rent or rates to pay. Then there is the unpleasant question of refuse, which in a house accumulates, and has to be periodically carted away. Afloat, all garbage is simply thrown overboard, to be carried off by the tide. Also, far less work has to be done in a ship than in a house, owing to the compactness of the former; yet one feels little inconvenience from lack of room, because all the space is used to advantage.

Again, next-door neighbours—a frequent source of unpleasantness in small houses on shore—do not exist afloat; at any rate in such close proximity. Another important advantage is the entire absence of unwelcome callers in the form of tramps, peddlers, and other applicants for favours. The constant ringing of door-bells by these people is a nuisance in houses, and causes a serious waste of time.

Living afloat on salt-water is undoubtedly healthy, owing to the salt, which entirely prevents colds in the head, rheumatism, and other ills; in fact, dwellers on the sea seldom have anything the matter with them. As regards rheumatism, we must not be misled by the fact that many old 'shellbacks' suffer from this complaint. It must be remembered that when these men were at sea no fires or other means of warming or drying were provided in the fore-castles of sailing-ships, and this feature prevailed even in vessels rounding Cape Horn, where it is no uncommon occurrence for the rigging to be covered with ice. Under such conditions, apart from being frequently wet to the skin with salt-water, the unfortunate sailors were often soaked by rain or snow, and the only possible way of drying their clothes was to spread them over their beds at night. Experience shows that men who keep reasonably dry when living on the sea are entirely immune from rheumatism. Then the early morning plunge into the sea during the summer months is the finest tonic which has ever been invented, for which the bath of fresh-water in a house seems, and is, a very feeble substitute.

In almost all suitable estuaries round our coasts people may be found living in ships. Some of them are fishermen who prefer to live in their smacks; but many others have no business on the water, and live afloat either because they

like the life or from motives of economy. Some of the ships used for living on are built for this purpose and nothing else, and these are known as house-boats. The genuine house-boat is to be seen at its best on the Thames, where most of them are occupied during the summer. Others are to be found in estuaries near that great yachting centre known amongst yachtsmen as 'the Wight.' On the Thames these craft are especially built for living on, and they cost as much as a house. Elsewhere lighters and barges are utilised for house-boats. Any kind of boat or ship, however, will serve for this purpose, and old yachts are often used in this way. Sometimes a yacht is used for both sailing and living on, in which case the owner has a residence which he can move to any place on the coast. This is a great advantage, and allows one to sojourn in fashionable watering-places without paying exorbitant charges for accommodation on shore.

A Thames sailing-barge makes an excellent house if partitioned off below into separate rooms, and several of these craft are used as houses even by men with wives and families—men who have to be at business in London every day. The writer has lived in a yacht winter and summer for the last six years, and cycled seven miles to his office every morning, and back again in the evening. This plan has proved exceedingly beneficial, colds in the head, toothache, 'flu,' and other minor ailments which were very troublesome when living on shore being entirely eliminated.

Many people will object that they could not stand the motion caused by the waves. If one lives in a small boat on a wide estuary this drawback may hold good, but there would be no motion in, say, a full-sized sailing-barge used as a house. Again, almost every one would very soon get used to the occasional slight rocking about; in fact, many would eventually find it rather enjoyable than otherwise.

In the winter, dwellers in boats have their houses hauled up on the shore at high-water, as there is no object in keeping afloat during the cold season; moreover, if there were any ice about it would damage the vessel. The boat is not hauled right out of the water, but only floated up into some little creek at high-tide. It would never do to haul it right out, as water round the boat at every tide is necessary for carrying away the refuse. The cleansing and disinfecting properties of sea-water are well known, and provided it reaches any garbage thrown overboard every tide no offence is caused.

The mere mention of ice in connection with ships causes the landsman to squirm, and to ask,

'Isn't it frightfully cold in winter?' This is exactly where the house-boat resident scores, as a boat is much more easily and quickly warmed than a house. A coal-stove is, of course, necessary in the smallest boat used for living on, and it renders the interior remarkably snug in cold weather. A blizzard may be roaring outside, and yet the cabins can be oppressively warm, unless skylights and portholes are kept open.

There is only one serious drawback to living in ships or boats, and that is the scarcity of fresh-water. All fresh-water has to be carried on board in barrels known as breakers, and emptied into a tank. This drawback, however, is not nearly so serious as it appears at first sight. One can wash, for example, in a pint of water just as effectively as in a gallon, and it is quite possible to bath in half-a-gallon if one knows how to do it. The plunge every morning into fresh-water is of course impracticable; but, with a full-sized bath for winter use, sea-water is always available, and much more refreshing.

As regards amusements in the form of theatres, concerts, and social gatherings in the winter, living in ships naturally offers the same drawbacks as are experienced by all dwellers in the country; yet many people are perfectly happy in country houses, and prefer the country to the town. There are, moreover, many places suitable for winter berths for house-boats where rail or bus communication exists with towns large enough to offer fairly good entertainments; in fact, few country people are now entirely cut off from diversions of this nature. In the summer there is no lack of company, as one's friends are glad enough to get out into the country, while life afloat offers them a startling and pleasant change from town conditions. Then there are all kinds of outdoor sports and recreations both afloat and on shore.

We cannot all live in ships, but many people situated near the numerous estuaries round our coasts can do so, and those who try it will benefit both in health and pocket.

THE THREE LIEUTENANTS.

By W. F. BATTEN.

I.—THE GERMAN DESTROYER.

THE heavy north-easterly gale that had been blowing for four days and four nights had died down somewhat. Outside the small port of Zeebrugge wraiths of thick white mist rolled up, to pass away in heavy banks and swirls, now almost entirely blotting out the view seawards, anon lifting but to disclose an empty stretch of cold, gray sea. Behind the little town a blur of thick black smoke, rising from beyond a line of bleak sand-dunes, seemed to smudge the low-lying clouds as it rose slowly from the high chimneys of new buildings, before which certain tall posts—wireless aerials—stood out clearly beyond the reach of gun-fire. Sheltered by a sandy point lay the large three-funnelled German destroyer *Uhlan*; and well ahead of her were two torpedo-boats, with steam up ready for sea. In the thick banks of white mists that at times hid these from view, the destroyer almost seemed but 'a phantom ship upon a phantom sea,' so well did the gray hue of her hull and deck structures blend with that of the sky above and the sea beneath her. Upon her bridge an oilskin-clad officer—Lieutenant Carl Friedrich Müller, the second in command of the craft—paced anxiously to and fro. Under his sou'-wester, anxious eyes peered out from a haggard face, the bronzed hue of which had given place to a sickly yellow, whilst all through those restless paces never once did he take his strained eyes off the seaward horizon. A blue-uniformed officer, with gold-braided cuffs, climbed up on to the bridge, and after a formal fingers-to-brow salute they

exchanged friendly nods. 'Any orders yet, Herr Lieutenant?' inquired the new-comer—a heavy man, with a nose that suggested a bird's beak between protruding eyes, who fidgeted continually with the ends of his yellow moustache as he followed the lieutenant to the centre of the bridge.

'We start shortly after these boats,' replied the other in a heavy voice.

'Ach!' said the engineer. 'It is perhaps better, for I cannot sleep here.'

'Sleep!' echoed the lieutenant. 'These four nights and days I have not slept, with those *verfluchte* British destroyers ever slipping through the mist; and always I see them; when I close my eyes, when on duty, I know no longer when I see them, or see them not; worse, too—submarines.' He broke off suddenly. 'Yet the enemy have left the offing; they couldn't keep their stations in such weather.'

'Is it *our* chance, then?' inquired the engineer.

'Yes, perhaps.'

'You fear?'

'Everything in this trap of a port, with the picket-boats all in.'

A sailor in oilskins climbed the bridge and saluted. 'The Herr Commander comes, Herr Lieutenant.'

The engineer disappeared. His companion went to the starboard rail, and saw a motor-boat approaching in a smother of flyingspray. A boat-swain's whistle shrilled loudly, and a moment

later the officer in command came up the ladder on to the bridge, shaking the water from his oilskins and dabbing at his carefully trimmed yellow beard with his handkerchief.

The commander's eyes were hard with the hardness of those of a man who had been contemplating desperate possibilities. His mouth was set, and he spoke curtly.

'Get the starboard anchor up, and tell the Herr Staff-Engineer I wish to speak to him.'

Then he went heavily to the wheelhouse to bend over the chart. The lieutenant blew his whistle, and an instant later the shrill piping of the boatswain's repeated the call; then came the clanking of the capstan hauling in the heavy chain. Here and there a word of the commander's conversation with the chief engineer escaped, and was carried outside the wheelhouse: 'Knots,' 'coal,' 'revolutions,' being emphasised by the commander's curt, 'Do your best.'

'We follow the torpedo-boats?' queried the engineer, as both men came out.

'The orders are to support their attack on the enemy mine-sweepers;' and the commander turned toward the ship's bugler, who stood stiffly at attention, and ordered him to call the men to stations.

The stirring brazen notes of his bugle being taken up and repeated forward, the erstwhile deserted decks swarmed with hurrying men. A buzz of excited voices, not easily hushed, proclaimed that the acute tension of the four preceding days and nights was ended, and that they were free from the persistent pursuit of the enemy's craft; free to do something, instead of wearily waiting, whilst at any minute destruction might be creeping stealthily toward them from under the surface of the sea; whilst they were enduring the unrelieved strain of a constant watch on the horizon for those gray specks in the daytime or a blur closer at hand in the obscurity of the night. Even worse were those awful minutes, big with their fate, when they were flying hot-foot from the enemy's fierce pursuit after the last action Channelwards, which had driven them down after perpetual dodging and constant night alarms, chases, and escapes from more powerful British craft, to shelter beneath the heavy batteries protecting the little Belgian port, the strain of it all being marked in the dark-rimmed eyes and drawn, set faces of officers and men alike. The alacrity shown then, too, was far from that of men who spring forward calmly and confidently to confront a crisis; rather it resembled the nervous tension of neurotics, glad to translate that nerve force into physical action as an escape from brooding dread. Volumes of thick smoke rolled out from the three funnels of the destroyer, and were blown by the keen, cutting wind in a heavy pall toward the low shore, and soon she got into her stride. The torpedo-boats had vanished fully an hour since,

disappearing in driving sea and drifting banks of thick white mist. The wireless talked to one of them, and got the reply, 'No enemy in sight.'

The lieutenant, however, still peered anxiously into the veiled horizon, every now and then glancing back into the welter of black smoke issuing from all three funnels, and muttered curses, that might have been perverted prayers for deliverance from 'that trap of a coast.' The wireless was still talking, but the tenor of its message had changed to: 'Enemy torpedo-boat and mine-sweepers just sighted. We have hoisted neutral flags.'

The commander went to the engine-room telephone and spoke to the 'chief.' In answer, the masses of black smoke from the funnels rolled out more densely than before. The line of flying water at the bows became a little higher, and remained so. In the open sea they felt the full force of the stiff breeze, and the destroyer drove into great waves that leapt green and ice-cold from her bows, or fell with smashing force on her deck as she endeavoured to combine a steady roll with a violent pitching; and the lieutenant on the bridge clutched at the rail with one hand, whilst with the other he held his glasses to his eyes. For the veils of driving mist which swept continuously across the waters might hide a menace that would mean swift destruction.

Then eight bells sounded, and the lieutenant was relieved. He came down from the bridge, and stood for a moment or two against the warm side of the forward funnel. His eyes burnt in his head, as he stumbled down the companion-way rubbing them. He took off his dripping oilskins outside the ward-room door. His servant appeared, and he ordered him to fetch a tumbler of neat brandy. Then he went into the empty ward-room, flung himself upon a settee, and tried to sleep, but found himself persistently staring at a paint-blisters on the bulkhead. He could not sleep, do all he would. Even the strong dose of spirit failed to steady his nerves; rather it spurred his harassed brain into greater activity. He fretted for a feeling of drowsiness that would not come, till at last, with an oath, he got up, walked out of the ward-room, and made his way down to the engine-room. A stifling atmosphere—hot, damp, and thick with the smell of oil—almost choked him as he descended the steep iron ladder. The sweat broke out on his brow as he passed along a gloomy corridor, just wide enough for one man, between packed boiler-tubes ranged on both sides to meet the roof. He emerged finally into a large space, brilliant with electric light, on a platform at the end of which stood the chief engineer with one of his assistants, surrounded by a cluster of indicator dials, telegraphs, telephones, speaking-tubes, and numerous other fittings. The engineer was still fidgeting with the ends of his upturned moustache as he gazed below him, down to where

the turbines hummed in their casings. From a man-hole at the other end of the engine-room a couple of stokers were drawing out what looked like a corpse, the naked upper part of the body being as black as any negro's; it was a stoker who had collapsed. The staff-engineer frowned angrily as the limp body was carried off to the doctor. Then he turned, and answered the question of the lieutenant, saying irritably, 'Two hundred and fifty revolutions, and not a fraction more, can we get out of this *Gottverfluchte* coal, and that is the fifth man in the last fifteen minutes. There's no use in worrying me; we can do no more. Go and tell the Herr Commander *that*, and leave me to do my work.'

Then, as the lieutenant climbed the ladder to the bridge, he heard a roar in the air, and a moment later a yellow sheet of flame leapt up just in front of him, by the forward funnel, with a deafening detonation. He picked himself up, bruised and dazed, but otherwise uninjured; then steadied himself, and looked for the enemy in the distance with his glasses. On the far horizon he could distinguish a long, low, gray streak, and above it a cloud of brownish smoke, whilst at one end of that gray streak appeared tiny twinkles of bright flame. A moment later the whine of flying shells sounded in his ears. Instantly he flung himself prone on the deck in the shelter of a gun-shield. Then he felt the ship under him shiver and stagger in a deafening roar, a great column of water rose above him, and he knew no more.

II.—THE MINE-SWEEPER.

It was most bitterly cold, with a raw, white mist that at times entirely hid objects not a mile away, and at others allowed an almost normal range of vision. Although there was nothing like a gale then blowing, the long swell coming from seaward—the result of the north-easterly gale that had been raging for the last few days—made life in such a small craft as H.M.S. *Newcastle* extremely uncomfortable when, rolling heavily, she steamed out to her accustomed beat. For H.M.S. *Newcastle*, despite her rather imposing name, was neither Dreadnought, battle-cruiser, light cruiser, sea-keeping destroyer, nor even a liner withdrawn from the passenger service for naval work, but just a perky little tub of a craft, long-backed, ugly and dingy in seeming, though extremely seaworthy and serviceable in reality, when engaged in the dangerous work of mine-sweeping. She had her engines poked away in her stern, by reason of her owner's laudable desire that she should be able to stow away an amount of cargo out of all proportion to her size, she having, up till a month or two previously, swept the North Sea in every kind of weather for cargoes of fish. She was still sweeping it, and in every variety of dirty weather, but for far more dangerous catches than those of former days, being one of

that gallant mine-sweeping fleet of steam-trawlers, about whose deeds so little is said in the public press, but whose fine and patriotic work is fully appreciated at the Admiralty, which possesses a record of quiet and discreet men on equally unassuming little craft, that have both worked wonders.

The *Newcastle*, her commander—a navigating lieutenant—with her skipper and crew, were all of this brand. She and three others were at their dangerous work, when out of the white mist, that had suddenly thickened, there quite unexpectedly appeared two large torpedo-boats flying the Dutch flag, and apparently coming from the direction of the North Hinder Lightship. Now, as the enemy torpedo craft were then all supposed to be safely bottled up on the Belgian coast, neither the little, old British torpedo-boat acting as their convoy nor the steam-trawlers had any suspicion of the strangers, till—in the nasty German way, whilst their neutral flags were still flying—they discharged their torpedoes at the escort, sank her out of hand, and then turned to finish the mine-sweepers. They promptly sent the nearest and all on board her, except one deck-hand, to the bottom, and then swung round to sink the rest. But they could not this time creep up unsuspected under a neutral flag; so the other mine-sweeping vessels were now ready for them. These could not meet the enemy on fair terms as to guns and men; but when it came to seamanship in handling a vessel—any sort of vessel in any sort of sea—the Huns had a lot to learn from British naval officers, and they did learn a good deal that day. They had the speed, they had the guns, and they ought to have been able to sink the trawlers out of hand; but then the British had the 'sea brains.' So they did not sink any more, or even kill any more of their men. The Huns had picked out the *Newcastle* for their first victim, and they made for that perky little craft, quite confident of an easy job. But the lieutenant in command happened to be about as cute as they make 'em; and for all his craft's stodginess and slowness in comparison with these flyers, he fairly outmanœuvred the Huns. And so, when they fired torpedoes, these weapons missed him. They tried again, and this time raked the trawler with their guns, and, after a number of misses, managed to hit her several times, chipping pieces from her ironwork, holing her topsides, and sending splinters flying across her decks. The skipper was hit at the wheel, and sank down beside it; so the *Newcastle* swerved from her course as the wheel slipped from his grasp. But she didn't yaw to count for all that, because the lieutenant in charge took her in hand at once, and, her own skipper being safely stowed away below, took the helm himself. Now the two German craft were out to kill, being, as it were, escaped from custody, and they came on again and again, making all

possible use of their speed, and all the while their guns spat out viciously, so that all around that blunt-nosed trawler the bright flashes of the shells starred and burst. Then once more both the Huns manœuvred to torpedo, intending to send her aloft in one heavy burst. But the British lieutenant spotted their game; and, as his craft lumbered and staggered along, her tiny pop-gun was used to such good purpose as almost to sting the pursuing Huns to madness. For he at the wheel came of a race bred and born to the sea for long centuries, and such as no mush-room upstarts of an inland race could venture to challenge for the supremacy of it with any hope of success.

Under a rain of small shells that ought to have wiped him out had he as many lives as the proverbial cat, that lieutenant cheerfully manœuvred his little, blunt-nosed trawler to such purpose as fairly seemed to leave the Huns standing still and gasping, while, unflurried, unhurried, and heeding the crashing shell-bursts as little as showers of spray, he made his bluff little vessel as quick and clever as a yacht, and as slippery as soap, too. In vain the Huns loosed their torpedoes; she dodged them, and just slipped clear away. Then he shook himself clear, and patiently played for safety, whilst his petty officer let the nearest torpedo-boat have it with his three-pounder, pumping out the small shells in such rapid and accurate fashion that the enemy got the surprise of his lifetime from this puny and despised antagonist. For another ten minutes or so the torpedo-boats did their best to finish the elusive little mine-sweeper; but their best proved to be not good enough. The *Newcastle* beat them by points; and even then they had not done with her commander, for he had succeeded in getting in touch with the senior officer of four powerful British destroyers on patrol duty, and had passed along the news, with the needful sailing directions, before his wireless was put out of action. At last the German torpedo-boats, despairing of sinking their elusive little antagonist, gave up the game, and made off rapidly in the direction of a much larger craft of their own class, which the rising mist had just rendered visible in the extreme distance, their retreat having been possibly not uninfluenced by the activity of the *Newcastle's* wireless. But when once the *Newcastle's* commander had made sure that the British destroyer patrol had taken up the running, he and his blunt-nosed little craft went back to that quiet and difficult game of life and death, otherwise known as mine-sweeping.

III.—THE BRITISH DESTROYER PATROL.

The patrol line had been divided into two eight-mile beats, each of which was patrolled by two destroyers; the reserve lay much further back shorewards, but with steam up and ready for action were the outer patrol to be driven

in. The new ocean-going destroyer *Erebus*, nine hundred and ninety tons, thirty knots, and carrying four four-inch thirty-pounder guns and as many twelve-pounders, was patrolling with her sister-ship the *Terror*, being employed on No. 1 Patrol seaward; and Lieutenant-Commander Albert Edward Paulet, being the senior of the commanding officers, was consequently in charge. The responsibility, however, did not unduly weigh upon him, for he had been in the same position on many previous occasions. At that particular moment he was wedged in one corner of the heaving bridge, and looking out serenely enough seaward, though chilled to the very bone by the raw, damp, cold of the penetrating sea mist. His command had hitherto been unlucky, for he had not been present at the last action, or, indeed, any other since hostilities had commenced; whilst his nearest consort had been having what her crew denominated a 'high old time,' she having been in no fewer than three cruiser and destroyer actions. But the day after hostilities had commenced, the *Erebus* had developed a somewhat serious defect in her engine-room, and had been forced to return to Chatham to have it put right. Consequently, to the utter disgust of her officers and men, she had missed 'the fun' up till then; and by the time she was at sea again, the enemy had disappeared into their fortified harbours, or were under the shelter of heavy batteries and behind mine-fields, from which no sortie had as yet been made.

'I wish they'd come out from yonder and give us some sort of a show,' grumbled the commander, jerking his head toward the coast of Belgium. 'There's no getting at'— But before he could finish, a message was brought him from the wireless room, running: 'British torpedo-boat and mine-sweeper sunk by two German torpedo-boats;' this being followed by careful directions as to the course necessary to take to intercept them.

'Hallo! here's luck!' he resumed, with all the glee of a schoolboy, despite his 'senior and responsible position;' and turning to his navigating officer, he added, 'We may be in for a scrap, after all.' Then, recollecting himself, he curtly added, 'Call Mr Waters.' The navigating officer to whom he had been talking did not let the grass grow under his feet, and in the twinkling of an eye the call to general quarters sounded, and 'rush and tumble was the word.' Among the guns and torpedo-tube crews then mustering at their stations the news was soon passed that 'those blighters' had ventured out at last, for the old man 'had just got a wireless.' But the 'old man' took care to give very precise instructions to the gunnery officer, and himself arranged the adjustment of the torpedoes. For, despite his occasional levity and boyishness, he was a commander who gave away no points in the game, and that the admiral on the station very well knew; hence his present position.

The *Erebus* was now putting her best foot forward, riding over or cutting through the lumpy seas at well-nigh thirty knots. No very long time, therefore, elapsed before the dull boom of guns came down the wind. Half-an-hour later the firing had increased in intensity, and flash after flash broke through the rapidly thinning mist, the reports following each other in an almost uninterrupted rumble; then, however, gradually dying down, and finally ceasing altogether. His powerful marine-glasses now showed the commander a British mine-sweeper, the rearmost of several, making off shorewards at full speed, and two enemy torpedo-boats also making off in the opposite direction, apparently to join a much larger ocean-going destroyer barely visible in the distance.

'We've got 'em, Parker,' quietly remarked 'the old man' to his second in command. 'The three short funnels and the mast abaft all give them away; they're none of ours. I shall tackle the large destroyer. Signal the *Terror* to take on both torpedo-boats—till the *Pluto* can butt in, anyway; and, turning to the telegraph indicators, the lieutenant-commander jammed both over to full speed. The vessel, now gathering way, turned on a course parallel to the enemy destroyer; but the quartermaster had hardly righted his helm, when a deafening crash, followed by a sheet of flame, burst out close on the port beam. 'Let 'em have the for'ard guns in reply,' was the commander's prompt order, as with a prolonged whine another hostile projectile flew over his head. The guns opened fire almost before he finished speaking, crash after crash rending the air, followed by darting flashes of flame. The for'ard four-inch guns had spoken, and the gunner growled, 'Up a 'undred,' as he saw his shells pitch short. This time the aim was better, for the reports of the guns were followed by broad sheets of flame and ugly crashes on the enemy's deck, where the shells had burst squarely.

The action had now become general. All three of the enemy's craft were vomiting smoke and flame, to which the *Erebus* and *Terror* replied with their broadsides; and the *Pluto*, then some distance to leeward, joined in with her bow guns. The noise of the firing had become deafening, when suddenly there was a brilliant yellow glare on the *Erebus's* fore-castle, just under one of the four-inch gun platforms, followed by a heavy detonation. Her commander instinctively raised his hands to shield his face. As he did so something soft and horribly wet struck his forehead, and putting up his hand, he found it covered with blood. The Huns' shell had got home—two of the gun-crew had been literally blown to pieces, and a third lay writhing in his death-agony. The commander felt a sharp pain in his shoulder, and blood slowly trickled down his left sleeve as he staggered back to the bridge dazed and half-stunned. 'The port four-inch is

out of action, sir,' reported the gunner. 'I know it is,' shortly replied the commander. 'Pass the word to the torpedo-tube crews.' They had been waiting for the order; and almost before it had reached him the officer in charge had pulled his lever, and the deadly missile entered the water with a sharp splash, speeding its way at over forty miles an hour toward the now sorely stricken enemy. There was a nerve-trying pause, and then a terrific detonation. Two enormous columns of flame and water rose into the air simultaneously where the doomed destroyer had been struck. The torpedo had done its work only too well. The large new German destroyer *Uhlán* had been blown into two halves; the bows stood upright in the water, the gray stem pointing skyward momentarily; then both the fore and aft parts of her rapidly sank. Shaken by the concussion, the commander of the *Erebus* leant for a moment or two against the weather-screen; then, quickly recovering himself, telegraphed to put the engines astern.

The *Erebus* quivered with the sudden strain as the propellers were reversed; and her commander, going to the rail, gave orders that such boats as would float were to be lowered to search for any survivors. But very few of the crews of either the *Uhlán* or her two smaller consorts who had sunk the little, old British torpedo-boat and mine-sweeper, and who subsequently suffered the same fate themselves at the hands of the *Terror* and *Pluto*, were saved. Neither was Lieutenant Müller or any other commissioned officer amongst those that were rescued.

OUR MEN.

THEY watch o'er us!
Upon the waste of waters,
Through sultry nights, through days of blinding heat,
Or where the winds, far up in northern quarters,
Over the waves weave their gray winding-sheet;
They keep their guard as faithful, true, and tender
As mother o'er her child.
Watch, Thou, o'er them, O Father and Defender,
Who watch o'er us!

They fight for us!
On sea, in trench, o'er mountain,
They struggle on through storm and shot and shell;
O'er sandy desert, past the poisoned fountain,
They still press on against the hosts of hell;
They fight for Right, holding their flag the faster,
As fought the saints of old.
Fight, Thou, for them, our Captain and our Master,
Who fight for us!

They die for us!
Ah, thought of awful sorrow!
In their fair youth they die, in their full age,
In torment and alone, that our own morrow
May bear no shame or stain upon its page!
Laying their lives down gladly for some other
Poor friend, perchance unknown.
Receive their souls, their Saviour and their Brother—
They died for us!

KATE MELLERSH.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

HELIGOLAND IN PEACE AND WAR.

AS it seems more than likely that before long important events will take place there, it may prove of interest to describe this till lately famous bathing resort and at present impregnable fortress—at least, in the belief of the German Admiralty—which lies in that, to us, important part of the North Sea facing the mouths of the Elbe and the Weser, or, in other words, the entrance to the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal and the German naval bases of Cuxhaven and Wilhelmshaven. In or near this stretch of sea quite possibly the greatest naval battle the world has ever seen may yet be fought. Amongst all the startling changes that the great war has brought about, the conversion of a spot once the abode of peaceful beauty and innocent enjoyment into a hideous and menacing fortress of the most up-to-date type must certainly have a place. The island was taken by the British from the Danes in 1807, and was formally ceded to Britain in 1814. In 1890 it was ceded to Germany, and since 1892 has formed part of the Prussian province of Schleswig-Holstein.

Now, when our Foreign Office was induced to hand over Heligoland to the greedy Teuton, who had long coveted it—'Mr Punch' sarcastically described the act as 'giving it away with a pound of tea'—our Foreign Office, by so doing, deprived this country of a most needful naval base which would have proved of the greatest value at the present time. For not only was there, at Dünen Insel, snug anchorage for the largest vessels during coaling and the taking in of stores, but as a post of observation on this end of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal and the other German naval bases it would have been a perpetual thorn in the side of the enemy during the war, as a glance at the map will show. Formerly Heligoland was considered the very best marine bathing resort in Europe, not only for its safe, gently sloping beach of silver sand, but for its life-giving air; so that, despite its being nearly thirty miles from the mainland, and the fact that the German people are notoriously poor sailors, between thirty and forty thousand of them used to come across every year by the daily steamers during the ten weeks' season, which commenced about the middle of June. The resident population, however, only numbered about two thousand five hundred, and not a single soul of these now remains; for, in the usual Prussian 'frightful'

way, they were, at a moment's notice, deported six hours after war was declared. These were of the old Frisian stock, and spoke a dialect of Frisian; but English was the usual language, just as German has been of recent years the official one. But the Heligolandians were British at heart, as had been their parents before them, for eighty-three years of good government and unfettered personal liberty had naturally made them so. At the time of the transfer they presented a petition to be allowed to remain under the British flag; but Governor Parker declined to forward it, on the ground that it would make their lot still harder under their new Prussian masters! Heligoland—by one derivation Holy Land, by another Halligland (land of banks which cover and uncover)—was then the most picturesque of 'toy' islands, being only about a mile long by a third of a mile broad; and when seen some little distance off from a steamer's deck the doll-like appearance of the people on it seemed most appropriate. There is a pretty legend, too, that the national colours are taken from the red hue of the sandstone cliffs, the white of the sands beneath them, and the green of the miniature wood that used to be on the Oberland.

The rocks all round the sandstone cliffs have been carved in most fantastic fashion by the—until recent years—ever-encroaching sea, which, however, is now rendered incapable of further ravages, thanks to Teutonic thoroughness in seawall construction. The effect produced when these fantastic arches, caves, and grottos were brilliantly illuminated on the 10th of August every year was very wonderful. Doubtless such tremendous upheavals of the sea as occurred in 1720 had much to do with their formation; they certainly broke away the neck of land that then connected the Dünen Insel with the rest of Heligoland, leaving that splendid bathing beach twelve hundred yards off, across a channel twelve to fourteen feet deep.

The larger part of Heligoland is a long, narrow triangle which slopes somewhat from west to east; the summit, or Oberland, averages about one hundred and ninety feet above sea-level. The church on its highest point, being about two hundred and fifteen feet above the water, used to be a handy landmark for sailing-yachts, owing to its very conspicuous spire. The soil on the flat top of the rock sufficed for a

little pasture-land, and for growing potatoes and cabbages. There used to be a few sheep on the island, and a few cows. Wheelbarrows were the only wheeled vehicles. The only beach is on the Unterland, a sandy spit near its south-east point, where the landing-stage is situated, and where there was good accommodation for bathers when the sea was too rough to cross the ferry with comfort. From the lower town, the Oberland, or upper one, was reached either by one hundred and eighty-two wooden stairs or by a steam-worked lift. The 'Queen Victoria' and the 'Princess Alexandra' were the most comfortable hotels, and the restaurants were good and always full. The theatre was an excellent one; and after the Prussians' advent a fine *Konversation Haus*, ballroom, concert and music halls, in the Kaiser Strad a North Sea Museum and Aquarium, and a powerful new lighthouse and an important wireless station, were added. The Dünen Insel is in reality a sandbank protected by groins, and the drifting sand makes its height vary; usually, however, it is about two hundred feet. But the great bathing establishment on its long, shelving beach of fine white sand was probably unique in its accommodation for both visitors and residents, who crowded into it in the season.

But what struck the British tourist most in Heligoland was the quaint old houses, with their balconies and gables and gaily painted fronts, the picturesque old church, and the quaint costumes of the girls and women in their national dance, the *Slim Mien Moderken*. The hardy seafaring partners of these, of military age, have, however, now been pressed into the German navy, despite the fact that many of them who were British-born subjects had elected to remain so. The townsfolk in those days had an odd fashion of hanging up enormous festoons of fishing-nets upon lofty poles right in front of the best houses in the Unterland, which was rather upsetting to a stranger till he got used to it. But then, from the pastor's house, with the great mulberry-tree before the porch, to the queer build of the fishing-craft that brought in haddocks and cod, and sometimes turbot, quaintness was everywhere the characteristic of this little 'toy' island. It was said that when the British Coastguard, with a system of life-saving, was established, and a lighthouse built which greatly reduced the number of wrecks and helped in the rescue of many shipwrecked sailors, such newfangled notions were eyed askance by the islanders of Nelson's day. Despite, however, some big modern residences, Government House and official buildings, on the Oberland, the island, looked at as a whole, somehow seemed to suggest a pretty set-scene in a theatre, and, like that too, it has suddenly changed.

We now see in its place the new Heligoland of Prussian militarism, just a tremendously strong

fortress in the North Sea, from which not only have all the civilian inhabitants been deported, but every house, building, and tree, both in the line of fire or that might be considered likely to hinder clear views of the sea from any point, has been ruthlessly pulled down to make room for new works or to leave all the approaches clear. The fortress, too, is most scrupulously guarded from observation from outside; indeed, no stranger has been allowed to land there since the beginning of July 1914—a pretty clear indication of the known coming of The Day! Yet though espionage and raids from British cruisers and small craft are guarded against in the most elaborate manner, both have taken place, as the—for the German navy—disastrous 'Battle of the Bight' and the abstraction of the plans of the fortress from the representatives of the firm employed to install the heating apparatus there prove. That the garrison is 'nervy' the scene when darkness sets in is sufficient indication; for in all directions torpedo-craft with lights out cross each other, recross, and interchange signals incessantly, being on tenterhooks meanwhile through fear of British submarines and fleet above-water craft. Lights, too, ashore send signals that are constantly answered by flashes from the sea. So 'jumpy,' however, do these numerous patrols become at times that two of the torpedo-boats all but ran each other down a few months ago, the result of their violent collision being that one made Wilhelmshaven in a sinking condition, and the other in only a little less helpless state. For the approaches to Heligoland at night are kept in pitchy darkness, and the whole routine of rigorous precaution is never relaxed. No civilian is ever seen ashore, certain former civilian engineers and skilled mechanics whose services are required being attached to the garrison, or, rather, to the German Admiralty, in whose hands the fortress now is. The only females allowed in it are some half-dozen nurses belonging to the hospital staff.

But from morning to night the work of improving the fortifications goes uninterruptedly on. The Krupp steel-armoured turrets, with their heavy guns, though of a very different thickness and calibre from those of Liège and Antwerp, are no longer depended upon, not being considered capable of replying effectually to the fifteen-inch guns of the *Queen Elizabeth* and her consorts, and they have therefore been superseded by the heaviest fortress weapons Krupp turns out both in guns and howitzers. The fear of danger from the air—reasonable enough no doubt so far as the future is concerned—is evidenced by the numerous and powerful anti-aircraft guns and the system of giant searchlights worked in connection with these. In fact, all the lessons learnt in the Russian campaign and the attack on the Dardanelles are being carefully utilised here; whilst

the whole island seems filled with the naval officers, seamen, and marines composing the garrison. Despite every precaution of the authorities, however, news of these great preparations against an expected attack has leaked out, for there are those in the garrison who would rejoice at the fall of the fortress. When it is borne in mind how the German Government has not only forced all the men of Danish blood between the ages of eighteen and forty-five (even those before rejected as medically unfit) in the now Prussian province of Schleswig-Holstein, of which, as we have said, Heligoland has formed part since 1892, to fight against Great Britain, but of set purpose has sent these unfortunate men into the most exposed positions to be sacrificed remorselessly, it is little to be wondered at that there exists an Achilles heel in Heligoland to-day, for all its inaccessible cliffs, mine-fields, and bristling array of heavy guns, its aircraft, submarines, barbed wire, and poison gas, which certainly should make Prussian Heligoland a difficult nut to crack. Though, after all, in the last resort, it is on man-power that it must rely for safety, and here *moral* is going to be the decisive factor. As to this, it seems now to be necessary to keep up the spirits of the garrison

by good military bands that play every afternoon till darkness sets in, when the dreaded nerve-trying ordeal of watching and waiting for the expected British attack begins afresh each evening. But report has it that the fair fame of the British navy, that is never sullied by the refusal of mercy to defeated enemies in time of battle, has far more to do with sustaining the courage of the German patrol-boats' crews during the present long dark nights than all the martial music of the crack bands ashore. But whether such an attack comes or not, it would seem to be the bounden duty of the people of this country to insist that Heligoland and its ill-used inhabitants, a large proportion of whom are our fellow-subjects, should again come under British rule. Thus the injustice of handing over these peaceful folk against their will to the despotic militarism of *Kultur*-ridden Prussia shall be finally redressed. Moreover, whenever these Heligolanders surrender during the war, which they will do if it is possible, they should not be treated as enemies, for they are not to blame for being in the enemy's ranks, as it was either that or having to face a firing-party without even a form of trial had they refused their services.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

CHAPTER IX.—AN EXPOSITION OF GERMAN METHODS.

THREE large and powerful automobiles stood at rest in the tiny square of Argenteau. Nearly every little town in Belgium and France possesses its *place*, the hub of social and business life, the centre where roads converge and markets are held. In the roadway, near the cars, were several officers, deep in conversation.

'Look,' murmured Irene to Dalroy; 'the high-shouldered, broadly built man, facing this way, is General von Emmich!'

By this time Dalroy was acquainted with the name of the German Commander-in-Chief. He found a fleeting interest in watching him now, while Joos and the others loitered irresolutely on the pavement outside the improvised office of the *Kommandantur*.

Though the moon was high and clear, there was no other light, and the diffused brilliance of the 'orbèd maiden, with white fire laden,' is not favourable to close observation. But Von Emmich's bearing and gestures were significant. He put an abrupt end to the conclave by an emphatic sweep of his right arm, and the larger number of his staff disposed themselves in two of the cars, in which the chauffeurs and armed escorts were already seated. They made off in the direction of Aix. It was easy to guess their errand. More cannon; more cannon-fodder!

The Generalissimo himself remained apart from the colonel and the captain who apparently formed his personal suite. He strode to and fro, evidently in deep thought. Once he halted quite close to the little company of peasants, and Dalroy believed he saw tears in his eyes, tears instantly brushed away by an angry hand. Whatever the cause of this emotion, the General quickly mastered a momentary weakness. Indeed, that spasmodic yielding seemed to have braced his will to a fixed purpose, because he walked to the waiting car, wrote something by the light of an electric torch, and said to the younger of the staff officers, 'Take that to the field telegraph. It must have priority.'

Somehow, Dalroy sensed the actual text of the message. Von Emmich was making the humiliating admission that Liège, far from having fallen, as he had announced during the first hours of the advance, was still an immovable barrier against a living torrent of men. So the heart of this middle-aged warrior, whose reputation was good when measured by the Prussian standard, had not melted because of the misery and desolation he and his armed ruffians had brought into one of the most peaceful, industrious, and law-abiding communities in the world. His tears flowed because of failure, not of regret. His withers were

wrung by mortification, not pity. He would have waded knee-deep in the blood of Belgium if only he could have gained his ends and substantiated by literal fact that first vainglorious telegram to the War Lord of Potsdam. Now he had to ask for time, reinforcements, siege-guns, while the clock ticked inexorably, and Britain, France, and Russia were mobilising. Perhaps it was in that hour that his morbid thoughts first turned to a suicide's death as the only reparation for what he conceived to be a personal blunder. Yet his generalship was marked by no grave strategical fault. If aught erred, it was the German State machine, which counted only on mankind having a body and a brain, but denied it a soul.

Von Emmich's troubles were no concern of Dalroy, save in their reaction on his own difficulties. He was conscious of a certain surprise that Irene Beresford should have recognised one of the leaders of modern Germany so promptly; but this feeling, in its turn, yielded to the vital things of the moment. 'Let us be moving,' he said quietly, and led the way with Joos.

'Why did you give Andenne as your destination?' he inquired.

'My wife's cousin lives there, monsieur. She is married to a man named Alphonse Stauwaert. I *had* to say something. I remembered Madame Stauwaert in the nick of time.'

'But Andenne lies beyond Liège. To get there we shall have to traverse the whole German line, and pass some of the outlying forts, which is impossible.'

'We must go somewhere.'

'True. But why not make for a place that is attainable? Heaven—or Purgatory, at any rate—is far more easily reached to-night than Andenne.'

'I didn't say we were going there at once,' snapped the miller. 'It's more than twenty-five kilometres from here, and is far enough away to be safe when I'm asked where I am bound for. My wife couldn't walk it to-morrow, let alone to-night.'

'Andenne lies down the valley of the Meuse too, doesn't it?'

'Ay.'

'Well, isn't that simply falling off a rock into a whirlpool? The Germans must pass that way to France, and it is France they are aiming at, not Belgium.'

'They talk mostly about England,' said Joos sapiently.

'Yes, because they fear her. But let us avoid politics, my friend. Our present problem is how and where to bestow these women for the night. After that, the sooner we three men leave them the better. I, at least, must go. I may be detected any minute, and then—God help you others!'

'*Saperlotte!* That isn't the way you English

are treating us. No, monsieur, we sink or swim together.'

That ready disavowal of any clash of interests was cheering. The little man's heart was sound, though his temper might be short. Good faith, however, was not such a prime essential now as good judgment, and Dalroy halted again at a corner of the square. To stay in Argenteau was madness. But—there were three roads. One led to Visé, one to Liège, and one to the German frontier! The first two were closed hopelessly. The third, open in a sense, was fantastic when regarded as a possible avenue of escape. Yet that third road offered the only path toward comparative security and rest.

'I wish you wouldn't look so dejected,' whispered Irene, peeping up into Dalroy's downcast face with the winsome smile which had so taken his fancy during the long journey from Berlin. 'I've been counting our gains and losses. Surely the balance is heavy on our side. We—you, that is—have defeated the whole German army. We've lost some sleep and some clothes, but have secured a safe-conduct from our enemies, after knocking a good many of them on the head. Some men, I know, look miserable when most successful; but I don't put you in that category.'

She was careful to talk German, not that there was much chance of being actually overheard, but to prevent the sibilant accents of English speech reaching suspicious ears. Britons who have no language but their own are often surprised when abroad at hearing children mimicking them by hissing. Curiously enough, such is the effect of our island tongue on foreign ears. Monosyllables like 'yes,' 'this,' 'it's,' and scores of others in constant use, no less than the almost invariable plural form of nouns, lead to the illusion, which Irene was aware of, and guarded against.

Yet, despite the uncouth, harsh-sounding words on her lips, and the coarse Flemish garments she wore, she was adorably English. Léontine Joos was a pretty girl, but, in true feminine parlance, 'lumpy.' Some three inches less in height than her 'sister,' she probably weighed a stone more. Léontine trudged when she walked; Irene moved with a grace which not even a pair of clumsy sabots could hide. Luckily they were alike in one important particular. Their faces and hands were soiled, their hair untidy, and the passage through the wood had scratched foreheads and cheeks until the skin was broken, and little patches of congealed blood disfigured them.

'I may look more dejected than I feel,' Dalroy reassured her. 'I'm playing a part, remember. I've kept my head down and my knees bent until my joints ache.'

'Oh, is that it?' she cooed, with a relieved air. How could he know then that the sabots were chafing her ankles until the pain had

become well-nigh unbearable? If she could have gratified her own wishes she would have crept to the nearest hedge and flung herself down in utter weariness.

Joos, having pondered the Englishman's views on Andenne as an unattainable refuge, scratched his head perplexedly. 'I think we had better go toward Herve,' he said at last. 'This is the road;' and he pointed to the left. 'On the way we can branch off to a farm I know of, if it happens to be clear of soldiers.'

Any goal was preferable to none. They entered the eastward-bound road, but had not advanced twenty yards along it before the way was blocked by a mass of commissariat wagons and scores of Uhlans standing by their horses.

Two officers, heedless who heard, were wrangling loudly.

'There is nothing else for it, Herr Hauptmann,' said one. 'It doesn't matter who is actually to blame. You have taken the wrong road, and must turn back. Every yard farther in this direction puts you deeper in the mire.'

'But I was misdirected as far away as Bleyberg,' protested the other. 'Some never-to-be-forgotten hound of hell told me that this was the Verviers road. *Gott im himmel!* and I must be there by dawn!'

Dalroy was gazing at the wagons. They seemed oddly familiar. The painted legend on the tarpaulins placed the matter beyond doubt. These were the very vehicles he had seen in the station-yard at Aix-la-Chapelle!

At this crisis Jan Maertz's sluggish brain evolved a really clever notion. The Germans wanted a guide, and who so well qualified for the post as a carter to whom each turn and twist in every road in the province was familiar? Without consulting any one, he pushed forward. 'Pardon, Herr General,' he said in his off-hand way. 'Give me and my friends a lift, and I'll have you and your wagons in Verviers in three hours.'

Brutality is so engrained in the Prussian that an offer which a man of another race would have accepted civilly was treated almost as an insult by the angry leader of the convoy.

'You'll guide me with the point of a lance close to your liver, you Belgian swine-dog!' was the ungracious answer.

'Not me!' retorted Maertz. 'Here, papa!' he cried to Joos, 'show this gentleman your paper. He can't go about sticking people as he likes, even in war-time.'

Joos went forward. Moved by contemptuous curiosity, the two officers examined the miller's *laissez passer* by the light of an electric torch.

The commissariat officer changed his tone when he saw the signature. The virtue of military obedience becomes a grovelling servitude in the German army, and a man who was ready to act with the utmost unfairness if left

to his own instincts grew almost courteous at sight of the communications officer's name. 'Your case is different,' he admitted grudgingly. 'Is this your party? The old man is Herr Schultz, I suppose. Which are you?'

'I'm Georges Lambert, Herr General.'

'And what do you want?'

'We're all going to Andenne. It's on the paper. This infernal fighting has smashed up our place at Aubel, and the women are footsore and frightened. So is papa. Put them in a wagon. Dampier and I can leg it.'

The Prussian was becoming more civil each moment. He realised, too, that this gruff fellow who moved about the country under such powerful protection was a veritable godsend to him and his tired men.

'No, no,' he cried, grown suddenly complainant; 'we can do better than that. I'll dump a few trusses of hay, and put you all in the same wagon, which can then take the lead.'

Thus, by a mere turn of fortune's wheel, the enemy was changed into a friend, and a dangerous road made safe and comfort-giving. Jan sat in front with the driver, and cracked jokes with him; while the others nestled into a load of sweet-smelling hay.

'For the first time in my life,' whispered Dalroy to Irene, 'I understand the precise significance of Samson's riddle about the honey extracted from the lion. Our heavy-witted Jan has saved the situation. We enter Verviers in triumph, and reach the left of the German lines. Just another slice of luck, and we cross the Meuse at Andenne or elsewhere—it doesn't matter where.'

Irene had kicked off those cruel sabots. She bit her lip in the darkness to stifle a sob before answering coolly, 'Shall we be clear of the Germans then?'

'I—hope so. Their armies dare not advance so long as we hear those guns.'

The girl could not reason in the soldier's way. She thought she would 'hear those guns' during the rest of her life. Never had she dreamed of anything so horrific as that drumming of cannon. She believed, as women do, that every shell tore hundreds of human beings limb from limb. In silent revolt against the frenzy which seemed to possess the world, she closed her eyes and buried her head in the hay; and once again exhausted nature was its own best healer. When the convoy rumbled into Verviers in the early morning, having followed a by-road through Julemont and Herve, Irene had to be awaked out of deep sleep. Yet the boom of the guns continued! Liège was still holding out, a paranoiac despot was frantic with wrath, and civilised Europe had yet another day to prepare for the caging of the beast which threatened its very existence.

(Continued on page 179.)

FOOD IN WAR-TIME.

By D. NOËL PATON, M.D., F.R.S., Regius Professor of Physiology, Glasgow University.

AT this time of stress and strain it is, I think, important that each of us should utilise our energy to the best advantage. In the present article the lesson I wish to emphasise is that all our power of doing work comes from the energy stored in our food.

The sun bounteously pours his energy upon the earth. The plants covering the earth take it and store it so that it is made available to us, either when we use these plants as food or when we feed upon the animals which have consumed the plants. From the food we eat we liberate the energy for work and for keeping ourselves warm.

Now I am not going to ask my readers to take this statement from me, to believe it because I say it. No scientific man will make a statement unless he is able to produce evidence which will satisfy his readers, or at least those of them who have had experience in estimating the value of evidence. I wish, therefore, at the risk of being wearisome, to put forward such evidence as will prove that *our food is the sole source of our power of doing work.*

The consideration of the case of a prolonged fast is quite convincing. Such fasts have been made many times by men for thirty or forty days, and carefully studied. Apparently, beyond some discomfort on the first day or two, no pain is experienced. Thus actual experiment has exploded that famous bogey the agonies of hunger. But during the fast the man loses weight, and he gradually becomes weaker and less able to do work. Give him proper food, and the loss of weight stops, his power of doing work returns. Nothing that we know of except proper food will act in this way. The material to repair his body and the power of doing work come from the food.

Now, if this is so, we must know how much energy the body requires in order to know how much food must be supplied. Physiologists have measured this in all conditions of life by keeping men in an airtight room so arranged that all the energy given off can be measured. This is done by finding the heat given off as heat energy, and by measuring the energy required for work by making the man ride a stationary bicycle working against a known resistance. The combustion of material in the body may also be measured with this apparatus. If the man is kept absolutely quiet in bed and without food, he uses energy at the rate of about sixteen hundred and eighty units per day of twenty-four hours. If he does a small amount of work, as in walking about—what a man leading a sedentary life may be expected to do—he uses two thousand five hundred units; and if he does a moderate day's muscular work, he uses three thousand

five hundred units. If he vigorously rides the bicycle he may use three times this amount. In fact, his energy expenditure is proportionate to the work he does; and this energy expenditure must be made good or he uses his own body and begins to lose weight.

This is well illustrated by Dr Dunlop's experience with convicts at Peterhead. He was consulted on account of the amount of waste which was going on. He examined the diet, and found that it contained three thousand nine hundred energy units. Estimating roughly the amount of work which had to be done, he cut down the diet to yield three thousand five hundred units. At once waste disappeared, but the men began to lose weight. He had manifestly given a diet with too little energy. A slice of bread per day was added to make up three thousand seven hundred units of energy, and the loss of weight disappeared and waste was not excessive. This clearly proves that the energy used for work must be supplied by the food.

I have been at some pains to prove this point, so that when fools or charlatans preach that the energy value of food is not of importance, is not the measure of its value, you may know that they are fools or charlatans. We Scots are credited with being a particularly 'canny' people; and we should have nothing to do with any suggested diet—by whatever body it is put forward—unless a definite statement is made of the energy it supplies and of the flesh-forming material—the proteins—it contains. This is done in the admirably constructed Dublin diets prepared under the supervision of Professor Thompson.

How do we measure the energy value of foods? It is done by finding the amount of heat each gives off in combustion. Now there are three great groups of foods: (1) the fats, (2) the sugars and starches, (3) the flesh-building foods—the proteins. Each of these yields a definite amount of energy in the body, and the diet must contain a sufficient quantity of them to provide the energy required. Any intake of food over this amount is simply wasted.

Obviously the diet must be adjusted to suit the conditions of life. One of these food-stuffs is absolutely essential. There must be enough of the flesh-forming material to repair the wear and tear of the body in the adult, and in the young to build up the body. There is good evidence that the supply of these flesh-formers should be largely in excess of what is absolutely necessary. Probably two ounces is sufficient, but four ounces is desirable. The proportion between fats and starch-foods is not so important. It is determined (1) by consideration of economy—the starches are cheaper than the fats—and

(2) by the fact that the power of digesting each is limited, so that it is better to take a proportion of each. It is thus possible to state definitely the amount of energy and of proteins which a diet will yield.

But, it may be asked, does an examination of the diets of people doing varying amounts of work show that the theoretical is the actual amount contained in their diets? An enormous series of such analyses of the diets of people of many different nations have now been made, and they show conclusively that, unless poverty prevents it, the energy intake does correspond to that calculated from scientific experiments, and that it is proportionate to the work done. Even among the very poor there is an attempt to reach these theoretical standards. Food is the first charge upon income. The energy must be provided; and, as the degree of poverty increases, the proportion of income available for other expenses becomes smaller and smaller. Miss Lindsay, in her *Dietary Studies of the Labouring Classes of Glasgow*, found that in families with a regular income of forty shillings, 55 per cent. of that income was expended upon food; but in families with an irregular income of under twenty shillings as much as 80 per cent. was thus expended. The amount of energy purchased was not very different—three thousand one hundred units in the former class, two thousand eight hundred in the latter.

Now we come to the question, *What is a good diet?* It is one which supplies the energy and the flesh-formers at the smallest possible cost. This is the economic definition; because the more cheaply energy—the power of doing work—can be got, the more economically work can be turned out. Coal and iron are so much inert material in the bowels of the earth until the energy of human labour is made to act upon them, and to convert them into the ships, the guns, the shells, and all the various machinery required for the prosecution of this war. Our power of financial endurance as a nation depends in no small measure upon this power of economically producing munitions—and this depends upon an adequate and cheap supply of food. It therefore behoves the Government to make provision to secure that such a supply of food is maintained, and that no such rise in prices is allowed to occur as will interfere with the liberal supply of energy to the workers. Of course, we ought all to be upon a ration, and to be fed according to the work we have to do. That alone would bring some people to their senses. Take this example from the *Times*. It is stated: 'The strike of the officials in Monmouth Poorhouse against the substitution of salt butter for fresh was prevented by the supply of fresh butter being continued!' At present no such prescient legislation as that which I have ventured to suggest is probable.

It has been found to pay to increase the food-supply in order to get a larger return of work. For example, an employer of labour, a brick-maker in Connecticut, found it profitable to keep his men in bothies, and to supply them with an amount of food sufficient to yield more than twice the usual supply of energy. These men, of course, were not trades unionists; their output of work was not arbitrarily regulated by the decrees of their officials.

But it must not be concluded that we can pour an unlimited supply of energy as food into the workers. Unfortunately the digestive organs can deal only with a certain quantity, and, in our urban population especially, the state of the teeth and the condition of the stomach greatly limit the working power by limiting the capacity to make use of the energy in food. Any food consumed above the amount which can be digested is simply wasted.

The economic definition of a good diet given above is insufficient in itself, for other considerations present themselves. (1) The food must be capable of easy digestion and utilisation in the body; it must be available; many vegetable foods without careful preparation and cooking cannot be used in the body. (2) It must be palatable, for it has been shown that the digestibility of food depends largely upon its being pleasing to the taste. (3) It must not be too bulky. Many foods contain a great amount of inert material or of water; for example, buttermilk is so dilute that forty glasses a day would have to be drunk to get three thousand energy units. Other foods take up such large quantities of water in cooking that they become bulky. For instance, in making porridge oatmeal increases greatly in volume, and three ounces make a very large plateful. (4) It must not be poisonous, either altogether poisonous or poisonous to the individual, as is sometimes the case with cheese or even with eggs. Alcohol in large amounts is poisonous to all.

This leads me to say a word about alcohol. Is it a food? To a small extent it is. Each one of us can utilise a limited amount—say two ounces—as a source of energy. But the amount we can thus use varies in the same individual at different times, and all the alcohol we take above this small amount poisons our tissues. It is because of its poisonous action on our higher nerve-centres that we take it. It cheers by abolishing that critical faculty the exaggerated development of which in the Scot makes for the self-suppression which can be removed by an adequate dose of alcohol. For the small amount of energy we can get in alcohol we pay an exorbitant price. Energy in whisky costs at least twelve times as much as it costs in bread.

There is another aspect to the question. In this country in the manufacture of alcoholic drinks no less than a million and three-quarter tons of cereal grains, of the most valuable of

our foods, is yearly converted into what can at best be termed a luxury. With this about eighty thousand tons of sugar are used, also an energy-yielding food of high value. This grain would be sufficient to supply the necessary energy and protein for about three million men for a year. Is it wise to allow this manufacture to go on at this time? The people of the country alone can solve the question by following the example of the King. In this way only can the compensation question be solved in a manner eminently satisfactory to the nation, however unsatisfactory to the manufacturer.

We must now consider, *How do you find the value of a food?* To do this, (1) take the price per pound; (2) take the energy units—the calories—per pound, and divide by the price per pound in pence to get the value of energy purchased per penny; (3) calculate the amount of proteins per pound. To do this, take the percentage amount and divide by 0.22. To get the protein purchased per penny, divide by the cost per pound in pence. *Locke's Food Values* (Appleton, 1913) will be found useful for this purpose.

A food-stuff of high value as a source of energy should yield, at present prices, over four hundred units per penny. A food of value as a source of protein should yield over twenty grammes (about three-quarters of an ounce) per penny.

It is very interesting to compare the value of various common food-stuffs at present war-prices with their value in pre-war times. Thus the price of wheat-flour has greatly increased, while the price of potatoes in September 1915 was lower than in September 1913.* At that time

more energy could be got by the expenditure of a penny on potatoes than on wheat-flour; whereas in pre-war times more could be got from wheat-flour. Even at war-prices, the return of energy and of protein in oatmeal per penny spent remains very high.

In conclusion, we have got to recognise that we buy food not to please our palates, not to fill our bellies, but *to get the power of doing work*. At the present time we must use all our forces, we must use all our energy, if we are to win this war. Food is the ultimate source of our energy. Let us, therefore, do all that is in our power to conserve our food-supply, and to use it with knowledge, intelligence, and discrimination. 'Good intentions pave the way to hell,' and good intentions as to using food economically and avoiding all waste will not enable us to secure a diet rich in energy at a small cost. We must first get knowledge of the values of foods, and we must take the trouble to apply that knowledge to the purchase and preparation of food. It means a lot of trouble. But are we who stay at home in comfort, protected by the brave men who have gone from us to guard our safety, and who are suffering hardship and danger for our sakes—are we going to spare ourselves this trouble when it means the provision of the very sinews of war without which all their efforts, all their sacrifices, must be in vain? If we will not give ourselves this trouble, if we are not prepared to make our little sacrifices, are we worth fighting for?

If we grasp the real significance of our food-supply, if we understand why it must be utilised to the utmost, surely we must be willing to take any amount of trouble to conserve and make more available this supply.

THE BOAR'S FOOT.

CHAPTER II.

IN the afternoon he was rewarded for a morning of patience and of research in the less-frequented cafés. In front of an unpretentious hostel overlooking the sea, and on the Condamine side, he found his prey—having beer, to be sure, but, thank Heaven! alone.

Like a flash of lightning, a brilliant scheme, a perfect scheme—oh! but a scheme in a thousand—entered the Frenchman's head. 'Bah!' he muttered. 'To know him is to know all, and that is well worth an old camera and some clouded plates.' And he went back to his hotel.

A quarter of an hour later he reappeared, bearing a camera—a large one—strung round him most insecurely by a string. This string was cut through in one part to all but a thread, and

this cut part he held firmly between finger and thumb. He approached the café, and made his way to a table at the back. As he came close to the table occupied by his quarry he stopped a moment. 'Garçon,' he called, 'a bock.'

He let loose the string.

Plak!

Down came the camera, first on to the marble-topped table, and then smack on to the pavement. The glass shutter was broken in a thousand pieces. Also, the beautiful golden bock in front of the customer was upset, the glass smashed into fragments, and foam and beer and broken crystal made a mess on the marble.

'Pardon, monsieur! a thousand pardons! I offer you my sincere apologies for an unpardonable carelessness. I'—

'Not at all, not at all; it is of no consequence.'

* The price of potatoes has risen since September from about 5d. to about 8d. per stone.

Achille still stood bowing and apologising, but with a grace and dignity that astonished even himself.

'Pray accept my excuses,' he begged with an unrivalled blend of grief and friendliness. — '*Garçon*, another bock.'

'Oh, that's all right,' said Donald pleasantly; 'but I am afraid your camera is done for, and the plates inside too.'

'Ah! *mes plaques, mes plaques!*' cried Achille, lying with inspiration. 'And two of them were of Sir Donald Carnegie, a friend of mine. What misfortune! But I can easily take him again. It does not matter *vairly* much.' And slowly, very slowly, so as to let the last sentences percolate to the brain of his hearer, he began to open the camera and take out the plates. He laid one down on the little table. Then with his left leg he skilfully hooked forward one of the café chairs and sat down on it, still very busy with the camera and bending over the plates.

He purred within himself at the success of his trap.

And now a bright thought came to the young man who sat opposite him. What a rum thing that this very man should tumble up against him! The very man he wanted to know! He remembered having seen him yesterday, and also that afternoon, and he recollected with whom he was. What a bit of luck!

'All the plates smashed?' he inquired.

'No, monsieur. Two are safe. But, alas! it does not *vairly* much matter; they were all failures. And I who hoped so much, so much, to have a little *souvenir* of my friend!' And Achille sighed and stared at the broken glass.

'Did you say they were of—of Sir Donald Carnegie?'

The tone of indifference was not lost on Achille. He knew that with a Briton it often represents interest.

'*Mais oui*,' he said absently, 'Sir Donald Carnegie. You may have met him in Scotland; it seems to be a small country, where every one is cousin to every one else, and very proud of it. We stay at the same hotel. A charming man, ah, certainly!'

'I used to know him,' said the other in an even voice; 'but I've not seen him for some time. Know him well?'

Now when Achille had been asked this by the American woman he had hedged. He did not hedge now. He lied.

'Oh, *vairly* well.'

A pause.

Achille drank his bock.

'It is a curious sing that Sir Donald must know *vairly* many more English here than I know French, yet we go about together; though last year the place was brighter than this,' he added inconsequently. 'Monsieur is staying here?'

Donald seemed to wake up. 'Yes; that is, for a few days. I am yachting with some people, and something has gone wrong with the propeller. So I came here to have a look at the tables, you know.'

'*Parfaitement*. And how beautiful it is, monsieur! Look at that lovely bay, and the sun, and the colour.'

And indeed it was lovely. Long, level lines of grays and blues lay on the water, ribbons of lavender, bands of pearl. The great glare of the day was gone. A soft light fell on the buff-coloured houses all along the bay and on the grayish-greenish road toward Cap St Martin. The sky was calm and transparent as the sky of an early Italian picture. There was a clarity and a repose in the gentle evening air.

'Yes, to sink,' pursued Achille, 'of all zose who come here and look not at the beauties of nature, but at the green fields of the gaming-table. Sir Donald, he rarely plays. He collects coins.'

'I believe he does,' said Donald; 'especially French ones—Provençals, that is. He has, or had, a very valuable one from Nîmes.'

'Ah, you know something about coins, then?'

'No, no; nothing. But what made me think of it was that, funnily enough, I bought a fake, a forgery, of one of these coins to-day.'

'Ah! how interesting! How do you know it is a forgery—a fake you call it?'

'The man told me,' said Donald, fumbling for it. 'He sold it to me as an imitation, and I rather like the thing, so I got it. My'— He stopped suddenly.

Achille looked at the coin, and as he did so a great and illuminating thought flashed over him. '*Poudre de Perlimpimpin!*' he murmured; 'it is thou who art a genius, Achille Gaston Beaulande, descendant of Clovis!'

'Will you permit me to see it?' And he took the coin between his finger and thumb. He turned it round; he peered at it; he screwed his eyes up and his mouth down.

'Dear sir,' he began slowly and impressively, 'this is no imitation. It is *genuine*.'

'Genuine! It can't be. I got it from Gobert at the corner of the square, and he knows all about them. He sold it as a reproduction. He would know, because there are only seven in the world.'

'Then monsieur does know about them?'

'Oh, no. I rather liked the thing, you know.'

'I have something to propose,' began Achille, and he looked solemn and impressive. 'My suggestion is *zis*. We were speaking just now of Sir Donald Carnegie. As you know, he is an authority on these matters. I do not know *vairly* much, but I am perfectly sure, nevertheless, that this is genuine. Now, if you will have the great kindness to allow me to have it for a few hours, I will take it to him and get his advice on it. You would abide by that, I think, and conseeder it conclusive?'

'Yes.'

'*Voilà!* Let it be so. Without doubt, I say, the thing is genuine—without doubt. I am a friend of Sir Donald; but of course I present you as well with my card;' and he whipped out a largish visiting-card.

Now, seeing this card, Donald knew he was bound to produce his own. That he did not wish to do.

'Not at all—not at all,' he said uncomfortably, and refraining from looking at the pasteboard.

'*Mais, monsieur, I pass my carte. I am an apple-grower from Picardy.*'

It was the most crafty thing Achille could have said. He thus obliged the other man to do what he did not wish to do. And his companion's card was passed to him. It was inscribed, 'Mr Donald Carnegie.'

'You see it is the same name,' said the young man, trying to smile, and making a mull of it. 'As you said just now, Scotland is a small place, and most people are cousins.'

'Ah, vary interesting! Then you also are cousins?' asked Achille blandly.

'No,' with an effort; 'but we are connected.'

'Connected! It is such an amusing word, it always makes me laugh. But regard. The light fades on the bay, the blue turns itself to mauve, and the gold to brown. It becomes cold, and I must re-enter before the damp and the cheel on the liver. I take the precious coin, and I give you *rendezvous* for here, to-morrow morning, at eleven o'clock. Is that to you pleasure?'

'Certainly; anything you like,' said Donald, rising, and looking more than ever like the old man. 'It's really very good of you to take all that trouble.'

'Ah, I beg of you! To-morrow at eleven, then. *Au plaisir!*' And with a beautiful bow Achille went off, delighted at having so successfully landed his fish.

His fish meanwhile walked to the edge of the little parade and stared at the sea. 'Oh, damn it all!' he said impatiently, and walked along to the tramway to Ville Franche.

Achille, sauntering home, reflected on his adventure. Not a cousin. A nephew, perhaps; but far more likely a son. The son—the only son. The name was the same, then—both baptismal and surname. Even though Scotland was a small country, populated chiefly by cousins, certainly there were some fathers and sons among the cousins. And what, after all, had that young man done?

After dinner he asked to see the precious coin.

'You promised, monsieur, to show me that crocodile coin one day,' he began. 'It would bore you, would it, to show it me to-night?'

'Not at all—not at all; come along to my room,' said Sir Donald.

And, once in his room, Achille realised what a passion it was to the old man. He had a case with him where a few bronze coins lay embedded

in little sunk holes covered in velvet, and velvet pads over them that lifted up. How reverently Sir Donald lifted the pads by their ribbon and disclosed the treasures below! How gently he treated them! How affectionately he eyed them!

'Extraordinary!' cried Achille.

'And this,' said Sir Donald, 'is my greatest treasure of all. I would not lose it for—well, I don't know what you could offer me for it.' As he spoke he lifted with the utmost care a little pocket of velvet, and passed it across.

'Ah! The Foot of the Boar, as you say! Permit me to take it to the light.' And Achille, holding as well the spurious coin in his hand, went nearer the electric light. For one second his back was toward his host. In that second he had exchanged one coin for the other. The reproduction now lay in the velvet bed, and the face with the crocodile was downward.

'Sank you—sank you vary much. It is beautiful; it is perfect. A real treasure.'

Sir Donald gave one look at his prize, and locked it up.

True to his appointment, at eleven o'clock the next day Achille was at the little café overlooking the sea; and he had not long to wait before his new friend turned up. He came along, a tall figure in white—white flannels, white socks and shoes—and a sun-browned face and sea-coloured eyes; and in his eyes such a pleasant, frank smile that Achille's heart went out to him again. Here was something better than all the crocodile coins in the world.

'*Bon jour! bon jour!*' he cried. 'You are to the moment, and I have news, but the best of news, to tell you. Regard the coin.' And he pulled it out, and handed it over with a bow. 'Regard, I say, for it is worth a fortune.'

'Really? Fancy the thing being real!'

'Come over to this trellis,' said Achille, 'where we can look at the sea and talk. But put that treasure into your pocket, and a safe one, I implore, without a hole in it. Listen, then. I did not ask Sir Donald, but I have the opinion of a man whom I can absolutely trust'—this was himself—'and he is perfectly certain zat it is genuine. He is a man in whose judgment I have implicit belief—far more so, indeed, than in Sir Donald, who is apt to mistake the real for the false, gold for pinchbeck, you understand.'

Donald nodded. They stood on the edge of the café, looking down at some gay little boats floating idly on the water. A green trellis half-covered with jasmine hid them from the street.

'*Mais oui,*' continued Achille, 'the thing is genuine. However, to make the matter absolutely certain, let us go, see you, to the little Gobert at the corner. He will tell you yourself, or his partner Schenck, who knows more than Gobert does.'

'Right-o! We'll go along. He'll be pretty sick,' said Donald; 'he sold it to me as a fake.'

'Then the fault is to him,' said the Frenchman. 'He cannot expect it back, the rabbit!'

'Tell you what,' said Donald. 'I'll meet you there in half-an-hour. I leave Monte Carlo to-morrow.'

'You leave to-morrow? Is it indiscreet to ask why you go?'

'I am tired of the place.'

'And also,' said Achille kindly, 'you do not wish to meet your father again.'

Donald suddenly stopped. They were walking along toward the casino under the trees, and now he stopped dead on the pavement. Then he went on again. 'You are right,' he said rather stiffly. 'How did you know? Did he tell you?'

'It is hot to-day. *Mon Dieu!* it is hot,' murmured Achille, and he stopped too, but by a bench under a tree, and subsided into it. He pulled out a handkerchief and wiped his face. 'My friend,' he said, 'you meet me yesterday, you leave me to-morrow. It is quite likely—is it not?—zat I shall never see you again. I know your father; I knew your mother. What harm, then, to tell me, who after all am only a shallow and superficial Frenchman—to tell me what went wrong about zat woman?'

Donald had looked annoyed at first; but now the look gave way to surprise. Nevertheless he sat down too.

'Then he did tell you?'

'He never told me a word. Zat, on my faith of a gentleman; he has told me nothing at all. I merely perceived it.'

'You are an extraordinary man.'

'Not at all—not at all. But listen. You may never see me again. For zat matter, you may never see your father again. Also, he is miserably unhappy.'

'He has got his coins.'

The young man spoke bitterly. Achille looked at him. Yes, there was something very far wrong, and he could not see his way clearly.

'Will you not tell me?' he asked again, and very kindly.

Now, if it had been an Englishman, or even one of his own countrymen, who had thus intruded on the young man's private affairs and inquired about them, he would have been given but scant information, though he might have been given a flea in his ear. But this Frenchman was different. He was grave and sensible, and yet full of the Gallic charm that melts even insular hearts. Donald gave way.

'There's not much to tell,' he said, 'and it's not the least good telling you. A year ago I wished to marry a certain lady, and became engaged. He refused to give his consent. So I told him I would marry without it. We had a bit of a row about it. Anyhow, I informed him I was going straight to marry her that week. So he said he would disinherit me, cut me off with a shilling, and all the things that you read off in books. Well, I went off, and was going to be married. Then I got the lawyer's letter saying I was cut off out of everything, money and houses and things like that, you know. And then, well—then the lady broke it off.'

'Ah!' said Achille. 'And then what did you do?'

'I wrote telling my father that it—that she—that it was off, don't you know, and I got no answer.'

'And what did you do then?'

'I went round the world.'

'He cannot have got your letter. Even if he hadn't, I do not understand it, for people must have told him that you were not married to the lady.'

'He forbade any one to mention my name,' said Donald lucidly. 'I told you we had a row.'

Achille nodded his head two or three times. 'Let us go on.'

(Continued on page 184.)

A H W A Z.

By J. NIVEN.

AHWAZ is a small town in southern Persia, which for many years has been used by the Euphrates and Tigris Steam Navigation Company as a forwarding station. Manufactures from Europe, India, and the Far East, silk wares and embroideries from Damascus and Aleppo, dates and oranges from Baghdad and Basreh, are transhipped here into a small stern-wheel steamer, or loaded on mule or camel caravans to be carried through ancient canals or over desert plains and mountain passes to the towns of central Persia. Eight years ago it gained an added importance when it became the base of supplies for the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, whose oilfields lie among the hills to the north-

east. The pipe-line which runs from the oilfields to the shores of the Persian Gulf passes near, and this probably explains the recent fighting which took place in the neighbourhood between British and Turkish troops.

To reach Ahwaz, the traveller, who has come down the Tigris from Baghdad or Basreh, or up the Persian Gulf from India or Europe, must tranship at Mohammerah. Mohammerah is situated at the junction of the Karun and Shat-el-Arab rivers, and here the light-draught steamer which sails once a fortnight for Ahwaz lies at her moorings. At this point the river is full of cross-currents, which form whirlpools strong enough to whirl a large dhow (or sailing-boat)

round and round in their eddies. On the right bank of the river stands a country-house belonging to the sheikh of Mohammerah, one of the wealthiest and most powerful men in the district. He is a very strong man in every sense of the word, and rules the Arab tribes with a rod of iron. Being on the frontier line which divides Turkish Arabia from Persia, this district is the dumping-ground for all those who have run counter to law and have managed to evade justice, and it is fortunate that its ruler has a strong hand with which to keep them in check. It is fortunate, too, that his sympathies are with the British, and that he does all he can to help them. Extensive date-gardens, orchards, and vineries surround the house, and almost hide it from view. The Karun, unlike the muddy and turbulent Tigris, has water of a clear and limpid blue, which is very good for drinking purposes, so that the British gunboats, when stationed at Fao or Bushire, often run up here to renew their water-supply.

The journey from Mohammerah to Ahwaz takes about two days. For some time before the steamer starts the scene on the bank and on board is one of noise and confusion. A barge lies alongside, and the great bales of cargo are rolled over a plank on to its iron deck; the coolies shout and sing a sort of rhythmic chant as they push the huge bundles to their places on the heaps which are piled high on both barge and steamer. Crowds of children chatter and jostle as they hurry to the river's edge. The deck passengers begin to arrive, sitting sideways on mules or horses; or they trudge steadily along through the dust, carrying their goods on their heads or on their shoulders. All have long rolls of bedding tied up in their prayer-rugs. Some carry bundles of various shapes and sizes wrapped in calico or packed into saddle-bags; others shoulder cheap tin trunks; others, again, carry long strings of cooking utensils and charcoal braziers and tripods. They themselves are of many nationalities—Jews and Greeks, Turks and Armenians, Talkedis and Beluchis. They wear many varieties of dress, from the Arab cloak to the European suit; but the long kilted frock-coat and brimless felt hat of the lowlander, and the tunic-blouse and astrakhan cap of the Bakhtiaris, or Persian highlanders, predominate. Here and there one sees a Persian lady and her maid; but she is so ensnathed in cloaks and veil that nothing but the eyes is visible. She hurries at once to her cabin, from which she will not emerge until the journey is at an end. A manservant will cook her food, and bring it to the door of the cabin, where the maid will receive it and give it to her mistress. Persian women of less wealth and dignity are to be seen among the deck passengers; but they too are draped in black from top to toe, and keep themselves muffled up, face and all, no matter how great the heat may be. Among the men, the Persians are

easily distinguished from the other Eastern races. They are slender and of medium height, with classic features which recall the profiles on some of the ancient Greek coins. They are crafty, vain, and untrustworthy. A Persian seldom makes a good servant. Unlike the Indian—who will as a matter of business cheat his sahib, but will at the same time whole-heartedly protect his employer's interests from the cupidity of others—the Persian is not above both cheating and helping others to cheat his master. He refuses to learn, being convinced that he already knows more than any Britisher can teach him, and he looks upon all Feringhees as his legitimate prey. He has neither the easy good-nature and keen sense of humour which characterise the Arab, nor the deep devotion and faithfulness which mark the finer type of Indian.

Late in the afternoon the last package is rolled on board, the gangway is removed, and the steamer gets under way. As she begins to move, the myriad noises gradually die away; the gaping villagers disperse, the shouting coolies are left behind, the deck passengers settle down in their respective corners, and nothing is heard save the wash of the waves and the croaking of countless frogs in the date-gardens.

There is not much variety of scenery for the next two days. The journey lies all the way between level banks, with the desert land stretching far into the distance on either side. There is no vegetation save the gray-green prickly stems of the camel-thorn, which clothes the land. Here and there we pass some Arab encampments, where the square black camel-hair tents of the Bedouins are grouped closely together; now and then we sail along between little villages of reed huts and mud-brick houses; but no event marks the idle passage of time as we glide on into the brilliant hues of the golden sunset, or wake once more to meet the radiance of the pearly dawn. The air is so clear and pure that objects which are miles distant are quite clearly seen by the naked eye; the brilliant blue of the sky is mirrored in the limpid waters of the river; the silence of the desert is unbroken save by the onward rush of the steamer or the voices of the boatmen, who take soundings every now and again to find where the bed of the stream is deepest. For part of the way the character of the land changes, the dry yellow soil of the desert giving place to long stretches of reed-grown marshes. The boat is then invaded by countless insects, of infinite variety as regards colour, size, and shape. But this marshland is soon left behind, and the whole world seems wrapped in peace. No better rest-cure could be found for the fagged and nerve-racked city worker than these days of quiet, rhythmic motion on the bosom of the softly flowing stream.

As we near Ahwaz the river has to be carefully navigated, as it is choked with the remains of ancient buildings, and stones lie in heaps in

the very midst of the channel. The water now flows over the site of an ancient town, whose buildings must have been of stone, a rare thing in the modern towns of southern Persia, where the houses are built of native-made or sun-dried bricks. Gradually the outlying villages are passed, and the steamer comes slowly to anchor at the river's edge.

Just above the landing-stage stands the house of the steamship company's agents. It is a long, low building, whose verandas are upheld by massive stone pillars, built of the stone which must have formed part of some ancient town long buried under the desert sands. A garden with olive, orange, and palm trees, and a few bright-coloured flowers, affords a pleasant rest to the eye.

As the steamer draws alongside, the whole town seems to wake from torpor, and to become instinct with life and excitement. Pariah dogs begin to yelp and bark; men appear from narrow lanes and hurry down to the landing-stage; men on horse or mule back arrive from the outlying villages, and ride at a gallop to the very edge of the water. The sun beats down on the yellow soil of the desert, on the gray-green of the camel-thorn which fringes its paths, on the long blue tunics of the Talkefi sailors, on the golden sashes and turbans of the Persians, on the brown or fawn-coloured or sombre black cloaks of the Arabs, making of each a vivid splash of colour against the drabness of the mud-brick houses. At the time of our visit oil had not yet been found in southern Persia, and Ahwaz still consisted of but a few scattered houses built on the banks of the river, and the town stopped abruptly on the edge of the desert. There were only three European residents—the British consul, the Russian consular agent, and the agent of the Euphrates and Tigris Steam Navigation Company.

All around on the desert are to be found traces of ancient cities and ancient civilisations. Cylindrical seals, with the name of their possessor in Arabic or cuneiform lettering; shards of pottery, whose vivid blues, greens, and purples have withstood the tropical sun for countless generations, and whose brilliant glaze still bears witness to the art of the potter; or some graceful vessel in a state of perfect preservation, all bear testimony to the artistic powers of the ancient Persians.

The climate is very dry and healthy, malaria is practically unknown, outdoor sports can be enjoyed in the winter or in the early morning during the hot weather, and the wide desert spaces offer an ideal opportunity to the lover of riding. To live in Ahwaz is to live on the desert itself, but a desert made less desolate by the patches of green which mark the spot where a few waving trees shade a human habitation, a desert where the springing ears of corn bear witness to the presence and

labour of man, a desert whose vast silence is broken by the soft wash of the waves and the unceasing murmur of the rapids, a desert whose endless monotony is relieved by a line of low foothills and the misty glimpse of the far-off mountains which are the highland fastnesses of southern Persia. To sit on the housetops at night is to realise the immensity of space, the infinity of starry worlds, the eternal calm of life's greatest things. It is as if one were really on the roof of the world, and as if all this restless human life of ours marked but a moment in the great eternities. The sense of the vastness of things becomes so overwhelming that it is a relief when the tinkle of mule-bells announcing an incoming caravan brings us back to the everyday activities and comfortable realities of life. And yet in the moonlight a mystery enshrouds even these. The long line of softly stepping camels and slowly striding mules, the picturesque figures of the drivers as they march alongside in their kilted tunics and brimless hats, the raucous cries of the muleteers, and the answering groans of the camels, all seem to convey a sense of unreality, seem to be dream-figures in some half-forgotten fairy tale, phantoms belonging to the silent empty spaces, which may vanish with the morning light. With the new dawn they seem more comprehensible and real; and as the sun rises, and the whole community wakes from sleep, the quiet square is turned into a scene of bustle and activity. The men run to and fro, shouting and gesticulating; the camels rouse themselves with many groans and grunts, and stand with swaying necks and open mouths to receive their breakfast. This consists of huge balls of barley mixed into a paste, which are thrust down the gaping throats as each animal comes forward to receive its share. The older beasts seem to like this food, and even try to deceive their drivers into giving them a double portion; but the younger camels scream and struggle as the ball of barley is forced down their unwilling throats. It is extraordinary how obedient these animals are. One word seems to convey to them a command, which is instantly obeyed, and a long procession of them will line up on one side of the road at a given signal.

But the point of greatest interest in the neighbourhood is the low range of hills which lie somewhat to the east of the town. They contain the remains of old cave dwellings which have probably been inhabited at one time by outlawed or robber tribes. A picnic to the hills is hailed with joy by the Europeans; for it is a delight to climb once more, and to have a view from a height, after months spent on the level. The surrounding country lies spread out at our feet as we look from the window spaces of these ancient mountain caves—broad yellow plains with the silver

thread of the river gleaming in the sun, a few scattered houses, a mosque or two, a few trees, some fields of wheat, the 'strip of herbage strewn, which just divides the desert from the sown;' and, on the eastward side, the Bakhtiari Hills looming vaguely in the distance. It is all spread out at our feet like a living map.

Just above Ahwaz the river forms rapids which cannot be crossed by boat, so goods which have to be conveyed by water to Shuster and other towns are carried across a strip of land to a small stern-wheel steamer called the *Shushan*. A line of rails has been laid down on the desert, and the goods are carried in wagons drawn by mules and horses. The journey from Ahwaz to Shuster is one of the most interesting which the traveller can take in this land which is so largely made up of endless plains. We had looked forward to it for months, and started at the end of the hot season, when the shade temperature in the daytime was still considerably over one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, but when the nights had begun to grow cool, and sleeping in a cabin was again possible. On its previous journey the *Shushan* had been attacked by pirates, and part of the woodwork on deck had been shot away, so every one was prepared for possible hostilities on the part of the robber tribes. A band of Arab soldiers were encamped on the deck, and a number of mounted Cossacks rode alongside on the banks of the river; every man on board carried a knife or a pistol, and in our cabin was a stack of guns and a box of cartridges. In spite of all these warlike preparations, however, our journey was fated to be entirely peaceable and uneventful. At first we steamed along amid scenery very like that which we had left behind; but gradually the ground became hummocky and overgrown with short scrub; and galloping horsemen, as they appeared and disappeared among the hillocks, lent a picturesque touch to the scene. Our second day's sailing brought us to a part of the river where the banks rose sheer out of the water, and towered high above us. We were told that these were really the walls of one of the ancient canals which served to water the land and supply the cities in the Babylonian era. An adjoining canal which branches off at right angles to the main waterway leads to the site of the ancient city of Shushan, known now as Susa, where Daniel lived, and where Esther became queen in place of Vashti. A party of archaeologists are sent there each winter, and are financed by a French millionaire. They have built a regular fort out on the desert, to protect themselves from bands of marauding Arabs, and live there during the six cool months of the year. Their excavations have brought to light the palace of Ahasuerus, and they have found old vessels of gold and silver, valuable statuettes, and ancient writings.

As our journey proceeded we drew ever nearer to the hills, and as we wound round the different bends of the river they rose high above us in ever-varied aspects. It was a joy to us to be once more among rocks and mountains, and we feasted our eyes on every curve and peak, which stood out so clearly defined against the intense blue of the cloudless sky. Wild duck and partridge were plentiful here, and now and then a rarer bird, the great bustard, would hover on the wing, tempting the Arabs to shoot at it. Fortunately they never succeeded in bringing one down, to be left wounded and dying on the desolate shore.

On the third day after leaving Ahwaz we reached our mooring-place, and cast anchor at the river's edge, about half-an-hour's distance from the town of Shuster. The river-banks slope upward at this point; and as the steamer lies in the stream it affords a good target to any one shooting from the shore. Here it had been attacked on its last visit, and some anxiety was felt as night drew near. Our guards gathered round, however, and we were disturbed by nothing more dangerous than the arrival of a camel caravan, with its accompanying shouts and groans as the drivers unloaded and fed their beasts. Shuster is a typical south Persian town, with narrow lanes and high houses whose overhanging balconies almost touch each other as they jut outward toward the middle of the street. The soil is very dry, and *serdabs* (or cellars) have been dug out twenty or thirty feet below the houses, and to these the inhabitants retire during the hottest hours of the day. With a shade temperature of one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit in the rooms overhead, these cellars are so cool that one wants extra wraps on first entering them. Such an abrupt change of temperature is by no means healthy, and gives rise to malaria and sun-fever.

Shuster is famous for the manufacture of a particular kind of rug; it is hand-woven, thin in texture, and has no pile. The colouring is very brilliant and the designs bold and startling; but they give an Oriental note to a room when used as curtains or covers for divans.

We lay only one night at Shuster, so the boatmen and coolies were kept busy till a very late hour unloading and then loading cargo. As twilight fell the intending passengers began to arrive, but most of them encamped on shore till morning. Carpets were unrolled, bedding laid out, and the charcoal lit in the braziers. The dull glow of the fires was reflected on the many-coloured turbans (golden or red or green), on the flowing cloaks of the Arabs, on the gleaming sashes of the Persians, on the sombre outlines of black-veiled women, on the kneeling figures of the devout Mohammedans as they said their evening prayers, and on the flashing eyes and sun-browned faces of many an Eastern pilgrim

on his way to bury his dead in the sacred cities of Keebela or Kasmain. Behind them loomed vaguely in the starlight the shadowy shapes of the camels, which had been brought to a halt at the river's edge, and had settled themselves for the night where they might have company and protection. Gradually a great stillness fell on all, broken only by the sharp bark of a wandering jackal or the melancholy cry of a prowling hyena, by the ripple of the river as it broke against its banks, by the restless movement of some wakeful traveller, or the uneasy groaning of a weary camel.

With the first streak of dawn we prepared to

start once more, and men and beasts alike were roused from slumber. Ashes were shaken out of the braziers, rugs and bedding rolled up and carried on board, the last heaps of cargo placed in position. The passengers took their places on deck, the camel caravans prepared to wander farther over the desert, the Cossacks came once more into view and set off at a mad gallop through the sand, and the paddle-wheel began to churn up the water. We had started on our journey back to Ahwaz, filled with a great regret that we had to turn our backs upon the hills, and leave behind us the undulating plains which seemed to break into waves at their base.

DUST-BIN PROBLEMS.

By D. M. FORD.

AN interesting record of the sanitary benefits which can be effected in our towns and villages by careful attention to the subject of domestic refuse is now available in the recently published *Return as to Scavenging in Urban Districts*, prepared by the Public Health Department of the Local Government Board.

The problem of scavenging, at first glance, may possibly appear revolting rather than attractive; yet no other subject is more intimately connected with public health, and incidentally with public savings. In London recently, where the collection of refuse is weekly or bi-weekly, a medical correspondent pointed out that the public must understand that if they insist upon a daily collection of their household refuse they will drive death and disease from their homes, they will save the lives of their young children, they will be rid to a great extent of the fly pest, and they will actually save money as well.

How many people, for instance, voluntarily familiarise themselves with the methods of storing refuse which obtain in their particular district, whether in fixed ashpits (always more or less objectionable on account of the difficulties of thoroughly cleansing and emptying them) or in movable receptacles? It would certainly seem as if the presence of ashpits in the near vicinity of dwelling-houses was productive of no very serious loss of equanimity to the inhabitants of this country, since the *Return* informs us that 54 per cent. of urban districts in England and Wales still adhere to this method of storing their refuse, with its invariable accompaniments of vermin and smells. Movable receptacles for house refuse are less open to complaint, since these permit the contents to be thrown directly into the removal cart, and, owing to limitations of size, exact frequent emptying. But how many householders realise that unless *suitable* receptacles are provided, the same calamities which hover about the fixed ashpit will inevitably haunt the pathway of the insanitary bin? Section 157

of the Public Health Act (1875) enjoins that all movable receptacles used for storing refuse shall be 'constructed of galvanised iron, or other suitable impervious material of a sufficient strength and thickness, provided with suitable handles and a properly fitting rainproof cover, and of a capacity not exceeding two and a half cubic feet;' yet the facility with which the consciences of the community evade this particular decree is accurately determined by the *Return*, which states that only 11 per cent. of urban districts in this country are provided with sanitary dust-bins, the remainder, after ashpits have been disposed of, possessing only miscellaneous receptacles.

The type of removal cart, again, bears the very closest relationship to the public health; yet what degree of scrutiny does the average citizen bestow on the nature of the local tumbril as it jogs relentlessly past his door? In Vienna the domestic refuse from its two million or more inhabitants is collected by carts provided with special receptacles. All the dust-bins are covered square boxes of a uniform shape and size. These boxes are pushed into the receptacle of the cart, which is then closed by a lid, and the box is uncovered and emptied by turning a handle without any dust escaping into the street. The example of the Austrian capital is doubtless a counsel of perfection so far as this country is concerned; but one would naturally assume that no community could possibly exist which did not enforce the provision of at least *covered* vehicles for the removal of house refuse, and these of a sufficient size and number to prevent overloading of the contents. Reference to the *Return*, however, assures us that we are not altogether correct in our surmise. Covered removal carts, it appears, are in use in only 63 per cent. of the urban districts of England and Wales, the remainder of the inhabitants being guilty of still adhering to the abhorred open vehicles. The writer of this article cherishes a vivid recollection of this latter type of removal cart in an ancient cathedral city.

Eagerly shadowed by a ragged horde on the *qui vive* for 'droppings,' heaped to the skies with all manner of offensive items exhaling poisonous effluvia down every street, the winds of heaven wantoning amidst the garbage, and scattering impartially to all points of the compass dust, rags, feathers, and one's most intimate scraps of correspondence, thus this prehistoric equipage pursued its appointed route, the shadow of the venerable pile overhead imparting a touch of forlorn dignity amongst the dismal surroundings.

The utilisation of domestic refuse is probably a subject which attracts even less general attention than either its removal or storage. Yet to the utilitarian type of mind (and who is not an economist nowadays?) this problem is intimately connected not only with interest but with ingenuity. The remunerative disposal of house refuse, unfortunately, involves sorting, one of the most degrading and worst-paid trades, which, however, could speedily be robbed of its most objectionable features if householders would undertake to perform part of the process themselves. Mr J. A. Priestley, Sheffield's cleansing superintendent, is very emphatic on this point. He says: 'The sorting of refuse as at present carried out in many districts in London is very objectionable on sanitary grounds, but with present methods I do not see how any sorting process other than by hand is feasible. My own view is that the sorting ought to be rendered unnecessary by a separation of the usable and unusable classes of refuse at each house, with a separate receptacle for each class. By this means, refuse which had any value would not be contaminated by refuse requiring destruction, and the sorting out into different classes would be robbed of its present objectionable features.'

We are informed by the Return that the remunerative value of house refuse varies with its nature and degree. It is generally assumed that where fish and animal offal abounds in sufficient quantity it is a paying proposition to put down plant for its conversion into artificial manure. Waste-paper, too often consigned to the flames, is another marketable item, being easily pressed into bales which the papermaker can work up again into a useful commodity. The value of tin-plate, however, has considerably decreased of late years. At one time it appears to have been worth eleven shillings a ton, and down to as late as 1911 Northampton's annual profits on tin-plate and solder alone amounted to nearly eight hundred pounds. The present decreased value of tin-plate is owing in great measure to the small amount of solder now used in its general composition, and there is a general consensus of opinion that only a combined solder recovery and detinning process will ever make this commodity really profitable again. Galvanised and enamelled scrap metal is recognised as commanding a ready market anywhere, whilst bottle glass fetches from ten

shillings to twelve-and-six a ton. Even ashes, clinker, and flue dust may be used up in the making of mortar, concrete flags, and disinfectant powder. The filter-beds at sewage-works dispose of some of these residuals, whilst various attempts at brickmaking are responsible for the rest.

Destructors play an important part in the utilisation of dust-bin contents; but these, unfortunately, are only possible in rich and populous districts. When fitted with boilers for generating steam, destructors can also be used to make electricity, or to pump sewage, or for other machinery. The profits realised from the various by-products of the destructor reach quite fabulous sums in many of our large cities. Manchester's receipts in twelve months from old iron and tins have amounted before now to over one thousand pounds, the sale of waste-paper has brought in one hundred and eighty-three pounds, and twenty-three pounds has been gained by the utilisation of clinker. In Glasgow, where a process is in operation to make artificial manure out of fish and slaughter-house offal, the profits in 1914 from this source of revenue amounted to close upon eleven thousand pounds. At the destructor stations of this same city waste metal is automatically separated from clinker, and sold for nearly thirty shillings per ton. In Liverpool some three hundred yards of flags are made every day for use in the various streets from clinker refuse.

Districts not possessing a destructor (and these are all too many, according to the Return) dispose of their house refuse in various limited ways. Towns on the seacoast or tidal rivers frequently barge their refuse out to sea. In the country, farmers and market gardeners often receive a large proportion of the available house refuse from the towns, and use it for manure. Sometimes the contents of dust-bins are used to fill up marshes and excavations; but in far too many districts the refuse is merely 'tipped' at places sufficiently remote from human habitation. Yet even a 'tip' has its mission in life, for at the end of three years the material of which it is composed becomes completely disintegrated, when it forms valuable manure for heavy soils, or can be used in brick-burning.

MOTHER OF SONS.

YOUR hands are tired with their long day's labour—
Toil-worn hands that have worked with a will;
Will they know no rest till they lie for ever
In that firm clasp, so white and so still?

Your dark-rimmed eyes are dimmed with weeping,
Their heavy lids are fain to close;
Must they see more sorrow ere the last mist rising
Heralds the hour of the long repose?

Though dusk has filled the valley hollows,
The thick dews fallen, the wind grown cold,
In the west there glows the rose of promise,
With flaming petals and heart of gold!

GEORGE ROWNTREE HARVEY.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

ROUMANIAN CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

By G. BASIL BARHAM.

IT is impossible to travel through Roumania without arriving at the conclusion that the average Roumanian must be the most superstitious person on earth. Before he is born his mother is hemmed round with all manner of conventions. She may not do this, she may not do that; she may not even steal lest the image of the stolen object should appear on the face of the child. When the time comes for him to make his appearance no one must hear of it, or the birth will be painful. Should, however, another woman hear the news, the correct thing to do is for her to come and present the invalid that is to be with some shreds torn from her clothing. These shreds should then be burned without loss of time.

The newly born Roumanian must be bathed immediately in hot water in which a white goose has been dipped. This is a wise precaution, as it renders the child immune against witchcraft. But, after being bathed, on no account must the child be allowed to sleep before a small pellet of wood ashes mixed with saliva is pressed on his forehead to ward off the evil eye. In certain localities, near the Pindos, the Armini people pickle the new arrival in salt for twelve hours; after which they wash his little body with water and wine.

The new baby's bath water is always poured carefully on the ground within the shadow of the house. The place where it is poured must be perfectly clean, or the fairies will get angry and curse the child with bad luck. It is interesting to note that for three weeks after the birth both the mother and the infant must wear something of a red colour, even if it be only a scrap of ribbon. It is as well to continue this precaution, which is directed against the evil eye, until the child is a month or even six weeks old.

At the time of the first feeding the mother must have a sieve with a little crumbled bread in it held over her head. Further, if any friends or relations come to visit her before the child is a month old, she must not say a word to them on their departure, lest her milk go with them. She must not be left alone, nor may she see a light from another house, before the christening. A lamp, burning oil in preference to grease,

must be kept alight in her room for forty days after the accouchement.

On the evening of the day on which the child is three days old the house door must be locked, and every one must retire to rest at sundown. No one may leave his room or get up before sunrise on any account; nor must a light be shown in any other than the mother's room, for on that night the three Fate-bringers will visit the house, and finally decide as to the luck of the child. If they are disturbed in any way they may visit their displeasure upon the child; and I have been assured that a certain family who kept a dog even went to the length of shutting the animal out of doors the night their first-born was three days old, lest he should bite one of the fairies!

The child must not be left alone if it can be avoided, even for a moment, before the christening. Were it left unattended, either the Devil would warp its mind or change it for a pink fiend, or a wandering vampire would come and turn it into a vampire too. I may add here that the Roumanians of the Carpathians believe as firmly in the existence of vampires as they do in the existence of a hereafter. They *know* there are vampires. Of course, there are times when it might be absolutely necessary to leave the child unattended for a few moments, in which case a broom placed across the cradle, or, rather, trough—for a Roumanian cradle is little more—will keep the child from harm.

No one should step over a cradle that is occupied, as that would prevent the child from growing tall. No mother should kiss her child in the palm of its left hand, or it would grow up with a tendency toward dishonesty; to kiss it in the palm of the right hand would be to cause it to become an open thief. It is a most unwise thing for a mother to kiss her infant in the nape of its neck, as it would be almost certain to cause him to grow up a self-willed, disobedient fellow, who would ultimately go to the bad altogether.

One of the most curious superstitions that have come to my notice is that if a child is slow in learning to walk, if it seems nervous, or stumbles, or cries if it is stood on its feet, all that has to be done is for the mother to tie its little feet together with a piece of red thread,

string, or ribbon, carry it to the doorstep, lay it down, and then—using an axe if possible, but if not an axe, a hatchet—cut the thread, which will at the same time cut the child's fear away.

Baptism in Roumania is by complete immersion, and as soon as the child is baptised it is given Holy Communion. If it fails to cry during that ceremony it is proved to be a child of the Evil One, and is to be shunned through life. It is seldom that a child has to bear that stigma! Whichever one it may be of the infant's relations that is holding the child at the time usually sees to that by means of a discreetly given little pinch.

Neither the mother nor the father may attend this baptism, for some reason I am unable to arrive at. When the Holy Communion is administered holy oils are rubbed on the child; after which it must not be washed for a month. At the end of that time the holy oils are washed off in the presence of all the relations and friends of the child. Every one present is expected to drop a coin, as large as he can afford, into the bath, in order to ensure that the child shall become rich and prosperous. It may be mentioned that the Roumanian loses no opportunity for feasting if he can help it, and the washing away of the holy oils is a ceremony which is usually followed by an orgy of flesh-meats and cakes.

Should a mother lose all her children but one through sickness or accident, as soon as the last little victim is buried she will take the survivor, wrap it in a cloak, lay it on the doorstep of the village church, and turn away weeping bitterly. A friend is, however, conveniently at hand who picks up the child, and takes it back to the mother. But the mother refuses to consider it as hers, and will only consent to adopt it. This is supposed to break the trail of bad luck, as the evil influence which had compassed the death of the others will be deceived into believing that the surviving child is a foundling who has nothing to do with the family it has been persecuting.

It is of interest to note that St Andrew's Eve, Christmas Eve, New Year's Eve, and the Eve of Epiphany are evenings during which careful inquirers can read the future so far as love and fortune are concerned. If a sprig of sweet basil can be stolen from a priest, and left on the thatch all night, the one who placed it there will know in the morning whether he will have great good-luck or not, as, if he is to be fortunate, it will be covered with hoar-frost. The love-sick maid and swain can tell, on any of these evenings, whether they will be married that winter by merely placing a sprig of sweet basil near a stone in the garden. If it is frost-covered next morning they may order their wedding garments without the slightest fear that they may not be needed.

If, on any of these four evenings, a maid or wife desires to learn if her lover or husband is

true or not, two pig's bristles will tell her if she places them together on the hearth. If he be true they will curl and turn together, but if he be false they will twist apart. On these four evenings it is the custom for all the maids in the house to take an onion each, hollow it out, fill it with salt, and stand it on the window-sill. She whose onion in the morning contains most water will be married before the others.

One of the most potent love-charms is a sprig of a basil plant sown and grown in a particular way. If it can be placed in the clothing of a favourite young man or maid it will cause love to be reciprocated in a few hours. But it is not easy to grow the plant. It must be grown from seed carried to the garden in the mouth on St George's morning; the lips must numble a depression in the soil in which the seed may lie, and the lips must cover it with loose earth. Then the seed is to be watered every morning with water brought in the mouth, exactly at the time the sun is peeping over the horizon. If a few minutes too late, the charm will never act, and a new seed must be sown the following year.

A wedding takes three days as a minimum, and is hedged about with restrictions. The food must be prepared in a certain way and cooked in a particular manner, otherwise all sorts of unpleasant fates will await the young couple. All weddings begin on a Thursday, and are not completed by the Saturday, when the couple are brought together for the first time during the ceremony for the feast proper. The preliminary stages of the wedding take place at the houses of the parents of the bride and bridegroom; the latter part at the house the young people are going to occupy.

As soon as the guests arrive the bride has to throw cold water on them in a literal sense. This she does by means of a spoon, and each drop a guest receives means a blessing. Some guests make a practice of getting as close as possible to the fair sprinkler. As soon as the guests are all assembled feasting commences, and goes on all through the Saturday night and Sunday; and on Sunday the actual wedding takes place. The couple are first married by the mayor of the village; after which they go to the church for Holy Communion, returning home to the grand feast which concludes the wedding festivities, until the evening of the following day, when they are resumed and more feasting is indulged in. The duration of this depends on the good sense of all concerned and the amount of funds which can be got together.

Married life is not according to Western conventions, as it is firmly believed that if a man does not beat his wife he does not love her, and consequently a woman who did not receive an occasional thrashing would begin to seek about for evidence sufficient to justify her applying for a divorce.

On no account must a dying person be allowed to pass away in the dark. He must hold a candle or taper in his hand at the moment of dissolution, as the light keeps away evil spirits who would tamper with his soul, and in addition enables his spirit to find its way to heaven. When the dying man has breathed his last, the window must be opened instantly, or, failing that, one of the panes of glass or sheets of oiled paper, whichever are used, must be broken in order that the spirit may pass easily away. The body is then washed reverently in hot water, which is afterwards carefully poured at the foot of a tree; his nails are cut and the parings embedded in

wax and retained by the relations as keepsakes; and afterwards he is dressed in new linen, his best clothes, and a black lambskin hat. For three days candles are kept burning before the corpse; after which the coffin, uncovered, is taken to the churchyard. The reason for its being left uncovered is to enable the dead to take a last look at the world. In certain districts the authorities will not allow interments being made in that manner, and the difficulty is got over by putting little windows in the sides and lid of the coffin. After the funeral every one drinks to the future life of the departed, but before doing so is careful to spill a few drops of wine on the ground.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

CHAPTER IX.—*continued.*

THE leader of the convoy was greeted by a furious staff officer in such terms that Dalroy judged it expedient he and the others should slip away quietly. This they contrived to do. Maertz recommended an inn in a side-street, where they would be welcomed if accommodation were available. And it was. There were no troops billeted in Verviers. Every available man was being hurried to the front. Dalroy watched two infantry regiments passing while Maertz and Joos were securing rooms. Though the soldiers were sturdy fellows, and they could not have made an excessively long march, many of them limped badly, and only maintained their places in the ranks by force of an iron discipline. He was puzzled to account for their jaded aspect. An hour later, while lying awake in a fairly comfortable bed, and trying to frame some definite programme for the day which had already dawned, he solved the mystery. The soldiers were wearing new boots! Germany had everything ready for her millions. He learnt subsequently that when the German armies entered the field they were followed by ammunition trains carrying four thousand million rounds of small-arm cartridges alone!

He met Joos and Maertz at *déjeuner*, a rough but satisfying meal, and was faced by the disquieting fact that neither Madame Joos nor Irene could leave the bedroom which they shared with Léontine. Madame was done up; *cette course l'a excédé*, her husband put it; while mademoiselle's ankles were swollen and painful.

These misfortunes were, perhaps, a blessing in disguise. An enforced rest was better than no rest at all, and the constant vigil by night and day was telling even on the apple-cheeked Léontine.

Joos wanted to wander about the town and pick up news, but Dalroy dissuaded him. The woman who kept the little *auberge* was thoroughly trustworthy, and hardly another soul

in Verviers knew of their presence in the town. News they could do without, whereas recognition might be fatal.

Irene put in an appearance late in the day. She had borrowed a pair of slippers, and the landlady had promised to buy her a pair of strong boots. Sabots she would never wear again, she vowed. They might be comfortable and watertight when one was accustomed to them, but life was too strenuous in Belgium just then to permit of experiments in foot-gear.

When night fell Joos could not be kept in. It was understood that the *Kommandantur* had ordered all inhabitants to remain indoors after nine o'clock, so the old man had hardly an hour at his disposal for what he called a *petit tour*. But he was not long absent. He had encountered a friend, a curé whose church near Anbel had been blown to atoms by German artillery during a frontier fight on the Monday afternoon.

This gentleman, a venerable ecclesiastic, discovered Dalroy's nationality after five minutes' chat. He had in his possession a copy of a proclamation issued by Von Emmich. It began: 'I regret very much to find that German troops are compelled to cross the frontier of Belgium. They are constrained to do so by sheer necessity, the neutrality of Belgium having already been violated by French officers, who, in disguise, have passed through Belgian territory in an automobile in order to penetrate Germany.'

The curé, whose name was Garnier, laughed sarcastically at the childishness of the pretext put forward by the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Meuse. 'Was war waged for such a flimsy reason ever before in the history of the world?' he said. 'What fire-eaters these "disguised" French officers must have been! Imagine the hardihood of the braves who would "penetrate" mighty Germany in one automobile! This silly lie bears the date of 4th August, yet

my beloved church was then in ruins, and a large part of the village in flames!'

'Verviers seems to have escaped punishment. How do you account for it?' inquired Dalroy.

'It seems to be a deliberate policy on the part of the Germans to spare one town and destroy another. Both serve as examples, the one as typical of the excellent treatment meted out to those communities which welcome the invaders, the other as a warning of the fate attending resistance. Both instances are absolutely untrue. Every burgomaster in Belgium has issued notices calling on non-combatants to avoid hostile acts, and Verviers is exactly on a par with the other unfortified towns in this part of the country. The truth is, monsieur, that the Germans are furious because of the delay our gallant soldiers have imposed on them. It is bearing fruit, too. I hear that England has already landed an army at Ostend.'

Dalroy shook his head. 'I wish I might credit that,' he said sadly. 'I am a soldier, monsieur, and you may take it from me that such a feat is quite impossible in the time. We might send twenty or thirty thousand men by the end of this week, and another similar contingent by the end of next week. But months must elapse before we can put in the field an army big enough to make headway against the swarms of Germans I have seen with my own eyes.'

'Months!' gasped the curé. 'Then what will become of my unhappy country? Even to-day we are living on hope. Liège still holds out, and the people are saying, "The English are coming; all will be well!" A man was shot to-day in this very town for making that statement.'

'He must have been a fool to voice his views in the presence of German troops.'

The priest spread wide his hands in sorrowful gesture. 'You don't understand,' he said. 'Belgium is overrun with spies. It is positively dangerous to utter an opinion in any mixed company. One or two of the bystanders will certainly be in the pay of the enemy.'

As the curé was now on surer ground than when he spoke of a British army on Belgian soil, Dalroy egged him on to talk. 'My chief difficulty is to know how the money was raised to support all these agencies,' he said. 'Consider, monsieur. Germany maintains an enormous army. She has a fleet second only to that of Britain. She finances her traders and subsidises her merchant ships as no other nation does. How is it credible that she should also find means to keep up a secret service which must have cost millions sterling a year?'

'Yes, you are certainly English,' said the priest, with a sad smile. 'You don't begin to estimate the peculiarities of the German character. We Belgians, living, so to speak, within arm's-length of Germany, have long seen the danger, and feared it. Every German is taught that the

world is his for the taking. Every German is encouraged in the belief that the national virtue of organised effort is the one and only means of commanding success. Thus the State is everything, the individual nothing. But the State rewards the individual for services rendered. The German dotes on titles and decorations, and what easier way of earning both than to supply information deemed valuable by the various State departments? Plenty of wealthy Germans in Belgium paid their own spies, and used the knowledge so gained for their private ends as well as for the benefit of the State. During the past twenty years the whole German race has become a most efficient secret society, its members being banded together for their common good, and leagued against the rest of the world. The German never loses his nationality, no matter how long he may dwell in a foreign country. My own Church claims to be Catholic and universal, yet I would not trust a German colleague in any matter where the interests of his country were at stake. The Germans are a race apart, and believe themselves superior to all others. There was a time, in my youth, when Prussia was distinct from Saxony, or Württemberg, or Bavaria. That feeling is dead. The present Emperor has welded his people into one tremendous machine, partly by playing upon their vanity, partly by banging the German drum during his travels, but mainly by dangling before their eyes the reward that men have always found irresistible—the spoliation of other lands, the prospect of sudden enrichment. Every soldier marching past this house at the present moment hopes to rob Belgium and France. And now England is added to the enticing list of well-stocked properties that may be lawfully burgled. I am no prophet, monsieur. I am only an old man who has watched the upspringing of a new and terrible force in European politics. I may live an hour or ten years; but if God spares me for the latter period I shall see Germany either laid in the dust by an enraged world or dominating the earth by brutal conquest.'

But for the outbreak of the war Dalroy would have passed the 'interpreter' test in German some few weeks later. He had spent his 'language leave' in Berlin, and was necessarily familiar with German thought and literature. Often had he smiled at Teutonic boastfulness. Now the simple words of an aged village curé had given a far-reaching and sinister meaning to much that had seemed the mere froth of a vigorous race fermenting in successful trade.

'Do you believe that the German colony in England pursues the same methods?' he asked, and his heart sank as he recalled the wealth and social standing of the horde of Germans in the British Isles.

'Can the leopard change his spots?' quoted the other. 'A year ago one of my friends, a maker of automobiles, thought I needed a holiday.

He took me to England. God has been good to Britain, monsieur! He has given you riches and power. But you are grown careless. I stayed in five big hotels, two in London and three in the provinces. They were all run by Germans. I made inquiries, thinking I might benefit some of my village lads; but the German managers would employ none save German waiters, German cooks, German reception clerks. Your hall porters were Germans. You never cared to reflect, I suppose, that hotels are the main arteries of a country's life. But the canker did not end there. Your mills and collieries were installing German plant under German supervisors. Your banks'—

The speaker paused dramatically.

'But our God is not a German God!' he cried, and his sunken eyes seemed to shoot fire. 'Last night, listening to the guns that were murdering Belgium, I asked myself, Why does Heaven permit this crime? And the answer came swiftly: German influences were poisoning the world. They had to be eradicated, or mankind would sink into the bottomless pit. So God has sent this war. Be of good heart. Remember the words of Saint Paul: "So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in

corruption; it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power."'

The curé's voice had unconsciously attained the pulpit pitch. The clear, incisive accents reached other ears.

The landlady crept in, with a scared face. 'Monsieur!' she whispered, 'the doors are wide open. It is an order!'

Dalroy went rapidly into the street. No loiterer was visible. Not even a crowd of five persons might gather to watch the military pageant; it was *verboden*. And ever the dim shapes flitted by in the night—horse, foot, and artillery, automobiles, ambulance and transport wagons. There seemed no end to this flux of gray-green gnomes. The air was tremulous with the unceasing hammer-strokes of heavy guns on the anvil of Liège. Staid old Europe might be dissolving even then in a cloud of high-explosive gas.

The scheme of things was all awry. One Englishman gave up the riddle. He turned on his heel, and lit one of the cheap cigars purchased in Aix-la-Chapelle less than forty-eight hours before!

(Continued on page 197.)

THE V.C. OF THE MERCHANT SERVICE.

By WALTER T. ROBERTS.

THE medal bestowed by Lloyd's for acts of conspicuous bravery which have contributed directly to the saving of life at sea is as coveted a distinction in the mercantile marine as is the V.C. among naval and military men, for the medal is recognised by the seafaring community all over the world as the reward of the highest courage. It is, of course, bestowed entirely irrespective of rank, and also of nationality, but it is not lightly awarded. The strictest and most careful inquiries are made into each claim for a medal, and unless Lloyd's Committee are fully satisfied that the person on whose behalf claim is made has performed an act of the greatest bravery the medal is not awarded. Claims for the medal have, indeed, been frequently rejected, and it may safely be said that in every case where it has been awarded it has been won by some act of deathless heroism.

It is characteristic of the men who have won the distinction of a Lloyd's medal that they entertain a rooted dislike and prejudice against talking about the circumstances under which they gained it. Their deeds were not witnessed by any press correspondent, and in the majority of cases the story of these acts of selfless courage and daring are known only to comparatively few people. Hence it has been by no means an easy task to collect the details of how the medals have been won; but by the courtesy of

the secretary of Lloyd's the writer was allowed to investigate the correspondence which took place over certain claims, which has in some cases been preserved, and from these letters and documents the stories here narrated have been gleaned.

It is doubtful if the medal has ever been won by a greater hero than Captain W. J. Nutman, who commanded the steamship *Aidar* of Liverpool, which foundered in the Mediterranean, near Messina, on 19th January 1876. During the night the boiler of the luckless vessel burst, and ere morning it was seen that the ship was doomed. The night was bitterly cold; a gale was raging, and a huge sea running. Early in the morning the *Aidar* was sighted by the Bibby liner *Staffordshire*, whose captain at once decided to send a lifeboat to the sinking vessel. It was an immensely dangerous task that the crew of the lifeboat undertook; but after an hour of terrible toil and almost superhuman exertion twelve men were taken off the *Aidar*. Then a second boat was despatched, and eight men were rescued. There now remained on the foundering vessel only the captain and an injured fireman, whom the former declined to leave. It was impossible to get them both into the second boat, and Captain Nutman was confronted with the choice of taking what appeared to be the only possible chance of saving his life and leaving the fireman

to his fate, or of sharing that fate with him. Without an instant's hesitation he chose to remain with the fireman. He shouted to the officer of the *Staffordshire* who was in charge of the second boat to take the eight rescued men to his ship, and then return to look for him. 'You will have two more to rescue,' he cried, 'or none.' And so the hero waved farewell to the lifeboat, and calmly and cheerfully prepared to meet death with his fireman, who was too badly injured to make the least attempt to save his own life. Half-an-hour later, as the *Aidar* began to settle beneath the waves, Captain Nutman made a last desperate effort to save the fireman's life; he lifted the man in his arms and flung him into the seething water, and then plunged in after him, and managed to seize and drag him to an overturned boat of the foundered ship. For an hour the captain remained clinging to the keel of the boat with one hand, whilst he kept the man's head above water with the other; and then, just when the captain's strength was giving out, and he was making a last despairing effort to keep the fireman afloat, the boat of the *Staffordshire* arrived, and both were rescued. The story of Captain Nutman's heroism will live among seafaring men until it becomes legendary.

The story of how Chief-Officer A. M. Bruckland and Third Officer A. G. Tollemache of the steamship *Umona* won the medal is perhaps one of the most thrilling to be unearthed in the documents at Lloyd's. The *Umona* (owned by Messrs Ballard, King, & Co.) sailed from Colombo on a fine night in May in 1903 for Port Natal, having on board ten European passengers and four hundred and eighty Indian emigrants. All went well until the ship was nearing the dangerous coral-reef known as the Suadiva Atoll, in the Indian Ocean. The south-west monsoon was then rising, and the vessel was driven on the reef. Fortunately this occurred at two in the afternoon, not at night; and without very much difficulty all the passengers and emigrants were transferred from the ship to the island reef, which was about two hundred yards square. This was accomplished without loss of life, but they were nevertheless in an extremely dangerous plight. Picture their position. They were a party of over five hundred, gathered together on a bare coral-reef two hundred yards square, which might ere long be swept by the seas that were rising with the breaking of the south-west monsoon, and the reef was miles out of the track of ships. It was evident there was only one thing to be done—a boat must be sent to the nearest port to ask for help; but the nearest port was Colombo, a journey of five hundred and thirty miles, and the weather was becoming 'dirtier' every hour. Lloyd's would have wanted a big premium to insure the safe arrival of an open sailing-boat from that island reef to Colombo under such conditions. It was certainly fifty to

one the boat would be swamped; but if some one did not offer to take the risk of the voyage, it was practically a certainty that the whole party would perish. To Mr Tollemache and Mr Bruckland belong the honour and credit of volunteering to undertake the voyage. The captain at first hesitated about allowing them to set out on so hazardous a venture, but as there was plainly no other course by which the lives in his charge could be saved, he at last consented. Considerable difficulty arose, however, in getting volunteers for a crew; but at length two English passengers, two of the ship's crew, and a Lascar declared their willingness to share the perils of the voyage with the two intrepid officers, and so at 8 p.m. on the evening of the 16th of May the little boat with its seven occupants started out on its voyage across five hundred and thirty miles of ocean. For the next four days the crew were on the very brink of death. The weather steadily grew worse, and at the end of the second day the seas were running mountains high, and it seemed inevitable that before long the little cockle-shell of a boat struggling so desperately to keep afloat must be engulfed in those immense seas, and obliterated from the face of the waters. For four days and nights Tollemache and his companion ceaselessly toiled to keep the boat afloat. They took it in turn to bail and steer; for, as one false turn of the rudder meant instant destruction, they dared not trust any of the crew at the helm. All the others could do was to assist in bailing out the water; but soon some of them sickened with dysentery, and the others became too exhausted to render further help to the two men who were battling so desperately to win what seemed to be a hopeless struggle. The days were bad, but the nights were a hundred times worse, for the difficulties of steering the boat were of course infinitely harder in the dark. The night of the third day was the worst of all; and even the two brave men who were now for practical purposes the only working members of the crew must have felt the chill of despair creep into their hearts. Both were utterly exhausted; for three days they had scarcely tasted a mouthful of food, and had not slept for a second. The fight seemed drawing to a close; another day would surely end in a victory for those immense green masses of foam-flecked water that pursued the little boat so unceasingly, so relentlessly. But as the fourth day broke the weather began to moderate, and ere noon, for the moment at any rate, the awful tension was over, for the water had become comparatively calm, and there was no immediate fear of destruction. Tollemache took an observation, the first that it had been possible to take since the start of the voyage, and, to his horror, he found that the boat had drifted two hundred and fifty miles out of its course. This meant that their voyage, instead of being nearly half-over, as they had hoped, practically had not yet begun. But the two

brave men who had first volunteered to make the voyage did not for an instant despair, and their energy, resolution, and cheerfulness kept up the failing spirits of their comrades. The wind had now died down altogether, and sailing had become impossible; there was nothing, therefore, to be done but to row. For three days, night and day, such of the crew as could pull an oar took their turn to row, doing four hours at a stretch; then a breeze sprang up at the end of the third day, sail was set, and on the ninth day the voyagers entered Colombo harbour. That evening a steamer, with Tollemache and Bruckland on board, left for the coral-reef to rescue the five hundred lives, for whom the two officers had so daringly risked their own.

In many instances medals have been awarded to men for acts of bravery which have resulted in the saving of even a single life—for example, when a man falls overboard and is rescued by a comrade; but it has been exceedingly difficult to find details of such cases. One of the few cases of this kind the particulars of which have been preserved is that of the rescue of a ship's carpenter, under circumstances that rendered the act a very heroic one, by Chief-Officer Syndenham, of the *Alleghany*. The carpenter, by the way, was Mr Syndenham's brother. The *Alleghany*, bound for New York, had been five days out from Liverpool, and was slowly making her way against a tremendous sea and in the teeth of a gale, when the cry was raised, 'Man overboard!' The second officer, hearing the cry, threw a life-belt into the sea, telegraphed to the engine-room to stop the engine, and put the helm hard over to make the vessel swing clear of the man in the water. Syndenham was in his berth at the time; but, hearing the cry of 'Man overboard!' he rushed up on deck, and on learning that it was his brother who was in the water, at once plunged into the sea to save him or die with him. To all on board it appeared that both men must be drowned. An incident of this sort at sea moves very quickly; three minutes after the carpenter had fallen overboard he was several hundreds of yards from the vessel, and his brother was making desperate efforts to get up to him. In the meanwhile a lifeboat had been lowered from the ship; but in the high sea that was running she was instantly smashed to pieces against the side of the vessel. Then the expedient of pouring oil on the water was successfully adopted, and a second boat, with four men in her, was safely launched. Whilst this was being done Mr Syndenham had by an almost superhuman effort managed to reach his brother, and then began a fearful fight for life between the courageous officer and the mountainous seas that every moment engulfed him and his brother. The carpenter was exhausted, and could make little effort to keep himself afloat, so his brother had to battle for him as well as for himself. For nearly fifteen minutes the life-and-death

struggle lasted in the raging waters before the brothers were rescued by the crew of the lifeboat. There yet remained the task of getting back to the *Alleghany*, and that this took fifty minutes to accomplish will give some notion of the sea that was running, and of the extent of the risk that Mr Syndenham faced to save his brother's life.

Lloyd's also bestow a medal for conspicuous acts of bravery which result in or contribute to the saving of vessels and cargoes at sea, and this medal has been gained by actions quite as daring and heroic as any of those described.

The story of how Captain Jarvis and A. F. Fyfe, engineer, saved the *Den of Airlie* from destruction is one of the most thrilling episodes of the sea. The *Den of Airlie* was some two hundred miles from Bombay, for which port she was bound, when one night a fire broke out in her hold. A fire at sea is at all times a danger which has its terrors for even the bravest of sailors, but the fire on the *Den of Airlie* was rendered peculiarly appalling by the fact that next to the hold were a hundred tons of gunpowder. Captain Jarvis, on the outbreak of the fire, directed the two lifeboats to be lowered at once, and every man on board was ordered into them. The officer in charge of the boats was told to row them to a safe distance from the ship, that was now as dangerous to be near as the most deadly mine ever laid to bring destruction upon the ships that might pass over it. But the captain of the *Den of Airlie* and Mr Fyfe remained on the burning ship, resolved to save her or perish with her. The two men worked at the pumps, pouring water into the hold, and as they worked the smoke rose from below in huge clouds, choking and stifling them, and ever and anon they saw a great red tongue of flame leap up, cutting the smoke like a bright sword. But the brave men never hesitated, never flinched from the battle, though they knew that a second might bring instant and utter destruction upon the ship and upon themselves. Undaunted and undismayed, the two kept up their desperate attack on the flames, and at length their efforts began to have some effect; the smoke still came up from the hold in great volumes, but it was no longer rent asunder by those bright tongues of flame. The fire was quenched, and Lloyd's medal was never more deservedly won.

Happily the story of how Captain John Macmillan, Mr Charles Bell, and Mr L. H. Thomsaas of the *Titanic* gained the medal has also been preserved, and is a tale worth the telling. The *Titanic*, when about two hundred miles from Buenos Aires, lost her propeller and smashed the tail-end of her shaft. In such a condition the ship was helpless, and there was nothing to be done but to set to work and fit on a new propeller. Had the water been smooth this would have been no very easy task to accomplish,

but with a half-gale blowing and huge seas running, it became a herculean and immensely dangerous one. In the first place, the whole cargo had to be shifted forward, in order to hoist the stern of the ship out of the water as high as possible. This was a piece of work that in itself was a most difficult and dangerous one, owing to the rolling of the vessel, and it took three days to accomplish, during which time the disabled ship drifted miles out of her course into solitary ocean-tracks where there was not the slightest chance of sighting another ship. But the removal of the cargo was mere child's-play to the work of fixing on the propeller. The propeller, which weighed six tons, was slung over the stern in chains and carefully lowered until it was brought into proper position opposite the shaft. The task of fitting it was fraught with danger, and the three officers mentioned above—namely, Macmillan (the captain), Bell, and Thomsaas—resolved to undertake the job themselves. They were lowered from the stern with ropes passed round the waist of each, and whilst one was at work his two comrades had to hold him to prevent him being swept away by the immense seas that were running. The three toiled night and day. During the night they worked by the light of burning oakum and tar lowered over to

them in a bucket from the deck towering high above them out of the water. One night, as the bucket was being lowered, a sudden lurch of the vessel upset a quantity of the burning stuff on the toilers below. Mr Bell was the chief sufferer; his hand was badly injured by the burning liquid, but he did not think of ceasing work. At the end of five days' frightful toil, as hard and as difficult and dangerous as has ever fallen to sailors to perform, the propeller was fixed and the ship became once more a controllable thing. Lloyd's Committee had, of course, no hesitation in awarding their medal for meritorious service to the three officers for this achievement.

As has been said, it is extremely difficult to find details of the acts of heroism by which this V.C. of the merchant service has been won. Some extraordinarily brave acts are recorded in the briefest language. For example, one finds that 'John Tender rescued Fireman Ernest Smith from drowning, who fell overboard in a fit. Rescue took place in shark-infested water,' the last few words being specially significant of the daring character of the action thus briefly and tersely recorded. But they are deeds which are worthy to rank high in the annals of British heroism.

THE BOAR'S FOOT.

CHAPTER III.

AT the Casino Donald went in, and the excellent Achille turned his steps to Ciro's. There, as he expected, he found the old gentleman; and yet he had to look twice before he recognised him. What had happened? What had so changed the man? Instead of sitting with his *Times*, spruce, well preserved, and undeniably well turned out, with clear eyes and upright figure, Achille saw before him at the usual table only a weary-looking and worn-out old man. His eyes were tired, dull; the moustache that was always brushed up so smartly now drooped in a manner that was positively Low Church. His whole figure languished; he looked old and wretched and ill.

'You do not look vairy well,' said Achille at once, sitting down beside him.

'I am perfectly well,' snapped Sir Donald with some of his old temper; 'perfectly well. But I have had a great blow.'

'Tell me, I beg.'

'You know I told you Gobert, that robber at the corner, showed me a coin, a copy of the genuine Nimes things. I took him mine this morning to compare with it. All these years I have considered mine to be real; yes, and all Europe thought so too. The other had just been bought by a tourist, but that makes no difference. It is—not genuine.'

'Ah, what a blow!' cried Achille, his heart beating with delight. 'What a vairy dreadful blow! But how do you know it is false?'

'We looked at the book—Cuyler's book on Provençal coins. Gobert has gone away, but Schenck is there, who knows even more than he. There is no doubt—no doubt at all. And how I could have been deceived all these years I cannot think.' Sir Donald spoke in a wearied, colourless tone.

'No,' murmured Achille.

'Apart from the fearful disappointment of it, the worst of the thing is that I must let people know that mine is false—the museums, the collectors, the authorities on the subject. It is horrible.'

Achille almost felt sorry for him. There he sat, a broken dream before him, and the dream was a pitiful one after all. Merely to be the possessor of a crocodile coin—bah!—and a pearl, a real pearl, that might be his—was indeed his—walking about in white flannels in the Casino, ready to be snapped up again by any soft-eyed woman! It made Achille sick to think of it, and his heart hardened again.

'Why did you tell me a lie yesterday?' he asked.

'A lie? When? What are you talking about?'

'You told me you had not a son. Why did you lie?'

'Confound you!' cried the old gentleman with a flash of his old manner; 'it is *not* a lie. He is *not* my son. He was, perhaps. Not now. A young fool, married to another fool, but not such a fool as he is. Why, who the devil told you?'

'You yourself,' replied Achille amiably; 'and I am not talking, as you know, out of impertinence and curiosity about your affairs. I am a man who neither has nor ever had wife, or handsome son, or coin collection. And I hardly know what to say to any man who has had all three, and lost them, lost them irrevocable.'

He had chosen his moment well. His old friend was too much overcome by the magnitude of his loss to have any angry retort ready. He did not even tell him to mind his own business. He just sat there looking old and wearied and thin.

'You have nothing left—no, nothing,' repeated the apple-grower, fixing stern black eyes on his companion. 'Not even a heart.'

'A heart?'

'No, indeed, monsieur, you have no heart. You have a lump of lead perhaps, but nothing else; it is a parallelogram, it is a rhomboid, and it is made of gun-metal, of reinforced concrete; yes, a rhomboid of concrete, the reinforced kind.' And Achille glanced across the little marble-topped table.

'I tell you *zis*,' he went on, his black eyes flashing and his moustache twitching with scorn, 'because it is true. What about that tall, handsome son of yours, *ce joli garçon*—but then, what of him? And as for your brains, monsieur, they are no better—no better,' looking round for a simile, 'than the brains of a lettuce.'

'Hold your tongue! What the deuce are you talking about?' began the old man, and he half rose.

'Sit down, sit down,' commanded Achille, and he still looked very fierce, twice as fierce as Sir Donald, who suddenly seemed quite tired, and sank back again.

'Now,' said the Frenchman, in the voice of an examining judge in the Court of Cassation—'now, tell me, *what did you do with the letter he wrote you?*'

Sir Donald positively quailed before the fiery glance and voice. 'Letter?' he said. 'I burnt his letter unopened. Threw it into the fire. But what business is it of yours?'

'Ah!' retorted Achille, though his heart bounded with relief and delight; 'then you did not read that the lady would not have him?'

'Eh?'

'She would not have him. Not without his money. She broke it off.'

'Ah,' said Sir Donald, with an attempt at recovery, 'then I was right. She only wanted his money.'

'Oh, la, la! what she wanted, or what any other woman wants, is only known to *le bon Dieu*. But regard! What have you done? You have lost him, and you have lost everything else. Look how you treat him. You burn his letter in which he said you were right. *Ah! mon Dieu*, what a fool you were, dear friend, to burn that letter unopened! He waits for the answer; he does not get it. He hears no word. Silence. And he goes off. He has made his *amende honorable*, and he is treated—oh! of the most cruel. Then now, in Monte Carlo, what do I see happen—I, Achille Gaston Beaulande, with my own eyes? I see *zat* young man (*sac à papier!* I should have run you through)—I see him raise his hat and stand uncovered before you. And you, what do you do? Eh? Eh?' And the Frenchman's eyes sparkled with righteous wrath, his moustache bristled, he glowed with anger.

Sir Donald sat there uncomfortably. He took from Achille what he certainly would not have taken from any other man living, and he took it quietly. A new light broke in upon his life, and he saw it as a selfish and lonely one. He sat down, lost in thought; and Achille, in wisdom, did not interrupt him. He looked back on his life, on his marriage, on the boy's coming and childhood. Then the sudden leap, so it seemed, to manhood, and that terrible scene in the library of his town house. He sighed.

'*Voyons*,' said Achille in a more forgiving tone, 'nothing is ever ended except the stupid things; the good things, and the nice ones, they go on for ever. Shall we go, *mon ami*, to the jeweller, and ask to have that book again to look at? There is certainly some mistake.'

'Very well, perhaps there is some mistake,' repeated Sir Donald, as though it might be true, and he got up, and they went across to the shop.

Monsieur Gobert had gone to Paris, but Monsieur Schenck was in.

'You wish to see the book again?' he asked. 'But certainly; here it is. I think you will find that there is no mistake in what I said.'

And here was the young Donald just coming in with his yachting friend.

Schenck left his customer with his nose in the book, and went forward.

'Good-morning,' said Donald, in his clear voice. 'Is Monsieur Gobert in?'

The man who was bending over the book raised his head a little and listened.

'No, monsieur; he is in Paris. What can I have the pleasure?'

'Well, I wonder if you would look at this coin for me? I should like your opinion on it, if you will be so good.'

'Ah, but with pleasure.'

'Gad! he's going to say it's a real one,' said the man from the yacht.

Schenck still looked at the coin critically, seriously. Then he looked up, and his face was grave.

'This object you bring me, can you tell me perhaps where you procured it?'

'Certainly. I bought it in a shop.'

'I return it to you,' said the jeweller, 'and offer you my congratulations on possessing it. That is a Foot of the Boar coin, and it is a genuine one.'

'You're in luck, Donald,' said a lazy voice.

'Allow me to congratulate you also,' said Achille very pleasantly. 'You see, I was to be trusted in my guess.'

But Schenck still stood with round, serious eyes, as though he could hardly believe his own words. 'There is no doubt—there is no doubt at all,' he went on. 'There are only seven known.' Suddenly he remembered his other customer, and turned toward him, actually allowing a little excitement to creep into his voice. 'A most extraordinary coincidence, monsieur. Here is yourself, who bring a coin that is mentioned in all the catalogues for years, and it turns out to be a false one. This gentleman brings me one he has picked up somewhere, and, *houppé-là!* it is genuine.'

As he talked the old gentleman turned round and looked at the others. A gleam of light passed through his eyes—a flash only, but it had come, though it was gone. And Achille saw that flash, and he rejoiced. Something of the old dignity had come back too, and Sir Donald held himself upright. And his son stood opposite him, erect and motionless. They were amazingly like each other.

'It is extraordinary,' began Schenck again.

'Not at all,' put in Achille briskly; 'not the least in the world. Here is Sir Donald Carnegie, who thought for some time zat he had a genuine treasure, and now he finds he is

mistaken, it is worthless. What is more extraordinary, and a great deal more interesting, is that he has always had a treasure, a genuine treasure, and for a long time he has thought it to be worthless.—Is it not so? But you do not think zat now, Sir Donald; do you?'

'No.'

The voice was not like Sir Donald's at all. It was low, subdued, almost humble. He looked across at his son. And his son still kept his hat on, and stood motionless.

'I was wrong, lad. I was hasty. I am sorry.' The three sentences fell quietly from the old gentleman's lips.

Donald made a quick step forward. 'I am sorry too,' he said frankly. 'I was wrong and hasty.'

'Ah! zat handshake!' said Achille beneath his breath. 'Zat English handshake, it always makes my teeth ache to see it.'

'Come, *mes amis*,' he cried; 'come and have *déjeuner* with me. I will not hear "No." I invite you all. You will all come and have a bifteck with me at Ciro's. Come along—come along. *Tiens!* the old coin—and whose is zat, I wonder?'

'It is not mine any longer,' said the young Donald. 'It belongs now to my father's collection.'

'*Allons*,' cried Achille again, 'let us hasten, or we shall get no bifteck;' and he drove them out in front of him.

'Ah, now,' mused Monsieur Schenck, as he returned to the counter, 'this is an unusual incident. As if I did not know exactly where it came from! But I should very much like to know how that young man got hold of Sir Donald Carnegie's coin and exchanged it for his. I should very much like to know that.'

THE END.

THE QUEST OF THE TUNA.

By F. G. AFLALO.

'TRY, try, try again!' is a policy which should, at any rate, deserve success in the great things of life as well as in the small. It gave the Pole to Peary, and no doubt it has given to others the final achievement of lesser ambitions. It may be that I also shall try again for a tuna, the one fish in all earth's seas that has so far baffled me; but, after having in the course of several trips travelled over twenty-five thousand miles out and back without even hooking one, it seems well to give that large and wayward mackerel a rest, and to ponder on the hollowness of life.

Yet there is something peculiarly interesting in the extraordinary range of the tuna on the atlas. Looking at the Mercator map of the

world, we find the centres of great tuna, or tunny, fisheries to lie as far apart as Madeira, California, Cape Breton, and Turkey. Surely not even a Chinaman is more indifferent to extremes of temperature. From the sweltering Mediterranean, where it has from time immemorial been caught, and where it is seemingly as plentiful to-day as when the shepherds of Theocritus used to look down from the cliffs of Sicily on its frantic shoals, to the wild waters of Newfoundland, where there is ice for six months and fog for twelve, the tuna has its summer home. Where it spends the winter is a mystery that possibly unsounded depths of the Atlantic and Pacific could alone reveal. In summer, however, it returns to its accustomed

haunts with almost the regularity of salmon and swallows, and the scenes amid which I have sought it in vain are as varied and as curious as any in my fishing trails.

I see the tunnies once more being hauled on board great fishing-boats off Porto Santo and Madeira by a howling crowd of Portuguese fishermen, half-a-dozen of whom strain at the stout line, while another stands by to beat the great fish to death as its mighty head comes over the side. Already a score of tunny, none of less than a hundred pounds, and some of twice that weight, lie festering in the hold, for it is the practice to fill the boat to the water's edge before returning to the market at Funchal. The poor peasants of the islands have not the nose of a Billingsgate inspector, and they gladly buy stale tunny at a halfpenny the pound. For days together I went afloat with these rogues to try my luck with rod and line; but there was a dark conspiracy to keep me from the fish for fear that my success might inspire the despatch of an English fleet to scour the grounds! This was a compliment to my own skill and to the enterprise of Grimsby which a mutual explanation would have waived.

The scene changes, and I am in a little caique on the Sea of Marmora, drifting idly among the beautiful Princes' Islands, and waiting for the afternoon breeze to hoist the sail. As my little craft passes within twenty yards of a *talian*, one of the fixed nets of Turkish seas, which from the Middle Ages have been in European hands, the lookout man, a Levantine Greek, sings out to my boatman that there is something heavy in the net. So we range alongside and hold the outer rope, while, in response to his frenzied cries, a boatload of sturdy fellows puts off from the shore. Under the command of an apoplectic-looking *reis*, who has seemingly been roused from his siesta to the prejudice of his manners, and whose language is appalling, the men hurriedly get in the net, and I am presently peering down through fifteen or twenty fathoms of clear water at some great dim forms that swim wildly round and round the narrowing confines of their prison. Nearer to the surface they come perforce with the lessening net, and now I can clearly see eight or nine enormous tunas, one of them weighing probably six or eight hundred pounds, dashing to and fro in a mad effort to recover their liberty. It is too late; and, as the last of the net is stowed away in the boat, the mighty giants lie flopping helplessly on their sides. Out come the gaffs and grappling-hooks, much the same as those used in dragging bales of cotton along the wharves; and now the sea is incarnadined with blood, and the crimson foam, the death-struggles of the fish, the shouts of the men, make such a pandemonium as is rare

in these quiet waters. The *reis*, his swarthy face streaming with perspiration, his smock flecked with red and drenched with spray, does the work of two, and even finds time to urge his men to renewed effort lest any prize escape. There is little enough chance of it, and in a few minutes the last great fish is bleeding from a dozen wounds and helpless in the boat.

Amid quieter surroundings the tuna is sought for pleasure, not for profit. Where northern firs bend to the cold blast on the cliffs that overlook St Ann's Bay, in Cape Breton, schools of immense tunas, few of them less than six hundred pounds in weight and many exceeding a thousand, chase the squid and gaspereau all the summer months, churning up the water in their mad pursuit, and causing consternation among all save the terns and other seawolf that hover overhead to pick up the crumbs from their table. More than one season now anglers have voyaged to this beautiful inlet, which faces Newfoundland, to catch these tunas on the rod; but so far in vain, though many have been hooked and lost, and one fisherman even fought one with might and main for nineteen hours, all through a long September night. Next morning he had to cut the line, and the fish went off, seemingly as fresh as at the start. There also, in salt water which freezes so hard some winters that men drive teams over the inner harbour, I dragged my unwelcome baits before the noses of these unresponsive fish, but they would have none of me, so that I could not even taste the joys of having loved and lost.

The metropolis, so to speak, of tuna-fishing for sport is Avalon, on Santa Catalina Island, southern California, where a club named after this noble fish is dedicated to the sport, and where, under its hospitable auspices, amateur fishermen forgather each summer from the ends of the earth. The tuna does not return to Catalina Island with quite the same regularity that marks its homing elsewhere. Every few years it stays away for a season. With singular intuition, I managed to light on one of those years for my visit to the island. Abundance of other fishing I enjoyed with the light tackle prescribed by local regulation, and better sport I never had in the sea; but of tuna never a sight! My own impression, after these twenty-five thousand miles of failure, is that I shall catch my tuna by accident. With the possible exception of some sharks, no other fish of its size roams so far and wide over the world's seas, and it may be that, frustrated in my set purpose, I shall one of these days encounter a school when I am on the track of other fish, and then and there utter the *Nunc dimittis* of a lifelong quest. I hope so.

THE CAVALRY TWINS.

A TALE OF THE GRAND ARMY.

By RUSSELL THORNDIKE.

THE Cavalry Twins were the two Duvals, Henri and Alexandre; and there was no great love lost between them. Henri was lieutenant of heavy artillery, while his brother held the same commission on the rolls of the Blue Chasseurs, the finest regiment of light horse that Napoleon had ever put into the field—fellows who had rollicked through Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Smolensk, and Moscow, and had much to be proud of; and the Blue Chasseurs were not wanting in conceit, for their uniforms encouraged it, their glories demanded it.

During the brief inaction of hostilities, their swaggering in Paris led to many a sudden quarrel, and often to most disastrous results, for the Emperor had catalogued private brawling amongst his soldiers as criminal, because at that time he could ill afford to lose good men, except on the field of battle and for the glory of France. 'For is it not criminal,' he is reported to have said, 'to kill each other privately in the cafés, when our enemies are waiting to be butchered in the open field?'

But, for all that, the café brawls, led on by the prodigal arrogance of the officers, were by no means suppressed, and the little tavern at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli was frequently the scene of much violence and bloodshed, as the case of the Cavalry Twins will show.

One night when Alexandre Duval was there the usual squabbles were going forward—the old comparison of regiments' individual merits. The café was crowded with various officers, and these were all talking at once and all looking dangerous. A white-haired colonel, in the uniform of the artillery, was endeavouring to keep the peace, for he was the senior officer present, and felt responsible.

'Gentlemen, gentlemen!' he cried, 'there is no need to quarrel over this. Why, every Frenchman is of the same mind in the matter. Certainly there is not a single regiment in the Grand Army that has not won glory for the Emperor; and then, perceiving a good point to be made in favour of his own regiment, he added, 'but without the artillery there would have been no Napoleon to win glory for.'

'God shield the Emperor of Gunners!' shouted the artillerymen.

'That Napoleon started soldiering as a gunner was his misfortune, and not his fault,' shouted a dragoon.

'Ah, well, then,' continued the colonel, 'if you will not take Napoleon as an example of the men that our regiment can turn out, there is young Henri Duval. As Napoleon before him, he is but a lieutenant of gunners. However, he

is the Emperor's right-hand man. How do you account for that?'

'Henri Duval is said to be the dullest-witted young officer in the Grand Army,' retorted the dragoon.

'And how can that be?' cried the colonel. 'Will you say that the Emperor delights in dullards? 'Twere treason to say so, besides being ridiculous. Henri Duval is continually sent into the gravest posts of danger; and it is because he is an artilleryman, and can be trusted and relied upon before others.'

'The merits of the artillery had nothing on earth to do with the case,' said a gentleman clad in the graceful pelisse of the Blue Chasseurs.

'What the devil do you know about it?' exclaimed the colonel.

'Everything,' answered the hussar; 'and what I know I will tell you, for it is devilish curious and devilish unjust. If I did not place the honour of my regiment before that of my family, I should not tell that which tarnishes severely the name of the Duval House. But I want to prove to you that the Emperor does go to the Hussars before your regiment, or any other for the matter of that, when he is in need of a good man.'

'Well, let's hear your story,' said the colonel; 'but take care, sir, that you say nothing that seems to throw disparagement upon my regiment; for in that case, sir, you shall have the honour of fighting me on the conclusion of your tale.'

'Delighted to meet you, colonel, whenever you please. I will tell you my story, and you shall judge for yourself.'

'In the first place, I have to state that the position now occupied by my brother Henri was first offered to me. Under the circumstances, I found it impossible to take that position. It was against my very conscience. Henri thought otherwise, obeyed orders, and committed a crime which should lie very heavily upon his soul. These are the bare facts of the case. Now you shall have the details.'

'It was before the last campaign, and our regiment was quartered in Paris, to be near the Emperor in case of trouble. Well, we were playing cards in this very café—I and my brother Henri against two dragoons. In the middle of our play a courier entered by that door, and, stepping up to the table in the window where we were playing, he said he had a message from the Emperor for Lieutenant Duval. You can imagine that the courier looked just a little disconcerted when two Lieutenants Duval sprang up from opposite sides of the table and asked for the royal command.'

"My message is only for Lieutenant Duval," he said.

"Well, sir," said I, "my name is Duval, lieutenant of Hussars—the Blue Chasseurs. In what way can I serve the Emperor?" For, you see, my friends, I was very certain that the Emperor would go to the Hussars when he needed to pick a man."

The artillerymen tugged angrily at their moustaches, and tried to interrupt; but Duval, with equal fierceness, rattled his sabre-tache, and went on with the narrative.

"My brother was, of course, of different opinion; so, throwing out his chest in the vain endeavour to make his uniform compare favourably with mine, he said as bold as brass that his name was also Duval, and that, being a lieutenant of artillery, there was no doubt at all as to which of the brothers Duval the Emperor had need of."

"He spoke well! There *was* no doubt!" ejaculated the artillerymen.

"I," continued Duval, "consigning my brother and the rest of the artillery to the devil, told the courier that Lieutenant Duval would wait upon the Emperor immediately; and, suiting the action to the word, I picked up my sabre and dashed for the door. My brother, however, had the impudence to follow my example, and so there we were both running like mad through the streets of Paris. But, my friends, we cannot expect a lumbering officer of artillery to make much show as an athlete, especially against a light-cavalryman."

"Because the artillery have no practice at showing their heels," chimed in the colonel.

Duval clinked his spurs sharply, looked very fierce, and continued, "But with low cunning that rascally fellow was near getting even with me, for he began shouting, "Stop thief! Deserter!" and such things, until a very pretty Parisian mob was racing at my heels; and as we were nearing the palace I ran smack into a cohort of gendarmes, and was compelled to leave my mark on some of the rascals before getting quit of them. At the corner of one street some of my pursuers had hedged me off by a short cut. The fools linked arms across the road, and made a valiant effort to stop me. But was it possible for a line of civilians to hinder Alexandre Duval of the Blue Chasseurs when the Emperor had need of him? Ah no, my friends; and so those rascals discovered, for I dare to swear that at least three of the vermin wear broken noses to this day."

"Well, I very soon reached the great antechamber, and was disappointed at finding it thronged with Ministers, for it took me some time before I could get hold of the right man to announce my arrival to the Emperor. I had just succeeded in accomplishing this difficult task when my brother entered the *salon*, puffing like a transport-mule."

"It was not very long before the pompous little usher called my name, and I can tell you

it was a great sight to see me swagger through the crowd of cringing civilians, and my personal opinion of the Emperor went up at a bound that he did not keep an officer of Hussars waiting. In fact, the pride of that moment banished all other thoughts from my brain, or I might have saved an artilleryman from disgracing his regiment by the violation of the Court. For that vagabond brother of mine steps in front of me at the very door of the Emperor's sanctuary, and picking up bodily the little usher, hurled him with the strength of an ox full at my head; and before the infuriated little official had scrambled to his feet, before I had pulled my tunic straight and ejaculated "*Sacré!*" the door was shut to in my face, and my brother was saluting the Emperor on the right side of it."

"My friends, I went mad. I cursed the usher; I beat upon the door. I called the Ministers names that should only be used in action. Terrified at my behaviour, they tried to hurry me from the apartment; but I now hit upon a strategy that would only have occurred to a light-cavalryman. On one side of the anteroom there were five enormous French windows, opening out upon a broad terrace. These windows were closed tight, for the day was cold. Now I argued that the window of the Emperor's sanctum would probably lead on to the same terrace, and in this I was not mistaken, as you will soon hear; for, with a whoop like a scalping Indian, I dashed across the room, clearing the passage with the flat of my sabre, and then leapt straight for the window, crashing through the thick glass for all the world as if it were but thin ice. Well, I was hardly through one window before I was back through the other; and, scarcely realising what I had done, there was I, Alexandre Duval, lieutenant of the Blue Chasseurs, saluting the Emperor with the blood pouring from my cheeks and the broken glass rattling behind me."

"The Emperor had at the first sound of the smash jumped up to his full height, which I remember at the time did not strike me as being very great; but most men look dwarfs to me."

"And who in the devil's name are you?" he said.

"It was the first time I had heard the Emperor swear, and you can imagine it was not a very pleasant thing to hear, especially as a means of introduction."

"I am here in the name of the Emperor," I said. "I am Lieutenant Duval of the Blue Chasseurs."

"And is it a habit of yours, lieutenant, to enter rooms to the tune of tinkling glass? Have you no respect for the worth of good windows that you jump through them as lightly as circus-hoops? I really think that the damage you have done deserves some explanation, sir;" and the Emperor looked positively furious. But I had not been born the son of a diplomat for nothing, so I parried his wrath by touching his vanity.

"Sire," I replied, "the Emperor that we are taught to serve in the Hussars is one whose lightest words must be fulfilled, death alone frustrating it, and certainly not such a trifling thing as a few square feet of coloured window-glass. I was told, sire, that this same Emperor had need of me; and so, failing to gain an entrance through the door, I executed the flank action that you have but now witnessed, and here I stand awaiting the Emperor's orders."

"The Emperor smiled, and touched a small silver gong that stood upon the table. Instantly a door opened at the other end of the room, and, to my astonishment, who should enter but my father, the grand old Chevalier, who I thought was miles away in Corsica!

"Were you mad, or your wife," asked the Emperor of my father, "that you happened upon such lunatic sons?"

"Their mother is dead," replied my father, "so I will take no unfair advantage. My sons are twins; both good men, capital soldiers, and equally high in my favour. I can recommend them both for your special service, sire."

"Unfortunately, *mon Chevalier*, I have only one special position to offer, and the man I choose will be my right-hand man whilst the army is in Paris, and perhaps after that; who knows? For the great debt that I have long owed you, my friend, I would have one of your sons to hold that post. They are twins; one is a lieutenant of cavalry, the other of artillery; and you treat them with equal favour. How am I to decide? It is a great pity that your wife had twins, for it places me in an awkward position." There I think that the Emperor was unreasonable, for how can a good woman help bearing twins?

"It has been a good thing for France," replied my father hotly, "for my sons have acquitted themselves well in her battles."

"I know it, *mon Chevalier*," returned the Emperor. "Times without number have they deserved the decoration."

"Which neither of us has yet received," I ventured to suggest, for I did not wish the Emperor to labour under a wrong impression. But he did not take kindly to the suggestion, for we were immediately dismissed to our quarters, whilst my father stayed with the Emperor.

"That night I received an order to hold myself in readiness against leaving Paris, for the Emperor would require my services upon the morrow. So, thought I, the Emperor has decided in favour of the Hussars, after all; and I could not help thinking that he was wise.

"I tell you, my friends, that the time dragged heavily with me, for I was possessed with curiosity to know the nature of the work before me. I lay awake all the night, and I remained in my rooms all the following day; but no news did I receive, and when the bugle sounded "Lights out" I gave up hope. Now I had sent

my orderly out for news, so that when I heard a tap at my door I growled "Come in!" in a surly manner, for I was in no very good humour. The door opened, and—oh good heavens! why had I not been studying *De Bello Gallico* instead of lounging with my feet upon the mantelboard, for there before me stood the Emperor?

"Lieutenant Duval," he said, as he shut the door behind him, "I am about to give you a unique opportunity of serving your Emperor and increasing the estimation that I already bear toward the officers of your regiment. The enterprise that I am about to entrust to you is of dangerous consequences, for you will have against you the cleverest enemy of France, a man who, should he escape you, will cause the gravest trouble to the country. In short, you have to do with a crafty traitor."

"You have but to acquaint me, sire, with this gentleman's name to avoid all uneasiness concerning him," I said, as I stood as straight as a needle, facing the Emperor.

"Sir," he replied, "you must not be too sanguine of success, for indeed 'tis odds against your returning alive to tell the tale."

"Be that as it may, sire," I answered, "I shall do my best to carry out your commands."

"Finely spoken," he said. "Do you know Pamphille?"

"I wheeled round, placing my finger upon an ordnance map of the Parisian environs that was pinned to the wall.

"Yes, sire; it is here. A small village to the north of Paris. Inhabitants: seven hundred and sixty; rising ground to the north-east, wooded to the north; narrow river skirting those same woods upon the south supplies the village with water. With a hundred Hussars I could take the village from the south-east, and with fifty I could hold it for as long as the Emperor required. Alone, sire, I should first cut off the water-supply, and then"—

"Silence, sir!" said the Emperor. "It is sufficient that you know the place. I am not sending you as a besieging party, or as a public orator—for I had been talking as fast as a cavalry charge—but as my special executioner to shoot down a traitor. Now listen. Half-an-hour after I have left this room you will take horse and ride for Pamphille. You will pass through the village, and along the Calais road till you reach the first cross-road. You will then take the bridle-path which you will observe amongst the hedged wood on the left, and proceed a hundred yards down the hill. You will then tie your horse somewhere in the woods, and proceed on foot till you reach a wooden gate. This is the gate of an empty château that was a fine house before the Revolution. It is now empty. To-night the conspirator I have told you about will come to meet his confederates. He will carry away with him certain papers that I must recover. You must secrete yourself some-

where near the grand entrance. You will have no difficulty, for the garden is a veritable wilderness of undergrowth, and you will find many good laurel-bushes skirting what was once the drive. The man will leave the house alone. You will cover him with this pistol, which I have loaded, call on him to stop, and cry out, 'It is Napoleon's pistol that shoots!' I want him to realise that it is my power that has checked his treachery; so, directly you have uttered these words, you will shoot him dead, take what papers you can find upon him, and run for your life, for I need not tell you that you will arouse a horde of conspirators about you. You will then report yourself to me at daybreak with the papers. Is this all clear?"

"Perfectly, sire."

"Then, good-night, lieutenant;" and the Emperor was gone. And half-an-hour later so was I, clattering through the streets of Paris with the Emperor's loaded pistol in my belt, his words ringing in my ears, and a splendid horse beneath me.

'And what is there more thrilling than a night ride upon a good broad road that has danger at the end of it? How the great black trees shot waving behind us, as my horse went like the wind, and perhaps faster, for the dust-clouds could never overtake us! The villagers were all abed, but many a blind shot up and many a curtain was hastily drawn aside as I thundered through the little hamlets that cluster around that great white road that plunges straight back into Paris. In some cases the windows were thrown open, and scared voices called to me for news, for no one knew in those days where would be the Emperor's next battle. However, I paid no heed to anything, but, keeping up a high-tension gallop, soon reached Pamphille, and thundered through it. Three minutes later, drawing rein at the cross-road, and trotting off again into the blackness of the bridle-path, at last I found the gate that the Emperor had warned me about. I tied my horse to a stout tree, and left him there, I verily believe to the poor beast's disappointment at not sharing in the game after having come so far in its cause; and then I crept toward the house.

'The night was dark and the garden full of undergrowth, so that I was obliged to advance with great care, for I did not wish to be heard from the house, and was near stumbling once or twice. It was a grand old chateau, for I could make out its turrets and pinnacles against the skyline; but, judging from the garden, I conjectured it to be in sad need of repair. I made for the old carriage-drive, as I knew that by following its course I should come upon the front-door; and in this I was not mistaken. There was a lighted stable-lantern hanging from beneath the porch, and in front of it the drive swept in a wide arena around a circular flower-bed. And straight into this flower-bed I got, and, tucking

as much of myself away as possible, I waited with my hand grasping Napoleon's pistol, and my eye fixed steadily upon the door beneath the stable-lantern. As you know, my friends, I have fought in a hundred battles, and have known long vigils before the appointed time of being up and doing, but I never have endured such terrible suspense as when I crouched in that circular flower-bed, waiting to shoot down a man in the coldest blood. It appeared to me to be little short of murder, even though the man were a traitor, and I could not help the longing to cross my blade with him, instead of shooting him down from the darkness; for, although the result would have been the same in either case, I could not help feeling more justification in this method of attack.

'It must have been two or three hours that I lay there, arguing with myself, and after a while it began to pall upon me to such an extent that I stamped out by force of will all my qualms of conscience, kindled my fighting blood, and longed to get at the man; for, after all, the Emperor was responsible, and it was nothing to do with me. Why, the Emperor had even loaded the pistol with his own hand. It was his quarrel entirely. I was simply the trigger in his hand. So that you see, by arguing in this fashion with myself, I was prepared when the door at last opened and the man stepped out beneath the porch. I was ready to kill him, whoever he was; and I should soon discover that, for he turned his face in my direction, and unhooking the lantern as if to signal to some confederate sentinelled in black woods behind me, he held it motionless above his head; and—my God!—the rays beat down upon his face. My finger pulses froze. I let go the pistol. The weapon of Napoleon fell into the flower-bed. It was the will of God that I should fail; for, although I would not shrink from a thousand deaths for my Emperor, I could not murder my own father for him or for France, however black a traitor he might be. And when this truth burst upon me in all its naked hideousness my brain reeled, and I became unconscious.

'When I came to myself I had a colossal problem to face. In the first place, I had failed in my trust. The Emperor would show me no mercy. As a soldier I was as culpable as my father, for discipline has no use for sentiment. My father had gone, so there was nothing else for me to do but to go also—back to Paris to face the Emperor's anger. But this, my friends, I could not bring myself to do, and for the whole of the following day I secreted myself amongst the laurel-bushes, terrified lest I should be discovered before I had hit upon some definite course to pursue.

'And now, gentlemen, when the cup of my sorrows was at its full, I received another shock that my brain could barely support. I had lain numbed in body and spirit through the next day,

and well into the following night, when I heard in the distance some one treading through the garden. I need not describe to you in detail what I have already told before. A man had crept up the drive and was hiding in the circular flower-bed. Presently the door of the house opened, and, carrying a lantern in his hand, my father walked toward the flower-bed. I heard a voice cry, "Hands up!" Up went the lantern, and by its light I saw my father's face. "It is Napoleon's pistol that shoots!" There was a flash, a loud report, and my father fell forward, shot through the heart. The assassin kicked out the lantern and fumbled over the body. He was collecting those damnable papers. Then he turned and ran; and as he ran I knew who he was. Gentlemen, the man who killed my father was my father's son, my own brother Henri, and this is how he carried favour with the Emperor.

'Gentlemen, I am aware that this story attacks the very first principle of a soldier's life—discipline. But how far must discipline be carried against the ties of God? That is the question that I put to the Emperor when I faced him. But he declined to hear my arguments, and placed my brother over my head upon his special staff. However, I think that I am not entirely out of favour, for did I not receive the coveted decoration during the last campaign? And now you know why my brother was put over my head. It had nothing to do with the merits of his regiment.'

'No, my dear Alexandre, it had simply to do with common-sense.'

Nobody had noticed the tall artilleryman who had listened to the story from the back of the room. It was Henri Duval, and as he spoke he lounged into the circle and sat upon one of the marble-topped tables. 'You are a capital hand at a yarn, my brother,' he said, 'and you certainly have the knack of carrying the cockpit with you. But I must really—in self-defence, you know, and to clear my father, who, by the way, is not dead at all, but alive and kicking in Portugal or somewhere as secret agent of the Emperor. In the first place, my father is no traitor; and, in the second place, I am not such a fool as I look, although this gentleman here'—and he jerked his thumb toward the dragoon—'was good enough to describe me as—what was it?—ah yes, as the dullest-witted young officer in the Grand Army. Well, maybe I am something of a dullard, but I certainly am not so foolish as to depend upon another man's weapons for my life.'

'What do you mean?' gasped Alexandre.

'Simply this,' continued Henri. 'The night after you left Paris I had the same little performance with the Emperor, only I happened to hear him coming in time, and so *was* discovered poring over *De Bello Gallico*. As soon as he had gone I wrote out his instructions, for I have a very bad memory, and then I examined the pistol which he had laid upon the table. On discover-

ing that it had been loaded without a bullet I own I was a bit mystified, for I suppose that you are taught even in the Blue Chasseurs the importance of loading with a bullet. Well, the Emperor had evidently some good reason for this, else why was he so set upon my using his pistol? Mine was just as good. I should never have solved this problem had I thought for a week, for you see I am something of a fool; but, all the same, I was not going to be made a bigger one, so I slipped my own pistols into my belt in case of accidents. The rest of the story you have already described so graphically that it is not necessary for me to enlarge upon it. But for a few facts.

'As soon as I perceived that the traitor was my father, I knew that the whole thing was a joke, for indeed were I to see my father sell his country beneath my very eyes I should not believe it, because I know that my father has always put France before all things. Now, if the Emperor wanted a little joke, who was I, a humble lieutenant of artillery, to upset it? So I fired the blank-loaded pistol, and was highly amused to see my dear old father double up like a rabbit. Indeed, he did it so uncommonly well that for the moment I had some misgivings as to whether or not I had used the right pistol; but I quickly reassured myself on this point, and then I collected those damnable papers, which were simply blank sheets, and not even sealed together, and rode back to Paris. The Emperor expressed himself satisfied with my conduct, and ordered me at once to carry certain despatches of grave import to the Austrian capital. I said that I would gladly undertake to do this, only I should like to make one stipulation, and that was that in future I should be permitted to load my own pistols. You see, I did not want him to think that he had fooled me; for, although I do not mind looking the greatest fool in the army, I do certainly object to being that man. Don't you agree with me, Alexandre?

'But good-night, my friends. I must be getting back to the palace.'

And the artillery twin went out of the tavern; and so did the Hussar, but not with the usual swagger of the Blue Chasseurs!

THE PATH OF LIFE.

HE clutched the broom with baby hands:

'I'll sweep the path for you.'

Too big the brush, too wide the path;

His utmost strength he threw,
And toiled his hardest, all in vain,
The rustling dead leaves still remain.

So we, intent on sweeping clean

The wide-set path of life,
Grasp at a broom beyond our strength,
And plunge into the strife;
And God looks on with tender smile,
Content to let us sweep awhile.

EDITH L. ELIAS.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

IN the mind of a brooding meditator upon the anxiety of the times there may arise, in the month of April of 1916, a disposition to take for text of a chain of thoughts on a splendid theme a considered judgment of the elder Dumas, as he set it down in writing. He said: 'After God, Shakespeare has created most.' For its comprehension, its discernment, and its utter truth, this declaration by the greatest of the brilliant company of romancers of France is inimitable. It is well at such moments as this to think of creators and creating. Destruction cuts and burns and explodes its insane way over the face of the earth that for thousands of years has betokened its desire to conjure up new beauties from the vast storehouse that Nature holds. England is scarcely rich in the tangible forms of homage she sets up to her greatest children, and in particular to those whose efforts were as from the spirit divine, and not the result of mere schemes in materialism, of strength of will, and of the power of a politician's personality. Sometimes she seems quick enough to give honours to men who by craftiness and a certain worldly genius collect millions in moneyed treasure for themselves; but she is not so prompt to display at a little cost her indebtedness to the few who have given her a spiritual pride and glory that are as deathless as the nation. She is willing enough, she remembers, and she may adore; but here, it seems, is a case to apply the national habit of procrastination. So we look about us in London vainly for a great monument to him who is not so much a prince of our own literature as a king of the world, our possession of him envied by none so much as by our bitterest enemies. It is true there is a statue to him in Westminster Abbey, where it has been for nearly a hundred and eighty years. Our careful and conscientious forefathers made the public sacrifice of a few pounds to pay for it. On the scroll that is held by the hands of the stone figure are the great and appropriate lines from *The Tempest*:

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.

No. 274.—VOL. VI.

A bubble financier, Baron Albert Grant, had a copy of this statue cut by Fontana and set up in the middle of Leicester Square some forty years ago. It is a trifle; hardly more than that. One looks in vain in London for any other monument. To name a street after the poet of the world is easy enough. Shakespeare is a popular title for alleys in suburbia. But the public places where statues may be put seem to be needed most for kings and politicians, reminding one of a remark made by a witty Scottish writer that the usual school history is a piece of snobbery; it cannot keep away from kings and queens, who do not matter, since history should be the story of the people. It is true; and there is the same snobbery in our monuments. There is perhaps but one in London that by its degree of dominance is worthy of its subject, and there is fault even to be found with that. We know another column from the summit of which it would not be unfitting to remove the royal figure and make room for one of the nation's truly great. In the shadow of this pompous erection, put away at the side where it may not be an inconvenience and need not be seen unless it is assiduously sought, there is a new statue, a small one, to Captain Robert Scott, which his brothers in the navy set up in his memory. This great man of the little statue went to the uttermost end of the earth in search of knowledge that might help an achievement that would for ever glorify his countrymen. No other Briton ever went so far, and he gave his life for the great enterprise. 'Had we lived I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance, and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale.' These words of his own last-written message are cut upon the base. That is the latest monument to be set up in London; it is well that we have it. That of Florence Nightingale, near by, and also within the shadow of the towering Duke, was the one before it. Most of us since our childhood have heard of schemes, mere schemes, many meetings, multitudes of words, some resolutions in the business-like way of committees and commissions, for the foundation and endowment of a great national memorial theatre in London, dedicated to the fame of

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FEBRUARY 26, 1916.

Shakespeare; a real temple of drama which would be a fair token of a people's gratitude for the beauty given to life and thought by Shakespeare, and the majestic entertainment he has yielded to us. But unfortunately there have been fewer subscriptions than speeches, and the people with millions, anxious to do good, have seemed to fear that, if they built such a theatre as might relieve a nation from the shame of neglect and ingratitude, there might be some danger of their own celebrity being overshadowed by that of the immortal dead. But, after all, it is stupid and out of proportion thus to complain of the lack of stone Shakespeares. Why, is there not something almost splendid in the idea that we raise no buildings, fix up no effigies—save just the one that a rich man gave to London ere he turned bankrupt—to the most transcendent genius of his kind who has ever lived, a superb creation of spiritual man, one who, as the great Frenchman said, had, next to God, created most? England is rich indeed that she can afford such neglect. Always she can give the excuse that Shakespeare truly is his own monument; that a column ascending from the steps by the old German Embassy to the very sky itself, and not merely to the simple height that the Duke of York is at, would be a monument infinitely less impressive, possessing not a millionth part of the spiritual value of a little volume of Shakespeare that might be bought for a shilling.

* * *

There is scarcely an intelligent man or woman in the land who does not, consciously or unconsciously, every day of his or her life, utter words that are in themselves a memorial of Shakespeare, reared by himself in the greatness of his mind. Those whom, with no offence, we may call the common people would find their means of expression, their elaborations of speech, simple as they may be, far more difficult and disappointing had there been no Shakespeare born at Stratford. Unknown to themselves, all persons capable of thought and speech are given in some measure to the art of analogy. To liken one thing to another is the simplest, crudest expression of the power of intelligence. The instinct of analogy is a point that one does not remember to have seen discussed; but reflection must justify it, however novel it may seem. The veriest child, hardly more than a lisping baby, begins with efforts at analogy as soon as he tries to express himself to an elder. He has seen outside something large, something tall, and in a mood for exaggeration, which is another instinct with the child, he goes to his father and says that it was as big—as big—as big as—but the mannikin of an experience not yet extending beyond the garden boundaries is short of material for comparison, and so analogy fails. It succeeds in matters of lions and such like, which seem to be so well within the scope of children's thoughts,

and are recognised standards of ferocity and strength. A dog is seen to run in the streets, and possibly chase a cat, and seems menacing even to the child himself. He retreats in some alarm. The incident maintains a hold upon his mind, and in the nursery some time later he gives an account of it. If it differs from the actual fact, it is merely because there has been a passing of time, and by a law of human weakness, which seems to be inexorable in its working, and never more so than in the childish mind, plain truth is garnished by the lapse of hours and days and years. It is not falseness or deceit; it is the generous habit of nature to make memories good by enriching them. Old age would be unbearable indeed did the heroics of our youth lessen in colour and intensity when preserved in the mind for occasional remembrance. The habit, or, rather, the instinct, is trained from the beginning, and so in the nursery the terrier that frolicked in the street at noon assumes the proportions and the manners of the finest African lion. This is analogy in its simplest and crudest form, as first practised by little children. The dog and lion is as the pothook of comparison. But lions only will not serve for life; continual analogy, the exercise of the instinct, is necessary for speech and explanation. It is used by every people, civilised and uncivilised, in every land. In England it is as rich and apposite as elsewhere, and the embellishments of the language as practised by the common people are perhaps as good and tasteful, as suggestive of imagination, as those of any other people, although the Briton has not such qualities of temperament and fancy as, say, the French. His speech abounds in borrowed aphorisms and analogies; and there is only this fault about them all, that after a little while they lose their freshness, and become trite. This is the more obvious the higher the speaker's degree of social state. At a village wedding-breakfast it might be pleasant if the chief speech-maker were smilingly to declare that what somebody had once said to the effect that the course of true love never did run smooth had now been proved untrue; but if the Shakesperian line—uttered so many millions of times, since Shakespeare first put it into the mouth of his Lysander—were quoted by a young lady in a drawing-room in Mayfair, it would be received with coldness and disregard. The mines of Shakespearian analogy and aphorism are richer and less exhaustible than the coalfields of the earth, and there is little excuse for such careless surface pickings. It is worse than this; it is a contempt of Shakespeare, who is thus used without being read, and therefore we must applaud Mayfair for its chilly disdain. So with the pound of flesh, so with the times that are out of joint, and so with ten thousand other phrases. Shakespeare fills our common speech to-day; he dominates our expressions, controls the analogies; and so it comes about that he is ever the founder

of the people's most popular embellishments of speech. Beautiful and ingenious thoughts, superb apophorisms, have, as is the way with words, been vulgarised and spoiled by reckless and often inappropriate use. Yes, Shakespeare and the inspired writers of the Scriptures were, as we may put it, the master-makers of the most-quoted apophorisms. They first said the greatest things that all the world has uttered since. So there is the monument of the mighty Shakespeare on the tongues of every one of us at this time, three hundred years since his life gave out. And whatever the influence and power of these analogies and apophorisms, proverbs and maxims, may be—and it is quite impossible to think that, repeated and reflected upon millions of times in every year, they are without great influence indeed—it must surely be for good. In a few piercing words that pin themselves fast to mind and memory, Shakespeare drives home a tremendous truth in a form in which it will be preserved and be most effective, and his teaching is always on the side of virtue and the beautiful in life. We may put his works next to the Bible itself in the effect of their moral teaching, which has all the greater strength inasmuch as it is unobtrusive. How often the balance of inclination may have been turned from wrong to right at the final moment by recollection of some old Shakespearian phrase! And the pity of it all is that the vast majority of the persons thus guided have never read an entire scene or act or play of Shakespeare. It is a tragedy of British life and education, the appalling misconception of the leaders and organisers of that education about what makes the best teaching for the heart and mind of the young boy and girl of this realm, fitting them to take their places in the Empire and maintain its material and its moral greatness. The real, essential truths of life and conduct are pressed into the very being by a Shakespearian play as they could be in no other way, because of the beautiful and subtle form in which they are presented. And yet, though the thoughts and words and matchless imagery of Shakespeare are one of the greatest of our modern heritages, the least study of him is not compulsory in our elementary schools, though it might be of vast advantage, spiritually and materially, to the child. Precious time is wasted in useless teachings, and not a moment can be spared for this. Is it not a shame upon us that any child should be sent out to the work and life of the world without having read at least one of the plays, and learned by heart a dozen of the majestic speeches with which they abound? Alas! the best is too much taken for granted in modern ways and systems of life.

* * *

This appalling war is to be a war of purification for ourselves as well as others. It is to lift our thoughts to higher things. So it is said. Yet, as I write, what is being presented at the

theatres of the capital! On the eve of the Shakespearian tercentenary there is being given at several theatres the most inartistic and idiotic form of public entertainment ever invented, known as the revue. This is what England sees when the war is wearing on in its second dreadful year! Last night I went some way out from the heart of London to see Mr Benson present again *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, worthily and lovingly done, as all Mr Benson's work is done. Few of his profession have ever served the British people to such good advantage. And, oh! again the everlasting beauty, the transcendent imagery, the exquisite fancy of this fairy play! It is the most grateful recollection of my schooling that, from the first word to the last of it, I was taught it as a boy of twelve, the first play I ever read, and in my mind it has continually grown in wonder and beauty since. Every child, for his future happiness, should be given it to carry with him in memory through the world of sorrows. Compulsory Shakespeare, as I think, is one of the few redeeming features of the system of University Local Examinations which have placed such a fatal premium on a stupid mechanical cramming, and stultified the powers of thought and initiative in the mind of the modern child. For the good of his patriotism, every boy at school this year should be acquainted to the full with the fervour of *King Henry V*. On the twenty-third of the month of April the tercentenary will be reached. What will be done in the way of commemoration in Britain is a matter that has not at the moment been completely decided. Many people say there should be nothing, or next to nothing, because of the war. That war is an efficient excuse for many omissions, but a poor one in this case. Five millions a day for slaughter, but not a thousand pounds for a festival of three hundred years of Shakespeare! But yet there will be a little. At Stratford Mr Benson will give commemoration performances. On the thirtieth the churches will begin a celebration, and thereafter there is to be a Shakespeare matinee at a London theatre, something is to be done in the schools, and there will be speech-making at the Mansion House! At a rough estimate Spain is doing ten thousand times more than this in memory of Cervantes, who died on the same day. But it is in the power of every person to make a little commemoration of his own, and it should be done, by the old in their homes and by the young at the schools. Something should be done to gain more knowledge than the little that is possessed about the prince of poets. There is no story of life and work that is more fascinating than his. Apart from the transcendent merit, the immortal quality, of his work, it is incomprehensible how the master could in a single lifetime have produced so much. One must go back to the judgment of Dumas and appreciate that 'after God, Shakespeare

created most.' It is the *Life of Shakespeare*, written by Sir Sidney Lee, the best Life that we have, that has reminded me of this tribute. It has recently been revised and much enlarged, and it is the standard work upon the poet. This book is better worth reading at the present moment than any other book I know. I wish I could attempt to tell in a dozen articles a little of this fascinating story. As it is, I dare but make a snatch from the last chapter, in which a 'general estimate' is attempted. 'Many forces,' says Sir Sidney Lee, 'went to the making of Shakespeare's mighty achievement. His national affinities lie on the surface. A love of his own country and a confident faith in its destiny find exalted expression in his work. Especially did he interpret to perfection the humour peculiar to his race. His drama was cast in a mould which English predecessors had invented. But he is free of all taint of insularity. His lot was thrown in the full current of the intellectual and artistic movement known as the Renaissance, which, taking its rise in Italy of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, was in his lifetime still active in every country of western Europe. He shared in the great common stock of thought and aspiration, in the certain hope of intellectual enfranchisement, and in the enthusiastic recognition of the beauty of the world and humanity—to which in his epoch authors of all countries under the sway of the Renaissance enjoyed access. Like all great poets, Shakespeare was not merely gifted with a supreme capacity for observing what was passing about him in nature and human life, but he was endowed with the rare power of assimilating with rapidity the fruits of reading. Literary study rendered his imagination the more productive and robust. His genius caught light and heat from much foreign as well as domestic literature. But he had the faculty of transmuting in the crucible of his mind the thought and style of others into new substance of an unprecedented richness. His mind may best be likened to a highly sensitised photographic plate, which need only be exposed for however brief a period to anything in life or literature in order to receive upon its surface the firm outline of a picture which could be developed and reproduced at will. If Shakespeare's mind came in contact in an alehouse with a burly, good-humoured toper, the conception of a Falstaff found instantaneous admission to his brain. The character had revealed itself to him in most of its involutions as quickly as his eye caught sight of its external form and his ear caught the sound of the voice. Books offered Shakespeare the same opportunity of realising human life and experience. A hurried perusal of an Italian story of a Jew in Venice conveyed to him the mental picture of Shylock, with all his racial temperament in energetic

action, and all the background of Venetian scenery and society accurately defined. A few hours spent over Plutarch's *Lives* brought into being in Shakespeare's brain the true aspects of Roman character and Roman inspiration. Whencesoever the external impressions came, whether from the world of books or the world of living men, the same mental process was at work, the same visualising instinct which made the thing which he saw or read of a living and a lasting reality. No analysis of the final fruits of Shakespeare's genius can be adequate. In knowledge of human character, in perception and portrayal of the workings of passion, in wealth of humour, in fertility of fancy, and in soundness of judgment, he has no rival. It is true of him as of no other writer, that his language and versification adapt themselves to every phase of sentiment, and sound every note in the scale of felicity.'

* * *

The thought may sometimes enter the mind of an inexperienced and undiscerning man on seeing Shakespearian plays presented, as they are done in modern times, that the bare words of the text, sublime as they are, gain assistance from the modern embellishments of stagecraft. He may see *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, or *The Merchant of Venice*, or *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and ask if Shakespeare could have imagined all that just as it is shown. But with better knowledge and perception he would understand that the imagination of Shakespeare was beyond all these, our poor adornments, and is dependent for its appeal on none of them. Consider the readings and the varieties in presentation of *Hamlet*. You may see it done gorgeously at His Majesty's Theatre, or with the severest simplicity of a little black cloth, and not much besides, by Mr Martin Harvey. In essentials the force is the same, or, if it is not the same, the advantage lies with the simplicity. Many years ago I saw Madame Bernhardt play *Hamlet*. A few nights since I heard that same voice of gold keyed up in patriotic feeling as never before in her denunciation of the fiends, our common enemy, in *Les Cathédrales*. It was a great achievement, an ennobling presentation. In a circle outside of us were the inane revues! But Madame Bernhardt gave us help and hope. She seemed to remind those who needed any such reminder that art and beauty are things of eternity, that passion and feeling will last for ever, as wars and revues will not. As her most gifted countryman, M. Anatole France, has said, the whole immense effort of civilisation has for its end the beautifying of life; in mankind there is an incessant desire, a perpetual need, for ornamenting it. And of all the beautifiers of life, does not William Shakespeare occupy the very foremost place?

THE DAY OF WRATH.

CHAPTER X.—ANDENNE.

MADAME JOOS was old for her fifty years, and heavy withal. Hers was not the finer quality of human clay which hardens in the fire of adversity. She became ill, almost seriously ill, and had to be nursed back into good health again during nine long days. And long these days were, the longest Dalroy had ever known. To a man of his temperament, enforced inactivity was anathema in any conditions; a gnawing doubt that he was not justified in remaining in Verviers at all did not improve matters. Monsieur Garnier, the curé, was a frequent, though unobtrusive, visitor. He doctored the invalid, and brought scraps of accurate information which filtered through the far-flung screen of Uhlans and the dense lines of German infantry and guns. Thus the fugitives knew when and where the British Expeditionary Force actually landed on the Continent. They heard of the gradual sapping of the defences of Liège, until Fort Loncin fell, and, with it, as events were to prove, the shield which had protected Belgium for nearly a fortnight. The respite did not avail King Albert and his heroic people in so far as the occupation and ravaging of their beautiful country was concerned; but calm-eyed historians in years to come will appraise at its true value the breathing-space, slight though it was, thus secured for France and Britain.

Dalroy found it extraordinarily difficult to sift the true from the false in the crop of conflicting rumours. In the first instance, German legends had to be discounted. From the outset of the campaign the Kaiser's armies were steadily regaled with accounts of phenomenal successes *elsewhere*. Thus, when four army corps, commanded now by Von Kluck, were nearly demoralised by the steadfast valour of General Leman and his stalwarts, the men were rallied by being told that the Crown Prince was smashing his way to Paris through Nancy and Verdun. Prodiges were being performed in Poland and on the North Sea, and London was burnt by Zeppelins almost daily. Nor did Belgian imagination lag far behind in this contest of unveracity. British and French troops were marching to the Meuse by a dozen roads; the French raid into Alsace was magnified into a great military feat; the British fleet had squelched the German navy by sinking nineteen battleships; the Kaiser, haggard and bleary-eyed, was alternately degrading and shooting Generals and issuing flamboyant proclamations. Finally, Russia was flattening out East Prussia and Galicia with the slow crunching of a steam-roller.

Out of this maelström of 'news' a level-headed soldier might, and did, extract certain hard facts. The landing of Sir John French's force took

place exactly at the time and place and in the numbers Dalroy himself had estimated. To throw a small army into Flanders would have been folly. Obviously the British must join hands with the French before offering battle. For the rest—though he went out very little, and alone, as being less risky—he recognised the hour when the German machine recovered its momentum after the first unexpected collapse. He saw order replace chaos. He watched the dragon crawling ever onward, and understood then that no act of man could save Belgium. Verviers was the best possible site for an observer who knew how to use his eyes. He assumed that what was occurring there was going on with equal precision in Luxembourg and along the line of the Vosges Mountains.

Gradually, too, he reconciled his conscience to these days of waiting. He believed now that his services would be immensely more useful to the British Commander-in-Chief in the field if he could cross the French frontier rather than reach London and the War Office by way of the Belgian coast. This decision lightened his heart. He was beginning to fear that the welfare of Irene Beresford was conflicting with duty. It was cheering to feel convinced that the odds and ends of information picked up in Verviers might prove of inestimable value to the Allied cause. For instance, Liège was being laid low by eleven-inch howitzers, but he had seen seventeen-inch howitzers, each in three parts, each part drawn by forty horses or a dozen traction-engines, moving slowly toward the south-west. There lay Namur and France. No need to doubt now where the chief theatre of the war would find its habitat. The German staff had blundered in its initial strategy, but the defect was being repaired. All that had gone before was a mere prelude to the grim business which would be transacted beyond the Meuse.

During that period of quiescence, certain minor and personal elements affecting the future passed from a nebulous stage to a state of quasi-acceptance. There was not, there could not be, any pronounced love-making between two people so situated as Dalroy and Irene Beresford. But eyes can exchange messages which the lips dare not utter, and these two began to realise that they were designed the one for the other by a wise Providence. As that is precisely the right sentiment of young folk in love, romance thrived finely in Madame Béranger's little *auberge* in the Rue de Nivers at Verviers. A tender glance, a touch of the hand, a lighting of a troubled face when the dear one appears—these things are excellent substitutes for the spoken word.

Irene was 'Irene' to Dalroy ever since that

night in the wood at Argenteau, and the girl herself accepted the development with the deftness which is every woman's legacy from Mother Eve.

'If you make free with my Christian name, I must retort by using yours,' she said one day on coming down to breakfast. 'So, "Good-morning, Arthur." Where did you get that hat?'

The hat in question was a purchase, a wide-brimmed felt such as is common in Flanders. Its Apache slouch, in conjunction with Jan Maertz's oldest clothes and a week's stubble of beard, made Dalroy quite villainous-looking. Except in the details of height and physique, it would, indeed, be difficult for any stranger to associate this loose-limbed Belgian labourer with the well-groomed cavalry officer who entered the Friedrich-Strasse Station in Berlin on the night of August 3rd. That was as it should be, though the alteration was none the less displeasing to its victim. Irene adopted a huge sun-bonnet, and compromised as to boots by wearing *sabots en cuir*, or clogs.

Singularly enough, white-haired Monsieur Garnier nearly brought matters to a climax as between these two.

On the Wednesday evening, when the last forts of Liège were crumbling, Madame Joos was reported convalescent and asleep, so both girls came to the little *salon* for a supper of stewed veal.

Naturally the war was discussed first; but the priest was learning to agree with his English friend about its main features. In sheer dismay at the black outlook before his country, he suddenly turned the talk into a more intimate channel.

'What plans have you youngsters made?' he asked. 'Monsieur Joos and I can only look back through the years. The places we know and love are abodes of ghosts. The milestones are tombstones. We can surely count more friends dead than living. For you it is different. The world will go on, war or no war; but Verviers will not become your residence, I take it.'

'Jan and I mean to join our respective armies as soon as Monsieur Joos and the ladies are taken care of, and that means, I suppose, safely lodged in England,' said Dalroy.

'If Léontine likes to marry me first, I'm agreeable,' put in Maertz promptly.

It was a naïve confession, and every one laughed except Joos.

'Léontine marries neither you nor any other hulking loafer while there is one German hoof left in Belgium,' vowed the little man warmly.

The priest smiled. He knew where the shoe pinched. Maertz, if no loafer, was not what is vulgarly described as 'a good catch.'

'I've lost my parish,' he said jestingly, 'and, being an inveterate match-maker, am on the *qui vive* for a job. But if father says "No,"

we must wait till mother has a word. Now for the other pair.—What of you?'

Irene blushed scarlet, and dropped her serviette; Dalroy, though flabbergasted, happily hit on a way out.

'I'm surprised at you, monsieur!' he cried. 'Look at mademoiselle, and then run your eye over me. Did ever pretty maid wed such a scarecrow?'

'I must refer that point to mademoiselle,' retorted the priest. 'I don't think either of you would choose a book by the cover.'

'Ah! At last I know the worst,' laughed Dalroy. 'Who would believe that I once posed as the Discobolus in a *tableau vivant*?'

'What's that?' demanded Joos.

Dalroy hesitated. Neither his French nor German was equal to the translation.

'A quoit-thrower,' suggested Irene.

'Quoits!' sniffed the miller. 'I'll take you on at that game any day you like for twenty francs every ringer.'

It was a safe offer. Old Joos was a noted player. He gave details of his prowess. Dalroy, though modestly declining a contest, led him on, and steered the conversation clear of rocks.

Thenceforth, for a whole day, Irene's manner stiffened perceptibly, and Dalroy was miserable. Inexperienced in the ways of the sex, he little dreamed that Irene felt she had been literally thrown at his head.

But graver issues soon dispersed that small cloud. On Saturday, 15th August, the thunder of the guns lessened and died down, being replaced by the far more distant and fitful barking of field batteries. But the rumble on the cobbles of the main road continued. What need to ask what had happened? Around Liège lay the silence of death.

Late that afternoon a woman brought a note to Dalroy. It bore no address. She merely handed it to him, and hurried off, with the furtive air of one afraid of being asked for an explanation. It ran:

'DEAR FRIEND,—Save yourself and the others. Lose not a moment. I have seen a handbill. A big reward is offered. My advice is: go west separately. The messenger I employ is a Christian, but I doubt the faith of many. May God guard you! I shall accompany you in my thoughts and prayers.—E. G.'

Dalroy found Joos instantly.

'What is our curé's baptismal name?' he inquired.

'Edouard, monsieur.'

'He has sent us marching orders. Read that!'

The miller's wizened face blanched. He had counted on remaining in Verviers till the war was over. At that date no self-respecting Belgian could bring himself to believe that the fighting would continue into the winter. The first comparative successes of the small Belgian army,

combined with the meteoric French advance into Alsace, seemed to assure speedy victory by the Allies. He swore roundly, but decided to follow the priest's bidding in every respect save one.

'We can't split up,' he declared. 'We are all named in the *laissez passer*. You understand what dull pigs these Germans are. They'll count heads. If one is missing, or there's one too many, they'll inquire about it for a week.'

Sound common-sense and no small knowledge of Teuton character lurked in the old man's comment. Monsieur Garnier, of course, had not been told why this queerly assorted group clung together, nor was he aware of the exact cause of their flight from Visé. Probably the hand-bill he mentioned was explicit in names and descriptions. At any rate, he must have the strongest reasons for supposing that Verviers no longer provided a safe retreat.

Jan Maertz was summoned. He made a good suggestion. The direct road to Andenne, *via* Liège and Huy, was impracticable, being crowded with troops and transports. Why not use the country lanes from Pepinster through Louveigne, Hanoir, and Maffe? It was a hilly country, and probably clear of soldiers. He would buy a dog-team, and thus save Madame Joos the fatigue of walking.

Dalroy agreed at once. Even though Irene still insisted on sharing his effort to cross the German lines, two routes opened from Andenne, one to Brussels and the west, the other to Dinant and the south. Moreover, he counted on the Allies occupying the Mons-Charleroi-Namur terrain, and one night's march from Andenne, with Maertz as guide, should bring the three of them through, as the Joos family, in all likelihood, would elect to remain with their relatives.

In a word, the orderliness of Verviers had already relegated the excesses of Visé to the obscurity of an evil but half-forgotten dream. The horrors of Louvain, of Malines, of the whole Belgian valley of the Meuse, had yet to come.

An officer of the British army simply could not allow his mind to conceive the purposeful criminality of German methods. Little did he imagine that, on the very day the fugitives set out for Andenne, Visé was completely sacked and burned by command of the German authorities. And why? Not because of any fault committed by the unfortunate inhabitants, who had suffered so much at the outbreak of hostilities. This second avalanche was let loose out of sheer spite. By this time the enemy was commencing to estimate the fearful toll which the Belgian army had taken of the Uhlans who provided the famous 'cavalry screen.' Over and over again the vaunted light horsemen of Germany were ambuscaded and cut up or captured. They proved to be extraordinarily poor fighters when in small numbers, but naturally those who got away made a fine tale of the dangers they had escaped. These constant defeats stung the pride of the headquarters staff, and 'frightfulness' was prescribed as the remedy. The fact cannot be disputed. The invaders' earliest offences might be explained, if not condoned, as the deeds of men brutalised by drink, but the wholesale ravaging of communities by regiments and brigades was the outcome of a deliberate policy of reprisal. The Hun argument was convincing—to the Hun intellect. How dared these puny Belgians fight for their hearths and homes? It was their place to grovel at the feet of the conqueror. If any worn-out notions of honour and manhood and the sanctity of woman inspired them to take the field, they must be taught wisdom by being ground beneath the heel of the Prussian jack-boot.

If the dead mouths of five thousand murdered Belgians did not bear testimony against these disciplined marauders, the mere journey of the little party of men and women who set out from Verviers that Saturday afternoon would itself dispose of any attempt to cloak the high-placed offenders.

(Continued on page 216.)

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A PRISON GOVERNOR.

By SIROCCO SMALL.

HIS house is usually situated close to the prison gate.

At six o'clock in the morning the prisoners begin the work of the day, and he pays an occasional early morning visit to watch them mustering and passing out to the workshops to be employed at association labour. After the breakfast-hour the real business of the day commences. Nine o'clock will find the governor in his private room, dealing with a vast pile of special correspondence, the examination of warrants, and the warders' reports for the previous day.

At ten o'clock he proceeds to enter the prison buildings proper, where a number of warders are on duty waiting his arrival. As he enters the central hall from which the long prison galleries radiate, a word of command rings out from the senior warder on duty to a line of prisoners waiting to be brought before him: 'Stand to attention!' The warders salute him, and he passes into a special room, attended by the chief warder and a principal warder. In this room he holds his daily court, and here are witnessed scenes more tragic than those which take place in the public courts of a city. Long usage of a

system which is as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians makes the officials move about it in calm and silent order. There is no bustle, no excitement, no unnecessary speech or movement; all is terribly stern, grim, inflexible. Discipline is the all-predominating impression conveyed—iron, unbending discipline.

The prisoners waiting for an audience are divided into three classes, the first of which desire to make 'requests,' the second are 'on report' for breach of prison discipline, and the others are 'specials,' the exact meaning of which will be seen later. They are dealt with in the order named; and, having seated himself at his desk, the governor signals for the first man. He is marched in, and takes up his stand between two warders in front of the governor's desk. The chief warder asks him his name. He gives it, and the governor has his record of industry, good conduct, sentence, nature of crime, &c., placed before him for reference.

Prisoners' requests are usually easily and speedily dealt with, but sometimes they take strange forms. In order that the reader may better comprehend this little-known side of prison life, I will give details of what I actually saw and heard during a day spent with the governor of one of the very largest of our local prisons.

The first was a request made by a prisoner to be permitted to send out and receive a letter. As he was not entitled to this privilege, he was asked by the governor what grounds he had for his demand.

'I have a kid that was dying when I got pinched, sir,' he said, 'and I can't sleep at night thinking if he is living yet, or dead.'

The governor holds up his hand to enjoin silence. He is a humane man, if a stern disciplinarian. 'Granted,' he says with curt but sympathetic brevity.

Next appears a youth recently convicted and sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

'Well, Smith, what do you want?' asks the governor. He is well acquainted with this youth by reason of his many convictions.

'I want to ask if you will let my own clothes be sent to my home to be kept for me in good condition.'

The governor considers a moment. He is a judge of human nature, and knows something of the habits of folks in this man's sphere of life. 'I can't grant that, Smith, because I have no guarantee that your clothes would ever be returned. Your friends might pawn or sell them, and be unable or unwilling to replace them for you at your liberation. Refused.'

Other minor requests are dealt with, and a note of humour is struck when a prisoner explains to the governor that he had in his possession when brought to prison several plants in pots, by selling which he lived when at liberty, and requests that they should be watered and

cared for during his incarceration. Even the grim countenances of the warders relaxed at the thought of tending with tender solicitude the property of the horticultural prisoner for two calendar months. It resulted in the governor arranging to buy the plants for his own house, and to have the purchase price paid to the prisoner on the day of his discharge.

Another request made was that of a prisoner who wished to write a letter of apology to the man whom he had assaulted, for which crime he was undergoing three months' imprisonment.

Next came the 'reports.' The first was charged by a warder with having refused to complete the allotted task, and disobeying orders.

'What have you to say?' he is asked by the governor.

He enters into a long, irrelevant explanation about his work, and concludes by stating that he was too ill to do the work required of him. His medical record is instantly produced for the governor's information. The remarks entered therein by the prison medical officer convince him that the prisoner is a habitual malingerer. Without comment, he passes a sentence of four days' bread and water in punishment cells.

Another was charged with assaulting a warder and using obscene language to him. In reply to the usual query, he, with convincing earnestness, tells the governor that he did swear at the warder, because he was greatly provoked by the treatment he had received from him. He denies indignantly that he assaulted him, and states that it was an attempt by the warder to strike him which caused the trouble.

'Where did the prisoner strike you?' asks the governor, addressing the warder.

'On the face, sir.'

'Were you marked by the blow?'

'No, sir.'

'Why did he assault you?'

'I ordered him to do more work than he was doing, and he attacked me, sir.'

'But this man's work-sheet tells me that he has performed the required task every day for months past. What reason had you for interfering with him when he has done this?'

The warder looks confused. Turning to the prisoner, the governor merely tells him that the matter is ended, and when he is gone he severely reprimands the warder for his treatment of the man. Happily these cases are rare in the prison service.

A powerfully built man is now ushered in, with his wrists handcuffed. His countenance wears a brutal and vicious hatred of all around him. He is charged with having felled a warder on the previous day by striking him with an iron lever, and rendering him unconscious. He had to be dragged by force to his cell, and during the night he had broken all the windows in his cell, broken the furniture, and torn his bedding

into ribbons. These were produced for the governor's inspection.

'The last time you were before me,' says the governor, 'I thought that seven days' punishment diet would bring you to reason. It has obviously failed, however, and I will not attempt to deal with you now. You will be kept in strict solitary confinement until the next occurring visit of the magistrates to the prison, when you will be sentenced.'

With a quick movement, the man springs at the governor with murder written on his face; but before he can reach him he is seized by the warders in attendance, and dragged, struggling, biting, and kicking, to his cell in the basement of the prison. As quick as it happens, as quick is it over, and all is calm and tranquil as usual. It takes a great deal to surprise an experienced prison official.

The 'specials' next follow. The first prisoner enters, dreadfully pale and anxious-looking. The nervous working of his features is eloquent of his anguish of mind. An official-looking blue-coloured document is placed before the governor, who reads it in silence. The prisoner searches his face for some hint of its contents to relieve his mental suspense.

'You will be produced before the Edinburgh magistrates to-morrow to answer another charge of conspiracy to defraud.'

It is his worst fear realised. A dazed look comes into his face. He sways, is supported by an attendant warder, and passes out.

'Next.'

Again the same haunted look reveals itself on the countenance of No. 2. His is the look of a man without the capacity ever to enjoy the pleasure of a smile. Beaten and crushed; and the system, not yet satisfied, is going to make him endure it all over again. Here is a case in which law is not justice. He has just about completed a long term of eighteen months' imprisonment. In a few weeks he had hoped to be free; free to move as he liked, and free to live for better things. But here is something that will crush him with merciless severity. The governor scans the record of the man's conduct in prison. It is good.

'I have a painful duty to perform, Jones,' he says. 'You will be apprehended on the day of your discharge from here by the Manchester police to answer other charges against you. I regret this, Jones, because of the length of your sentence; but you must hope for the best.'

The prisoner wearily turns away, and disappears from view to suffer all his agony over again.

Next follow a number of prisoners recently committed to prison. The warder responsible for the photographing and the taking of finger-prints enters. He places several photographs of criminals in full face and in profile on the desk before the governor. Names are called

out. They enter, and the governor glances keenly at each man to compare him with the photo taken. If he is satisfied that the likeness is a good one he passes it; otherwise it has to be taken over again for identification purposes.

This brings the 'court' to a close, and the governor sets out, preceded by a warder and followed by the chief warder, to inspect the prison cells. In the larger prisons he takes one of the five or six wings every day, the others being inspected by the deputy governor. The cell doors are unlocked by the warder leading. He orders the prisoner to stand to attention. The governor passes, and the door is again secured by the warder in charge of the gallery.

This done, he visits the workshops and exercise-grounds. As he approaches the latter, the command is given by the officer in charge, 'Exercise, halt!' Then he turns to the governor, saying, 'A hundred and twelve prisoners, all correct, sir;' receives his acknowledgment; and 'Exercise, quick march!' rings out, and the governor passes on. Every party of prisoners he meets on his tour of inspection is halted by the warder in charge, who declares the number of his party, and salutes. The governor can inform himself from the location-slate kept in the central hall how many prisoners are in each party, and should a warder mistake the number it spells trouble for him.

Washhouses, bakehouse, and cookhouse are visited in turn; then the prison hospital, and here he has to listen to requests, &c., by prisoners who cannot attend the official court because of their being sick.

Should there be a prisoner under sentence of death, he next visits him. On his entering the condemned cell, the two warders in charge of the unfortunate man stand to attention and report 'All correct.' He asks the prisoner if he is 'all right,' a somewhat ironical inquiry, which to the reader may sound like a grim jest. This is a very necessary procedure, however, and laid down in the regulations governing the treatment of condemned prisoners. The governor proceeds to inspect the book kept in the condemned cell, which contains the warders' report. This book bears a record of every act of the prisoner during the time he is awaiting execution. The moment he sleeps is stated, the moment he wakes, and his general disposition and demeanour are carefully noted. Even the natural physical functions are not allowed to escape attention. Requests, if any, are made to the governor when he pays his visit, and nothing is denied a condemned man which is compatible with reason and prison discipline. This is always a trying time for a prison governor, and the day before the execution and the actual morning itself find him busy and alert. Preparations for the execution are to be supervised, and the possibility of a hitch must not be entertained. The arrival of the public executioner the night before, and the issuing

of orders about his accommodation within the prison buildings, are all part of his duties. Then come the actual attendance at the scaffold, the removal of the body afterwards, the attendance (in English prisons) at the inquest, the signing of numerous documents in connection with the execution, and a host of minor details which would occupy too much space to enumerate.

The female prison, which is within the same boundary wall, but separate entirely from the main male section, is then visited. The governor

is not detained long here, as the matron relieves him of much of the routine. The same procedure is recognised here, and to give details would be to repeat what has already been written.

The governor is liable to be awakened at any time of the night, and he cannot leave home without a note being taken of his address at the prison gate office, in case of outbreak or other troubles. It will be seen, therefore, that the office of governor of one of his Majesty's prisons is not the sinecure some people consider it.

CANNON THUNDER.

By A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

IN July 1666 the British fleet, under the command of General Monk and Prince Rupert, had put to sea to attack the Dutch fleet under De Ruyter and Van Tromp. In his diary on 25th July Mr Pepys tells how he went to Whitehall and found the Court had gone to chapel, 'it being St James's Day;' and then he goes on: 'By-the-by, while they are at chapel, and we waiting chapel being done, come people out of the Park, telling us that the guns are heard plainly. And so everybody to the Park; and by-and-by, the chapel done, the king and duke into the bowling green, and upon the leads, whither I went, and there the guns were plain to be heard; though it was pretty to hear how confident some would be in the loudness of the guns, which it was as much as ever I could do to hear them.'

Two days later came the news that while the king and Court were listening to the faint, far-off sound of the guns, as they stood on the roof at Whitehall, the British and Dutch fleets were fighting a great battle near the Gunfleet Sands, off Clacton, on the Essex coast, more than sixty miles away. The heaviest guns in the opposing fleets would probably be only thirty-pounders—mere pop-guns compared with the giant naval and siege artillery of to-day.

One does not wonder, therefore, at hearing that the great cannonades of the present war have been heard at even longer distances. In one of his speeches, Mr Lloyd George told how, lying awake at his house on the North Downs, he had more than once heard, in the stillness of the night, the sound of the cannonade in Flanders. During the great battle for Ypres, in November 1914, there were reports from many parts of Kent that the sound of the cannonade could be easily heard. During the fighting in the southern Vosges in the spring of last year, the sound of the firing was heard in the mountain villages at the base of the Matterhorn, more than one hundred and twenty miles from Belfort. The firing was also heard at Geneva. The bombardment of the Antwerp forts, where the huge Skoda

howitzers were in action, was plainly heard at Groningen, in the extreme north of Holland, one hundred and seventy miles away.

A correspondent of a German newspaper gave an interesting account of his sensations during the prolonged bombardment that preceded the great attack of the Allies on the German lines in France at the end of September. It was probably the heaviest cannonade in the history of war. Day after day hundreds of heavy guns were pouring their shells into the German lines. On the front in Champagne between Rheims and the Argonne, where the main French attack was to be delivered, the bombardment was the heaviest of all. The German writer, a doctor attached to a hospital on the Belgian frontier more than fifty miles in rear of the German lines in Champagne, told how all day long he heard the distant roar of the cannonade, now like a dull murmur, now with an intensity of sound that seemed to make the ground tremble. It was a strange sensation, he said, for when he left the hospital in the little Belgian frontier town there was no sign of war anywhere. When he took a walk in the fields everything seemed peaceful, but all the while the sound of guns was in the air, reminding him of his experiences when, as a traveller in Java, he listened to the thunder of a volcano in eruption, but out of sight.

The wonder is not that the tremendous bombardments of the present war are heard fifty or a hundred miles away, but that they are not heard at a much greater distance. Theoretically, we might expect to hear the sound of guns in London whenever there is heavy fighting on the front between Ypres and Arras, where hundreds of guns are often in action within one hundred and fifty miles of the capital. Dover ought to hear the firing nearly every day. The historical experiment which first determined the speed at which sound travels through the air was made under the direction of the French Academy of Sciences in 1738. Two of the small field-pieces of the time, eight-pounders, were used. One of them was placed at Montmartre, the other

at Montehéry. The distance between the two places is just over eighteen miles. The charge of powder used was only three pounds, but the reports could be quite easily heard. Now a blank-cartridge weighing three pounds is a mere squib compared with the driving-charge of a modern heavy gun. For some of the heavy howitzers of to-day the charge is three hundred pounds of a much more powerful explosive than the old black powder. If the firing of a blank-cartridge weighing three pounds could be easily heard eighteen miles away, one might expect that the firing of a shotted gun with a charge more than a hundred times as powerful would be easily heard at least ten times that distance. In fact, in placing the probable distance at which it would be heard at one hundred and eighty miles one is making a very moderate estimate.

But sound plays very curious tricks. There are times when the firing of hundreds of guns is not heard at a distance of a few miles. The direction of the wind and the general state of the atmosphere seem to influence the propagation of sound in ways that we do not completely understand. There is an interesting historical instance of this. At the decisive battle of Sadowa, in the war between Austria and Prussia in 1866, the Austrians held a line of low hills on the west bank of the Elbe in front of the fortress of Königgrätz. Here they were attacked on 3rd July, a dull, rainy day, by two Prussian armies converging upon their position. The main frontal attack of the Prussians, under the command of King William and Von Moltke, was made from the westward, and at the same time a flank attack was made on their right by the army of the Crown Prince of Prussia marching down from the northward and threatening to cut in between them and the bridges of the Elbe. There was a very slight breeze from the north, and as the Crown Prince's army advanced and came into action the flashes of guns and the great smoke-clouds they produced could be seen quite plainly on the hills on the Austrian right about two miles distant. It was evident a great battle was in progress, but the officers and men of the Crown Prince's vanguard could not hear the sound of the firing. Yet the nearest guns were only two miles off, and these were the batteries at the northern extremity of a battle-line extending for miles, in which the opposing armies had more than a thousand guns in action.

This is one of the most striking instances of the kind; but there are several cases recorded in the American Civil War where, though the flashes of guns could be seen at no great distance, their reports could not be heard.

There is another mystery of sound, of which there is yet no satisfactory explanation, though there are many ingenious theories on the subject. This is the existence of what is called

the 'zone of silence.' On 15th November 1908 heavy charges of dynamite were exploded in the blasting operations for the construction of the Jungfrau railway. The explosion was clearly heard for a distance of about twenty-five miles from the north side of the mountain. Then for more than sixty miles the most careful inquiry produced no case of the explosion having been heard. But, strange to say, it was quite certain that the explosion was heard at a large number of places more than eighty-five miles away from the mountain. There were thus three regions, in two of which, the nearest and the farthest, the explosion could be heard, and between them there was this strange 'zone of silence' more than sixty miles wide.

The discussion of this curious fact led to the discovery of other recorded cases of the sound of firing, or heavy explosions, being heard near and far off, and being inaudible in an intermediate space. There is an instance of it in Pepys's Diary. On 2nd June 1666 the English and Dutch fleets were fighting in the Channel, 'half seas over' (that is, half-way across), 'between Dunkirk and Ostend.' The firing was heard in London, but not at Dover. 'It is a miraculous thing,' writes Mr Pepys, 'that we did hear everywhere most plainly the guns go off, and yet at Deal and Dover they did not hear one word of a fight, nor think they heard one gun. This makes room for a great dispute in philosophy, how we should hear it and they not, the same wind that brought it to us being the same that should bring it to them.'

An investigation of the distances at which the heavy bombardment of the Antwerp forts was heard in 1914 shows that the 'zone of silence' began at a distance of about fifty miles from the fortress. It could be heard plainly in the south of Holland; in central Holland it was inaudible, but it could be heard like distant thunder in towns on and beyond the north shores of the Zuyder Zee. Here, again, as in the case of the Jungfrau explosion, the three zones—two of sound and one of silence—were clearly marked, the zone of silence in this instance being about thirty-six miles across. One of the theories by which an attempt is made to explain the phenomenon supposes that the more distant sound is the result of an air-wave deflected from the upper regions of the atmosphere at a point where its constitution is so different that the sound-wave cannot easily traverse it, but is first propagated horizontally and then descends. If this is true, the wave passes over the 'zone of silence' at a height of many miles, and then descends over the country beyond. To the mere lay mind it does not seem a very satisfactory explanation.

On a much smaller scale there appear sometimes to be not 'zones,' but, if one may use the word, 'patches' of silence close to the place where heavy firing is in progress. Perhaps this

is the result of what, with respect to another range of phenomena, men of science describe as 'interference.' This expresses the fact that two series of undulations or waves may so 'interfere' with each other that they become neutralised; to put it simply, the rises in one series filling the hollows of the other. Thus it may happen that within a space of a few hundred yards the firing can be heard by those on the right and left, but is inaudible or indistinctly heard on the intervening ground. Of course there are still more numerous cases where flaws of the wind, or the obstacles opposed by hills or even high buildings, prevent the ordinary propagation of the sound; and, again, it can obviously be made indistinct by nearer sources of noise and disturbance. During the Zeppelin attacks on London the heavy explosion of the bombs and the fire of the anti-aircraft guns were sometimes unheard, even in the night, in districts of the great city that were fairly near the scene of the attack.

To use Macaulay's phrase, 'every schoolboy knows' that sound is the result of undulations in the air. But few realise the tremendous force of the air-waves caused by the firing of a heavy gun. Curiously enough, most people quite understand that an explosion will kill and maim men and throw down walls within its radius of action. But, familiar as they are with this idea, they do not realise quite so clearly that the firing of a big gun is an exceptionally powerful explosion so controlled as to act chiefly in one direction only—namely, in the line of fire along which it drives the shell. The report is produced by the tremendous air-wave which radiates from the muzzle of the gun. The main force of this is expended over a fan-shaped region in front of the muzzle; but there is a complicated series of disturbances, and very violent secondary waves come rushing back to right and left. As the shot leaves the muzzle the air is driven violently away, and the space thus left is filled for a moment with the heated and highly expanded gases produced by the explosion. As this globe of gases collapses when its force is expended, there is a back-rush of the air. Over a wide angle in front of the gun, both to right and left of the line of fire, the explosive force is sufficient to be dangerous to life. When the American fleet destroyed the Spanish cruiser squadron in the running fight off Santiago, the Americans had only two casualties as the result of the enemy's fire, a signalman killed and another wounded. But nine men had to be sent to hospital as the result of serious injuries from the shock of their own gun-fire. When one of our Dreadnoughts was

testing her guns the backwash of the air-wave produced by a broadside burst open doors and flung about the furniture in the officers' cabins, in one case tearing a heavy pedestal desk from the fastenings that secured it to the floor.

Every one who has heard both knows how different is the report of a gun fired with a blank-cartridge at manoeuvres or in saluting from that of the same gun fired in action with a shell. Men soon learn to distinguish the various reports of different types and calibres of guns. The shotted gun seems sometimes to have a double report. The explanation is said to be that a second wave of sound is caused by the rush of air closing in behind the shot as the explosion gases in front of the muzzle disperse and collapse. The whistle of the bullet and the droning noise of the flying shell are produced by the rush of air opening in front of its point and closing in behind it, exactly like the series of waves produced in water as it is cut by the bow of a ship and closes in to form a rippling wake behind her. The soldier says that when you hear the shot and whistle of a bullet it has already passed by. This is true of all modern rifle-bullets, which have a much higher velocity than that of sound. Sound travels through the air at the rate of about three hundred and sixty-five yards in a second. The speed of the bullet and of the shell from most classes of guns is higher than this. The drone of the approaching shell and the explosion as it bursts are both heard by those who are under the fire of the gun at ordinary ranges some seconds before they hear the report of the cannon.

In a heavy bombardment, such as characterises the sieges and the great battles of the present war, the 'cannon thunder' is made up of three different elements. First there are the reports of the guns, then the roaring sound of hundreds of shells flying through the air, and then the explosions of these shells, many of them charged with high explosives of three or four times the force of the old gunpowder. In the great bombardment that preceded the battles of the last days of September in France, the Allies had in action some five thousand guns, of which at least two thousand were what would once have been described as siege artillery, including large numbers of heavy howitzers. On the enemy's side, some thousands of guns were replying, and the bombardment went on for three weeks. The wonder is not that we have reports of the sound of this tremendous bombardment being heard fifty or sixty miles away, but that it did not produce an air disturbance like that of a volcanic eruption which would be heard over all northern France and Belgium and the south of England.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SPINNING AND WEAVING PAPER.

THE heavy demand for hemp, flax, jute, and cotton to meet the requirements for munitions has been responsible for active attempts to discover an efficient and cheap substitute capable of fulfilling the ordinary demands of commerce. Paper at once suggests itself; but the spinning and weaving of wood-pulp have always presented difficulties which appeared to be insurmountable. Naturally the substitute must be produced at a very low figure, in order to enable it to compete commercially with the genuine article. The utilisation of paper in this field is by no means of recent date, as the Chinese and Japanese have for centuries been most ingenious in the uses to which they have applied it. A notable illustration is the employment by the Japanese of their strong Broussonetia paper as a substitute for string and rope, it being twisted into short lengths to serve this purpose. The Germans have spent vast sums in the effort to evolve a cheap and simple means of spinning and weaving wood-pulp, but they failed to achieve commercial success, because they could not devise a method of carrying out the essential operations at a sufficiently high speed to enable the product to compete in price with the article for which it was intended to serve as a substitute. Recently a British firm, which since the war has been engaged upon further research, has triumphed where the Germans failed, having succeeded in perfecting a process whereby the pulp may be spun at a speed four or five times in excess of that secured by the Germans, and at approximately 40 per cent. less cost. The process is simple. The pulp is first cut into strips, the width of which varies according to the width of yarn or rope strand desired. It is then twisted on frames somewhat similar to those used in the textile industries. Subsequently the spools of weft and warp are transferred to looms, where the material can be woven into practically any article desired, of any variety of colour or pattern. The process is now in active exploitation, and should meet with conspicuous success, inasmuch as virtually every article made from jute, hemp, or flax can be reproduced in paper yarn. Naturally the product does not possess the strength characteristic of the substances displaced, but this feature is sufficiently pronounced to render the articles of much commercial value. The 'yarn' may be spun so finely as to be suitable for the delicate foundation of an incandescent gas mantle, for which purpose it is being extensively employed, or so strong and coarse as to be adapted for weaving into sacks to carry grain and cement, for mooring-ropes for ships, and so on. It can also be produced of such a texture and such a colouring

as to form a suitable material for neckties and other articles of personal adornment. So far as these islands are concerned, paper weaving and spinning are in their infancy; but there is a rich and ever-increasing field for articles made from this material, and there is every indication that they will develop into flourishing and important industries.

A NOVEL LAMP FOR CONDUCTORS OF PUBLIC VEHICLES.

The stringent light regulations which have been brought into force in the interests of national safety have rendered the work of the conductors of public vehicles, such as motor-buses and trams, additionally arduous, the giving of change under the new conditions being a source of especial anxiety. The increasing utilisation of female labour in this field has accentuated the many peculiar difficulties which have arisen. In order to facilitate the supply and punching of tickets, as well as the accurate changing of money, a small single-cell electric lamp has been placed on the market. The lamp, of cylindrical form, is provided with an adjustable strap, and is carried round the shoulders in the manner of the ticket-puncher, the adjustment being so made that the illumination from the small one-and-a-half volt bulb, set in an efficient reflector carried in the lower end of the case, is thrown just above the ticket-puncher. The puncher is therefore brightly illuminated, so that the conductor is able to see what he is doing. Moreover, the normal position of the lamp enables change to be given without any difficulty. The fact that the lamp throws its light downwards is exceedingly advantageous, since all the objections to the ordinary flash-lamp—which, when waved wildly about, blinds for a few seconds all those upon whom the flash alights—are eliminated. The lamp may also be used to give light while other tasks incidental to the working of the vehicle are being performed, such as the moving of switches or trolley-poles, which under present conditions cannot be speedily carried out owing to the darkness. The lamp is inexpensive to maintain, the battery being of sufficient capacity to furnish light for about fifty working hours.

A NOVEL SAFE FOR THE HOME.

'Safe bind, safe find!' runs the proverb, but unfortunately the average home cannot afford the space for a conventional safe in which to keep jewellery, money, securities, and so forth. For this reason the novel safe which has recently been placed upon the market should command attention. It is of the size of an ordinary brick, and the idea is to let it into the wall. It can be placed wherever desired, and for greater security

may be fitted behind a picture, a piece of furniture, or a door, where its presence is not likely to be detected. The safe is made of steel, and is provided with a door of the best hardened steel, furnished with a six-lever Yale-type lock, so that no two locks are alike. Moreover, there is a secret device whereby the keyhole is rendered almost invisible. The method of fixing the safe is extremely simple. It is only necessary to remove a brick from the wall, and the safe will slip into the cavity thus formed in such a manner that the door comes flush with the external surface. The safe is fixed in special cement, which when set becomes extremely hard, so that if forcible removal of the safe is attempted the wall must suffer considerable damage. If desired, the upper and bottom plates of the steel box-like device may be provided with lugs, which, entering the joints of the bricks above and below the cavity, contribute to greater security. But, generally speaking, these lugs are unnecessary, the cement being adequate to seal the safe into the wall. Home safes of this type have a great vogue in the United States, the fact that they can be placed in any position and are capable of being outwardly concealed rendering the nefarious work of the burglar less profitable.

ELECTRO-PLATING WITH COBALT.

A recent discovery, which cannot fail to exercise appreciable influence upon the electro-plating industry, has recently been completed in Canada and subjected to commercial test. This is electro-plating with cobalt instead of with nickel. The results are stated to have been most surprising. As is well known, the North American Dominion is extremely rich in cobalt deposits, the most productive veins being found in the Lake Temiskaming country, the town of Cobalt, in fact, having risen upon the scene of the first discoveries. The solutions of cobalt were prepared especially for the purpose, and consisted of a mixture of cobalt sulphate, common salt, and boric acid. With a critical solution, determined from experiment, a splendid white hard surface was obtained; while the deposit was stated to be perfect. The articles which were plated in this manner, and of which particulars have been furnished, included thin embossed brass stampings and the plated parts of automobiles. The stampings were immersed in the cobalt solution for one minute, and then handed to a buffer, who was ignorant of the fact that they had been electro-plated with this metal instead of with the usual nickel. The ten-inch cotton buff-wheel made three thousand revolutions per minute, and a perfect finish was obtained, free from exposed edges. The stampings were plated in two-dozen lots, and out of a trial batch of five hundred only three were rejected as imperfect after buffing. Gray iron castings carrying raised

designs were also immersed in the bath for a minute, and then subjected to burnishing with four hundred pounds of one-eighth of an inch steel balls for a quarter of an hour. Examination revealed that the cobalt plating had not suffered the slightest injury, this fact being completely proved by immersing the test pieces for thirty-six hours in a one-part-to-fifteen sulphuric acid bath. The company which has adopted the cobalt plating system pronounces its entire satisfaction with the results achieved, the plated article when polished having the rich bluish bloom characteristic of the metal. It is stated to be cheaper than nickel; while the process, when carried out upon a sufficiently comprehensive scale, is not only quicker, but enables a 75 per cent. saving in labour to be effected. Hitherto the uses for cobalt have been somewhat limited, but new applications are being discovered with increased activity in scientific investigation. It was only a short while ago that we referred to the discovery of cobalt-steel, and this latest development will open up another and highly profitable field for the metal.

THE INFLUENCE OF SMOKE UPON CANCER.

One of the most interesting contributions to the eternal problem of cancer is the book which has been written by Mr C. E. Green. This volume approaches the subject from an entirely new direction, being in reality an investigation into the geographical distribution of the malady, and into the influence of manufacturing industries and dwelling-houses upon its virulence and development. According to this work, it is apparent that coal-smoke is one of the causes contributing most to the malignancy of the disease. The author emphasises the point that where chimneys abound cancer is always to be found; while it is most prevalent of all in those districts where the chimneys have a poor draught owing to overtowering surrounding structures, a state of things frequently occurring in the streets of small houses which one finds in all our busy industrial centres. On the other hand, if the chimneys draw well, if the situation of the house is favourable, and if the coal burned is consumed with a fair degree of completeness, then the prevalence of the malady falls. From consideration of these facts, Mr Green advances the conclusion that it is the sulphur contained in the coal which is an important factor in the disease. He is confirmed in this opinion as a result of his investigations in the peat-burning districts, where cancer is almost unknown, the highest death-rate in these being at one place where the fuel is rich in sulphur content. The cancer problem is one of the most acute of those confronting us to-day, and one can only conclude from a perusal of this volume that in the effort to cope with this dread enemy we must first overhaul our antiquated methods of

burning coal both in our homes and in our industrial establishments, so as to secure such efficient combustion of the fuel as will ensure the elimination of smoke from the atmosphere, more particularly in congested areas.

A SAFETY POTATO-PEELER.

A novel use for discarded safety-razor blades should appeal to the housewife. The edge of the blade, when it becomes too dull for its original purpose, is still sufficiently sharp for other less delicate duties, such as the peeling of potatoes and apples. But the blade, owing to its thinness and pliability, requires a firm support, and this is offered in the new peeler. In general appearance it resembles a stumpy knife, its apparent blade serving as a guard for the razor-blade. When the latter is slipped into position and brought into service it has the same relation to the surface of the potato or apple as it had to the face when serving as a safety-razor. The blade being very thin, only a thin paring is removed, thus effecting a considerable saving. The implement is safer to use than the ordinary knife, because the mounting, acting as a guard, preserves the fingers from being cut.

A SAFE LAMP FOR KINEMATOGRAPH PROJECTORS.

For some time past efforts have been made to produce a safe system of illumination for kinematograph projectors, and it is only recently that success in that direction has been achieved. There is now no need to employ the naked arc light, even when the brightest illumination is demanded, since a new incandescent electric lamp of high illuminating power has been placed upon the market. The lamp, which is of one hundred candle-power, is of the tungsten type, and its suitability for kinema projection may be realised when it is explained that the illumination, instead of emanating from a loop of filament, as in the ordinary incandescent light, issues from a small ball of tungsten which is placed in the centre of the bulb. Beneath this ball is the ionising filament, consisting of a thin horizontal strand of tungsten, adequately supported; and the light-ball, when the arc is struck, is instantly moved by an automatic bimetallic support to a different position, thus slightly lengthening the arc. The arrangement causes an extreme concentration of light, thus ensuring the most accurate focussing of the lamp in relation to the lens and the reflector, so that a uniformly illuminated disc is thrown upon the screen. The lamp is carried in the conventional type of bayonet holder, and can be attached to any convenient point upon the lighting circuit, such as a flexible arm or bracket. The outfit consists of lamp, adapter, resistance-box, resistance-plug, supply-plug, switch, and push-switch. When the light is desired, the push-plug is pressed for two or three seconds, thereby energising the ionising filament. The push is then

released, and the arc is struck between the ionising filament and the tungsten ball. With this lamp the lantern can be kept cool, so that there is a very appreciably reduced risk of the film being fired, even if it is left in the open gate. It virtually eliminates the necessity of housing the projecting apparatus within a special steel box. The light thrown from this lamp is very similar to daylight, and by its aid the pictures projected upon the screen can be given a perfect uniform brilliancy to the extreme edges.

THE HAND-DRY DISH-WASHER.

A labour-saving device which will appeal to the housewife is the hand-dry dish-washer which has been placed upon the market. As its name implies, it offers a means of performing a necessary household duty with the minimum of discomfort and injury to the hands, even when the hottest water is used. It consists of a little mop or swab mounted in the head of a small drum attached to a short handle. This head really constitutes a small cylindrically shaped chamber, the lower end of which is freely perforated with holes. From the upper part of this chamber extends a short length of flexible india-rubber tubing, the end of which terminates in a small attachment which slips over the orifice of a tap, and is held firmly in this position by means of a short chain. When the tap is turned on, the water flowing through the india-rubber tubing enters the chamber already mentioned, and escaping through the perforated holes, passes through the mop. The handle is of sufficient length to enable the washer to be employed with fairly deep bowls, and when dishes are being cleansed there is no need whatever to touch them, and the hand may be kept out of the water. The washer need not be detached from the tap when the dish-washing operation is completed, but may be left hanging ready for use. Should it be necessary to remove it, the release of the chain achieves this end. Water cannot escape at the point of attachment, because an effective seal is provided in the form of a substantial india-rubber ring. If, during the task, it is desirable to change the water, the vessel may be emptied, and then recharged merely by leaving the washer lying in the empty bowl and turning on the water. Being of simple design and strong construction, there is little danger of the washer failing in its duty; while it is so made that the chamber to which the mop is attached may be readily unscrewed to permit of the interior being cleaned.

EVADING ELECTRIC 'LIVE-WIRE' FENCES.

Considerable prominence has been given to the precautionary measures which the Germans have employed to prevent the escape of prisoners from internment camps and across the frontier. A wire fence is erected, and this is connected

up to an electrical circuit, the result being that the fence is kept constantly 'alive.' Consequently, should any one attempt to escape in the usual manner, he would court certain death from electrocution. The fences are charged with current at a high pressure, and to prevent accidental contact by friends and soldiers performing guard-duty, the 'live' fence is protected on each side by another fence of barbed wire, placed some distance from the 'barrier.' By the introduction of these measures the Germans have found it possible to reduce the number of sentries along the frontier. But the Belgians, according to report, regard the 'electrocuting fence' with disdain, having discovered a simple and effective means of evading the menace when they wish to escape into Holland. An ordinary iron-hooped barrel is rolled towards the fence, and after the protective barbed-wire entanglement has been negotiated the man crawls into the barrel, which is laid upon its side. He then rolls it towards the 'live' guard, imparting the necessary rolling motion in much the same manner as a squirrel or a dormouse rotates its cage. When the barrel reaches the fence, the iron hoops binding the staves together establish a contact and set up a 'dead earth.' The person within the barrel is perfectly secure, and consequently rolls himself under the fence without running the slightest danger, and with practically no inconvenience, the horizontal wires of the fence passing readily over the curved contour of the barrel, and a perfect short circuit being maintained until the opposite side of the barrier is gained.

STONES AS MONEY.

In their annual bullion report, which has been recently issued, Messrs Samuel Montagu and Co., says the *London Standard*, mention that in the island of Yap, one of the Caroline Islands, which passed by purchase from Spanish to German sovereignty after the Spanish-American war, and have now passed by capture into the possession of Great Britain, stone money called *fei* is used as a medium of exchange in addition to the ordinary shell-money. It consists of large, solid, thick stone wheels, ranging in diameter from one to twelve feet, and having a central hole through which a pole can be inserted. These stones are all quarried in the Pelew Islands, about two hundred miles south, and are brought to the Carolines by boat. The largest of them weigh as much as five tons. The value represented by a stone is naturally proportionate to its size. The limestone of which the *fei* is composed must be of fine white grain to be considered good delivery. Yet there seems to be no real necessity for delivery at all, for it is quite customary to earmark the money, as it were, and leave it in its old position outside the first owner's hut—an excellent provision, considering the bulkiness of the material. The

owner for the time being possesses power to wield the influence which attaches to this visible display of wealth. Messrs Samuel Montagu and Co. also mention a number of countries which have had to find a substitute for the metals ordinarily used in their currency. Owing to the difficulty of providing small change quickly enough in war-time, the Russian Government has printed the designs of the ten, fifteen, and twenty kopeck denominations of the Romanoff Jubilee postage-stamp issue upon thick paper, and, by lettering upon the reverse side, has authorised them to be used as currency, with the same legal tender as silver subsidiary money. Iron money was put into circulation in Germany from 1st October last, when one hundred million five-pfennige pieces were issued. In Mexico, during the military struggle for the presidency of the republic, various expedients had to be adopted. Tramway-car tickets were used for small change, and cardboard money, about one inch by two, was issued by different leaders in the struggle.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

THE WISH.

I WANDER through the fields where once we wandered,

I linger where the stream flows softly by;
And, 'mid the scenes her presence so transfigured,
Again I find her nigh.

The murmuring music of the rippling water,
The sigh of worship in the bending corn,
The zephyr's mystic whispering in the branches—
On each her voice is borne.

And then there wakes a deep, heart-piercing longing:

Oh that I had her as a child again!
To fold her to my heart as then I held her!
Ah! hopeless wish, and vain!

Yet no! Not vain in its true inward craving
The spirit of this dumbly uttered prayer;
Let Him but shield her from the world's contagion,
My cry is answered there.

The wondrous crown of womanhood already
Begins to press that brow so calm, so mild;
But in her breast the heart I love so dearly
Is still that of a child.

I wander through the fields where once we wandered,

I linger where the stream flows softly by;
And then I lift my heart in loving worship
To Him who brought her nigh.

Blessed be God, who in the past thus brought her!
Blessed be God, she still is mine to-day!
Blessed be God! In His hand lies our future!
We rest in Him for aye.

A. CHARLES HAMILTON.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE WHITE FLAGS OF SAN SALVADOR.

By the Rev. ALFRED PENNY.

CHAPTER I.

THE sun, that had only just set on the battle-fields of France and Flanders, was rising above the waters of the western Pacific and shining upon a large island, which we may call San Salvador, though that is not its name on the ocean chart.

Along the shore, as far as eye could see, there was a strip of yellow sand. It was edged on one side by a fringe of white foam, for the tide was coming in, and on the other by a dense belt of coco-nut palms. Bordering the line of the coast, and spreading inland for miles and miles, was a vast forest, which extended in an unbroken expanse of dark-green foliage till the shapes of the trees were lost among rocks and scoræ. And this rough ground led up to a mountain range that appeared to form a hog's-back to the island and an impenetrable barrier to any country on its opposite side. There were giant peaks in this ridge, and valleys deep in shadow; and where the mountain chain began and where it ended was lost in the hazy brightness of the morning sky.

Clusters of huts, and here and there the trim-built bungalow of a white settler, dotted the beach; and a collection of large sheds and houses, some native-built, some English, were grouped at the head of a snug bay. Over the largest of these structures the Union-Jack floated—the settlement was a British coaling station, and a big man-of-war cruiser had just dropped anchor near the shore.

In a cabin at the stern of the ship two men were studying a chart. One was the captain, and the other was evidently a visitor, his dress looking as if he had come off to the ship in haste. His flannel jacket had once been the light blue of the Cambridge 'Eight,' and parts of the old 'blazer' showed a faint tinge of its original hue; but from age and exposure to the sun the colour had faded, and it almost matched that of the companion trousers, which from frequent and unskilful washing were more yellow than white.

The captain looked up from the chart on which he was tracing a short pencil-line; it cut straight across the mountain range of the island called San Salvador.

'And so you think, Mr Heriot,' he said, 'that the Germans might use this pass to surprise our coaling station?'

'Indeed I do, sir,' Heriot answered, 'provided they can find the entrance to it on the other side of the island.'

'But I don't see how they are likely to do that,' the captain said. 'They don't even know that there is such a pass; it is not marked on any chart; no other white man but yourself has been through it; and the natives, you say, would never tell the secret of it to the Germans.'

'I'm positive of that,' said Heriot emphatically.

'But if it is such a mystery, how did you get to know about it yourself?'

'I went to visit the people who live on the other side of the island,' Heriot began, 'and while I was there the chief fell ill. The native doctors could not cure him, so his friends sent for me.'

'You fellows at the mission station know a bit about medicine, I suppose,' the captain remarked.

Heriot laughed. 'This was faith-healing,' he said.

'What!' the other exclaimed.

'I don't know what else to call it,' Heriot answered. 'I've just described the case to your doctor, and he said he wondered I didn't kill the chief on the spot. I gave him, he declared, quite the wrong stuff.'

'But he got well.'

'I should think he did! The day after he took my medicine he said publicly that he was as well as ever he was in all his life. His people loaded me and my party with presents.'

'Then the secret of the mountain pass was part of your fee?'

'Not quite that. When I was going away Takua—that's the chief's name—begged me to come and see him again; but I said I couldn't promise to do that, as the journey across the island was too long and too rough. We had to make our way through the forest and traverse a shoulder of the mountains. It took us six days. Well, Takua did not like this, but he knew that what I had said about the journey was true. So he went back to his people, and

they had a long palaver together. Then he came to me again, and said that if I would promise to come when he sent for me, he would show me a track through the mountain range by which I could cross the island in a day's march.'

'He wanted to have his doctor handy,' said the captain with a grin.

'Takua made only one stipulation,' Heriot continued. 'We must set out early in the morning so as to get over a certain part of the journey before sunset. We had to pass through a defile, he explained, where rival chiefs used to ambush one another's fighting-men, and where the ghosts of these defunct warriors still appear to reside and kill any one they can catch after dark. This danger, Takua assured me, is especially great when the moon is full, so we had to wait till the moon was in the last quarter before starting on our journey.'

'I thought ghosts could see in the dark,' the captain said.

'So did I,' said Heriot, 'but apparently the San Salvador ghosts are exceptions to this rule. They can kill a man at this spot in the dark if they happen to barge into him or if he collides with them by accident; but give them a bright moonlight night, when they can see their enemies and at the same time keep hidden themselves, and a whole army of soldiers, Takua assured me, wouldn't have a chance against them. They can ambush an enemy now just as effectually as they could when they were alive.'

'How the devil do they do it?' the captain cried, laughing heartily.

'They rise from the river after sunset, Takua told me, and they take the form of white films of mist which are only visible on moonlight nights. They float about, and wave and flutter, he said, just like the signal-flags that he has seen on a man-of-war. And if any one is benighted in that pass they go for him, and settle on his head, and he is at once seized with fever and ague, and dies promptly.'

'Has any one seen these white flags of San Salvador and lived to tell the tale?' the captain asked.

'I don't know,' Heriot answered, 'but I hadn't a chance of seeing them. We started so early in the morning, and pushed on so fast—Takua, who accompanied me, would not even let me stop to make a sketch of what he calls the Valley of the White Flags—that we reached this side of the island before sunset. That's how I had the bad luck to fall in with Schneider. He was coming back from a visit to the coaling station.'

'Who the deuce is Schneider,' the captain asked, 'and why was it unlucky to meet him?'

'Schneider is a German and the manager of the coco-nut plantation down the coast. He suspects that I have discovered a short cut across the island.'

'The deuce he does!' said the captain, and he

made a remark under his breath indicative of a wish to deal finally with Germans in general. Then he said aloud, 'But Schneider hasn't been through this pass?'

'No—no,' said Heriot. 'But by a bit of bad luck he stumbled on me and my party just as we were wading out of the mouth of a little river that leads to it. His dog, which has taken a great fancy to me, spotted where I was hiding from him. Of course, Schneider saw by my men and my traps that we were returning from a journey, and he knew I had been away from the mission station, so he wanted to know where we had come from and why we were wading down that stream. Every one here knows that it must rise somewhere among the mountains, but no one cares to explore it. The natives say that it is haunted by ghosts, and they won't go near it.'

'They know it's a guide to your mountain pass,' the captain remarked.

'Just so; but I wasn't such a fool as to tell Schneider that, though there was no thought of war with Germany then. Oddly enough, some relative of his is governess to my sisters in England, and Schneider and his wife are always trying to presume upon this, and to worm themselves into my confidence; but I don't like the fellow, and I don't care to be chummy with him.'

The captain nodded his approval of Heriot's attitude toward his German neighbours, and lighted a cigarette.

'I was the more determined not to tell Schneider about this pass,' Heriot went on, 'because I saw he was keen to find out what he could about it. He sent his wife to the mission station to pump my boys.'

'Did she get anything out of them?'

'Not what she wanted to know. This was if there are any landmarks to the approach to the pass on the other side of the island.'

'They didn't tell her what you've told me—about the Pig's Head Rock and the waterfall?'

'They don't know these clues themselves, for they did not go with me to the other side of the island, and the men who did were at work in their gardens when Frau Schneider came spying. Not that they would have told her anything worth knowing if she had seen them. The natives hate the Schneiders.'

'Why?' the captain asked.

'Don't you remember the case of a manager of a plantation on one of these islands being tried for killing a black man in his employ?'

The captain shook his head. 'It must have been before my time on the Australian Station,' he said.

'Well, that man was Schneider,' Heriot continued. 'He was acquitted at his trial, but the natives say he was guilty. And if he were, even now, to go to the other side of the island,

where the murdered man came from, his life wouldn't be worth that; and Heriot snapped his fingers.

'This is getting interesting,' said the captain. 'Then Schneider would not care to wade up that stream, down which he caught you coming, cross the mountains by your pass, and see for himself where it comes out on the opposite shore?'

'I should think he would as soon set out of his own free-will to explore the brink of the bottomless pit!' Heriot answered.

'Then we may dismiss Schneider as a source of danger,' said the captain. 'What man-of-war, do you think, would land men on an unknown shore, to look for the mouth of a suspected but uncharted pass, to cross an unexplored range of mountains, and to attack an enemy somewhere on the other side? It was quite right of you to report this discovery to me, and give me this warning; but your fears are groundless unless you have some further cause of apprehension.' And the captain relighted his cigarette, which had gone out, and pushed the box across the table to his guest.

'But I haven't told you yet why I am chiefly anxious about Schneider,' Heriot said hesitatingly, and without helping himself from the cigarette-box. 'I've written home, and I've told my father everything I've told you. He likes to hear about all my doings. I even drew a sketch for him of the entrance to the pass, showing the clues to it—the Pig's Head Rock and the waterfall. It would be as easy as rolling off a log to spot the place from a ship with this rough chart, or even with a description of it. I've given the whole show away, sir,' Heriot cried excitedly.

'But surely your father would not show your letter or even talk about it to any stranger at a time like this!' the captain said gravely.

'No—no,' Heriot cried. 'He never would do that. But'—

'For Heaven's sake, man, get those butts off your chest!' the captain said sharply. 'What the devil are you worrying about now?'

'I told you that my people have got a German governess,' Heriot answered rapidly, 'and that she is some relation of Schneider's. They correspond, and Schneider may have written to her by the same mail and told her to get at my letter. The governor would pack her off to her own country at the outbreak of war; but'—

'When did you write?' the captain interrupted.

'The end of July.'

'And when would the letter reach England?'

'The end of this month.'

'About now, in fact?'

'Three or four days ago if the mail were on time.'

'I'll send a wireless to Sydney,' the captain said promptly, 'and the message shall be cabled

to England. You shall telegraph to your father and tell him to destroy that letter at once.'

'What shall I say?'

'"Destroy letter," and sign it "Heriot."'

'May I use our own code? No one but my father would be able to read the message then.'

'In that case you need not sign it. But have you got the key with you?'

'Yes, here;' and Heriot opened the back of his wrist-watch and showed a circular piece of paper fitted into the lid. It was covered with letters and figures.

'Then code it right away,' said the captain.

At that moment there came a knock at the cabin door, and an officer appeared and said, 'A wireless just received from Sydney, sir;' and he handed a piece of paper to the captain. 'But it's not in our code, and we can't read it.'

'I believe it's my code,' Heriot cried in amazement, as he studied the figures the captain showed to him.

'De-code it, then, and look sharp,' the captain said.

This was soon done, though Heriot's wrist shook so violently that he could hardly read the key to the cipher, and the following message appeared: 'Letter—stolen—beware—Schneider.'

'Send a boat on shore, Mr Jackson,' the captain ordered, 'and bring that German planter off to the ship. Search his house, and bring all the letters and papers you find there.'

'He is gone, sir,' said the officer.

'Gone!' the captain exclaimed. 'How do you know that?'

'Schneider's Chinese bailiff is on board, sir. He is waiting to see you. He says his boss bolted last night. He went off after dark in his motor-boat.'

CHAPTER II.

THE news of Schneider's flight, following Heriot's cable, made a transformation in Captain Parvis, for this was the captain's name; he dismissed his airy manner and smiling expression as a quick-change artist flings off a disguise.

'My compliments to Captain Barr,' he said, and there was a new ring in his voice as he spoke to the officer of the watch, 'and tell him I wish to see him at once.' Then, pending the coming of the commander, he turned to Heriot. 'Tell me this,' he said shortly. 'I want a couple of scouts to cross the island by your pass and bring me back word if a German man-of-war approaches the opposite shore. Have you any natives you can trust to do this?'

'Yes, sir,' Heriot answered; 'but I'll go myself if you wish.'

'No; I want you for another purpose. I shall send a force to guard the pass, and I shall require your services as guide.'

'The bush track leading to the pass is not easy to find,' Heriot demurred, 'and I've only been along it once. The natives who accompanied me are far more reliable guides than I should be. A native is sharper than a white man in finding his way through the bush.'

'That sense has been civilised out of us,' said the commander, who had just entered the cabin.

The captain nodded. 'But I won't trust to their Pidgin-English,' he said. 'You will go with the expedition as interpreter?'

'Willingly, sir.'

'Then that's settled,' said the captain conclusively. 'And now we'll go back to the scouts. They must start without a moment's delay; but I must see them myself and give them their orders. The guides also must come on board as soon as you can find them, to be ready to land with the expeditionary force. I'll send you on shore now.' And the captain rang his bell.

'Hold on, sir,' said Heriot. 'The four men I was thinking of are my boat's crew. They are alongside the man-of-war in my whaler.'

The commander smiled approvingly, and the captain's voice was less emphatic. 'But will your scouts go through that pass?' he asked. 'Won't they be afraid of the ghosts?'

'They know better,' said Heriot. 'Besides, they will have time to get through the haunted valley before dark.'

'Ah! you're hedging,' said the commander, smiling. 'But it won't be dark to-night, remember that; the moon will be full to-morrow.'

'So much the worse for them,' the captain remarked grimly, though there was a twinkle in his eye. 'But you haven't heard of the white flags of San Salvador,' he said, addressing the commander. 'Perhaps you'll see them, as you'll command the expeditionary force.'

'What the'—— the commander began.

'No time for talking,' said the captain.—'And you really mean,' he went on to Heriot, 'that I can trust these fellows to cross the island and come back again—by day or by night—ghosts or no ghosts—and give me warning if the Germans land?'

'They can do better than that, sir,' said Heriot. 'They can tell Takua to liberate our pigeons'——

'Do you mean that you have birds there which will fly back with a message?'

'Takua took some of our tame pigeons when he returned to his country after leading me through the pass,' said Heriot. 'He said if he

were suddenly taken ill he should loose the birds to call me to his bedside.'

'Good!' the captain exclaimed. And then, turning to the commander, he said, 'You didn't know, Barr, that your friend Heriot is a famous doctor as well as a missionary, and that his patients give him anything he wants!—Now, doctor,' he said good-humouredly, 'go and tell your boat's crew to come on deck at once.'

As the scouts had a rooted conviction that if the Germans landed on their shores they and all their friends would share the fate of Schneider's employé, they were keen to co-operate with the man-of-war in trying to avert this catastrophe. Being also entrusted with a liberal present for Takua, they were sure of a friendly reception in his country, a favour not always accorded to visitors at San Salvador; and as they were to be well paid for their services, the business instinct of the South Sea Islander, still in them despite their Christian education, was fully satisfied. Thus it came about that the scouts started on their mission in high spirits at the prospect before them; while their two comrades were equally content to remain on board the man-of-war—food and tobacco all found—till their services were required as guides.

'And now, Heriot,' the captain said when the three men had returned to the cabin, 'will you describe the mountain pass to Captain Barr? Tell him the whole yarn as you told it to me.'

When Heriot had done this he was closely questioned upon the details of his story, especially concerning the old ambush that Takua called the Valley of the White Flags. The commander drew a rough plan of the place from Heriot's description of it, and the captain made some notes of its situation. 'Not more than ten miles from the coaling station,' he jotted down on the sketch. 'Our men might reach it in three or four hours; but a force starting from the opposite side of the island would have to march at least twenty miles, and they would have rough ground and stiff climbing. It would take them ten or twelve hours to get there.'

As to the strategical value of this valley, Heriot could only give his own unprofessional opinion; but what he said was this: that if two hostile forces were approaching each other along the pass he had described, the one which got last into the Valley of the White Flags would find itself in as ugly a death-trap as any soldiers or sailors had ever been in since land or sea fighting began.

(Continued on page 234.)



A BUILDER OF EMPIRE: SAMUEL MARSDEN.

By JOSEPH MEDE.

CHRISTMAS DAY 1814 marked an anniversary notable not only in New Zealand, where it was celebrated, but only less notable as an event in the building up of the Empire. On that same day one hundred years before, the Reverend Samuel Marsden, a Methodist who was also a priest of the Church of England, held the first Christian service and delivered the first Christian message to the then heathen of New Zealand. They were chiefly known to the white man as a ferocious and savage people who not infrequently killed and ate sailors who reached the inhospitable shores of New Zealand.

Only five years before Mr Marsden landed, the British ship *Boyd* was wrecked on the New Zealand coast, and the Maoris, in revenge for the flogging of a chief, killed and ate the captain, officers, and crew to the number of seventy. It was an act of audacious bravery on the part of Mr Marsden to select for the scene of his arrival and for the proclamation of his news the very spot where this murder and cannibalism took place. He arrived a few days before Christmas at the Bay of Islands, and at once landed, to be greeted warmly and affectionately by the natives, some of whom had made his acquaintance on visits to Sydney, where he was always the protector of the Maoris. He had taught them to make the parsonage at Parramatta, New South Wales, their shelter from the whites in Botany Bay. Notwithstanding this *mana* which had preceded him, there must have been a great danger of treachery and reprisals for cruelties from the Maoris; yet Marsden took the entire risk in his hands. Though he did not think it safe for the women and children he had brought to come on shore, he himself landed, and slept all night amongst the natives, side by side with the chief who had directed the massacre of the *Boyd's* crew. Hundreds of Maori warriors lay around, many of them the actual perpetrators of the destruction of the vessel's crew; yet Marsden trusted them, and spent that night on the hillside among them in quiet sleep. It was the supreme way to impress these people. Brave themselves, they admired bravery. Around were innumerable spears stuck upright in the ground, groups of natives lying about in all directions, cannibals who had massacred and devoured Marsden's countrymen. One is not surprised to learn that Marsden woke early in the morning, when he found the savage warriors still sleeping, rolled in their mats. Some will remember the picture of the last sleep of Savonarola. Another great painter has an equally memorable scene yet to depict—the apostle of New Zealand sleeping amidst the cannibals.

After spending a couple of days at the site of the *Boyd* massacre, the *Active* proceeded on her journey, and on Christmas Eve reached her farther destination in the Bay of Islands. Here there was a great gathering of natives, assembled by a chief named Ruatara, under whose directions the Saturday was spent in preparation, Christmas Day 1814 being a Sunday.

The story of Marsden in New Zealand cannot be told apart from that of the chief Ruatara, whom Marsden had befriended. Ruatara made great preparations for carrying out the ideas which he had got in Australia. He hoisted the British flag, dressed himself in regimentals which the Governor of Botany Bay had given him, and with two other chiefs assembled all their warriors. He prepared an enclosure of an acre, into which the tribes were marched, the women and children forming a circle around. Marsden relates that a very solemn silence prevailed, the sight being truly impressive. He began the service with the singing of the One Hundredth Psalm, which ought to be the national hymn of New Zealand. He read the Church of England service, which of course was incomprehensible to the natives, with few exceptions. One of the chiefs by signals indicated to the people the movements of standing and sitting as the service proceeded. Mr Marsden took for his text, 'Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy,' Ruatara explaining the sermon to his countrymen.

Thus was begun a work which meant that Marsden gave New Zealand to the New Zealanders of to-day. He was its real founder, and it is not till the holding of this most memorable service that the history of New Zealand begins. Previously the authorities at Botany Bay had never regarded New Zealand as possible even for a convict settlement, because amongst those who hanged and flogged men with a brutality impossible for us of to-day to understand, the risk of being eaten seemed too certain and severe a punishment even for the worst of criminals. But Marsden made it possible for New Zealand to become what it is now—an integral part of the Empire, and the happy and pleasant home of a million civilised people. Marsden brought with him a veritable Noah's Ark, his ship carrying a few white men, with their wives and children, the men being artisans intended to teach the natives what were then called the 'arts of life,' or, as we should call them, industries. In his little boat of one hundred and ten tons, like Noah of old, he had animals of various sorts, horses and cows and sheep and pigs. Every pound of wool grown in New Zealand since, which has added

to its wealth, is the indirect product of Marsden's enterprise. The annual export of butter and cheese from New Zealand now approaches three million pounds sterling in value, all of which is the outcome of Marsden's foresight. New Zealand has become a great horse-breeding and racing country; he could hardly have contemplated the latter, but that it is possible to have such fine horses is due to Marsden. The printing-press—source of all information nowadays—was likewise introduced by him. Only the other day I was told of some of the type being found which Marsden sent to New Zealand.

But while Marsden believed in the 'arts of life,' he did not look to them as the only or real means of civilising the cannibal savages. He was a firm believer in the power of the Gospel. His missionaries, though artisans, were by their lives to teach the natives, and soon were strengthened by the addition of trained teachers, whose work was aided as quickly as possible by printed selections of the Christian Scriptures, which the cannibals 'eagerly devoured,' but in a sense different from that in which they had 'eagerly devoured' white voyagers stranded on their shores. It is related that the natives were so eager to read the Scriptures that they learned to read English print upside-down, an accomplishment arising from the circumstance that a man with a solitary copy of the printed Scripture selections would sit in the middle of a group, the natives sitting around him in a circle, and, following his finger as he read, they learned with such avidity that soon they were able to read, no matter in what position the printed portion lay. The Church of England service seemed to have some special fascination for the natives, who learned it by heart, and carried it into remote parts. When white missionaries or travellers reached tribes who had never seen a white man, they found the natives greeting them with portions of the Prayer-Book, and able to join in the service without any books to help them.

Marsden's duties in New South Wales prevented his remaining in New Zealand altogether, but he paid no less than seven visits to foster the work which he maintained so long as he lived.

Were the authors of the *Acta Sanctorum* writing the story of Marsden's life, they would find more scope for miracles than some of the incidents recorded as miracles, or developed into miracles, in the lives of the saints of mediæval days. Marsden began life as a blacksmith and farmer's son in Yorkshire; he was no scholar, and yet he became a man of affairs, an adviser of statesmen, a builder of Empire, a conqueror of cannibals, an inspirer of the missionary zeal of to-day, and perhaps more than any other individual left his imprint on the future of Australasia. The founder of sheep-breeding in New Zealand, he also encouraged it in Australia, taking thither five Spanish sheep presented to him

by King George III. He lived in a period which seems the blackest page in British history—of cruelty, barbarous and indescribable, to our own white brothers and sisters, no less than our cruelty to the native races whom we touched. He saw religion and morality, which were at their lowest ebb in the Motherland, reach still lower depths under new conditions in Australia. Through all he remained true to his principles and his Christian convictions, against governors, military authorities, and public opinion generally. At one time he was suspended by the governor from exercising his functions at Botany Bay. At another time he was forbidden by the governor (Macquarie) to leave Botany Bay to visit New Zealand. On visiting England, he had great difficulty in persuading the supporters of missions that it was possible to do anything for the savages of New Zealand. Yet he overcame all these difficulties. Though helped subsequently by small grants from the Church of England Missionary Society, he provided from his own resources the chief expense of his New Zealand projects. When the Government refused him permission to depart and the means of transport, he provided a ship at his own expense.

His courage has been indicated already, but that was by no means an isolated incident. On another occasion two tribes were fighting out a long feud, and Marsden found his way into the middle of the fight between the two tribes, and by his mere presence stopped the fight, and succeeded in finally ending it, an almost unheard-of thing amongst the Maoris, with whom *utu* (or revenge) was a religion. How would not the authors of *The Lives of the Saints* have developed this into a miracle—the solitary figure standing between two tribes with their spears raised, men falling, and peace triumphant at a word! No less would they have found a miracle in likeness to that of the five loaves and fishes in the fields of wheat which sprang from the first handful Marsden sowed. The bread eaten to-day is baked because of the flour which was ground in the first mill which Marsden brought. He literally gave to the Maoris bread for the body simultaneously with bread for the soul.

Marsden's moral conquest of Ruatara is a story worthy in itself, and one which is quite as miraculous as any of the events of earlier days. Ruatara was a young chief of a notable tribe, stirred, like Peter the Great of Russia, by the stories he heard from casual voyagers—possibly some of those who were eaten—of the wonders of the civilised world. Ruatara decided to go abroad that he might learn those things which would lift up his tribe and race. Sailing in a whaler, he found his way first to Sydney, where it is very probable he made Marsden's acquaintance. Ruatara was nephew of a greater chief, Hongi, who had seen a great deal of

Marsden, and stayed with him for long periods on several occasions in Sydney. Ruatara took passage from Sydney to England with the promise from the sailing-master of seeing the king and acquiring much knowledge which would be of use to him; but he was cast adrift in London by the English skipper, who had no further use for him, though he had worked his way before the mast. By one of those coincidences which some would call strange, but in which others see the hand of Providence, Marsden was returning from his only visit to England in a ship named the *Ann*, and when he had been some days on board he found a wretched native who had been thrown down into the hold after being brutally and severely flogged. Commiserating with the native, he found him to be Ruatara. Marsden, like the good Samaritan of old, bound up the wounds of the chief, and, still more, poured the oil divine of human sympathy upon his heart-breaking disappointments; then, setting him on a level with himself, brought him into a more proper relation with his surroundings. Ruatara came with Marsden to Sydney, and again set sail for his own country. Once more the white men treated him badly, breaking faith with him, carrying him past his own shores within sight of his home, and finally stranding him at Norfolk Island.

Again Ruatara comes to Sydney, once more sees his friend, who again binds a broken heart, and Ruatara leaves for New Zealand. He reaches his own people, and forgets the wrongs and indignities which he had endured at the hands of the civilised white man. He remembers only the influence of Marsden, tells his people of him, and bids them look for his coming. When, in due time, Marsden arrives, he is eagerly welcomed by the one-time cannibal savages, under Ruatara's guidance. Here is a miracle of grace—the savage chief forgiving his enemies as the first-fruits of Marsden's work.

But the saddest part has yet to be related. Wrecked, as Ruatara was, by physical suffering inflicted on him by the 'superior' white man, and his proud heart broken by these indignities, Marsden's first arrival in New Zealand finds his friend and patron at the early age of twenty-four or twenty-five a dying man. Marsden ministers to him; and soon after his departure Ruatara's soul fled; and the vision which he had dreamed of great towns in his country remained to be realised, but not seen by him with earthly eyes. In the history of the foundation of New Zealand Marsden's name should be linked with that of Ruatara; yet New Zealand has no monument for either. Politicians who have served their country at handsome salaries have their statues and monuments erected from the public revenue in places of honour. Of Marsden and Ruatara the only memorial is a cross raised on the site where the

first service was held, provided at the expense of a few Christian people; but nothing from the public in its capacity as a state reminds the New Zealander of to-day of those to whom above all others he owes his existence in this country.

The hundred years since then have seen marvellous progress. The whole world has seen much change and advance; but it is doubtful whether any place has seen as much improvement and prosperity as New Zealand, its savage cannibalism changed to peaceful civilisation, and the Maori living side by side with the *Pakeha*. The Maoris were not merely conquered by force of arms; sometimes, indeed, they defeated the troops sent against them even when they numbered ten thousand. An important factor was the power of the Gospel, which subdued the Maori, taught him to whom *utu* had been a religion to be forgiving, gentle, and peaceable. He absorbed the message of Christianity as a child absorbs its mother's milk, and as eagerly, proving himself capable of living up to its highest precepts, and putting them into practice even when the troops, in their battles with the Maoris, neglected them. There would have been only one other way of settling a white race in New Zealand, and that would have been by a complete extermination of the native race; yet, thanks to the Christian religion implanted in their minds by Marsden and his successors, there was never any necessity for this.

Before this article appears in print five hundred Maoris will have taken their place with the regiments of the Empire in defending it in its hour of trial. As well as the Maoris, thousands of fine young men full of British energy and courage have gone out to take their share in defending Britain's honour and in upholding the British Empire. Marsden one hundred years ago made this possible. It would seem as if the spirit which inspired the ecclesiastical statesmen, such as Stephen Langton, who contributed to the foundation of England's greatness, had revived in Marsden, prompting him to lay foundations greater than he knew. He proved a truer prophet of the future than the scientist Darwin, who condemned New Zealand as unattractive, and was glad to get out of it, declaring that the natives were inferior to another admittedly inferior race, and that the English whom he found there were 'the very refuse of society.' Yet Marsden believed in the future of the country, the capabilities of the natives, and the good sense of his own countrymen; and 1914-15 proves Marsden right and Darwin wrong.

Marsden paid his seventh and last visit to New Zealand in 1837. Too feeble to walk, he had to be carried on a litter by Maori bearers who loved him. Thousands of natives came to welcome him, many journeying long distances to see the benefactor of their race. Like a

patriarch—as indeed he was—he blessed his people with many benedictions; and they sorrowed that they should see his face no more.

Returning to New South Wales, he lived for some months, and passed away on 12th May 1838, 'New Zealand' being the last words he uttered. His name and work of nation-building may soon be forgotten save by a few, or neglected by the many, as would appear to be the case to-day;

but as long as New Zealand exists, and is part of the Empire, so long will the work of Samuel Marsden have done its share in an Empire whose history has many great and marvellous deeds, but none greater than those of the Christian priest who showed a foresight, faith, and courage excelled by none in 'our fair island's story,' and who added to the island in the Northern Seas her counterpart in Southern Seas.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

A STORY OF 1914.

By LOUIS TRACY, Author of *The Final War*, *Rainbow Island*, *The Terms of Surrender*, &c.

CHAPTER X.—continued.

THEY arranged a rendezvous at Pepinster. Dalroy went alone. He insisted that this was advisable. Maertz brought Madame Joos and Irene. Joos, having been besought to curb his tongue, convoyed Léontine. Until Pepinster was reached, they took the main road, with its river of troops. None gave them heed. Not a man addressed an uncivil word to them. The soldiers were cheery and well-behaved.

They halted that night at Louveigne, which was absolutely unscathed. Next day they passed through Hamoir and Maffe, and the peasants were gathering the harvest!

Huy and Andenne, a villager told them, were occupied by the Germans, but all was quiet. They pushed on, turning north-west from Maffe, and descended into the Meuse valley about six o'clock in the evening. It was ominous that the bridge was destroyed and a cluster of houses burning in Seilles, a town on the opposite, or left, bank of the river. But Andenne itself, a peaceful and industrious place, seemed to be undisturbed. While passing a farm known as Dermine they fell in with a priest and a few Belgians who were carrying a mortally wounded Prussian officer on a stretcher.

Then, to his real chagrin, Dalroy heard that the Belgian outposts had been driven south and west only that morning. One day less in Verviers, and he and the others would have been out of their present difficulties. However, he made the best of it. Surely they could either cross the Meuse or reach Namur next day; while the fact that some local residents were attending to the injured officer would supply the fugitives with an excellent safe-conduct into Andenne, just as a similar incident had been their salvation at Argenteau.

The stretcher was taken into the villa of a well-to-do resident; and, it being still broad daylight, Joos asked to be directed to the house of Monsieur Alphonse Stauwaert. The miller was acquainted with the topography of the town,

but the Stauwaert family had moved recently to a new abode.

'Barely two hundred metres, *tout droit*,' he was told.

They had gone part of the way when a troop of Uhlans came at the gallop along the Namur road. The soldiers advanced in a pack, and were evidently in a hurry. Madame Joos was seated in the low-built, flat cart, drawn by two strong dogs, which had brought her from Verviers. Maertz was leading the animals. The other four were disposed on both sides of the cart. At the moment no other person was nearer than some thirty yards ahead. Three men were standing there in the roadway, and they moved closer to the houses on the left. Maertz, too, pulled his team on to the pavement on the same side.

The Uhlans came on. Suddenly, without the slightest provocation, their leader swerved his horse and cut down one of the men, who dropped with a shriek of mingled fear and agony.

Retribution came swiftly, because the charger slipped on some rounded cobbles, crossed its forelegs, and turned a complete somersault. The rider, a burly non-commissioned officer, pitched clean on his head, and either fractured his skull or broke his neck, perhaps achieving both laudable results, while his blood-stained sabre clattered on the stones at Dalroy's feet. The nearest Uhlans drove their lances through the other two civilians, who were already running for their lives. In order to avoid the plunging horse and their fallen leader, the two ruffians reined on to the pavement. They swung their weapons, evidently meaning to transfix some of the six people clustered around the cart. The women screamed shrilly. Léontine cowered near the wall; Joos, valiant soul in an aged body, put himself in front of his wife; Maertz, hauling at the dogs, tried to convert the vehicle into a shield for Léontine; while Dalroy, conscious that Irene was close behind, picked up the *unteroffizier's* sword.

Much to the surprise of the trooper, who selected this tall peasant as an easy prey, he parried the lance-thrust in such wise that the blade entered the horse's off foreleg and brought the animal down. At the same instant Maertz ducked, and dodged a wild lunge, which missed because the Uhlan was trying to avoid crashing into the cart. But the vengeful steel found another victim. By mischance it transfixed Madame Joos, while the horse's shoulder caught Dalroy a glancing blow in the back and sent him sprawling.

Some of the troopers, seeing two of their men prone, were pulling up, when a gruff voice cried, '*Achtung!* We'll clear out these swine later!'

Irene, who saw all that had passed with an extraordinary vividness, was the only one who understood why the order which undoubtedly saved five lives was given. A stout staff officer, wearing a blue uniform with red facings, rode with the Uhlans, and she was certain that he was in a state of abject terror. His funk was probably explained by an irregular volley lower down the street, though, in the event, the shooting proved to be that of his own men. Two miles away, at Solayn, these same Uhlans had been badly bitten by a Belgian patrol, and the fat man, prospecting the Namur road with a cavalry escort, wanted no more unpleasant surprises that evening. Ostensibly, of course, he was anxious to report to a brigade headquarters at Huy. At any rate, the Uhlans swept on.

They were gone when Dalroy regained his feet. A riderless horse was clattering after them; another with a broken leg was vainly trying to rise. Close at hand lay two Uhlans, one dead and one insensible. Joos and Léontine were bending over the dying woman in the cart, making frantic efforts to stanch the blood welling forth from mouth and breast. The lance had pierced her lungs, but she was conscious for a minute or so, and actually smiled the farewell she could not utter.

Maertz was swearing horribly, with the incoherence of a man just aroused from drunken sleep. Irene moved a few steps to meet Dalroy. Her face was marble-white, her eyes strangely dilated.

'Are you hurt?' she asked.

'No. And you?'

'Untouched, thanks to you. But those brutes have killed poor Madame Joos!'

The wounded Uhlan was stretched between them. He stirred convulsively, and groaned. Dalroy looked at the sword which he still held. He resisted a great temptation, and sprang over the prostrate body. He was about to say something, when a ghastly object staggered past. It was the man who received the sabre-cut, which had gashed his shoulder deeply.

'*Oh, mon Dieu!*' he screamed. '*Oh, mon Dieu!*'

He may have been making for some burrow. They never knew. He wailed that frenzied appeal as he shambled on—always the same words. He could think of nothing else but the last cry of despairing humanity to the All-Powerful.

Owing to the flight of the cavalry, Dalroy imagined that some body of Allied troops, Belgian or French, was advancing from Namur; so he did not obey his first impulse, which was to enter the nearest house and endeavour to get away through the gardens or other enclosures in rear.

He glanced at the hapless body on the cart, and saw by the eyes that life had departed. Léontine was sobbing pitifully. Maertz, having recovered his senses, was striving to calm her. But Joos remained silent; he held his wife's limp hand, and it was as though he awaited some reassuring clasp which should tell him that she still lived.

Dalroy had no words to console the bereaved old man. He turned aside, and a mist obscured his vision for a little while. Then he heard the wounded German hiccuping, and he looked again at the sword, because this was the assassin who had foully murdered a gentle, kind-hearted, and inoffensive woman. But he could not demean himself by becoming an executioner. Richly as the criminal deserved to be sent with his victim to the bar of Eternal Justice, the Englishman decided to leave him to the avengers coming through the town.

The shooting drew nearer. A number of women and children, with a few men, appeared. They were running and screaming. The first batch fled past; but an elderly dame, spent with even a brief flurry, halted for a few seconds when she saw the group near the dog-team.

'Henri Joos!' she gasped. 'And Léontine! What, in Heaven's name, are you doing here?'

It was Madame Stauwaert, the Andenne cousin with whom they hoped to find sanctuary.

The miller gazed at her in a curiously abstracted way. 'Is that you, Margot?' he said. 'We were coming to you. But they have wounded Lise. See! Here she is!'

Madame Stauwaert looked at the corpse as though she did not understand at first. Then she burst out hysterically, 'She's dead, Henri! They've killed her! They're killing all of us! They pulled Alphonse out of the house and stabbed him with a bayonet. They're firing through the openings into the cellars and into the ground-floor rooms of every house. If they see a face at a bedroom window they shoot. Two Germans, so drunk that they could hardly stand, shot at me as I ran. Ah, dear God!'

She swayed and sank in a faint. The flying

crowd increased in numbers. Some one shouted, 'Fools! Be off, for your lives! Make for the quarries!'

Dalroy decided to take this unknown friend's advice. The terrified people of Andenne had, at least, some definite goal in view, whereas he had none. He lifted Madame Stauwaert and placed her beside the dead body on the cart.

'Come,' he said to Maertz, 'get the dogs into a trot.—Léontine, look after your father, and don't lose sight of us!'

He grasped Irene by the arm. The tiny vehicle was flat and narrow, and he was so intent on preventing the unconscious woman from falling off on to the road that he did not miss Joos and his daughter until Irene called on Maertz to stop. 'Where are the others?' she cried. 'We must not desert them.'

In the midst of a scattered mob came the laggards. Joos was not hurrying at all. He was smiling horribly. In his hand he held a large pocket-knife, open. 'It was all I had,' he explained calmly. 'But Margot said Lise was dead, so it did his business.'

'I'm glad,' said Dalroy. 'It was your privilege. But you must run now, for Léontine's sake, as she will not leave you, and the Germans may be on us at any moment.'

Luckily the stream of people swerved into a byroad; the 'quarries' of which some man had spoken opened up in the hillside close at hand. On the top were woods, and a cart-track led that way at a sharp gradient. Dalroy assisted the dogs by pushing the cart, and they reached the summit. Pausing there, while Irene and the weeping Léontine endeavoured to revive Madame Stauwaert, to whom they must look for some sort of guidance as to their next move, he went to the lip of the excavation, and surveyed the scene.

Dusk was creeping over the picturesque valley, but the light still sufficed to reveal distances. The railway station, with all the houses in the vicinity, was on fire. Nearly every dwelling along the Namur road was ablaze; while the trim little farms which rise, one above the other, on the terraced heights of the right bank of the Meuse seemed to have burst into flame spontaneously. Seilles, too, on the opposite bank, was undergoing the same process of wanton destruction; but, a puzzling thing, rifles and machine-guns were busy on both sides of the river, and the flashes showed that a sharp engagement was taking place.

A man, carrying a child in his arms, who had come with them, was standing at Dalroy's elbow. He appeared self-possessed enough, so the Englishman sought information.

'Are those Belgian troops in Seilles?' he inquired.

The man snorted. 'Belgians? No! They retreated to Namur this morning. That is a Bavarian regiment shooting at Brandenburgers

in Andenne. They are all mad drunk, officers and men. They've been here since eleven o'clock, first Uhlans, then infantry. The burgo-master met them fairly, not a shot was fired, and we thought we were over the worst. Then, as you see, hell broke loose!'

Such was the refuge Andenne provided on Monday, 20th August. Hell—by order!

CHAPTER XI.—A TRAMP ACROSS BELGIUM.

THE stranger, a Monsieur Jules Pochard, proved a most useful friend. In the first instance, he was a cool-headed person, who did not allow imagination to run riot. 'No,' he said when questioned as to the chance of reaching Namur by a forced march along country lanes; 'every road in that section of the province is closed by cavalry patrols. You cannot avoid them, monsieur. Come with me to Huy, and you'll be reasonably safe.'

'Why safer in Huy than here, or anywhere else where these brutes may be?'

'Huy has been occupied by the Germans since the 12th, and is their temporary headquarters. From what I gather, they usually spare such towns. That is why we never dreamed of Andenne being sacked.'

Dalroy remembered the aged curé's exposition of *Kultur* as a policy. 'Is this sort of thing going on generally, then?' he asked.

Monsieur Pochard was a Frenchman. He raised his eyebrows. 'Where can you have been, monsieur, not to know what has happened at Liège, Visé, Flemelle Grande, Blagny Trembleur, and a score of other places?'

'Visé!' broke in the cracked, piping voice of Joos. 'What's that about Visé?'

'It is burnt to the ground, and nearly all the inhabitants killed.'

'Is anything said of a fat major named Busch, whom Henri Joos, the miller, stuck with a fork?'

'A Prussian, do you mean?'

'Ay. One of the same breed—a Westphalian.'

'I haven't heard.'

'He tried to assault my daughter, so I got him. The second one, an Uhlán, killed my wife, and I got him too. I cut his throat down there in the main street. It's easy to kill Germans. They're soft, like pigs.'

Though Joos's half-demented boasting was highly injudicious, Dalroy did not interfere. He was in a mood to let matters drift. They could not well be worse. He had tried to control the course of events in so far as they affected his own and Irene Beresford's fortunes, but had failed lamentably. Now fate must take charge.

Pochard's comment was to the point, at any rate. 'I congratulate you, monsieur,' he said. 'I'll do a bit in that line myself when this

little one is lodged with his aunt in Huy. If every Belgian accounts for two Prussians, you'll hold them till the French and English join up.'

'Do you know for certain where the English are?' put in Dalroy eagerly.

'Yes, at Charleroi. The French are in Namur. Come with me to Huy. A few days, and the *sables Alboches* will be pelting back to the Rhine.'

(Continued on page 228.)

PLAGUES OF FLEAS.

By D. W. O. FAGAN.

CRICKETS, caterpillars, and grasshoppers come in armies. The recurrence of such visitations in countries of the warmer temperate zone is unfortunately too well known to attract much more than a passing notice. Frequent repetition has, perhaps, induced us to regard them merely in the light of exotic variation in that perennial rotation of pests with which the farmer is afflicted. It is otherwise, however, with the periodic plagues of fleas that now and again descend on the harassed New Zealander. Though, perhaps, less economically destructive than the former class, these latter visitations have at least the questionable distinction of making themselves topically much more keenly felt.

The scope and extent of the parasitic invasions is fortunately local. The infested area seldom extends beyond a few square miles; and so rigidly do the invaders keep within bounds that, by walking half a mile and pitching one's tent beyond, it is often possible to escape the infliction altogether. Fortunately, too, the plague is generally of short duration, a month, or at most six weeks, witnessing the complete departure of the insects. The question as to how they go, or why, is as incomprehensible as the manner of their coming. They simply vanish, and there's an end. The night may be horrid with a feeling of myriad insects; multitudinous lamentation rises to high heaven; groaned curses of men, sighs of women, and sleepless wail of tortured children. Suddenly, as at a bugle-call sounding through the night, the horror ceases; harassed humanity falls asleep, and wakes to a flealess world. Hardly an insect rewards the morning search. Equally unexpected is the coming of the plague. No line of skirmishers is thrown out as a warning, no scattered vanguard as herald of the approaching host. The insect army apparently rises instantaneously out of the ground, and at once proceeds to occupy the invaded territory.

In the absence of all data it is difficult to convey any clear conception of the subject. One can only deal with personal experience and a meagre array of recorded fact. Nothing seems known as to any rule governing the visitations or the migration of the insects. Certain conditions may, of course, be predicated as contributory, but it is quite impossible to make any definite pronouncement. Thus sudden pro-

tracted drought following heavy rain may, in the case of an affected area, be regarded as the ideal condition immediately preceding the appearance of the pest; while in other and widely separated localities the plague has appeared in the dead of winter. One thing seems certain. The flea-plague is seldom recurrent in any one locality except after the lapse of many years. Indeed, a long period of years may pass without any visitation being recorded in the whole Dominion; and, again, the phenomenon may occur yearly, in rapid succession, at places widely separate; two invasions may occur in any one year simultaneously, in a coastal settlement, for instance, and again high up in the mountains of the central range. But the rule of long immunity of the place once visited holds good. Thus, during the throes of a plague that descended upon them the summer before last, the inhabitants of two mid-Canterbury runs had at least the prospective consolation of maybe half-a-century of flealess years to look forward to.

Forty years ago it fell to the writer's lot to experience something of the horror of one of these flea-plagues. Circumstances, in my case, permitted an early flight from the infested area; but after almost half-a-century of roughing it since in various out-places of the earth, the memory of these two tormentful days and anguished nights has lost nothing of its vividness. It was not so much the horrid discomfort of the time. It was, I think, the feeling of utter and absolute helplessness in the face of present misery that made it so distressing.

It was in a little coastal town not far from Dunedin, in the South Island. Waikouaiti at that time was an important little place. Untouched by the railway that now carries holiday folk past its doors, it had developed into a seaside resort of the well-to-do from its bigger neighbour. The streets of the town were wide and well planned; each house stood separate from its neighbour, on its own allotment. There was no insanitary crowding of dwellings. For nine months of the year the place was swept by the south-east trades that blew in from the sea, and during the remaining period it was scoured clean by winter rains. This stressing of the point of cleanliness is necessary in the light of what follows. Certainly one would have said it was the last possible place to offer invitation to the calamity that fell upon it.

The first intimation of coming woe arrived by way of a school picnic. Miss M. presided over a young ladies' finishing school for the daughters of neighbouring squatters. It was the lady's pleasure yearly to signalise the eve of the midsummer vacation by a picnic to some one of the beauty spots in the vicinity. This year the choice fell on the river-mouth and the ocean beach.

Miss M. led her charges toward the sandhills and the shore. The weather was hot. Immaculate muslin frocks and gay sun-bonnets were the order of the day. To an impressionable lad, fresh from a long sea voyage, it was a pretty picture. The white-clad girls, in gay waist-sashes, faces aglow with bounding health, and eyes that sparkled with pleased anticipation, stepped primly down the street two by two. The wagon carrying the picnic paraphernalia preceded the procession to the rendezvous. It was with a distinct sense of loss that I watched the cortège disappear from sight around the corner.

Suddenly there broke on the startled air a sound of lamentation. Surprised townsfolk watched a disordered bevy of girls, now headed by a weird dame who resembled an elderly dancing-dervish of the female sex, come racing up the road. Their behaviour was strange and a little alarming. They squirmed as they ran writhing, and danced as they shrieked. They beat, tore, scratched variously at parts of their anatomy, and, weeping, made as if they would tear their garments from them. Some, indeed, among the younger discarded portions of their clothing and fled incontinent and unashamed.

What was it? What meant these wild gyrations, these piteous outcries? The girls seemed panic-struck. They were evidently suffering keenly. Had linen and muslin acquired suddenly the qualities of Nessus's burning shirt that they strove so frantically to rid themselves of them?

Those who ran to help became in turn equally demented. They too danced, beat themselves with their hands, and shouted. This was the beginning. The fleas were upon us—millions of them! You could hear them patter, patter, patter, as they hopped by in armies. The ground seemed covered by a brown spray as they passed. I had read of ant armies on the march in Africa; but never in my wildest dreams could I have conceived anything like the actuality of the fleas. Dogs rolled in the dust and howled. Cats took to the bush, and were seen no more. The fleas invaded the houses. Floors and walls literally swarmed with them. They got into the food and every utensil. You ate fleas, willy-nilly, at your meals. Sleep was quite impossible. The town came within an ace of madness from protracted insomnia.

But Providence intervened. The visitation

lasted only three weeks. Night fell on the twenty-first day, and the town was one huge dolorous scratch. In the morning not a single flea remained. They had departed as suddenly as they had come. But in the meantime business was at a standstill; people were too earnestly engaged otherwise to attend to affairs of everyday life. Half the town deserted its flea-ridden domiciles, and took to living in tents on the hills. The place was practically quarantined. Instead of changing horses at the 'Golden Fleece,' Cobb & Company's coach, on its way to the Dunback goldfields, tore through the town, its six horses stretched to the gallop; and none of the neighbouring farmers ventured in to the bi-weekly market. Even the bank suspended payment for the time, and old Parson Dasent stopped the church services.

The strange part of the affair was that the insects occupied only a limited area. They possessed the town, but went no farther. The thing was so incomprehensible, so utterly beyond precedent within European memory, that it created a huge stir among scientists and professors of the day. One savant went so far as to write a treatise on the affair. His disquisition, however, failed entirely in the one essential; it offered no explanation of the how, why, or wherefore of the visitation. There were not wanting those who took an extreme view of the matter. These good folk likened it to the plagues of Egypt. It came, said they, as a distinct punishment for loose living, and advised the town to mend its ways. The culpable neglect of discrimination, however, that the insects displayed had the effect of seriously discounting this theory of the pietists. The exhorters, even while insisting, had fallen to scratching as violently as the ungodly.

The rector of the Otago High School had attached to his collegiate duties the hobby of entomology. This gentleman, in company with other wise men, came out from Dunedin to make inquiry. They subjected the entire expanse of the beach to rigid scrutiny. They examined seaweed, shells, all the jetsam of the shore, and made a microscopic investigation of the sand itself. Their research proved fruitless. They could only shake their heads and confess themselves puzzled. It was clean sea-sand, sifted by wind, scoured by rain, and baked by the sun, the last possible place to form a breeding-ground for fleas. Yet these myriads of fleas came out of it. They did not come from the land. They came hopping up the road from the seashore. They could hardly have come out of the sea. It was equally improbable they had fallen from the sky. There remained only the sand from which they could have come. But why? how? whence? The thing was declared to be utterly incomprehensible, and so it remains to this day.

AND—AT THE END?

By M. F. HUTCHINSON.

CAPTAIN ARTHUR MADOX woke with a start; for the third time he, a prisoner of war, dreamed that he heard his name called clearly again and again: 'Arthur! Arthur! Arthur!' He sat up and in the chilly darkness peered about him. The hut was perfectly still, save for the sounds of breathing from those who, like himself, were prisoners in Germany. The wind was not, as usual, shrieking round the exposed and badly constructed shelters, whistling in crevices, rushing in hideous gusts through the door.

Who called a helpless prisoner? Some one wanted him, and there was he literally fettered by the grim oppressions of those to whom he, and other men as gallant, had had to surrender. Three times had this dream come and roused him before harsh sounds made it necessary to drag through another weary day. Over and over again they had talked of escape—*talked*; but the difficulties were insuperable; and even if there had been any way of surmounting them, it was terrible to think that an attempt, probably foredoomed to failure, would make life harder and harsher for others.

There was always blessed chance; he was not the only officer who wore, under his horrible clothes, doled out at last in the camp, other things which had reached him in parcels from home.

Those precious parcels! They formed a thread of comfort even in prison life; but the winter was coming, and the prisoners dreaded it. All the simple everyday things at home, which had never seemed blessings because they were so ordinary, were now painful to remember. It was a mistake to wake at that depressing hour to think.

'Arthur! Arthur! *Arthur!*' Who had called him?

The ugly clamour of bugles, German bugles, brought sleeping men back to reality.

Arthur Madox smiled drearily as he refixed what he called his life-belt. This was a knitted comforter into which perseveringly he had sewn and stitched small pockets or divisions which contained money, meat-lozenges, and pieces of chocolate. These last, when flattened and utterly unlike chocolate, were renewed with the aid of parcels from home. He tried, so far as was possible, especially after dusk, to carry a lump of bread on his person.

Just a week before these curious dreams came to him, chance, as it seemed, had put more definite occupation in his way. A clever Englishman, a non-commissioned officer, had been put in charge of the camp lighting; but one evening, when Madox had been summoned to the guard-room to open a parcel under the eyes of the

commandant, the lamps scarcely gave any light at all. Sergeant Lukin was ill, and a new man, under summary orders, had done his best, but with no very successful result.

Madox, a deft and clever Engineer officer, thankful to do anything which took his mind off the miseries of life, soon made things better, with the pleasing result that the great man snorted and grunted, and these sounds were construed into approval. Subsequently, since things so often went wrong, he was put in charge of the group of men, supplied with special badges, who attended to the lamps. He made a round in the morning and again after dusk.

Another day! Madox, a capital musician, had contrived a regular band of men who could play mouth-organs, and introduced others who whistled. He was a clever mimic, and the only way to lighten the darkness of life was the pleasure of making other fellows laugh.

When evening came Madox went to the guard-room. The outer room was empty save for an autocratic lieutenant, a man raised from the ranks. He was writing at a small table, and Madox told himself he would keep him standing there waiting out of sheer delight in exercising his own power.

In the corner by the stove was a cupboard, the door of which stood ajar; and because of the draught—there were draughts everywhere—it creaked dismally. A window was open too.

Gottlenberg did not raise his head, but said in excellent English, of which he was very proud, to the British officer, 'Shut and lock that cupboard!' At one period in his existence he had been an English club waiter, who pocketed tips and smiled affably.

Madox bit his lip—everybody had to do that in — Camp—and stepped forward to the cupboard. He saw hanging there a gray military greatcoat belonging to the camp commandant, and the usual undress cap worn by the officials. The greatcoat had a history; it had been worn by the commandant in the great rush through Belgium, on into France, until at the Marne he had been shot through the sword-arm by a British swine. The hole in the greatcoat was neat and small enough; but the bullet, from a British rifle, he declared, was a dum-dum bullet, poisoned too, with the result that the man had had to have his arm amputated. Every one in the camp had heard the story of the bullet-marked greatcoat. There it hung in the cupboard as a persistent reminder to the commandant of his cruel sufferings.

No one had dared to whisper of poisoning after the wounding. Mardenstein was brave

enough, and had stuck to his men and their machine-gun too long.

Madox locked the cupboard, but he did not take out the keys.

Gottlenberg finished his writing, stood up, and opened a door behind him. 'Wait,' he said curtly to Madox.

Without speaking, the British officer saluted.

The moment Gottlenberg passed into the inner room orderlies sprang to attention; there were sounds, movements. The open door swung to with a bang, but instantly it was reopened by the lieutenant himself, and propped back with a lump of wood. He glanced at Madox, but the latter had not stirred. He stood just inside the room, close to the door, outside which the sentry paced.

Gottlenberg found, apparently, the occasion he loved—to reprove the orderlies. It was something to do with the stove, for there followed sharp sounds of poking and stirring.

Madox moved forward noiselessly, unlocked the cupboard, flung greatcoat and cap through the open window, and returned to his place by the door.

What a fool he was! And yet no one was likely to pass on that side of the guard-room; it was dark. Had his chance come? When the commandant returned, and he had made his report of broken lamps, would he have the courage to walk away, under the eyes of the sentry, round that side, pick up the coat and cap, and, carrying them, walk steadily on past the guards? If he did—and he made this round every night—escape from the camp would be easy enough. But it would mean going then and there, not giving him the opportunity of saying good-bye to his friends, or offering some one the chance of going with him.

What a fool he had been! The better way would be to leave the historic coat and the ordinary cap there in the dark. When the things were discovered there would be rows about it, maddening and outrageous rows; but Gottlenberg would swear that whoever did this evil thing had not accomplished it when the lieutenant was in charge of the guard-room.

The commandant came in. Madox made his report. As he was leaving the guard-room, and holding the door open, he was ordered to go to the point which should have been lighted by two lamps and see if nothing could be done. The official orders were that certain lamps must be kept burning throughout the night. The men in charge declared things were broken when they were not.

The sentry heard this order. Therefore Madox stepped out into the darkness and moved submissively out of the way of the arrogant individual who strode sharply backward and forward. Then he moved quietly round to the side of the guard-room, bending down so that no tell-tale shadow should reveal his presence,

picked up the coat, and thrust the cap into one of the large pockets.

Sentry after sentry challenged; to each Madox gave his number, adding in German the word 'Lamps.' He came close to one of the guarded entrances, and here luck favoured him, for a cart had stuck in the mud—the camp was famous for its horrible mud. The sentries could not cease their measured pacing to lend a hand.

Madox watched his opportunity, slipped behind the cart, and pushed perfunctorily, then sprang away. He was outside the camp, free for the moment—free, but for how long?

What a fool he had been! He stood stock-still, picturing the hue and cry, realising the awful moment when he would again be captured. And the end? Solitary confinement, or a short episode, soon over, in a prison yard.

Besides, had he not left his friends, and greedily seized on the chance for himself? Just then it was no comfort to remember how, over and over again, they had reminded each other that if the impossible happened, and any man had the chance of escape, he was to take it. Madox was on the point of thrusting the greatcoat into a clump of bushes and turning back to tell the sentries at the gate that after helping to shove the cart he had turned in the wrong direction. He would be marched straight to the guard-room, when the cupboard would be opened. He shrugged his shoulders, and among the bushes put on the greatcoat and cap. His teeth chattered, and he shivered in sheer misery, to use such things as a means of escape!

Then he pulled himself together, and, trusting to luck, hoped he would eventually reach a clump of trees which had been visible from the camp. The position of the camp among the wire entanglements made it impossible for the prisoners to know anything much of their surroundings. He went on doggedly, and presently halted, for he was sure he heard somewhere, quite close at hand, the monotonous pacing of a sentry. Then, moving onward, he saw that the rough road made a wide curve, and beyond it were lights, lamps alung from posts.

Free? What a fool he had been! Once more he hesitated; then, pulling himself together, he did his best to imitate the German stride. He must trust to luck that the lights, not too bright, would fail to reveal his boots, so different from the gaitered and spurred ones of the commandant. He decided to keep well in the middle of the road. He strode on very quickly. Was the commandant in the habit of walking in and out of the camp? His heart thumped like a sledge-hammer; but it so chanced that the sentry had been humming to himself, and the enormity of this crime in the presence of a uniformed official made him stand to attention and salute with elaboration.

Madox muttered something harshly and passed on his way. After twenty minutes' walking his

feet told him that he had come to a well-made road, and in the distance were lights. He must avoid habitations, so he turned on his tracks and stuck to the muddy, difficult way. He was thankful when the creaking of branches in the wind told him he had come to the clump of trees, and in the starlight he was able to see something of the outline of the tall firs. He leaned against the trunk of one, and presently clung to it, feeling more like a frightened child than a grown man. What should he do?

He struck matches, cautiously examined his compass, lifted his head to look and look at the North Star—it was comforting to stare up at the stars—and then he saw that the rough cart-track led on through the wood. Once more he walked doggedly on and on, wondering what distance he was putting between himself and the camp. When the going was easier he did not realise that he had struck a highroad until he heard the march of a patrol. He flung himself face downward among some bushes at the side of the road; the men passed without seeing him. He got up again, thinking almost longingly of his draughty corner in the hut shared with seventeen other men! He pushed on, listening breathlessly for every sound. Once he heard a voice singing somewhere quite near him. Well, he need not fear a drunken man! He plodded on and on, resting now and again, but eating nothing until the dawn broke. The daylight showed him that he was at the foot of a hill, on a good road, and in the distance he made out the dim outline of what he imagined was a farmhouse. Wearily he went on up the hill, and was thankful to notice a field-track branching off, and in the distance more friendly trees. There, in a hollow carpeted with pine-needles, he unfastened that which he had called his life-belt. He ate sparingly because of extreme thirst, and then curling himself round, fell asleep from utter weariness. He woke before it was dark, and, rising stiffly to his feet, crept on until he heard thankfully the tinkle of water.

His thirst quenched, he was troubled by a terrible problem. What should he do with the greatcoat and cap? Retain them, or leave them in the wood, buried under the pine-needles with his prison-marked clothes? He could not make up his mind.

Again he plodded on doggedly, keeping almost recklessly to the highroad. Now and again he saw gleams of light from windows, but he did not pass very near to any house. At midnight, as he stumbled on, he heard suddenly, startlingly, a shriek of terror. It was repeated again and again. He listened, hating the sound, for the cry of anguish was a woman's. He stopped, and, looking straight ahead to his right, saw lights; the cries came from there. He struck a match, and saw close at hand a gate. He opened it, and, running, reached a little house. The door ajar let out a stream of light. Again a woman

shrieked. Madox flung back the door, and saw a young woman, her hair hanging in two long plaits, in a corner of the room, with a table in front of her, and a drunken brute of a peasant threatening her, stick in hand, and laughing hideously.

At the sound of Madox's entry he turned to meet the force of a clenched fist, which rolled him over, and he lay like a log.

The woman poured out a torrent of words, overcome with gratitude. She told this German officer, who seemed to have fallen from the heavens, that the man on the floor was taking a load of sand across the river, and having lost his way, had found the house. The moment she—alone save for her children since the war—had come downstairs he had begun to behave like a cruel madman. Madox did his best to calm her. Where had the creature left his cart and horse? He had come through a closed gate, and there had been no sign of any vehicle.

The woman picked up the lamp, and, outside the little house, showed him a way leading from it communicating directly with the road. Presently they found the cart, the horse placidly munching roadside grass in the darkness. Madox was thinking desperately. Dare he trust the woman?

She began talking again, and in explaining her position and distance from the town told the fugitive a great deal he wanted to know. There was a river to cross! He came to the conclusion that it would not be wise to trust her, or, as he had thought momentarily, to take the drunken man's clothes and so disguise himself.

He dragged the man out of the house, and then accepted the German woman's offer of food and beer, which he swallowed hastily. She poured blessings upon him. Together they hoisted the man into the cart, and Madox came to the conclusion that he would drive the horse on himself in the hope of reaching the river and getting over the bridge, which was sure to be guarded.

The horse clattered on in the darkness; and Madox, knowing nothing of their actual whereabouts, hardly attempted to guide the animal. They were going downhill, and there were lights in the distance! Straining his ears to hear, he caught the echo of familiar sounds; men on guard were being relieved, others posted. Madox stood up in the cart and let out ear-piercing whistles; the horse, startled by the unusual sound, dashed forward furiously, and, feeling no restraining tightening of the reins, grew frightened. Men shouted, but the rush and clatter did not slacken until they were over the bridge. Then there was a hill to climb. The horse was easily quietened.

At length Madox, in the early morning, drove the cart into a field, threw a rough horsecloth over the animal, and shook the peasant until he stirred and attempted to sit up. Then Madox

hastened on his way, looking for a place in which to hide during the day. He could not sleep at all; something told him that he must be nearing his goal. At sunset he crept out of his hiding-place to look about him. He was on high land above a town, so he struck away to the left, and presently crossed a railway line without detection or danger to himself in the darkness. Later on he waded desperately through water which reached almost to his armpits, but he floundered out in safety. On and on—that time, when daylight came, he crouched in an old quarry and did not sleep.

Again he started to walk, and stumbled almost hopelessly through a large village, but not a voice challenged him. Again he was tormented by thirst, and driven almost crazy by agonising thought. He had dreamed in the hut in the camp that some one had called to him, and by his name. Who was there to call? His mother had long been dead, his two sisters were married, and his own wife—— Well, she had no love for him.

And now, so near safety, he was going to fail. He knew it, but still he struggled on. When the sunrise came he saw before him something like a blockhouse, men with rifles coming out and moving to positions. The frontier! He could never cross into the land of freedom—never, never! But he was desperate now. Had he a better chance in the military coat or without it? He decided to do what he could to his appearance, and to keep straight ahead, as if he were making for the official hut before him.

In agonised desperation he forged straight on, scarcely seeing, but able to control himself sufficiently to watch for a favourable moment. The men were drawn up at some distance for parade or inspection, twenty or thirty of them.

Slackening his pace, he moved steadily on up to the hut and passed it. As yet no one challenged him. Was it possible they could not have seen him? It was not possible. He was in a flat country, without helpful and friendly trees; there was, as it seemed, no help anywhere. He began to run, but the coat hampered him, and he flung it from him. Something whizzed past him. He barely turned his head. Close to his feet another bullet struck the ground. There were shouts. He ran on and on, and then saw with agonised eyes, straight ahead of him, a man with a rifle. He fell face downwards—— Then, he had failed.

He came back to consciousness, feeling his face being sprinkled with water. A voice was speaking, and in a language he did not understand. Later on, in French, he was told he must consider himself a prisoner, but he was over the frontier, on neutral soil, safe.

Of the goodness of the strangers Madox afterwards could talk for ever. There followed a week in bed, and then a journey over the sea to

England. England! He stood straining his eyes to see the outline of the coast. As they made the harbour of H., and were about to dock, those near the man who had endured so much thought he was suddenly taken ill. He hardly heard their kind voices. Several people were waiting for the ship, but he saw only one figure—that of a woman—on the quayside. His wife? It could not be his wife!

But it was. Madox could hardly speak, and she was frightened until she saw his eyes. It was his wife, and she had come to meet him! She slipped her hand under his arm and literally led him to a waiting cab. There she snuggled close to him, as she had done when they were first married.

'Oh my dear! my dear! I have been breaking my heart for you. What could I say in those letters read by others? Every morning before dawn I would wake hearing myself call, as if you, poor darling, could hear, "Arthur!" Forgive me for everything; say you love me.'

'I heard you call,' he answered softly; 'I heard you.' And again the look on his face contented her.

Afterwards, one haunting terror ceased to torment him. His friends and fellow-prisoners had not suffered from harsher treatment. They were evidently allowed to say, in their letters home, that Madox of the —— had attempted to escape and been shot by the sentries. They missed him greatly. But he was alive and well, and going back to work. As the days passed he could smile over a persistent thought: would Mardenstein, stern but never cruel, retrieve his historic greatcoat? Did it hang in the cupboard of the guard-room?

A SPRING SONG.

LISTEN to the fresh Spring wind
Singing o'er the downs,
Blowing kisses as it goes,
Smoothing winter's frowns.
All the tender little buds
Quiver with delight;
'Spring is dancing on the downs,
April is in sight.'

Birds catch up the song of joy,
Fling it back again;
Brighter, louder, on it goes,
Spring's new old refrain.
Fairies sailing on the clouds
Flit in chase of Spring;
She's the queen among them all,
Seeking her they sing:

'All the winter we have been
Playing in the moon;
But we're coming back to earth
Very, very soon.'
Far and wide the happy wind
Rushes in delight,
Crying, 'Come and dance with me,
April is in sight.'

EDITH L. ELIAS.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE DISCONTENTED SQUIRREL

By W. H. HUDSON,

Author of *The Purple Land*, *Adventures among Birds*, *Birds and Man*, &c.

HURRYING along the street the other day, intent on business, I was brought to a sudden full stop by the sight of a heap of old books in tattered covers outside a second-hand furniture shop. I didn't want old books, and had no time to spare; the action was purely automatic, like that of the old horse ridden or driven by a traveller who often refreshes himself, in stopping short on coming to a public-house on the roadside. On the top of the heap was a small pamphlet or booklet in blue covers, entitled *The Discontented Squirrel*, and this attracted my attention. It seemed to touch a chord, but a chord of what I did not know. I picked it up, and, opening it, saw on the first page an ancient rude woodcut of a squirrel eating a nut.

The old picture looked familiar, but I was still at a loss until I read the first few lines of the letterpress, and then I immediately dropped the booklet and hastened on faster than ever to make up for a wasted minute.

Why, of course, the Discontented Squirrel, that dear little ancient beastie! The whole of the child's tale came back with a rush to memory, for I had read and re-read it when my age was seven; though I had never since met with it in the hundreds of boxes of old books turned over in my time, or in any collection of children's books of the early nineteenth century. I once made a small collection of such literature myself, and others have collected and still collect it in a large way. I sometimes wonder why some enterprising publisher doesn't start an Every Child's Library, and rescue many of the most charming of these small publications from total oblivion. Undoubtedly he would find the best period was from 1800 to about 1840.

Once upon a time—so ran the story as I remembered it, and retold it to myself while walking on—a squirrel lived in a wood, as plump and playful and happy a squirrel as one would wish to see. He had a favourite tree, an old giant oak, which was his home, and when summer was nearing its end he began to amuse himself by making a warm nest in a cavity down at the roots; also by hoarding a quantity of hazel-nuts, which were

plentiful just then in the wood. This he did, not because he had any reason for doing it, or thought there was any use in it, but solely because it was an old time-honoured custom of the squirrel tribe to do these things.

While occupied in this way he all at once became aware of a new restlessness and excitement among the birds, and when he asked his feathered neighbours what it was all about they were surprised at his innocence, and answered that it was about migration. And what was migration? A funny question to put to a bird! However, they condescended to inform their ignorant young friend, that migration meant going away from the country in order to escape the winter. For now winter was coming, that sad season of leafless trees and of short, dark days; of wet and wind and bitter, bitter cold, when lakes and streams would be frozen over and the earth buried in white, awful snow.

And where would they go to escape these awful changes?

They would go to a land where there was no winter; where the trees were green all the year round, with flowers always blooming, and fruit and nuts always ripening.

'Oh beautiful land! oh happy birds!' thought the squirrel. 'But where is that desirable country?' he asked.

'Over that way,' replied the birds, pointing to the south, just as if it were a place quite near. 'It was,' they added, 'beyond the ridge of blue hills one could see on that side.'

These tidings threw the squirrel into a great state of excitement, and he spent his whole time running after and questioning every bird he knew. 'When,' he asked, 'would the migration begin?'

They laughed at the question, and said it had begun some time ago, and was going on at the present moment. The swift had long been gone; so had the nightjar; the cuckoo too; and others were beginning to follow.

The cuckoo—his own neighbour and familiar friend! Ah, that was why he hadn't seen him for some days past! And then began an unhappy time for the squirrel, and every day

and every hour increased his discontent. The yellowing leaves, the chillier evenings, and long nights filled him with apprehension of the coming change, and at last he resolved that he would not endure it. For why should he stay in such a land when all his feathered neighbours and friends were now hurrying away to a better one?

Having made up his mind to migrate, he set out at dawn of day, and travelled many miles toward those blue hills in the south, which turned out to be much farther than he had thought. It was not until the late afternoon that he arrived at the foot of the ridge, feeling more tired and sore-footed than he had ever been in his life. Nevertheless, he was determined not to give in, but to cross the hills before dark, and in crossing them perhaps view from the summit that beautiful land to which he was travelling. And so up and ever up he went, finding it more fatiguing every minute, until he began to despair of ever reaching the summit. And he never did; it was too high, and he was now spent with hunger and weakness after his long, fatiguing day. Furthermore, the hillside grew more and more barren and desolate as he got higher, until he found himself in a place where it was all stony, without trees and bushes or even grass; and there was no food to be found, and no shelter from the cold, violent wind.

He could go no farther, and the summit was still far, far above him. Hunching himself up on the stony ground, with his nose down between his paws and his bushy tail spread along his back, he began to reflect on his condition.

Why had he not taken into account that he could not travel like a bird with wings to bear him through the air and over hills and rivers and long stretches of rough country? And when he asked the birds how long it would take them to reach that happy land of everlasting sunshine beyond the blue ridge, had they not answered in a careless way, as if they thought little of it, 'Oh, not long; two or three or four weeks, according to one's powers'? And it never occurred to him that a bird can fly farther in half-an-hour than a squirrel can travel in a whole day! Now, when it was too late, when he could not go forward, and his home was too far, far behind him, he remembered and considered these things. Oh poor squirrel! Oh miserable end of all your happy dreams!

And while he was sitting hunched up, shivering with cold and thinking these bitter, desponding thoughts, a passing kite spied him, and, swooping down, snatched him up in his talons and carried him off. Little strength had he now to struggle, and at his least movement the sharp, crooked claws tightened their grasp; and even if he had been able to free himself, it would only have been to fall that vast dis-

tance through the void air and be crushed on the earth.

Then all at once the bird's flight grew swifter and he rose higher, for now a second kite had appeared, and had given chase to the first to deprive him of his prey.

The first, burdened with the squirrel, could not escape from his persecutor, and they were soon at close quarters. The marauding bird now began making furious swoops at the other, aiming blows at his back with his claws, and every time he swooped down he uttered savage cries and mockings. 'Aha!' he cried, 'you can't save yourself with all your speed and all your doublings. Drop the squirrel if you don't want your back cut into strips. Do you remember, you red scoundrel, that you found me carrying home a dead duckling I had picked up at a farm, and that you made me drop it? Do you remember what you said on that occasion—that I was burdened while you were free, and therefore had the advantage of me, and would claw my back to ribbons unless I dropped the duckling? Well, robber—pirate! who has the advantage now?'

It was awful, that battle in the sky; the blows, the shrieks, the dreadful words they hurled at one another; but in the end the kite was obliged to drop the squirrel to defend himself with his claws, and the poor little beastie dropped earthward like a stone, and would have been crushed if he had fallen upon the ground; but luckily he first struck a close mass of twigs and foliage on the top of a large tree. This broke the violence of the fall, and he came down gently to the branches beneath, when he managed to catch hold of a twig and come to a stop. He was bruised and bleeding, and half-dead with the shock; but by-and-by he revived, and then what was his relief and joy to discover that he was at home—that he had fallen into his own favourite old oak-tree! On recovering a little strength he crept down the trunk, and after satisfying his hunger with two or three hazel-nuts from his store, he crawled into his unfinished nest, where he coiled himself up, and drawing his blankets over his ears, mused drowsily on his unspeakable folly in having forsaken so comfortable a home. And as to migration—well, 'Never again!' he murmured as he dropped off to sleep.

The story greatly pleased me as I retold it to myself, after having forgotten it for so many long years, since I now perceived that it was a fable of the right sort; that, in fact, it was a true story—in other words, true to the creature's character. Stories about reasoning and talking animals do not always conform to this rule which has made the terse fables of Æsop a joy for ever. Whether the author knew it or not, it is a fact that the squirrel is subject to fits of discontent with his surroundings, which send him rushing off in quest of some better place to

live in; and at such times he will make his way, or try to, over wide stretches of barren, unpromising country. Thus, when trees are planted in a treeless district, by-and-by squirrels make their appearance, even when their nearest known haunts are many miles distant. Nor is this only an occasional outbreak of a gipsy roving disposition of the animal, since he too is subject to migratory impulses at the same time of year as the birds. In some countries large numbers of squirrels are affected simultaneously in this way, and have been observed migrating, many perishing when attempting to cross rivers too wide or swift for them.

I also liked the story because it recalled a squirrel's adventures told to me a short time before by an old fisherman at Wells-next-the-Sea, in Norfolk. Wells lies at the edge of a marsh a mile and a quarter back from the sea, and has a harbour, a river or estuary which at full tide is deep enough to enable small vessels to come up to the town. Near the river's mouth there is a row of tall guiding-poles in the channel, and one afternoon my informant noticed a squirrel sitting bunched up on the summit of the outermost pole, about thirty feet above the water. Evidently he had come through the pine plantation on the sand-dunes on the Holkham or north side of the river; but, anxious to continue his travels southward along the shore and over the vast flat saltings toward Blakeney, he had cast himself into the river, and finding the current too strong, had just saved himself from being carried out to sea by climbing up the last pole. Now the current was the other way, and the river full from bank to bank, and the poor squirrel on his pole-top was in the middle of the swirling current, and dared not venture either to go forward or back to the wood.

The fisherman went home to his tea; but, two hours later, just about sunset, he strolled back to the sea-front, and there still sat the squirrel bunched up on the top of his pole. Presently a fishing-boat came in from the sea, with only one person, a young man, in it. The old man hailed him, and called his attention to the squirrel on the pole. 'All right; I see him!' shouted back the young fellow. 'I'll try to get him off!'

Then, as the swirling current carried the boat up to within about three yards of the pole, he leant forward and thrust out an oar until the blade touched the pole; and no sooner had it touched than down like lightning came the squirrel from his perch, leaped upon the oar, and from the oar to the boat, then quickly bounded up the mast and perched himself on the top.

The squirrel had not understood the man's friendly intentions, and his lightning-quick action

appeared not to have been prompted either by reason or instinct, but rather by that intuitive faculty one is half-inclined to believe in, which causes an animal suddenly threatened with destruction to take instantly the one line by which it may be saved.

The boat went swiftly on, driven by the rushing tide, until it reached the quay at Wells, and no sooner did the keel touch the stones at the landing-stage than down the squirrel flew from the mast-top, and, rushing to the bow, took a flying leap to the land, then dashed off toward the town at topmost speed. A number of children playing on the quay saw him, and with a wild cry of 'Squirrel! squirrel!' went after him. Luckily there was no dog about; and the squirrel, being faster than the boys, kept well ahead, and, dodging this way and that among coal-trucks, and wagons and horses, and men occupied in unloading, got through them all, then crossing the lower or coast road, dashed into one of the wynds or narrow streets which run up to the higher part of the town. There more yelling children joined the hunt, and the people of the wynd ran out of their houses to find out what all the uproar was about.

The wynd ends at the upper street, and facing it is a long brick wall ten feet high, and up this wall went the squirrel without a pause or slip, and as swiftly as when going over the level earth, and disappeared over the top into the orchard on the other side. There the loud advancing wave of young barbarians was stayed by an ocean-facing cliff.

It had been a dashing performance, and the squirrel could now have settled safely down in that sheltered spot among its fruit and shade trees, since the tenant, who lived a hermit life in the house, was friendly to all wild creatures, and allowed neither dogs nor cats nor fiends in shape of boys with loud halloo and brutal noise, to intrude into his sacred grounds.

But this would not have suited the squirrel; the town noises and lights, the shrill cries of children at play in the evening, and the drum and fife band of the Boy Scouts would have kept him in a constant state of apprehension. Squirrels are nervy creatures. No doubt when the town was asleep and silent that night he scaled the back-wall and crossed other orchards and gardens until he came out to the old unkept hedge on that side, and followed it all the way to Holkham Park, a vast green solitude with many ancient noble trees, in one of which he probably first saw the light.

And there at home once more, he perhaps resolved, like the Discontented Squirrel of the fable, never again to attempt to better himself by migrating.



THE DAY OF WRATH.

CHAPTER XI.—*continued.*

FOR the second time Dalroy heard a slang epithet new to him applied to the Germans. He little guessed how familiar the abbreviated French form of the word would become in his ears. Briton, Frenchman, Slav, and Italian have cordially adopted 'Boche' as a suitable term for the common enemy. It has no meaning, yet conveys a sense of contemptuous dislike. Stricken France had no heart for humour in 1870. The merciless foe was then a 'Prussian'; in 1914 he became a 'Boche,' and the change held a comforting significance.

Dalroy, of course, did not share the Frenchman's opinion as to the speedy discomfiture of the invader; but night was falling, and the offer of shelter was too good to be refused. Nevertheless, he was careful to reveal a real difficulty. 'Unfortunately, we have a dead woman in the cart,' he said. 'Madame Stauwaert, too, is ill; but she has recovered from a fainting fit, I see.'

'Ah, poor Stauwaert!' murmured the other. 'A decent fellow. I saw them kill him. And that's his wife, of course. I didn't recognise her before.'

Dalroy was relieved to find that the Frenchman and the bereaved woman were friends. He had not forgotten the priest's statement that there would be a spy in every group in that part of Belgium. Later he ascertained that Monsieur Pochard was a well-to-do leather merchant in Andenne, who, like many others, refused to abandon a long-established business through fear of the Germans. Doubtless he was destined to pay a heavy price for his tenacity ere the war ended. He behaved now as a true Samaritan, urging an immediate move, and promising even to arrange for Madame Joos's burial. Dalroy helped him to carry the child, a three-year-old boy, who was very sleepy and peevish, and did not understand why he should not be at home and in bed.

Joos suffered them to lead him where they listed. He walked by the side of the cart, and told 'Lise' how he had dealt with the Uhlan. Léontine sobbed afresh, and tried to stop him, but he grew quite angry.

'Why shouldn't she know?' he snapped. 'It is her affair, and mine. You screamed, and turned away, but I hacked at him till his wind-pipe hissed.'

Monsieur Pochard brought them to Huy by a rough road among the hills.

It was a dreadful journey in the gloaming of a perfect summer evening. The old man's ghouliah jabbering, the sobs of the women, the panting of two exhausted dogs, and the wailing of the child, who wanted his father's arms round him rather than a stranger's, supplied a tragic

chorus which ill beguiled that *Via Dolorosa* along the heights of the Meuse.

Irene insisted on taking the boy for a time, and the youngster ceased his plaint at once.

'That's a blessed relief,' she confided to Dalroy. 'I'm not afflicted with nerves, but this poor little chap's crying was more than I could bear.'

'He is too heavy for you to carry him far,' he protested.

'You're very much of a man, Arthur,' she said quietly. 'You don't realise, I suppose, that nature gives us women strong arms for this very purpose.'

'I hadn't thought of that. The fact is, I'm worried. I have a doubt at the back of my head that we ought to be going the other way.'

'Which other way?'

'In precisely the opposite direction.'

'But what can we do? At what stage in our wanderings up to this very moment could we have parted company with our friends? Do you know, I have a horrible feeling that we have brought a good deal of avoidable misery on their heads. If we hadn't gone to the mill'—

'They would probably all have been dead by this time, and certainly both homeless and friendless,' he interrupted. Then he began telling her the fate of Visé, but was brought up short by an imperative whisper from Pochard. They were talking English, without realising it, and Huy was near.

'And why carry that sword?' added the Frenchman. 'It is useless, and most dangerous. Thrust it into a ditch.'

Dalroy obeyed promptly. He had thoughtlessly disregarded the sinister outcome if a patrol found him with such a weapon in his hand.

They came to Huy by a winding road through a suburb, meeting plenty of soldiers strolling to and from billets. Luck befriended them at this ticklish moment. None saw a little party turning into a lane which led to the back of the villa tenanted by Monsieur Pochard's married sister. This lady proved both sympathetic and helpful. The cart, with its sad freight, was housed in a wood-shed at the bottom of the garden, and the dogs were stabled in the gardener's potting-shed.

'The ladies can share my bedroom and my daughter's,' she said. 'You men must sleep in the greenhouse, as every remaining room is filled with Uhlans. Their supper is ready now, but there is plenty. Come and eat before they arrive. They left on patrol duty early this morning.'

And that is where the fugitives experienced

a stroke of amazing good fortune. That particular batch of Uhlans never returned. It was supposed that they were cut off while scouting along the Tirlemont road. Apparently their absence only contributed to an evening of quiet talk and a night of undisturbed rest. In reality, it saved the lives of the whole party, including the hostess and her family.

Early next morning Monsieur Pochard interviewed an undertaker, and Madame Joos was laid to rest in the nearest cemetery. Maertz, Madame Stauwaert, and Léontine attended the funeral. Joos showed signs of collapse. His mind wandered. He thought his wife was living, and in Verviers. They encouraged the delirium, and dosed him with a narcotic.

Irene helped in the kitchen, and Dalroy dug the garden. Thus the confederacy remained split up during the morning, and was not noticed by an officer who came to inquire about the missing Uhlans.

About noon Monsieur Pochard drew Dalroy aside. 'Monsieur,' he said, and his face wore anxious lines, 'last night the old man implied that he was Henri Joos, of Visé. No; please listen. I don't want to be told. I can only give you certain facts, and leave you to draw your own conclusions. Active inquiries are being made by the authorities for Henri Joos, Elisabeth Joos, Léontine Joos, their daughter, and Jan Maertz, all of Visé. With them are an Englishwoman aged twenty, and an English officer named Dalroy, both dressed as Belgian peasants. The appended descriptions seem to be remarkably accurate, and a reward of one thousand marks is offered for their capture.'

'They may be willing to pay double the price for freedom,' said Dalroy.

The Frenchman was not offended. He realised that this was not a suggestion of a personal bribe.

'You have not heard all,' he continued. 'These people were traced to Verviers, but the trail was lost after Maertz bought a cart and a dog-team in that town three days ago. Unfortunately some Uhlans who passed through Andenne last night have reported the presence of just such a party on the main road. Other soldiers believe they saw a similar lot entering Huy after dark, and the burgomaster is warned that the strictest search must be made among refugees at Huy. To make sure, a German escort will assist. It is estimated that Joos and the others will be caught, because they will probably depend on a *laissez passer* issued in Argenteau under false names, which are known. Joos figures as Wilhelm Schultz, for instance. Don't look so surprised, monsieur. The burgomaster is my brother-in-law's partner. He will not reach this quarter of Huy till half-past three or four o'clock.'

'But there is the record of Madame Joos's burial,' put in Dalroy instantly.

'No. The poor creature remains a "woman unknown, found dead." The Germans don't worry about such trifles. But, by a strange coincidence, Madame Stauwaert practically takes her place for identification purposes. By the mercy of Providence, no German soldier was in this house last night, or he would now be the richer by a thousand marks. The notice is placarded at the *Kommandantur*, and is being read by the multitude.'

'We shall not bring further trouble on a family which has already run grave risk in our behalf,' vowed Dalroy warmly. 'We must scatter at once, and, if caught, suffer individually.'

'I was sure you would say that, monsieur; but sworn allies carry friendship to greater lengths. Now let us take counsel. Madame Stauwaert can remain here. Fifty people in Huy will answer for her. My sister can hire a servant, Léontine. If Joos is tractable he can lodge in safety with some cottagers I know. Maertz wishes to join the Belgian army, and you the British; while that charming young lady will want to get to England. Well, we may be able to contrive all these things. I happen to be a bit of an antiquary, and Huy owns more ruined castles and monasteries than any other town of similar size in Belgium, or in the world, I imagine. Follow my instructions to the letter, and you will cheat the Germans yet. They are animals of habit and cast-iron rule. When searching for six people they will never look for one or two. Yet it would be folly if you and mademoiselle wandered off by yourselves in a strange country. Then, indeed, even German official obtuseness might show a spark of real intelligence; whereas, by gaining a few days, who knows whether your armies may not come to you, rather than you go to them?'

The good-hearted Frenchman's scheme worked without a hitch. The cart was broken up for firewood, the harness burnt, and the dogs taken a mile into the country by Maertz, who sold them for a couple of francs, and came back to a certain ruined priory by a roundabout road.

Irene and Dalroy had gone there already. The place lay deep in trees and brushwood, and was approachable by a dozen hidden ways. Although given over to bats and owls, its tumble-down walls contained one complete room, situated some twenty feet above the ground-level, and reached by a winding staircase of stone slabs, which looked most precarious, but proved quite sound if used by a sure-footed climber.

Here, then, the three dwelt eleven weary days. During daylight their only diversion was the flight of hosts of aeroplanes toward the French frontier. Twice they saw Zeppelins. For warmth at night they depended on horse-rugs and bundles of a species of bracken which throve

among the piles of stones. They were well supplied with food, deposited at dusk in a fosse, and obtained when the opening bars of 'La Brabançonne' were whistled at a distance. The air itself was a guarantee that no German was near, because the Belgian national anthem is not pleasing to Hun ears.

A typed note in the basket formed their sole link with the outer world. And what momentous issues were conveyed in the briefest of sentences!

'Namur has fallen after a day's bombardment by a new and terrible cannon.'

'Brussels has capitulated without resistance.'

'After a fierce battle, the French and English have retired from Charleroi and Mons.'

'The retreat continues. France is invaded. Valenciennes has fallen.'

On the eleventh morning Dalroy hid among the bushes until the daily basket was brought. Monsieur Pochard himself was the go-between. He feared lest Léontine would contrive to meet Maertz, so the girl did not know where her lover was hidden.

The Frenchman started visibly when Dalroy's voice reached him; but the latter spoke in a tone which would not carry far. 'I'm sorry to seem ungrateful,' he said, 'but we are growing desperate. Do us one last favour, monsieur, and we shall impose no more on your goodness. Tell me where and when we can cross the Meuse, and the best route to take subsequently. Sink or swim, I, at any rate, must endeavour to reach England; and mademoiselle is equally resolved to make the attempt.'

'I don't blame you,' came the sorrowful reply. 'This is going to be a long war. Twenty years of deadly preparation are bearing fruit. I am sick with anxiety. But I dare not loiter in this neighbourhood; so, as to your affair, my advice is that you cross the Meuse to-morrow in broad daylight. The bridge is repaired, and no very strict watch is kept. Make for Nivelles, Enghien, and Oudenarde. The Belgians hold the Antwerp-Gand-Roulers line, but are being driven back daily. I have been thinking of you. If you delay longer you will—at the best—be imprisoned in Belgium for many months. Are you determined?'

'Yes.'

'Do you want money?'

'We have plenty.'

'Farewell, then; and may God protect you!'

'Is there no chance of nearing the British force?' was Dalroy's final and almost despairing question.

'Not the least. You would be following on the heels of a quick-moving and victorious army. Progress is slower toward the coast. You have a fighting chance that way, none the other. Good-bye, monsieur.'

'Good-bye, best of friends!'

The sudden collapse of Namur, and the con-

sequent failure of the Anglo-French army's initial scheme, had served to alter this shrewd man's opinion completely. His confidence was gone, his nerve shaken. The pressure of the jack-boot was heavy upon him. Dalroy was certain that he walked away with a furtive haste, being in mortal fear lest the people he had helped so greatly might put forth some additional request which he dared not grant.

Next morning they left the priory grounds separately, and strolled into the town, keeping some fifty yards apart. It was only after a struggle that Jan Maertz relinquished the notion of trying to see Léontine before going from Huy, but the others convinced him that he might imperil both the girl and their benefactors. As matters stood, her greatest danger must have nearly vanished by this time; it would be a lamentable thing if her lover were arrested, and it became known that he had visited the villa.

They crossed the river on pontoons. The Germans were already rebuilding the stone bridge. They seemed to have men to spare for everything. That the bridge was being actually rebuilt, and not made practicable by timber-work only, impressed Dalroy more forcibly than any other fact gleaned during his Odyssey in a Belgium under German rule. There was no thought of relinquishing the occupied territory, no hint of doubt that it might be wrested from their clutch in the near future. He noticed that the post-office, the railway station, the parcels-vans, even the street names, were Germanised. He learnt subsequently that the schools had been taken over by German teachers, while the mere sound of French in a shop or public place was scowled at, if not absolutely forbidden.

There were not many troops on the roads, but crowded troop-trains passed on both sides of the Meuse, and ever in the same direction. Two long hospital trains came from the south-west, and Dalroy knew what *that* meant. Another long train of closed wagons, heavily laden, as a panting engine testified, perplexed him, however. He spoke of it to Maertz, the three being on the road in company as they climbed the hill to Heron, and the carter promptly sought information from a farmer.

The man eyed them carefully. 'Where are you from?' he demanded in true Flemish.

'What has that to do with it?' grinned Maertz, in the same *patois*.

The questioner was satisfied. He jerked a thumb toward the French frontier. 'Dead uns!' he said. 'They're killing Germans like flies down yonder. They can't bury them—haven't time—so they tie the corpses together, slinging four on a pole for easy handling, ship them to Germany, and chuck them into furnaces.'

'So,' guffawed Maertz, 'the swine know where they are going, then!'

To Dalroy's secret amazement, Irene, who understood each word, laughed with the others.

Campaigning had not coarsened, but it had undeniably hardened her nature. A month ago she would have shuddered at sight of these dun trucks, with their ghastly freight. Now, so long as they only contained Germans, she surveyed them with interest.

'Allowing forty bodies to one wagon,' she said, 'there are over a thousand dead men in that train alone.'

The farmer spat approval. 'I've been busy, and have missed some; but that's the tenth lot which has gone east this morning,' he remarked cheerfully.

'Is the road to Nivelles fairly open?' Dalroy ventured to inquire.

'One never knows. Anyhow, always give the next village as your destination. If doubtful, travel by night.'

This counsel was well meant. In the silent bitterness of hours yet to come, Dalroy recalled it, and wished he had profited by it.

Roughly speaking, they had set out on a seventy-mile tramp, which the men could have tackled in two long days. But the presence of Irene lowered the scale, and Dalroy apportioned matters so that twenty miles daily formed their programme, with, as the *entrepreneurs* say, power to increase or curtail. Thus, on the first evening, the date being 2nd September, they pulled up at Gembloux, quite a small place, finding supper and beds in a farm beyond the village.

Next day they pushed ahead through Nivelles, and entered the forest of Soignies, that undulating woodland on which Wellington depended for the protection of a dangerous flank during the unavoidable retreat to the coast if Napoleon had beaten the British army at Waterloo.

Dalroy explained the Iron Duke's strategy to Irene as they paced a road which provides an ideal walking tour.

'That a General was not worth his salt who did not secure the track of his army if defeated was one of his fixed principles,' he said. 'He would never depart from it, and his dispositions at Waterloo were based on it. In fact, his solicitude in that respect nearly caused a row between him and Blücher.'

'Let me see,' mused the girl aloud. 'The Germans have never fought the British in modern times until this war.'

'That is correct.'

'And how far away is Mons?'

Dalroy smiled at the thought which had evidently occurred to her.

'We are now just half-way between Mons and Waterloo. Each is about ten miles distant.'

'We were allied then with the Belgians, Germans, and Russians against the French. Now we have joined the Belgians, French, and Russians against the Germans. It sounds like counting in a game of cribbage. A hundred years from to-day our combination may be with

the Belgians, Germans, and French against the Russians.'

'You mustn't even hint treason against our present Allies,' he laughed.

'What are Allies? Of what avail are treaties? You men have mismanaged things woefully. It is high time women took a hand in governing.'

'Awful! I do verily believe you are a suffragette.'

'I am. During what periods has England been greatest? In the reigns of Elizabeth and Victoria.'

'Why leave out poor Queen Anne?'

'She was a very excellent woman. As soon as she came to the throne she declared her resolution "not to follow the example of her predecessors in making use of a few of her subjects to oppress the rest." The common people don't err in their estimate of rulers, and they knew what they were about in christening her "Good Queen Anne."'

'Now I'm sure.'

'Sure of what?'

'You have never told me what you were doing in Berlin.'

'You haven't asked me,' she broke in.

'Did it matter? I'—

Irene's intuition warned her that this harmless chatter had swung round with lightning rapidity to a personal issue. Sad to relate, she had not washed her face or hands for eleven days, so a blush told no tales; but she interrupted again rather nervously, 'What is it you are sure of?'

'You must have been a governess-companion in some German family of position. I can foresee a trying future. I must brush up my dates, or lose caste for ever. Isn't there a doggerel jingle beginning:

In fifty-five and fifty-four
Came Cæsar o'er to Britain's shore?

If I learn it, it may save me many a trip.'

'Here, you two,' growled Jan Maertz, 'talk a language a fellow can understand.'

The road was deserted save for themselves, and the others had unconsciously spoken English. Dalroy turned to apologise to their rough but trusty friend, and thus missed the quizzical and affectionate glance which Irene darted at him. She was still smiling when next he caught her eye.

'What is it now?' he asked.

'I was thinking how difficult it is to see a wood for the trees,' she replied.

Maertz took her literally.

'I'll be glad when we're in the open country again, mademoiselle,' he said. 'I don't like this forest. One can't guess what may be hiding round the corner.'

Yet they stopped that night at Braine-le-Comte, and crossed Enghien next day without incident. It is a pity that such a glorious ramble should be described so baldly. In

happier times, when Robert Louis Stevenson took that blithe journey through the Ardennes with a donkey, a similar excursion produced a book which will be read when the German madness has long been relegated to a detested oblivion. But Uhlan pickets and 'square-head' sentries supply wretched sign-posts in a land of romance, and the wanderers were now in a region where each kilometre had to be surveyed with caution.

Maertz owned an aunt in every village, and careful inquiry had, of course, located one of these numerous relatives in Lierde, a hamlet on the Grammont-Gand road. Oudenarde was strongly held by the enemy, but the roads leading to Gand were the scene of magnificent exploits by the armoured cars of the Belgian army. Certain Belgian motorists had become national heroes during the past fortnight. An innkeeper in Grammont told with bated breath how one famous driver, helped by a machine-gun crew, was accounting for scores of marauding cavalymen. 'The English and French are beaten, but our fellows are holding them,' he said with a fine air. 'When you boys get through you'll enjoy life. My nephew, who used to be a great *chasseur*, says there is no sport like chasing mounted Boches.'

This frank recognition of Dalroy as one of the innumerable young Belgians then engaged in crossing the enemy's lines in order to serve with their brothers was an unwitting compliment to a student who had picked up the colloquial phrases and Walloon words in Maertz's uncouth speech. A man who looked like an unkempt peasant should speak like one, and Dalroy was an apt scholar. He never trod on doubtful ground. Strangers regarded him as a taciturn person, solely because of this linguistic restraint. Maertz made nearly all inquiries, and never erred in selecting an informant. The truth was that German spies were rare in this district. They were common as crows in the cities, and on the frontiers of Belgium and France, but rural Brabant harboured few, and that simple fact accounts for the comparatively slow progress of the invaders as they neared the coast.

It was at a place called Oombergen, midway between Oudenarde and Alost, that the fugitives met the Death's-Head Hussars. And with that ill-omened crew came the great adventure.

CHAPTER XII.—AT THE GATES OF DEATH.

HAD Dalroy followed his own plans, supported as they were by the well-meant advice tendered by the farmer of the Meuse valley, he might have led his companions

through the final barrier without incurring any risk at all comparable with the hair-breadth escapes of Visé, Argenteau, Andenne, and Huy.

But the weather broke. Rain fell in torrents, and Irene's presence was a real deterrent to spending a night in a ditch or lurking in the depths of a wood till dawn. Maertz, too, jubilant in the certainty that the Belgian outposts were hardly six miles distant, advocated the bold policy of a daylight march. Still, there was no excuse for Dalroy, who knew that patrols in an enemy's country are content to stand fast by night, and scout during the day. Unluckily, Irene was as eager as their Belgian friend to rush the last stage. She was infected by the prevalent spirit of the people. Throughout the whole of September these valiant folk in the real Flanders held the Germans rather cheap. They did not realise that outpost affairs are not battles—that a cavalry screen, as its very name implies, is actually of more value in cloaking movements of armies in rear than in reconnoitring.

Be that as it may, in the late afternoon of 5th September the three were hurrying past some lounging troopers who had taken shelter from the pouring rain in the spacious doorway of a ruined barn, when one man called to them, 'Hi! where are you off to?'

They pretended not to hear, whereupon a bullet passed through Dalroy's smock between arm and ribs.

It was useless to think of bolting from cavalry. They turned at once, hoping that a bold front might serve. This occurred a mile or more from Oombergen. Maertz had 'an aunt' in Oosterzeele, the next village, and said so.

'If she's anything like you, you're welcome to her; but let's have a look at your cousin,' grinned the German, striding forward, carbine in hand, and grasping Irene by the shoulder.

'You stop here, *Fräulein*—or, is it *Frau*?' he said, with a vilely suggestive leer. 'Anyhow, it doesn't matter. If one of these pig-heads is your husband, we can soon make you a widow.'

Now to Irene every German soldier was a boor, with a boor's vices and limitations. The man, a corporal, spoke and acted coarsely, using the *argot* of the barrack-room, and she was far too frightened to see in his satyr-like features a certain intellectuality. So, in her distress, she blundered twice.

'Leave me alone!' she said shrilly, trying in voice and manner to copy Léontine Joos.

'Now don't be coy, pretty one,' chuckled the trooper, beginning to urge her forcibly in the direction of the barn.

(Continued on page 246.)



THE BLACK DEATH IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

By I. I. BRANTS.

WHAT will peace mean? The abnormal duration of a war waged on the scale of the present war has almost ceased to surprise. Humanity seems gradually to accommodate itself to a condition of belligerency. All our thoughts are concentrated, and rightly so, on the winning of a decisive victory. But what about the peace which at some time will be with us again? Politically we expect to leave Europe settled, if not permanently, at least for a considerable time to come. Socially, however, the war will have no less incisive consequences. Even if a cessation of hostilities were to overtake the world at this stage, it would find countries like Austria, and especially Germany, bereft of the best of their labouring power, both industrially and agriculturally. Quite apart from the financial disorganisation, and the westward wandering of gold-supplies, the mere dearth of German working hands—and brains—must so profoundly affect the economic stability of the Continent as to make the anticipation of a quiet return to pre-war conditions impossible. Nor are the Germanic Powers alone thus affected. France, Belgium, Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro will be in a like predicament; and, to a certain extent, Britain, Italy, Turkey, and Russia as well. If we turn to history for guidance in our prognostications, the only parallel which suggests itself is the visitation of the black death which ravaged Europe from east to west six centuries ago. The less intimate and less delicate, and therefore less vulnerable, international organisation of European social economy in the Middle Ages amply counterbalances the apparently greater magnitude of an older calamity. Froissart, in his *Chronicle*, sets down the proportion dead of the plague as one in three throughout all Christendom. Professor Tout, however, is of opinion that 'the wild exaggerations of the chroniclers reflect the horror and desolation wrought by the epidemic.' At all events, the number of deaths amongst women, children, aged, and sick must be deducted from the mortality estimates of the black death to make its immediate economical and social effects comparable with those to be expected from the present massacre and permanent disablement of the nations' youngest and most robust male workers.

The consequences of the medieval plague are lucidly discussed by Mr G. M. Trevelyan in his *England in the Age of Wycliffe*. For England they mainly amounted to a rise of the labouring and a fall of the possessing—that is, the landed and mercantile—classes, industry and finance being at that time too rudimentary to count seriously; and this readjustment of social relations was accompanied by a violent, destructive, ruinous, and lingering war of classes. Is the continent of

Europe to anticipate like disasters? This question is all the more serious, as there may be more even in a comparison of the visitation of the black death with the present crisis than the resulting destruction of labour power in both cases. Wars and rumours of wars had of old an ominous connection with famines and consequent pestilences. It is a commonplace to hold that there are for the Continent greater dangers than the bubonic plague of the fourteenth century; that modern hygiene is too advanced and modern comfort too general to allow the terrible plague a chance for development. This, indeed, may be so for France and Britain, taken as a whole. It is certain that a reasonable degree of general cleanliness constitutes no mean prophylactic against the introduction of the black death. Under normal social and sanitary conditions, moreover, it has, even when introduced, comparatively little chance of spreading beyond bounds. One would wish to be able to say as much with regard to the prevailing abnormal conditions on the one hand, and on the other with regard to the hygienic conditions of such countries as Russia, Austria, and Italy, not to mention Turkey and the Balkans. Even in ordinary times these countries are a constant menace to the Continent. At present the ever-increasing misery, destitution, and starvation of the bulk of the populations of some of these countries, in addition to the crowding together of important and representative sections of them into shifting encampments, under the most trying physical conditions, have increased this menace to a maximum.

Nor should it be forgotten that it is one thing to prevent the plague from entering a country, but quite another to force it out once it has definitely settled there. This the Dutch have learnt to their cost in their Malaysian colonies. It was soon after the great Chinese epidemic of black death which devastated Manchuria and the adjacent districts that the plague appeared in the island of Java. It is true that owing to the activity of the authorities it never reached to such terrifying developments as in China. Nevertheless, the Dutch have not succeeded in ridding themselves of the plague. After the abatement of its first virulence, it continues to demand a considerable toll of victims daily.

There is one bright spot in this otherwise dismal picture. Quite recently new methods have been invented which, though thus far only experimentally applied, seem to hold out a promise of definite and speedy victory. It is well worth while carefully to take into account these results, not only with a view to like conditions in India, but also in order to be prepared for untoward eventualities in Europe.

In 1911 the Dutch authorities began to wage war on the rats. By the million they were killed, but the plague remained stationary. Then active research in the laboratories brought out that the bacilli are not transmitted by rats, but by the fleas which live on the house rats. The field rat, therefore, was proved to be innocuous, and all the exterminative energy was forthwith concentrated on the domestic variety. This has become dependent on man for existence, and must breed in or close to human dwellings. Wherever in the huts of the natives there is a hole, wherever the smallest space remains vacant, the rats build their nests: on top of the ridge-poles, inside the bamboo posts, between the double walls of reeds, behind and even inside the fireplaces. At first fumigation was applied to infected houses; but the plague remained stationary, and even increased. For, as was discovered later, the sulphur-fumes did not kill nearly all the rats, many of which managed to escape to other dwellings, thus helping to spread the infection. At last, in 1914, the Government sent a famous and energetic bacteriologist, Dr Van Gorkom, and invested him with dictatorial power over all the infected provinces. This saved the situation. The plague dictator has thus far concentrated all his energy on the restricted area of Malang district in East Java. He began by ordering all the native dwellings to be reconstructed. With the assistance of the Salvation Army and the Red Cross, he organised for this purpose a well-drilled staff. The square ridge-poles of the huts were placed on their edge, and cemented up. The substitution of wood for bamboo was encouraged, the latter material only being permitted with cemented ends. In the walls latticed air-holes were made to let in the light. The fireplaces were also made of cement. The storage of food in closed chests and presses was made compulsory; and round the posts whereon the rice-sheds are raised tin discs were placed. Apart from all this, the nursing of the patients and the rigorous isolation of them

and their immediate surroundings were of course continued.

But it was not only necessary to improve the dwellings; they must also be kept free from rats, and must therefore be kept clean. This is the crucial point, especially in a tropical or subtropical country, where people live largely in the open, and home life is not valued. For this purpose the plague dictator has placed the dwellings, in groups of five hundred, under an inspector, and has instituted a weekly inspection. As everything in these native villages is ruled by *adat*—that is, not by *jus*, but by *mos*—it has been his aim to raise these inspections to the dignity of *adat*. Every improved house has been marked with a red figure on the outside, and on the inside a scroll of paper has been hung in a conspicuous place, where the inspector jots down his weekly observations. Besides, on inspection day every article of furniture must be placed outside the doors of the huts; and as even the apathetic natives of Java are not keen to expose their dirt to their neighbours' gaze, this has proved a marvellous inducement to cleanliness.

The results have not belied the efforts made. For the first eight months of 1915 the weekly toll of the black death in the Malang district was: 299, 206, 184, 169, 183, 209, 153, 182, 141, 129, 119, 80, 57, 43, 21, 55, 54, 27, 49, 46, 12, 19, 14, 13, 11, 5, 4, 3, 9, 10, 3, 4, 6, 7, 9. In the neighbouring district of Kediri, where the new methods have not yet been applied, these same figures were for the first half of 1915: 30, 28, 29, 45, 43, 48, 23, 32, 20, 29, 19, 23, 16, 13, 10, 13, 14, 15, 13, 19, 19, 35, 35. Here the black death is stationary, but for a temporary decrease during the hot, and a renewed increase with the beginning of the cool, monsoon. Malang does not show a like periodicity.

The Government of India will do well to ponder these figures, and the nations of Europe to remember against the evil day the practical achievements of the Dutch in their struggle with the black death.

THE WHITE FLAGS OF SAN SALVADOR.

CHAPTER III.

MEANWHILE feeling was running high on shore. The natives knew that Britain was at war with Germany, and knowing that San Salvador was near to certain German colonies in the Western Pacific, they were living in fear of an enemy raid upon the British coaling station in which they would be involved. This attack, every one was convinced, would come from the sea, and the arrival of the man-of-war following Schneider's flight—an accidental sequence of events—had confirmed this conviction. Then, later on, a report got about that scouts had been sent through the disused mountain pass to watch

for the enemy's ships on the opposite shore, and the news caused not only surprise but a change of opinion. Could an attack be made through that old avenue of approach? people were asking. Who would show the Germans the way? Not Schneider. He did not know it himself, however much he might suspect that such a pass existed. Takua had been mad enough—so the natives said—to risk his life to show the pass to Heriot; but he would never do this, and face the ghosts, to please the Germans, whom he hated, as Schneider's compatriots.

So the suggestion of an attack through the mountain pass was scouted by some, although there were others who asked pertinently, 'Why are the British sailors and marines making barbed iron-wire fences? And why are they digging trenches at the back of the coaling station?'

The following day the excitement rose to fever-heat. The pigeons that Takua had borrowed began to fly back to their old homes. They came one after another, with an interval of an hour or two between the arrival of the birds, and each carried a thread of different coloured cotton fastened round one of its legs. The natives who caught the pigeons said these badges must have a meaning; but no one on shore knew what this was. The instant the birds arrived they were taken to the man-of-war by the order of the captain.

A strong force of blue-jackets and marines, with the commander at their head and officers under him, landed from the man-of-war and mustered at the coaling station. The native guides were in attendance, and the party was joined by Heriot, who was followed by a big mongrel dog.

'I brought Jacko because I thought he might be useful to us as a watch,' Heriot explained. 'Schneider found him a capital guard.'

'Schneider!'

'Yes; but when Schneider bolted he left his dog to shift for himself, and Jacko came and attached himself to me. We've always been friends,' and Jacko, hearing himself discussed, put his nose into Heriot's hand. 'This is the rascal,' Heriot went on, 'who gave me away when I was trying to hide from Schneider. I told you about it.'

'Then we'll start,' said the commander.

Following the course of the river, the guides led the men inland, sometimes splashing along in the water, sometimes on its low muddy banks. The forest through which they were passing shrouded the route in gloom; but here and there shafts of light struck down through rifts in the canopy of leaves overhead and made bright patches on the marshy ground. After a few miles of this kind of advance the land began to ascend, the river to contract its banks and to become a torrent; and as the men pushed on they could see between the tree-tops, now less crowded together, that they were entering a valley, and that it was narrowing into a defile. The night closed in, but the moon rose behind the forest, filling the sky with an amber glow, and this was light enough for the keen-sighted guides; the sound of the torrent that they were following helped them also to keep their bearings. At length the full face of the moon soared over the tops of the trees and penetrated to the bottom of the gorge, which at the point the column had reached ran nearly east and west. The way was thus lighted for a considerable distance

ahead, till it was blocked, apparently by a mass of rock. This obstruction stretched across the whole width of the defile, and what looked like a narrow black pillar ran down the centre of it from top to bottom.

'That's the entrance to the Valley of the White Flags,' Heriot whispered to the commander. 'That dark vertical line is an opening in the rock.'

'It's a deuced queer spot,' was the answer. 'I don't wonder that these niggers funk it.'

'We've seen two Tindalos,' one of the guides whispered to Heriot. 'They are at the gate of the valley, and a white mist is waving over their heads. If we enter that place we shall all die. It's madness to go there with a full moon overhead.'

'There's something moving, sir, at the bottom of that opening,' a sailor reported to the commander, and every one took cover while the officers looked through their glasses.

'The ghosts are only our scouts,' Captain Barr said dryly. 'Tell those natives to advance.'

The scouts had much to say, but, being agitated, they could not speak coherently; and seeing themselves surrounded by white faces, they tried to express themselves in Pidgin-English.

'Plenty devil stop there,' one of the men gasped.

'Me no go on,' cried the other, 'but me hear man Ja Ja sing.'

'What does he mean by "man Ja Ja"? the commander asked irritably.

'Germans,' said Heriot; and turning to the scout, he asked him in his own language where the 'man Ja Ja' was.

'The Germans are on the far side of the ambush,' Heriot translated. 'The scouts heard them singing over their supper, and they took to their heels and rushed through the defile. At this exit they saw our men, and thinking that they might be shot as enemies, they pulled off their loin-cloths and waved them as signals.'

Leaving a guard outside the entrance to deal with runaways, the commander led his men into the valley. It resembled a long, narrow amphitheatre surrounded by lofty and almost perpendicular cliffs; the stream which the men had been following flowed down it lengthways, and had cut for itself a narrow opening at either extremity of the ellipse. The banks were flat and covered with rank grass, and at their broadest part of considerable width. The space within this great arena was lighted up as it would have been by day; but the dazzling brightness of the moon, and the quivering of the air from the heat radiated by the surrounding cliffs, made distant objects difficult to define with accuracy.

Terraces of rock stood out like steps on either side of the valley, and on these raised positions blue-jackets and marines were posted. They could direct a plunging fire upon a hostile force between them and below them, and they could

find ample cover for themselves behind the loose crags and boulders that had fallen from the heights above. Men were also placed at the river entrance to the valley and at its exit, to cut off the retreat of an enemy, or to stop his advance once he was trapped.

Hour by hour the sailors waited and watched, the quiet of the valley only broken by the babbling of the stream, which here and there flashed in the moonlight, and here and there lay hidden beneath the mist that was rising from the water.

Suddenly Jacko began to growl, and the commander turned his field-glasses on the dark lips of the fissure, through which the river came foaming and rushing into the valley.

'Tez,' he whispered to Jackson, the second in command, and he pointed to the direction in which he was looking. A couple of figures were emerging from the river entrance, and when they were clear of its shadows they began to take stock of their surroundings.

Satisfied, apparently, that the way was open, one of them waved a white flag, and a crowd of men came rushing into the moonlight. They were in the uniform of German sailors, and they advanced in column down the valley, some on one side of the river and some on the other. They had nearly reached a point midway between the sections of the British force, when a loud cry of terror came from their ranks, and a couple of nude figures rushed back towards the entrance to the defile. Some of the Germans started in pursuit of the fugitives, and a few shots were fired after them; and the British commander, fearing that his ambush would be discovered, was on the point of giving the signal to attack, when suddenly the loud and piteous howling of a dog startled both friends and foes. Jacko was scrambling up the cliffside, running for his life, and howling as he went along.

The Germans halted at this unexpected sound, and all eyes were turned in the direction whence it came. Then, as the moonlight was seen flashing upon a British bayonet, a sharp word of command was shouted, and the column made a half-turn and charged across the valley. As the Germans dashed forward they were met by a withering fire, and so bewildering were the echoes of the shots that the men advanced for forty or fifty yards before they realised that the bullets were coming at them from all sides. Then, as they dropped thick and fast, the column staggered and halted, uncertain whether to advance or retire.

'Cease firing!' the commander shouted; and when the bugle had sounded he said to his lieutenant, 'They are hoisting white flags, Jackson. Sing out to them in German, and tell them to throw down their arms, and order the officers to come and surrender to me.'

The British fire ceased, and Lieutenant Jackson left his shelter to obey the commander's

orders; but the Germans poured in a volley at him, and he fell, wounded, if not dead.

'Damn their white flags!' roared the commander. 'Give the treacherous brutes no quarter!' and again the rifles flashed and spluttered, and again the Germans made frantic rushes, now to this side of the valley, now to that, in a vain attempt to reach their sheltered enemies. At last a handful of survivors, following an officer, made a desperate effort to storm the terrace where they could see that the British commander had posted himself; but they dropped as they advanced, till only the officer was left on his feet. Seeing that he was alone, he drew a white handkerchief from his breast and waved it over his head; but the next moment he was down.

'Cease firing' was sounded once more, and the British force came out of their shelters. The silence of death filled the valley, though far away among the mountains the echoes of the rifles and of the bugle were rattling and ringing.

The commander went down to the officer who had last fallen, and, finding that he was alive, he tried to speak to him in German.

'Ich understand not,' the wounded man answered in broken English, and he looked at his enemy with a gaze full of hatred. 'But you von coward,' he cried fiercely; 'you shoot on ze vaite flag.'

'That's only half the truth,' the commander answered indignantly, and he spoke in English. 'Your men hoisted white flags, and I ordered an officer to tell you to come in and surrender, but you shot him.'

'Many of ze vaite flag?' cried the German. 'Ich understand not! Ve haf only von vaite flag for signal.'

'Come here, doctor,' the commander hailed to the ship's surgeon. 'You saw those white flags before I ordered the first "Cease firing"?'

'Certainly,' said the doctor. 'The Germans were waving white flags over their heads while they fired at Jackson. I'll swear to it.'

Then the commander put the same question to a sub-lieutenant and to a midshipman and to a couple of warrant officers, and they all made the same reply.

Heriot did not hear this inquiry. He was by the river, where he had gone for water for the wounded, and he was filling his bottle when there came a step behind him. 'Takua,' he cried, 'what brings you here?' and a flood of passionate words followed the question.

Takua said he had just loosed the last pigeon as the Germans landed on his shore. They seemed to know the place, for they pointed to the waterfall, and they beached their boats by the Pig's Head Rock. Then they seized him and one of his men, and made them act as their guides, threatening to shoot them if they refused to obey; but he led them as slowly as he dared, to allow time for the scouts to get home. The

men had to reach the pass by another way, for the Germans had set a watch to its approach by the waterfall. 'Never mind,' Takua cried excitedly. 'My grandfather promised me my revenge as we came along, and he has kept his word. Look at those bodies,' he went on; 'they cover the ground. Did you not see the white flags of death waving over their heads? When we entered this valley I saw a crowd of Tindalos advancing under their white veils upon the Ja Jas, and the sight of them was so terrible that I shrieked in agony. I could not help it, Heriot. And I and my man fled for our lives, and the Ja Jas pursued us and shot at us; but my grandfather saved us. He used your sailors' guns to destroy my enemies, while he waved his flags in triumph as they were shot down.'

'Your grandfather's flags?' began Heriot, in bewilderment, when a call from the commander stopped his question.

'Come here, Heriot,' he cried. 'Jackson is badly wounded, and he is the only one of my men who can speak German; but you can, and I want you to act as my interpreter.' When Heriot had run across the valley, the commander pointed to the German officer, who was supported in a sitting position by a couple of blue-jackets. 'Tell him this,' Barr went on. 'I ordered my bugler to sound "Cease firing" because his fellows had hoisted white flags. Then I ordered my lieutenant to speak to the Germans, and tell them to throw down their arms and come to me to surrender; but they fired a volley and wounded him. It was then I ordered no quarter to be given. Tell the man that, and make him understand it.'

'Are you sure about the white flags?' Heriot said, hesitating.

'Sure! Why, God bless my soul, man, of course I am! I'll swear I saw them, and so will half-a-dozen others. Won't you?'

'I'll swear I saw what you saw.'

'Then say what I've asked you to say.'

Heriot began to speak in German, but he stopped abruptly. The doctor, who had joined the group, whispered to the sailors who were supporting the body of the fallen officer, and they lowered it gently to the ground. The German was dead.

'He ordered his men to stab me with the knives they carry on their guns,' Takua said in Heriot's ear, and he pointed to the dead man. 'I loitered as I led the Ja Jas along the pass, for I knew the man-of-war must have time to set the ambush. I care not for these cuts—look at them—they are avenged;' and Takua turned round, showing his back. The sight made Heriot grind his teeth.

A sound of many voices was rising from the battlefield as the sick-bay orderlies and stretcher-bearers followed the doctor among the dead and wounded. Heriot was bending over a German sailor, speaking to him and giving him water, when he felt something soft and cold touch his ear. Jacko was by his side, and there was a wondrous depth of meaning in the dog's eyes, a language that every dog-lover can understand. He whimpered softly, wagging his tail and moving slowly away. Heriot rose from his knees and followed the dog, and in a few paces they were beside a dead man, whose helpless hands Jacko began to lick. It was Schneider.

'The ghosts of my forefathers are satisfied,' said Takua, and there was a tone of relief as well as a note of triumph in his voice. 'See!' he cried, pointing to right and left. 'The Tindalos have departed.'

The snowy films of cloud that had been rising from the river and floating hither and thither like quivering veils of gossamer had all disappeared. The valley was clear of mist from end to end. The White Flags of San Salvador had vanished into thin air.

THE END.

SALMON ANECDOTES.

By H. A. BRYDEN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT once described himself as 'no fisher, but a well-wisher to the game.' Scott may not himself have been a great angler; but he knew all the minutiae of the sport, and was familiar with the habits of the fish, as indeed he ought to have been, considering that he lived on the banks of Tweed, one of the finest salmon-rivers in Britain. He was well acquainted with the ancient Scottish method of 'leistering,' or 'burning the water,' a form of night sport now regarded as poaching pure and simple. In this method a torch or fire-grate was used to attract the fish, which were secured with a spear or a barbed fork or trident.

Scott's friend Skene has written of some of their experiences in this sport, which he describes as 'not without its hazard.' 'If the spear-thrust is missed,' says Skene, 'the fisher finds himself launched with corresponding vehemence heels over head into the water, the fish and spear both gone, the light thrown out of the grate by the concussion given to the boat and quenched by the stream, while the boat itself recedes perhaps beyond his reach.' On one of these night adventures Scott went overboard, and was hauled out by Skene, who grabbed him by the pocket of his coat. Scott gives a fine and graphic description of salmon-fishing by 'burning the water' in his novel *Guy Mannering*, wherein

he describes a phase of that sport on the river Esk.

In the old days, when salmon-fishing as a sport was in its infancy, all sorts of methods now looked upon as illegal were resorted to for the purpose of killing fish and obtaining food. I myself can remember, in the 'seventies, at the Falls of Tummel in Perthshire, that long, huge, shallow baskets or creels, big enough to cover a man, were hung below the falls, so as to catch the salmon as they fell back in their usually fruitless attempts to leap this magnificent cataract. Now and again a fish did actually accomplish this seemingly impossible feat; and in the year 1878, when trout-fishing on Loch Tummel, I well remember a brother-angler staying at the same inn hooking and eventually landing a nineteen-pound salmon on a light trout-rod. This was a really notable feat, which occupied some hours in the accomplishment. For an hour the salmon sulked at the bottom of the loch, and refused to be stirred by any known method. I believe the Falls of Tummel have now been provided with a proper pass, by which salmon can more readily attain the loch above.

Many years ago, at a fall on the river Beaul, salmon, on their journey up, often mistook their direction, and leaped on to a large jutting rock. In those days the country-people were in the habit of laying branches at this spot, so that the fish could not make their way to the water again, and were captured. In this way as many as a score of salmon were taken in a single morning during a big run of fish. The Lord Lovat of that day once made a curious experiment here. He had a fire made on the rock, and upon it placed a huge iron pot. Into this a salmon presently jumped, and was speedily boiled and eaten. 'This was done,' says the chronicler, 'that his lordship might be enabled to boast in the south of the wonders that existed in the Highlands, which were then little known, and to say that in this country provisions abounded so much that if a fire was made and a pot set to boil on the banks of the river, the salmon would of themselves leap into the pot to be boiled, without requiring to be caught by a fisherman.'

The muscular strength of salmon must be enormous to enable them to perform the mighty leaps which they so frequently accomplish on their way up to the spawning-grounds. Not only do they propel themselves to a considerable height in these wonderful jumps; but it is to be remembered that they are at the same time opposing an enormous volume of water which pours over the falls on its way to the sea. The leaps of salmon sometimes take them into yet stranger situations than the Beaul Falls rock. Only a year or two since, while angling on the Grandtully Castle water of the Tay, the fishing tenant was working from a boat, in which were

also the head keeper and another. They were in mid-stream, when a large salmon suddenly took a leap out of the river, came over the stern, and landed at the bottom of the boat. It was a very powerful, fresh-run fish of twenty-one pounds, and was secured with some difficulty, as may well be imagined. This fish was not hooked, and came into the boat by a pure mischance.

A somewhat similar accident happened some nine years ago on another river. A little girl walking along the bank heard a thudding noise which came from a boat. 'Peeping fearfully over the gunwale, she was saluted by the powerful flop of a great silvery fish, and ran for her life to the riverside inn, where she was taken for one demented.' The fish, a salmon of course, was secured by the owner of the boat, whose family were thereby enriched to the extent of two pounds by the value of this unexpected capture. History does not record what the little girl got out of this strange transaction!

Salmon, when fresh from the salt water, are constantly endeavouring to rid themselves of the sea-lice which have attached themselves to their silvery bodies, and which do undoubtedly torment them a good deal. Mr H. R. Laing, who had for many years the famous salmon and sea-trout fisheries at Costello, on the Galway coast, considered that much of the deterioration of salmon was due to the fact that from morning to night they were continually leaping to get rid of the sea-lice, and scraping themselves against the rocks at the bottom of the sea. 'In one very dry year,' he says, 'we found over one hundred dead fish on the shore. I saw no signs of disease, only a mass of scars caused by rubbing against rocks to get rid of the sea-lice.'

Methods of salmon-catching, as we have seen in some of the above examples, vary a good deal. A writer in the *Field* described a few years since, with some humour, how a certain sailorman captured one of these fish in a port near which a salmon-river becomes an estuary. 'A man-of-war was lying in the roadstead, and one of her seamen was on shore looking over the bridge, where hundreds of grilse were visible. He went down to the river, took off his boots and socks, and, picking up a big stone, waded in. He had previously spotted a big fish, and with a good aim killed him dead with the stone, picked him up by the tail, and walked triumphantly out of the river. The bailiff then came on the scene, and asked him what he meant by killing the fish. Jack said, "What the —— has that got to do with you?" The bailiff proceeded to explain that he was poaching, and liable to imprisonment. Jack listened attentively, and then said, "Why, you silly ——, do you think I am going to see all those fish in the river, and not take one on board for our mess?" The owner of the fishing was so amused at the whole thing—Jack, of course, not realising

that he was doing anything wrong—that he let him have the fish, which he took on board, to the great delight of himself and his messmates.’

The poaching spirit is probably more abroad in Ireland than in any other part of the British Isles, and lawlessness in pursuit of sport seems to be part and parcel of the Irish native. But for this fact many a good natural fishing would abound in salmon, and many a wild Irish mountain would teem with grouse, returning all of them excellent rentals to their owners, and supporting keepers, understrappers, and local tradesmen in comfortable livelihoods. The Irish cannot, or will not, see this; and their poaching habits simply destroy year after year good sources of income which would help to enrich many a small farmer. Poaching is in the blood, and I suppose always has been and always will be.

I was once witness of a curious but characteristic scene, common enough in the sister isle. It was on the banks of a well-known salmon-river, let out to a limited number of rod-fishermen. One of the ‘rods’ had come down with a ‘Saxon’ friend, who was going away in half-an-hour or so from the neighbouring station, bound for England. He wanted a salmon for the Saxon guest, but the salmon just then were uncoaxable, impervious to fly, prawn, or any other legitimate lure. This fact seemed to trouble the Irish ‘rod’ very little. There was a brief consultation with the local professional fisherman, the paid custodian of the stretch of river, be it remembered, and a salmon was quickly forthcoming. Taking the legitimate lure off his line, two or three large stout hooks on a gimp trace were fastened by the professional to the line; a heavyish piece of lead completed the tackle. With this murderous-looking gear the conspirators at once proceeded to select a sizeable salmon. The river here was shallow, and you could see the dark backs of scores of fish lying near the bottom, waiting for a freshet of rain before going up higher. The prey being selected, the professional threw his unbaited hooks over the salmon’s back and jerked the line violently toward him. Twice he failed, and the fish moved away. At the third attempt he managed to strike his victim, and after a stiff contest—for the fish was foul-hooked in the back—got it ashore and had it gaffed, a nice fish of about fourteen pounds. The Saxon got away with his plunder, and caught his train, pondering no doubt on the extraordinary facets of Irish character. This was a preserved fishery, remember, bringing in quite a good rental. This method of poaching, well known all over Ireland, is termed ‘stroke-hauling.’ With the strong tackle used, only the very heaviest salmon, fish of over twenty pounds or twenty-five pounds, have a chance. It is a murderous and detestable practice.

But even in orderly Scotland, and upon the

classic Tweed, poaching is by no means unknown. A few years since an eye-witness wrote an account of some proceedings on that river which had occurred in broad daylight, during a big run of fish. Two men cleeked and landed a fine salmon of thirty pounds before a crowd of spectators. The cleek consisted of a large hook fastened either to a stick or to a piece of string attached to a stick. This feat was accomplished within two hundred yards of two water-bailiffs, at that time engaged in an afternoon smoke, only a screen of willow-branches separating them from the poachers. About this time a clever fox-terrier, belonging to a well-known poacher, was constantly employed in the same nefarious business. Its method was to sit on a stone in the river and watch for fish. Whenever a salmon appeared the terrier seized it by the tail or a fin, and, although not strong enough to capture and retrieve its prey unaided, managed to hold on until its owner could get down to its assistance. ‘Within a short space of time the dog was seen to catch two fish in this manner, and one could readily see by the excited state of the animal that it had been trained for the purpose.’

Salmon-fishermen, whether with nets or rods, meet occasionally with fatal accidents while in pursuit of their business or sport. A rodsman wading in a rushing and tumultuous river, maintaining an uncertain foothold on slippery stones, and encumbered with waders and heavy brogues, is not seldom in peril of his life. In the excitement of the sport he forgets his danger, and finds himself in extremely perilous situations. If he gets down, the water quickly fills his wading-trousers, and he is lost. He can seldom regain a foothold, and is swept away and drowned. A number of first-rate sportsmen have met their death in this manner. Even the netsmen, fishing from a boat, run occasional risks with heavy fish. A few seasons since, two brothers were netting salmon in a boat on the Suir, near Mooncoin, County Kilkenny. They had enclosed a big fish. In the desperate struggle that ensued—the salmon was a forty-pounder—the boat was upset, and one of the brothers sank at once and was drowned, while the other was with difficulty rescued by boats from the shore. The salmon was saved also; but, at the price of a man’s life, it was a dear bargain.

Salmon, as I have shown, have been taken in all sorts of odd ways; but never, I suppose, was one of these strong and plucky fish killed with a feebler or more absurd instrument than one captured four years since in a Welsh river. It was close to Rhayader Bridge, on the Wye, in Radnorshire. A lad, using a sixpenny rod, a pennyworth of line, and a worm as lure, managed to hook a nine-pound salmon just below the bridge. The salmon, after a brief struggle, wrested line and rod from the boy’s hands, and then tried to get rid of its burden. A crowd collected, and one of the men presently got hold

of the rod, and managed to overcome the now tiring fish, which was eventually safely landed. It seems incredible, but the incident is a well-established fact.

The salmon possesses a terrible enemy in the seal, which pursues and devours these goodly fish in many a river and estuary. Until a few years ago the estuary of the Tay, the finest of all Scottish salmon-rivers, was mercilessly harried by these sea mammals, and both rods-men and netsmen found in the mutilated fish which they captured ample evidence of the ravages of the marauding seals. Until the year 1900 it was computed that some twelve hundred seals haunted the Tay estuary. The herd lay at the mouth of the river, and could be seen at low tide spread about over a mile of sandbanks. As the tide rose, they swam up the river as far even as Perth, attacking the salmon in the open water and in the nets. The damage they did to the nets was very great, and the fishermen computed that the seals killed four salmon to one taken by the netsmen. Seals have enormous appetites, and a single specimen, when cut open, was found to contain thirty-six pounds of salmon in large lumps. The evil attained such proportions that at length strong measures of warfare were adopted. A small steam-vessel, its crew armed with three Mannlicher rifles and two shot-guns, was employed in the campaign, and at the end of the first season one hundred and forty of the marauders had been slain. In 1910, as the result of ten years' hunting, the herd of twelve hundred had been reduced to about sixty seals, which had become so shy and cunning that they seldom gave the chance of a shot. The number of salmon marked by seal-bites now taken in the nets has been enormously reduced, and the nuisance has for the time being been brought within manageable proportions.

Odd finds are occasionally met with in the stomachs of captured salmon. In 1909 an Inverness-shire grilse of eleven pounds, when cut open, was found to contain an iron key three inches long. In the same year was recovered from the interior of a salmon of seven pounds a bricklayer's chisel weighing half-a-pound.

The growth of the salmon in its early stages is very remarkable. This feature of the life of *salmonidæ* has long occupied the attention of experts, and its full history would occupy a very large volume. Space for one or two illustrations only can be found here. A salmon smolt, when marked for the purpose of identification, will measure some five inches in length. These fish return from the sea to the river as grilse. In 1907 Mr P. D. Malloch, managing director of the Tay Salmon-Fisheries Company, stated that grilse previously marked as smolts had, after a sojourn in the sea of twenty-one months, returned to the river, and been captured. Three of these weighed respectively nine and a half pounds, nine pounds, and eight pounds. In the previous

year (1906) smolts marked in 1905 had returned to the river, some of them scaling up to ten pounds in weight, an even more wonderful rate of increase. In August 1898 the present Duke of Richmond and Gordon, then Earl of March, reported the capture of a twenty-five-pound salmon, taken in the nets on the Gordon Castle water of the Spey. This salmon had been marked as a kelt, or spent fish, in the spring of the same year, when it scaled no more than twelve pounds. In five months it had, therefore, thanks to its journey to the sea, more than doubled its weight!

When one realises the immense muscular power of the salmon, it is wonderful that man, with the apparently feeble aids of a slender, tapering rod and a thin line, should be able to conquer so powerful an opponent in its own element. A heavy salmon of, say, fifty pounds is about a third of the weight of a good-sized man. Yet fish of this weight are occasionally killed with rod and line. The heaviest salmon taken with the rod in the river Tay in 1899, for example, was a fish of fifty-three pounds, which Lord Campbell of Blythwood had the good fortune to bring to bank. In 1907 Mr Henry Willis, fishing in the Olden River, Nordfjord, Norway, killed with rod and line a magnificent salmon of sixty-two pounds. It is remarkable that this great fish was conquered and landed in the short space of fifteen minutes. A couple of hours would not have seemed too long for the battle with such a monster. Some few years since a plucky angler, hooking a big salmon late in the evening, had to play it all night, and was rewarded in the early hours of the morning, when thoroughly worn out and exhausted, by achieving its capture. One of the heaviest, if not the heaviest, salmon ever killed by a rodsman was a leviathan of seventy pounds, captured in 1896 by Sir Richard Musgrave in the Campbell River, British Columbia.

The playing and landing of these great fish entail very severe muscular exertion and much staying-power; and the victor in such contests may well congratulate himself on successfully coming through so strenuous an ordeal.

PEACE AFTER WAR.

WHEN ancient Rome a mighty Empire grew,
To all the known world gave her law exact,
Could spare the conquered and the proud subdue,
The Roman Peace was fact.

Where'er the British flag flies out supreme
Freedom and order wondrous growth attain,
And, e'en in lands where other races teem,
The British Peace doth reign.

When right (with might) has vanquished monstrous
might,
When general law has made injustice cease
By latent force; then, like day after night,
Shall come the world-wide Peace.

C. O. OVINGTON.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

UNCLE OBADIAH'S FOLLY.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.

'14 PRIESTS' LANE, HOLBORN, W.C.

'DEAR UNCLE,—I am writing to tell you that I hope to be married very shortly.' . . .

'Eh! what's this?' rapped out Mr Obadiah Prince, the 'dear uncle' of the letter, with the kind of frown and lip-convulsion combined that only the boldest or the youngest of his shop-assistants could face without a tremor. A cuckoo was calling from one of the high trees at the back of his lawn, and he looked sharply through the window in its direction. Then he read on.

'Her name is Miss Louie Strange; though, of course, that does not tell you much. We have seen a good deal of each other in the past six months, and you will be glad to know that mother likes her. This is a great comfort to both of us. I trust that you will not consider that we are imprudent in taking such an important step before I am in what you would consider a position to marry; but we both agree that a wife is a help to a young man in his battle with the world, and not necessarily a depressing burden on his back.' . . .

'God bless my soul! The lad's an idiot!' shouted the uncle at this point. He crushed the letter in his hard, short-fingered little hand, made a ball of it, and hurled it at the tea-pot. It was a fair shot, and from the tea-pot it cannoned into the dish of fried bacon, where it settled down comfortably.

The parlour door opened.

'Were you calling me, sir?' inquired Miss Sipcot, Obadiah's staid, elderly, and very discreet housekeeper. But even while she spoke she saw the mishap to the bacon, and believed that she understood. 'I will do you a little more, sir,' she said in a tone of respectful soothing as she approached the table.

She had been with Mr Prince, and his mother before him, for nearly thirty years, and had never seen Obadiah look so savage about a trifle. But she believed she understood this also. He had lately been annoyed by gout and certain other inside troubles, poor man; and when one has gout, molehills become mountains.

Obadiah rose and stood with his back to the fire, feet well apart—an imposing attitude.

'You may set that down again, Maggie Sipcot. I sha'n't want it,' he said.

'Why, sir—what's the matter?' asked Miss No. 277.—VOL. VI.

Sipcot concernedly. There was subdued menace in his tone and looks, short man though he was, and bald-headed.

'Matter!' Obadiah let himself go. He hurled the word at her as if it were a duplicate of the crushed letter. Then he broke into a storm of nods and strode at her. 'Here, come with me and be a witness of what I am about to do,' he said, with a sinister smile.

His hand fell on her arm like a small sledge-hammer. It was aimed at her shoulder, but she was too tall for that. It slipped away, and, nodding repeatedly, the owner of the great drapery establishment of Prince, Limited (ninety yards frontage in a principal street), marched his inches past her swellingly, across the hall, into another room, of which a clumsy, old-fashioned mahogany writing-table which had belonged to his grandfather was the chief article of furniture. The room was known as the library, although its bookshelves held nothing but ledgers—astrenuous lifetime's record of business profits and losses.

His face was now carmine with agitation.

'I'll teach him to do a thing like that without consulting me,' he exclaimed, as he fumbled in his pocket for his keys.

Miss Sipcot stood anxiously in the background. It was a situation without parallel in her experience of that methodical house. Mr Prince was sometimes very cross (he even swore occasionally), but she had never known him get up from his breakfast like this. His hand shook as he unlocked a drawer—the drawer, in fact, as Miss Sipcot was quick to observe, containing his will in a long blue envelope. Miss Sipcot knew as much about this as it had pleased him to tell her—namely, that she was down in it for five hundred pounds and all the furniture, but not the silver. The silver was to go to his widowed sister in London, Mrs Grey, the mother of the impudent young man who, it appeared, hoped to be married shortly, whether he (Obadiah) liked the young woman or not.

'Strike a match for me and come this way,' said Mr Prince harshly.

It was a tragic command, but Miss Sipcot obeyed him. He tore the will into four strips, envelope and all, held them to the lighted match in Miss Sipcot's sacrificial hand, and finally tossed the bouquet of flames into the grate.

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MARCH 18, 1916.

'There!' he bellowed, as if comforted at last. 'You've seen me do it, and I'll leave every penny to charities. You may go away now. I'm taking the ten o'clock train to London, but I shall be back this evening. Don't argue with me, or I shall lose my temper. It's the most ungrateful world I've ever had anything to do with. Tell Meeson to get the car out immediately. I am waiting for it, tell him. I shall call at the shop on my way to the station. That's all. I must get my boots on.'

Argue with him! As if any one who knew him were ever likely to do that! But, shocked though she was, Miss Sipcot did make one brave effort to remind him about his uneaten breakfast and the bacon which she would quickly replace. She even ventured to say that his health would suffer if he went out with an empty stomach.

'Confound the bacon! And I don't care whether I suffer or not. Just do as I bid you,' he thundered, after listening to her with evident impatience and worse.

She went, with a bowed head; and three minutes later Obadiah was in the car, with a purple-and-white wool wrapper to his neck, and well overcoated for the three hours' May-day journey to town.

He spent a few violent minutes at the shop, and left Mr Keene, his general manager, whom he had cherished from the time he was a shop-boy, almost as upset in spirit as Miss Sipcot.

'Like as not, Tom Keene,' he said, 'I shall dispose of my business in town in the course of the day, or at any rate see the agents about putting it on the market. You may just as well be prepared. I have excellent reasons for such a proceeding, but they have nothing to do with you. Good-morning, Tom.'

Little wonder that Mr Keene whispered to himself as he stared after Mr Prince, 'The poor old governor must be off his head!' when Obadiah charged away after this harrowing communication. And none of his young ladies dared do more than glance at him as his red countenance passed between their counters, like a flaming bomb ready to explode again at any moment.

For the first hour or so of the journey the old gentleman did little but fume. He had a first-class compartment to himself, and the solitude gave him a satisfying opportunity of telling the scenery photographs opposite to him, and the outside landscape whenever his glance wandered thither, what he thought about Lancelot Grey, his nephew. He said things also about Mary Grey, his sister, the independent young fool's mother. It almost served Mary right. It was Time's revenge upon her for distressing him (Obadiah) and their mother, with whom they both then lived a life of extreme regularity, by running away five-and-twenty years ago with a certain other young fool whose only aids to matrimony, so far as Obadiah could then see,

were a conceited strut and the mad belief that he would always be able to earn ten pounds a week as an actor. That was what he was—a Hamlet, an Othello, or a Romeo, night after night—and similar nonsense, until he died of too much whisky. He despised drapers, even drapers in a large way—at least he gave Obadiah that impression—just as much as Obadiah scorned stage players. And he left nothing to his widow except some debts and a three-year-old boy. The widow and the boy had lived on Obadiah's pocket ever since. Obadiah wanted the boy in the shop when he was sixteen, but the boy wouldn't think of it. He was a perfect specimen of a romantic Lancelot (such a name to put upon a lad, instead of honest John, James, or Obadiah!), and had taken to art. Obadiah had given him a grudging hundred pounds a year to help him to paint pictures that might sell, and this was the result! The ungrateful son of a discreditable father had got himself engaged to Heaven-only-could-tell what kind of a designing young female, and intended to marry her without a single previous 'By your leave' to him. And he proposed to support himself, this wife, and no doubt children, who would be sure to come fast enough, on his allowance of one hundred pounds per annum and nothing more, so far as Obadiah knew.

Mr Prince commented upon the situation loudly and forcibly while the train hurried him to town, and for an hour did not feel even the least inclination to smoke.

At length he wearied and lit a cigar, which disagreed with him because of his empty stomach. He opened the window and threw away the cigar, then folded his arms and gloomed stolidly with a growing sense of physical weariness, which, perhaps mercifully, ended in slumber. He was snoring like a pig in a nightmare when the ticket-collector roused him at Willesden Junction.

Here, but not until the official urged him to do so, he alighted. He seemed hazy about things. He had forgotten that he had booked to Willesden only, meaning to settle during the journey whether he would first pour out some of his wrath upon his sister at Highgate, or take it all direct to Priests' Lane and the young man.

The ticket-collector's intimation that he might catch an immediate train for Highgate seemed to clear his brain.

'Up the steps, sir. But you must look sharp,' said the man.

At sixty-four, important persons like Obadiah do not care to be hustled by any one except themselves—particularly when disagreeably conscious of a quite empty stomach.

But Obadiah submitted, and caught the North London train, feeling—as one of his young ladies might have expressed it—absolutely rotten. An exasperated mind, a leaden, fluttering heart, panting lungs, and a general sense of exhaustion, all helped to make the short further journey to

Highgate a miserable experience. He realised now and then that it was largely his own fault, because he had eaten nothing; but this fact, of course, only irritated him the more—for the wounds we give ourselves are bad to heal, as Shakespeare reminds us. It was so seldom that he had just cause to blame himself for anything. Other people made mistakes, but not he.

However, he would soon get some food in the Caxton Road, where his sister lived very snugly, at his expense. He would say little until he had eaten. Afterwards there would be much to say. And when he had made Mary cry as she deserved to cry for having married such a husband as the late Hamlet fellow, and for having given him (Obadiah) such a thankless nephew as this Lancelot, he would go on to Priests' Lane and administer some shocks to Lancelot, and—this was the cheering gist—particularly inform that young man that he might expect no more money per annum from him, and nothing at all after his death. The threat to Tom Keene about selling the drapery business could then be taken seriously into consideration, if he still felt so disposed.

He drove in a taxi to Caxton Road. Some cold meat and salad (Mary made excellent salads), and a glass or two of wine—of these he had bright visions on the way.

But the bright visions did not materialise. A pert little blue-eyed minx, with untidy hair, a smudged nose, and no cap, barred the way when he would have stepped in without a word, as his autocratic manner was on these Highgate visits.

'Here, what do you want?' she challenged him, making two acute-angled triangles of her young arms to fill the doorspace.

'What do I want?' Obadiah looked her up and down, and coldly mentioned his sister's name.

'She's not in, nor she won't be till ever so late,' announced the girl as if she were very glad about it.

Continuing to eye her with plain disfavour, Obadiah said 'Indeed?' very huskily. Disappointment added nothing attractive to the effect of his previous indignation. 'I am Mr Prince.'

'Prince! All right. I'll tell her you've called,' said the girl, letting her arms' triangles fall to pieces and turning away.

'You'll tell her I've called!' echoed Obadiah with a slow smile of bitterest irony which gave his countenance a fresh kind of ugliness. 'That's extremely obliging of you, I'm sure.'

The girl liked neither his smile nor his irony. She was new to the Caxton Road and the metropolis, and her mistress had, very wisely, told her to be suspicious of strange callers, especially in her absence, and to behave accordingly. She determined to end the interview.

'You'd better come again,' she said. 'Sorry I can't stand here any longer. I've other things to do.' And the door was shut, not at all gently, in Obadiah's convulsing face.

It was a reeling world then to the old gentleman for about a minute. He drew many short breaths before his shattered mind could decide what next to do. An absurd youthful impulse to dash his gloved fists through the glass door-panels and so force his way in was successfully overcome. Opprobrious epithets suitable for such a hussy, whose wages came out of his pocket, trembled on his tongue unuttered. Cruelly unkind thoughts about his sister Mary and her future income rushed to and fro in his brain. He gripped his umbrella as if to use it against an enemy. And still thus clutching it, half-raised as though to strike, he at length tottered away.

His principal desire in life now was to get at his nephew as quickly as possible. His resentments all settled again upon this first cause of his pangs of that day. His bodily hunger was no longer insistent. It was his mind's passion that craved a full meal now, not his stomach. Neither Mary nor the boy should touch another penny of his money after the next quarter-day. They were both to blame, but he by far the more; and a nice young fool he would be bound to look when Obadiah startled him with the intelligence that from the beginning of July he would have his mother to keep as well as himself. Not much room in such a programme for the wife he hoped to marry shortly.

Obadiah tottered on. The Caxton Road was a quiet residential byway out of a main street. He did not know what an odd figure he cut. He glared grimly and gaspingly in front of him, and his short, quick steps were taken at an inclination which seemed to threaten him with a collapse upon his angry old face at any moment. But in the Caxton Road there was no one to notice him; and he reached the busy main street at the end of the road without even the stare of a butcher-boy to do what it could to inform him that he was no ordinary object.

Here a policeman by a lamp-post gave him just the one cue for his further movements that he needed.

He jolted heavily against the man's arm, which, with official instinct, at once proceeded to sustain him.

'A cab—a car—anything, officer!' Obadiah stammered.

'What's wrong, sir?' he was asked immediately.

'Get me a cab or a car—Holborn—Priests' Lane, No. 14. I—I——' Obadiah made a noise in his throat which might have been an attempt to laugh. 'D'ye hear me, man?' he whispered, with a grimace of anxiety.

'I see, sir,' said the man. He drew his own conclusions about Obadiah's red face, struggling speech, disinclination to stand without support, and almost dead-weight. 'All right, sir.' He blew his whistle. 'You're not well, sir.'

'That's a lie. Quite well. Never better,' Obadiah retorted with a last gasp of energy.

But it was Obadiah who was telling a lie, and he knew it dimly. He knew little else, however, and showed no interest in the small crowd which assembled, and smiled to see him hoisted and tipped into a second taxi.

'What address did you say, sir?' the youthful policeman asked coaxingly when Obadiah was seated in the car, and, with his tall hat tilted well back from his now vacant-eyed face, looked the very complete ideal of an old gentleman who had had some drops too much, and was likely to be worse ere he was better.

The question was repeated; then answered, very feebly: 'Nephew, Grey—Lance Grey—14 Priests' Lane, Holborn, London.'

He tried to say something else, but the constable had heard enough. The driver received his instructions, winks were exchanged, and Obadiah sank lower into his corner at the first glide of the car.

And then gradually a generous oblivion took complete charge of him. And even as he had been spared the shock of perceiving that he was a source of amusement to those Highgate idlers, he was saved also from the pain of seeing his removal from the taxi to his nephew's quarters in Priests' Lane as others saw it.

It was quite a business. The car could not get into that narrow alleyway of old dwellings; but, after inquiry at No. 14, helping hands bore Obadiah down the passage and up the Elizabethan stairs to Lancelot's sitting-room on the second floor. There they left him. And there, not long afterwards, he opened his eyes, stared at the ceiling, turned his head and blinked at a bright fire very near to him, and then realised that he was extended upon a comfortable sofa, with a green-and-red tartan plaid covering him chest-high.

From the plaid his gaze roamed beyond to the windowed side of the room, thence to a bookcase in the corner between the window and the fireplace, and so on to an oil-painting over the hearth. It was the portrait (head and shoulders) of an elderly gentleman with a fine resolute face, and he was held fast by it when a footstep heralded the approach of a very different kind of face.

'Oh, I'm so glad you're better, Mr Prince!' cried a sweet and cheery voice; and Obadiah found himself looking up at as pretty a girl as he had ever seen in his long life as an employer of girls, pretty and otherwise.

'Yes, that you are!' said this pretty girl after brisk inspection of him. 'How splendid! But you mustn't be in any hurry to stir until you have had something. Can you fancy a little cup of beef-juice as a start, Mr Prince?' she nodded encouragingly. 'You *must*,' she added.

She flitted away, and Obadiah's attention reverted to the portrait. It absorbed him, this painting. He had never even imagined himself

like that; but was it possible that to others he was so handsome and striking an individual?

The idea was strangely, keenly stimulating.

A smile stole to his lips, and was lingering there when the pretty girl returned with a tray. She sank down gracefully with it between him and the fire. A steaming little cup, a plate of exquisitely neat sandwiches, a small bottle of champagne—Obadiah saw these charms in her lap in this sweet attitude, and then took in thus closely her own charms of face.

'My nephew, Mr Grey—where'—— he began.

But she wouldn't have it.

'You shall hear about everything *after*—not before, Mr Prince,' she interrupted. 'I'm going to feed you a spoonful at a time. Please let me. You may sit up after the soup. I believe it's want of food, and nothing else, that has made you faint. Now—please!'

But neither would he have this—yet. He awkwardly levered himself into a sitting posture.

'Do you mean to tell me that I have fainted?' he blurted.

'Yes; and you must lie down again at once, Mr Prince,' said the pretty girl reprovingly. 'It's so *naughty* of you. I am a qualified nurse, and I know all about it. Now do be sensible!'

'A—qualified nurse!' Obadiah gasped the words. He seemed incredulous as well as shocked, but yielded to the gentle persuasion of her hand. She rearranged the cushions under his head, and then administered the first spoonful of beef-juice.

Other spoonfuls followed. He was a subdued old gentleman during the process, but gulped the fluid with increasing eagerness, and an increasing interest in the pretty girl's smiles and approving nods. And then she set him on a new tack of interest.

'Didn't I tell you?' she asked. 'It's just simple hunger. I was sure of it. I've felt like fainting myself when I've been without food for too many hours.'

'Good heavens, child!' exclaimed Obadiah. 'How did you know that?' She looked so young as well as pretty thus dimpling at him above the spoon. The word 'child' burst forth without thought. And he sat up after it so smartly, and looked so obstinate and strong now that she no longer opposed him.

She rose instead. 'I shall set a little table here, Mr Prince; so don't move,' she said.

He was gazing at his portrait again when she brought the table.

'I should have recognised you from *that*, even if I had not expected you,' she told him.

'Recognised—expected! *You* expected me?' murmured Obadiah, looking amiably bewildered.

'Yes, because of the telegram that some one named Sipcot sent two or three hours ago. It said you had had no breakfast this morning. I'm so glad I opened it; but it was an appalling shock at first when those men had to *carry* you

in. I'd got a real nice little dinner ready for you, though I say it myself; but I mustn't talk like this yet. Lance says you hate chatterboxes. He and his mother are at Wimbledon trying to find a little house for us, but they'll be back about tea-time. Now then.'

She arranged the table in front of him, and was about to cover his knees with a napkin; but he gently pushed this away, and stood up crowded with emotions.

'Then *you*'—he whispered.

The pretty girl nodded, smiling and dimpling. 'Please don't be angry with me, Mr Prince,' she pleaded thus archly. 'Lance says you are certain to be—with both of us; but why should you be? I'm going to make him ever such a good wife. But, anyway, you are not to worry about it yet. You *must* eat something. Can you drink champagne, sir?'

'Champagne!' Obadiah tried to be severe, but somehow it didn't come off.

'Oh, I know what you think, Mr Prince!' she exclaimed quickly. 'It is extravagant; but I bought it for you out of my own pocket after the telegram this morning. I thought it would do you good. Besides, Lance's luck yesterday that he told you about'—

'His *what*?' cried Obadiah with a new effort of sternness. '*Luck*, you call it?'

'Why, of course it was, Mr Prince,' said the pretty girl, opening her sunny eyes wide at him. 'A hundred guineas for a portrait he can do perfectly well in a fortnight! And he says it's bound to lead to others. There are such a lot of rich aldermen in the City, and Sir Peter Whicker is sure to show it to his friends, and then they'll want to be done too. He was so taken with yours there, Mr Prince. He said—But I mustn't tell you what he said; it's so flattering to you and Lance. All he wants is as pleasing and truthful a work of art as that one. He said it looked so natural that it was certain to be truthful as well. And so it is. You're just like that. I should have known you anywhere. But how astonished you seem! It was in the postscript to Lance's letter. Didn't you read it?'

Obadiah sat down. His thoughts were too conflicting for clear speech. With his chin and his right cheek in his hand, he listened to a little more of the pretty girl's soothing chatter; watched her bring the tray to the small table; and only then, when she paused and glanced at him with sweet invitation in her eyes, did he know fully what he ought to do. He rose and said, 'I believe your name is Louie, my dear?'

'Yes, Mr Prince. How nice of you to remember!' she answered eagerly, looking prettier than ever.

And then, making an impressive business of it, he took her face in his hands and kissed her.

'We must look at the best side of things, my dear Louie, that's plain,' he said, with a voice-quaver or two after the kiss. 'I account myself a good judge of character, and I think—But where's that champagne?'

The other two hours he spent in Louie's society convinced him that he was right in his resolve thus to look at the best side of things; and it was a glad-hearted and in all respects well-feeling old gentleman who was then whisked away to Euston Station. If any one could have persuaded him to break his word to Miss Sipcot about being at home again that evening, it would have been this pretty future niece of his. But he was rock-firm in the matter.

That earlier notion thrown at Tom Keene about disposing of his drapery business did not so much as re-enter his head even during the return journey in the train. But he thought a great deal about that absurdly impetuous destruction of his will in the morning, and what he would do for these young folks before their marriage and after, beginning, of course, with a new will the next day. Also about Lancelot's remarkable portrait of him, but not at all about Miss Sipcot's rescue and perusal of the document which he had cast with such contumely into the bacon. This behaviour of Miss Sipcot was not the kind of deed he would have condoned ordinarily. But circumstances quite excused her upon the present occasion.

THE LIMITATIONS OF CIVILISATION.

By Rev. E. J. HARDY, M.A., Author of *How to be Happy though Married*, &c.

WE are so proud of our European civilisation that we seldom or never ask ourselves what it means, and whether we are civilised in the best sense of the word. I was myself guilty of this pharisaical complacency until I went to China and lived there for some years. Great indeed was the shock I got when I looked, so to speak, at myself and my fellow Europeans through John Chinaman's eyes. I found that John thought our religion had no good effect upon our lives, that we were not so much immoral as

unmoral—that is, without any morals—and that we were altogether wanting in manners. Many Chinese think that to be a Christian only means to wear European clothes, drink whisky, and take the name of God in vain. The Chinese say that we only respect force as represented in great armies and navies, and are indifferent to the truth contained in their proverb, 'Politeness is better than force.' What, they ask, is to be thought of the evening-dress or want of dress of European ladies, and of their clothes at all times

showing their shape? Are those women civilised who cover themselves with the furs and feathers of beasts and birds?

The idea of civilisation which many people have is to go fast in trains and motor-cars, to eat elaborately cooked food, to wear too many garments, and to have a great number of artificial wants. What happiness is there in moving fast if we bring our wretched selves with us; and when we get to our destination quickly, do we always know what to do with the time we boast that we have 'saved'?

In many respects the European brand of civilisation is an inferior one. The people of China and India can teach us much about art, about manners, and even about religion. If, upon the whole, we may be proud of our civilisation, we cannot but see that it has many drawbacks, and that there are in it many things by no means praiseworthy. Indeed, there are uncivilised people who are as noble, and who have in their way as many advantages, as any civilised people. Is it not an advantage, for instance, for the Indians in South America to be able to live, as they do, on maize almost alone, and to need no doctor's stuffs or operations for appendicitis? If they are ill, it is only when they get whisky or some other civilised poison.

The tendency of civilisation is to increase physical comforts rather than to elevate our nature; it does not make us better or happier. If it gives artificial advantages, it takes away many of the gifts of nature. We have means of locomotion, but they spoil our walking powers. Our senses are helped by curious contrivances, but this makes them weaker than those of savages. We see through the eyes of writers when we read newspapers and books, but this keeps us from seeing through our own eyes and from thinking. Civilisation gives cheap literature, but with it the penny dreadful and the halfpenny paper full of divorce and murder details. We have popular concerts; but we also have the organ-grinder, the gramophone, the pianola, and other instruments of torture. Civilised people travel much and observe little, read much and remember little, eat much and digest little. The present-day worship of money is due to civilisation, for money is needed for the luxuries which civilisation has decreed to be necessities. For money we sacrifice time, health, and reputation; and not to have it is thought the unpardonable sin.

But surely telephones, telegraphs, and the new surgical appliances are blessings? Well, if they are, they are not unmixed blessings. Telephones and telegraphs add to our labour and sorrow; they make more work, and people only gain the same money for doing it. Merchants in Hong-kong have told me that before these so-called labour-saving machines came into use they could close their offices, after they had posted their letters, until the next mail was going out about a fortnight later. Now they may be 'wanted on the telephone' at any moment. I never realised the horrors of which the innocent-looking telephone is capable until one day lately in London. A time-wasting bore, the last person I wanted to see, rang me up at nine o'clock in the morning, and asked me at what hour in the afternoon I should be at home, as he was going to call, and did not want to miss me. He did not know that my efforts to miss him were making me quite thin. This sort of thing gives one no chance, no means of escape, no possibility of saying, 'Not at home.' Much of the weakness of mind and indecision of character that prevails is caused by the telephone. People do not try to remember things when at any moment they can 'phone, and half the messages they send are only to announce changed plans. Bad news travels fast enough, and the telegraph which hastens it is a doubtful blessing. Where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise. If my best friend has died in India, or I have lost all my money, the longer I remain without the information the better. The ease with which surgical operations are now performed in the civilised world is, of course, a great boon; but this facility induces some surgeons to doom our members too quickly. Almost as soon as they see us they suggest cutting us up.

I met lately a man who told me that he could speak on any subject for two hours, and that he was going into Parliament. One of the worst of civilisation's crimes is that it creates bores like this. They would not be tolerated in a natural state of society. By the light of reason alone a tribe of Indians hit upon a plan which might be adopted with advantage in Church and State in Great Britain. They decreed that in a native council a member may speak during the space of time he can stand on one leg. When through fatigue his other foot touches the ground his oratory must cease to flow.

THE DAY OF WRATH

CHAPTER XII.—*continued.*

DALROY and Jan Maertz had remained stock-still when the hussar came up. Suddenly the Belgian sheered off, and ran like a hare into the dense wood surrounding the small cleared space in which stood the barn. The building had

evidently been meant to house stock only. There was no dwelling attached. It had served, too, as a rallying-point during some recent scrimmage. The outer walls were chipped with bullets; the doors had been torn off and

burnt; it was typical of Belgium under German rule—a husk given fictitious life by the conqueror's horses and men.

Irene had seen Jan make off, while Dalroy lurched slowly nearer. She could not hear the fierce whisper which bade their sturdy ally bolt for the trees, and, if he got away, implore a strong Belgian patrol to come to the rescue. But she knew that *some* daring expedient had been devised on the spur of the moment, and gathered all her resources for an effort to gain time.

The corporal heard Jan break into a run. Letting go the girl, he swung on his heel and raised the carbine.

Dalroy had foreseen that this might happen. With a calm courage that was superb because of its apparent lack of thought, he had placed himself in the direct line of fire. Standing with his hands in his pockets and laughing loudly, he first glanced over his shoulder at the vanishing Maertz, and then guffawed into the hussar's face.

'He's done a bunk!' he cried cheerfully. 'You said he might go, Herr Unter-offizier, so he hopped it without even saying, "*Aufwieder-sehn*."'

Meanwhile, as he was steadily masking the German's aim, he might have been shot without warning. But the ready comment baffled the other for a few precious seconds, and the men in the barn helped unconsciously by chaffing their comrade.

'You've got your hands full with the girl, Franz,' said one.

'What's she like?' bawled another. 'I can only see a pair of slim ankles and a dirty face.'

'That's all you *will* see, Georg,' said Franz, believing that a scared Belgian peasant had merely bolted in panic. 'This little bit is mine by the laws of war.—Here, you,' he added, surveying Dalroy quite amicably, 'be off to your aunt! You'll probably be shot at Oosterzele; but that's your affair, not mine.'

'You don't know my aunt,' said Dalroy. 'I'd sooner face a regiment of soldiers than stand her tongue if I go home without her niece.'

If he hoped to placate this swaggering scoundrel by a display of good-humour, he failed lamentably. An ugly glint shone in the man's eyes, and he handled the carbine again threateningly.

'To hell with you and your aunt!' he snarled. 'Perhaps you don't know it, you Flemish fool, but you're a German now, and must obey orders. Cut after your pal before I count three, or I'll put daylight through you! One, two'——

Then the hapless Irene committed a second and fatal error, though it was pardonable in the frenzy of a tragic dilemma, since the next moment might see her protector ruthlessly murdered.

To lump all German soldiers into one category was a bad mistake; it was far worse to change her accent from the crude speech of the province of Liège to the high-sounding periods of Berlin society.

'How dare you threaten unoffending people in this way?' she almost screamed. 'I demand that you send for an officer, and I ask the other men of your regiment to bear witness we have done nothing whatsoever to warrant your brutal behaviour.'

The hussar stood as though he, and not Dalroy, had been silenced by a bullet. He listened to the girl's outburst with an expression of blank amazement, which soon gave place to a sinister smile.

'*Gnädiges Fräulein*,' he answered, springing to 'attention,' and affecting a conscience-stricken tone, 'I cry your pardon. But is it not your own fault? Why should such a charming young lady masquerade as a Belgian peasant?'

On hearing the man speak as a well-educated Berliner, Irene became deathly white under the tan and grime of so many days and nights of exposure. She nearly fainted, and might have fallen had not Dalroy caught her. Even then, when their position was all but hopeless, he made one last attempt to throw dust in the crafty eyes which were now piercing both Irene and himself with the baneful glare of a tiger about to spring.

'My cousin has been a governess in Berlin,' he said deferentially. 'She isn't afraid of soldiers as a rule, but you have nearly frightened her to death.'

Their captor still examined them in a way that chilled even the Englishman's dauntless heart. He was summing them up, much as a detective might scan the features of a pair of half-recognised criminals to whom he could not altogether allot their proper places in the Rogues' Gallery.

'You see she's ill,' urged Dalroy. 'Mayn't we go? My aunt keeps a decent cellar. I'll come back with some good wine.'

Never relaxing that glowering scrutiny, the corporal shouted suddenly, 'Come here, Georg!'

The man thus hailed by name strode forward. With him came three others, Irene's fluent German and the parade attitude assumed by Franz having aroused their curiosity.

'You used to have a good memory for descriptions of "wanteds," Georg. Can you recall the names and appearance of the English captain and the girl there was such a fuss about at Argenteau a month ago?'

Georg, a strongly built, rather jovial-looking Hanoverian, grinned.

'Better than leaving things to guess-work, I have it in my pocket,' he said. 'I copied it at the *Kommandantur*. A thousand marks are worth a pencilled note, my boy. Halves, if these are they!'

Dalroy knew that he, and possibly Irene, were doomed. A struggle was impossible. Franz's reference to Oosterzeele being in German occupation forbade the least hope of succour by a Belgian force. There was a hundred to one chance that Irene's life might be spared, and he resolved to take it. It was pitiful to feel the girl trembling, and he gave her arm an encouraging squeeze.

Georg was fumbling in the breast of his tunic, when he seemed to realise that it was raining heavily.

'Why the devil stand out here if we're going to hold a court of inquiry?' he cried. Evidently the iron discipline of the German army was somewhat relaxed in the Death's-Head Hussars.

'Go to the barn,' commanded Franz. 'And, mind, you pig of an Englishman, no talking till you're spoken to!'

Dalroy wondered why the man allowed him to assist Irene; but such passing thoughts were as straws in a whirlwind. He bent his wits to the one problem. He was lost. Could he save her? Heaven alone would decide. A poor mortal might only pray for guidance as to the right course.

Inside the tumble-down barn the light was bad, so the prisoners were halted in the doorway, and a score of troopers gathered around. They were not, on the whole, a ruffianly set. Every man bore the stamp of a trained soldier; the device of a skull and cross-bones worked in white braid on their hussar caps gave them an imposing and martial aspect.

'Here you are!' announced the burly Georg, producing a frayed sheet of paper. 'Let's see—there's six of 'em. Henri Joos, miller, aged sixty-five, five feet three inches. Elisabeth Joos, his wife, aged forty-five. Léontine Joos, daughter, aged nineteen, plump, good-looking, black eyes and hair, clear complexion, red cheeks. Jan Maertz, carter, aged twenty-six, height five feet eight inches, a Walloon, strongly built. Arthur Dalroy, captain in British army, about six feet in height, of athletic physique, blue eyes, brown hair, very good teeth, regular features. An English girl, name unknown, aged about twenty, very good-looking, and of elegant appearance and carriage. Eyes believed brown, and hair dark brown. Fairly tall and slight, but well formed. These last (the English) speak German and French. The girl, in particular, uses good German fluently.'

'Click!' ejaculated Franz, imitating the snapping of a pair of handcuffs. 'Shave that fellow, and rig out the lady in her ordinary toga, and you've got them to the dots on the i's. Who are the first two for patrol?'

A couple of men answered.

'Sorry, boys,' went on Franz briskly, 'but you must hoof it to Oosterzeele, and lay Jan Maertz by the heels. You saw him, I suppose? You

may even pick him up on the road. If you do, bring him back here.—Georg, ride into Oombergen, show an officer that extract from the Argenteau notice, and get hold of a transport. These prisoners are of the utmost importance.'

Irene, who lost no syllable of this direful investigation, had recovered her self-control. She turned to Dalroy. Her eyes were shining with the light which, in a woman, could have only one meaning.

'Forgive me, dear!' she murmured. 'I fear I am to blame. I was selfish. I might have saved you'—

'No, no, none of that!' interrupted the corporal. 'You go inside, *Fräulein*. You can sit on a broken ladder near the door. The horses won't hurt you.—As for you, Mr Captain, you're a slippery fellow, so we'll hobble you.'

Dalroy knew it was useless to do other than fall in with the orders given. He did not try to answer Irene, but merely looked at her and smiled. Was ever smile more eloquent? It was at once a message of undying love and farewell. Possibly he might never see her again. But the bitterness of approaching death, enhanced as it was by the knowledge that he should not have allowed himself to drift blindly into this open net, was assuaged in one vital particular. The woman he loved was absolutely safe now from a set of licentious brutes. She might be given life and liberty. When brought before some responsible military court he would tell the plain truth, suppressing only such facts as would tend to incriminate their good friends in Verviers and Huy. Not even a board of German officers could find the girl guilty of killing Busch and his companions, and this, he imagined, was the active cause of the hue and cry raised by the authorities. How determined the hunt had been was shown by the changed demeanour of the corporal. The man was almost oppressed by the magnitude of the capture. Dalroy was convinced that it was not the monetary reward which affected him. Probably this young non-commissioned officer saw certain promotion ahead, and that, to a German, is an all-sufficing inducement.

The prisoner's hands were tied behind his back, and the same rope was adjusted around waist and ankles in such wise that movement was limited to moderately short steps. But Herr Franz did not hurt him needlessly. Rather was he bent on taking care of him. Throwing a cavalry cloak over the Englishman's shoulders, he said, 'You can squat against the wall and keep out of the rain, if you wish.'

Dalroy obeyed without a word. He felt inexplicably weary. In that unhappy hour body and soul alike were crushed. But the cloud lifted soon. His spirit was the spirit of the immortals; it soon raised itself out of the slough of despond.

The day was closing in rapidly; lowering clouds

and steady rain conspired to rob the sun of some part of his prerogatives. At seven o'clock it would be dark, whereas the almanac fixed the close of day at eight. It was then about half-past six.

Resolutely casting off the torpor which had benumbed his brain after parting from the woman he loved, Dalroy looked about him. The hussars, some twenty all told, reduced now to seventeen, since the messengers had ridden off without delay, were gathered in a knot around the corporal. Some of their horses were tethered in the barn; others were picketed outside.

Scraps of talk reached him.

'This will be a plume in your cap, Franz.'

'A thousand marks, picked up in a filthy hole like this! *Almachtig!*'

'What are they? Spies?'

'Didn't you hear? They stabbed Major Busch with a stable fork. Jolly old Busch—one of the best!'

'And bayoneted two officers of the Westphalian commissariat, wounding a third.'

'The devil! Was there a fight?'

'Some of the fellows said Busch and the others must have been drunk.'

'Quite likely. I was drunk every day then.'

A burst of laughter.

'Lucky dog!'

'*Ach, was!* what's the good of having been drunk so long ago? There isn't a bottle of wine now within five miles.'

'Tell us, then, Herr Kaporal, do we remain here till dawn?'

Dalroy grew faintly interested. It was absurd to harbour the slightest expectation of Jan Maertz bringing succour, but one might at least analyse the position, though the only visible road led straight to a firing-party.

'Those were our orders,' answered Franz. 'Things may be altered now. You fellows haven't grasped the real value of this cop. It wasn't stated on the notice, but somebody of much more importance than any ordinary officer was interested in the girl being caught—she far more than the man.'

'Well, well! Tastes differ! A peasant like that!'

'You silly ass, she's no peasant. That's the worst of living in a suburb. You acquire no standard of comparison.'

(Continued on page 264.)

THE WRITERS OF HAPPINESS.

IN these fearful days we reach forward in thought and imagination to the times of peace that will come again. Never in our lives before did any of us hope and determine as we do now. Oh, the things we will strive for and the lives we will lead when the war is over—when the war is over! It will be as if we shall be born again when the war is done. It is a mere platitude now to say that all will be changed; but perhaps so many things will not be changed as is imagined, or at least they will not be changed of themselves. Life will still be much what we make of it; the volition of man will still count. But it is inevitable, man having aspirations and a conscience, that after this present anguish he, stricken and sore, will look everywhere, search in every place, for that which in suggestion is the antithesis of war and bloodshed and ugliness in the extreme. He will search and find solace and beauty in many places, and we may be sure that one of his happiest retreats will be in the garden of literature, in which new and beautiful flowers will begin to grow.

It is one of the most confident and reasonable of predictions that the war will make a considerable revolution in literature; never has there been a war that did not. And indeed we can well guess in general terms what kind of a revolution this will be. Purity will come back again; sweetness and beauty will shine from the pages; something will be done by writing and

printing and reading to help the survivors of the cataclysm along this disappointing road of life. A new order of writers will arise. At present we can make no predictions about them, or of their kind of writing; but one would like to think that among them will be some possessing the genius and the felicity and the goodness of thought and word as do, say, Robert Louis Stevenson and Anatole France. For two or three reasons one makes mention of them now. In the very last days of peace I was sitting by the sea reading work of theirs and thinking something upon it which may here be expressed as it was thought at the time. Then of all writers these are the best to whom to go for relief in these war-oppressed days. If you will make a trial of them you will find that it is so. I have gone back to the books I was reading in the sun of July 1914. Since then we have been touched with the pathetic case of M. France, far gone in years but still young in mind, saying that in war-time we no longer needed his essays and his stories, and so he would go to be a soldier too, like all the rest of the burning patriots of splendid France. North to the front went Anatole France, and he asked for the uniform and the gun. But young limbs are needed for the war, and if M. France is not fighting now it is not his fault. He has done his duty; he did it for long before the war began, and will do it still when the war is ended. His duty is the spread of happy thoughts.

A happy community count Stevenson and Anatole France as writers who afford them most satisfaction and delight of mind. Indeed, one may suggest with confidence that they make up a separate community of themselves; that, as readers, they are a clear-cut entity with ideals and desires of their own which are suited by these masters as by no others, for while in their writings there are wide differences in thought, subject, and manner, they have in common two fundamental features of their literary system. The outlook of each of them upon the world and its meaning is essentially the same. You will always see in the world that for which you look. This is a simple corollary to the obvious truism that life is what you make it. The constant occupation of man for a long time past has been to seek out what is coarse and ugly.

If proof were required of such a suggestion, so uncomplimentary to the generation, it is presented in the leading pages of the most popular newspapers which in the times of peace were never without their reports of crimes, disasters, and other matters that caused distress to unfortunate people concerned. If the domestic happiness of a man and woman, husband and wife, had been broken, and there had been proceedings in a court of law, letters were produced and published with a suggestion of ridicule. The beauty and purity of feeling which might underlie the words on these poor papers, which were never meant for any eyes other than those of the first receiver, were not searched for, not seen, not understood. Only a vulgarity, which never did exist, was observed by readers who in quality of mind and heart were far below the subjects of the drama which they considered. The modern readers of newspapers, being the bulk of the people, subconsciously prefer always the suggestion of ugliness and pain. At least they would have discomfort. They are only interested in the weather when it is too hot or too cold; when it is normal and pleasant, when they feel healthy and happy, and do their work and pleasures with comfort, there is nothing to be said. It might be suggested that in the normal and peaceful there is no news; but that is not a fair or honest answer. People like bad news, if it has no direct concern with themselves, better than good news. That has been proved in Fleet Street, which merely provides what is demanded. A newspaper that was produced to fulfil a policy of happiness, one that always shunned the unlovable and the ugly, would fail from its first number. Take any popular newspaper you please, and subject it to the test that is here suggested, and you will find that the majority of its articles and paragraphs in the peace-time belonged to the unhappy as against the happy class. It is a state of things resulting from the circumstances of the age, and need not be inquired into. The fact stands forth that

we are encouraged to see a world that is not beautiful.

Now there are many writers who search for the beautiful in life and in the world. It is the true function of the artist. Yet it seems to the community we have indicated that the writers named, the one a Scot and dead, and the other a living Frenchman, have had a happier look on life than others of the moderns, and in what they have written their own happiness of heart and their love of the beautiful and the good have run from their pens in a sweet, melodious song. Each of these men has been a sincere and devout worshipper of beauty in all things of the earth, and they have seen it everywhere. The one lived and the other still lives in a world of sunshine and light. They have regarded the main essentials to proper life as being an appreciation of the beautiful and the good and of love, for without love it seemed to them the soul would shrink and die. They have always been optimists; they have believed when others have doubted. They have smiled when the rest have groaned. They have seen love and beauty in the meanest lives, and in art and its purposes they have always rejoiced. What they have felt they have written in precisely the right tone of expression, and it is not an easy tone to sound. Their thoughts have glided smoothly through their printed pages; their phrasing is always light and happy; the warmth of life is always in their words. There are peculiarities of style which are common to each of them. Stevenson trips through his pages ever so lightly, sometimes with gaiety, commonly with a sudden originality of thought. One would say that Anatole France (who does so much love the good and pure for all his being declared an utter sceptic) is the more dignified, were it possible to imagine Stevenson as in the least degree undignified. But while in the French writer there is always the beauty of idea and the most felicitous expression, there is a certain stateliness about his sentences that serves to exalt the reader. There surrounds the work of each of these writers as of hardly any other that one can recall a delicious fragrance of happiness and love, the perfume of the good and beautiful. Those who would gather happiness from life and the world must bring happiness to it; hence the community of admirers of whom we speak have good hearts and minds.

Is there a happier, more soothing bedside book on the shelves than the *Letters of Stevenson*, as edited by Sir Sidney Colvin? And I recall that in one of those letters, written about the beginning of 1887, he said a pretty thing about good writing, which, written then in reference to a critic who is still alive, might with the most perfect suitability be applied to his own work and that of the French essayist. Said Stevenson, in his letter to Mr Henry James: 'It is a pleasant thing to see a man who can use a pen; he can,

really says what he means, and says it with a manner; comes into print like one at his ease, not shamefaced and wrong-foot-foremost, like the bulk of us.' And these two of whom we speak are writers of the most perfect grace and ease; and if Stevenson may be read for his happiness at night, M. France, for his courage in optimism and his stimulation to ideals, should have the first influence on the morn-awakened mind. The community has a reason for presenting a statement of its preferences at this moment, for it happens by a coincidence that from each of its masters it has lately gained a boon. To the volumes of Stevenson's letters that we have enjoyed for a long time past there have been added recently a few fragments that have never before been published, written for the most part when he was very young, and looking a little anxiously, a little wonderingly, and perhaps a little doubtfully upon the life that lay before him. From M. France, with the most admirable assistance of Mr A. W. Evans in the capacity of translator, we have gained the second series of *La Vie Littéraire*, or 'On Life and Letters,' as it is called in the excellent English form in which it is being published by Mr John Lane. It is some two or three years since the first of these translated volumes appeared, and it was so well done that we have waited somewhat impatiently for the second. The original work in the French, consisting as it does for the most part of critical essays which the author contributed to *Le Temps*, was issued in four volumes, and the translation is following the same system. In a general way one always must view translations with a certain degree of doubt. The thoughts of a writer blossom to perfection only in their own literary soil, the native words; in the best of translations some of the music of the phrases must be lost. But again, except in the most infrequent case of the foreign reader being as well accustomed to the writer's language as to his own, not merely in the speaking and writing sense, but in that of knowing its inner soul, realising every nuance of expression, meaning, and timing of the syllables, more is lost by the reader's attempt to reach the mind of the writer through his own language in the original than would be by the acceptance of translation. That seems to me to be a fair statement of the rights and wrongs of reading translations, a matter that so much disturbs the minds of earnest and conscientious readers. In the case of Mr Evans's translations of M. France's work it need not worry, for the translator has been at pains to comprehend very thoroughly the peculiar graces, the subtle beauties, of his author's style, and the result is work in which nothing of the original good appears to have been lost.

Reverting to Stevenson, the large number of new letters of his that were lately given to the public are perhaps not in themselves of deep

consequence, and give us little new information about the doings, the work, or the thoughts of R. L. S. that we did not know; but to Stevensonians all that comes new to them is welcomed and is precious. These letters have been yielded up by his stepson, Mr Lloyd Osbourne. The first of them is dated early in 1873, when he was only twenty-three years of age. He was then still pottering about with studies for the law, and the literary life was barely more than a dream for him. It was a strange time to be settling down in a spirit of melancholy resignation to a life of mere peace and quietness; but listen to this philosophy: 'I think now, this 5th or 6th April 1873, that I can see my future life. I think it will run stiller and stiller year by year, a very quiet, desultorily studious existence. If God only gives me tolerable health, I think now I shall be very happy; work and science calm the mind and stop gnawing in the brain; and as I am glad to say that I do now recognise that I shall never be a great man, I may set myself peacefully on a smaller journey, not without hope of coming to the inn before nightfall.' All are familiar with the unhappy feeling that came to exist between Stevenson and his father because of the former's critical attitude toward Christianity, and one of these new letters, written by him from a Parisian café to his parent, when he was twenty-eight, has some special interest. 'I have had some sharp lessons,' he says, 'and some very acute sufferings in these last seven-and-twenty years; more than even you would guess. I begin to grow an old man; a little sharp, I fear, and a little close and unfriendly; but still I have a good heart and believe in myself and my fellow-men, and the God who made us all. . . . There are not many sadder people in the world, perhaps, than I; I have my eye on a sickbed. . . . Two years ago, I think, I was as bad a man as was consistent with my character. And of all that has happened to me since then, strange as it may seem to you, everything has been, in one way or another, bringing me a little nearer to what I think you would like me to be. 'Tis a strange world indeed, but there is a manifest God for those who care to look for Him. This is a very solemn letter from my surroundings in this busy café; but I had it in my heart to write it; and indeed I was out of the humour for anything lighter.'

It happens inevitably that there are some who will disagree with the critic's point of view, and object to his conclusions, and M. France is occasionally accused of missing an obvious truth in the application of his critical faculties to a subject with which he engages. To some he appears, so much are his investigations devoted to the discovery and advertisement of the beautiful, to be too little censorious, a too reluctant fault-finder. The prefaces to each of the four volumes of *La Vie Littéraire* count among his most perfect and graceful work; that to the

first volume is a classic among essays in French. There is a sentence in it in which the author decides that 'the good critic is he who relates the adventures of his own soul among masterpieces.' Such adventures are to be joyous, and so we have M. France continually pleased and benign. Yet this apostle of the good has a power of bitter denunciation when roused to it that is the more bitter for its infrequent employment. In the whole range of literary criticism has there ever been anything fiercer, more scathing, than the essay which appears in the first of the four volumes of *La Vie Littéraire* in which he denounced Zola for his *La Terre* on its publication? It is unforgettable. At the end of a terrific onslaught the champion of purity and beauty in life wrote thus: 'There is in us all, in the small as well as in the great, in the humble as well as in the lofty, an instinct of beauty, a desire for all that adorns and beautifies, and this, spread throughout the world, makes the charm of life. M. Zola does not know it. There is in man an infinite need for loving which makes him divine. M. Zola does not know it. Desire and modesty are sometimes charmingly blended in human souls. M. Zola does not know it. There are on earth magnificent forms and noble thoughts. M. Zola does not know it. Even many weaknesses, many errors, and many faults have a touching beauty of their own. Grief is sacred. The sanctity of tears is at the base of all religions. Misery should suffice to make a man august in the sight of men. M. Zola does not know it. He does not know that the graces are seemly, that philosophic irony is indulgent and gentle, and that human failings inspire only two feelings in well-regulated minds: admiration or pity. M. Zola is entitled to the deepest pity.'

It is with this castigation in mind that English readers of the second translated volume turn with expectancy to the chapter headed 'M. Zola's Purity,' embracing the critic's comments on *Le Rêve*, which Zola had just then published. Zola had determined on giving out something less unpleasantly pungent in its utter naturalism than his former works, a novel that 'might be put into the hands of all women and even of young girls.' It was advertised that the new story was chaste, and that the novelist had determined on a purely idealistic flight, a soaring toward what is most poetically gracious and affecting. Then the critic complained that Zola could not be modest without publishing it in the newspapers; he would have had a less noisy chastity. He said: 'The author of *Le Rêve* confided one day to his shadow his desire to be quit of our mire and to soar into the empyrean, and next day all Paris knew that he had grown wings. They were described, they were measured; they were white, and like the wings of doves.' He continues: 'I confess that M. Zola's purity seems to me very meritorious. It costs him

dear; he has paid for it with all his talent. One does not find a trace of this talent in the three hundred pages of *Le Rêve*. . . . When he does not force his talent, M. Zola is excellent. He is without a rival in painting washerwomen and zinc-workers. I confide it to you in a whisper: *L'Assommoir* delighted me. I have read ten times and with unmixed joy the marriage of Coupeau, the feat on the goose, and Nana's first communion. They are admirable pictures, full of colour, movement, and life. But one man is not qualified to paint everything. The most skilful artist can comprehend, seize, and express only what he has in common with his models; or, to put it more clearly, he never paints anything but himself. Some, in truth, such as Shakespeare, have represented the universe. That is because they had an all-embracing soul. Without offence to M. Zola, his soul is not of that sort. . . . This chief of the naturalist school affronts nature every moment.'

Such a flame of anger is welcome for occasional relief, and a reassurance that in the ideal of the essayist there is no exaggerated softness. For the most part his happy thoughts, his inspirations in aphorism, flow evenly and pleasantly through the pages. Again, his preface is charming. 'There is a means of attracting,' he says, 'which is within the reach of the most humble, and that is naturalness. One seems to be almost attractive as soon as one is absolutely true. It is because I have given myself completely that I have deserved some unknown friends. The only cleverness of which I am capable is not to hide my faults.' Here: 'When the road is strewn with flowers do not ask whither it leads;' and there: 'Life teaches us that we are never happy except at the price of some ignorance.' And: 'All books in general, and even the most admirable, seem to me infinitely less precious for what they contain than for what he who reads puts into them. The best, in my opinion, are those that are most suggestive, and suggestive of the most diverse things.' He is soliloquising on a new poem by Sully-Prudhomme, *Le Bonheur*, when he writes: 'It is impossible, in truth, to invent anything. Our whole imagination is made up of memories. We have even manufactured heaven out of materials taken from earth. The myrtles of the Elysian fields are to be found in our gardens, and the angels' harps come from our lute-makers. The nameless planet to which the poet carries us is more beautiful and pleasanter than ours, but it contains nothing which earth does not contain. . . . It may well be that the universe is upon the whole monotonous enough, and that it does not deserve the insatiable curiosity with which it inspires us.' He says again in these comments on happiness: 'We have love on earth, but it is at the price of death. If we were not destined to perish, love would be something inconceivable.'

What is the most beautiful thing in the world? Standards and definitions may have to be hard thought upon before to ourselves a satisfying answer may be given. Might we not agree that a little child, with the sublimity of its innocence, its purity and its pathos, the majesty of its simplicity and the utter compassion which its trust inspires, is the most beautiful? For it excites the tenderest and noblest emotions in those who contemplate it. The pathos of its situation, of its innocence and its trust, is something that is not quite of the world, and truly no child is of the earth and plain humanity until its absolute innocence and belief have been cankered by the first doubt. We should be pleased, therefore, to listen to the essayist when he touches upon a subject concerned with little children, for we can nearly imagine his treatment. He had read a book of children's tales, and he tells us that with the author thereof he believes in the souls of toys, and goes forth to a delightful demonstration.

See: 'For my own part I do not hesitate to formulate my creed. I believe in the immortal soul of Punch. I believe in the majesty of marionettes and dolls. Doubtless there is nothing human according to the flesh in those little personages of wood or cardboard, but there is in them something divine, however little it may be. They do not live as we do, but still they live. They live the life of the immortal gods. . . . For, look you, they are like the lesser idols of antiquity. They bear even a still closer resemblance to those ruder figures by which savages attempt to show the invisible. And what should they be like

if not idols, since they are themselves idols? There is an absolutely religious function. They bring to little children the only vision of the divine which would be intelligible to them. They represent all the religion which is accessible to tender years. They are the cause of our earliest dreams. They inspire our first fears and our first hopes. Pierrot and Punch contain as much divine anthropomorphism as brains, as yet scarce fashioned though terribly active, can conceive. They are the Hermes and the Zeus of our babies. And every doll is to this day a Proserpine, a Cora, for our little girls. I would have these words taken in their most literal sense. Children are born religious. M. Hovelacque and his municipal council do not perceive a god anywhere. Children see them everywhere. Their interpretation of nature is mystic and religious. I will even say that they have more relations with gods than with men, and this proposition will not appear strange if we remember that since the divine is the unknown, the idea of the divine is the first which must engage the attention of growing thought. . . . Since children, then, are born religious, they worship their toys. They ask of their toys what men have always asked of their gods: joy and forgetfulness, the revelation of mysterious harmonies, the secret of being.' My bookseller tells me now that he sells more of the works of M. France in both French and English than he does of many English writers of high repute. It is so much to the good for readers. I have few desires so keen as to read the first work that M. France will write after the war is ended.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF PERU.

By DEREK MANSON.

NEARLY four hundred years ago a man looked out from the deck of a small vessel upon one of the picturesque valleys that adorn the shores of the South American Pacific. That man was Francisco Pizarro, and the green landscape upon which he gazed was that of one of the outposts of the Inca Empire of Peru.

Pizarro found, as he sailed along the coast, numerous valleys, supporting by means of irrigation a considerable population. At the back of these valleys, and communicating with them through deep cañons, lay the great plateau region which was the heart of the Inca Empire. Pizarro set before him the conquest of this empire; and the combination of audacity, astuteness, and fortuitous circumstance which enabled him to accomplish his purpose furnished material for one of the most fascinating romances of history.

After the military conquest of Peru, Pizarro and his successors established various towns and industries modelled upon the types of Europe, and laid the foundations of a modern state,

which under the republican form of government established in 1821, and especially since the war with Chili, 1879-84, has sought among progressive nations the place demanded by its splendid resources and growing national spirit. But in all epochs of its history the material progress of Peru has been seriously retarded by the geographical conditions among which the Inca nation had been evolved. The opening of the Panamá Canal—from which the western South American states naturally expect so much—within a few years of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Pacific by Balboa, has found Peru still a country of much unexplored wealth ready for the conquest of modern industrial organisation. Partially to realise even the geographical conditions which have compelled Peru to wait for this epoch of the twentieth century is to appreciate more readily the efforts of those who, with a national income of not much more than three millions sterling, are striving to lay down upon the titanic

features of this country the network of railroads, canals, and other improvements which form the basis for the development of a nation's resources.

Peru comprises an area of approximately four hundred and forty thousand square miles. Of this area more than three-quarters, or three hundred and twenty-five thousand square miles, is drained by streams flowing into the Atlantic Ocean through the Amazon River. The remaining portion consists of a strip, averaging less than a hundred miles in width, whose rivers all flow into the Pacific. Although the greater part of the population lies upon the Atlantic side of the Continental Divide, and although on that side are many towns and communities of relatively dense populations, it is upon this latter-mentioned area of the Pacific coast watersheds that the principal towns are built and the administrative and business centres of the country exist. Of this one hundred and fifteen thousand square miles, over half lies upon the steep slopes or within the deep gorges of the Andean plateau; while of the remaining half, which is relatively flat or of gentle slope, less than 2 per cent. is cultivated, although this percentage could be increased to 6 or 8 per cent. by properly directed irrigation. The line of least resistance in the development of Peru will probably be found to lie in the increase of the irrigated area of the coast, and in more skilful irrigation and cultivation in the existing agricultural industries of that region. At the same time, the great Atlantic drainage area owned by Peru must not be forgotten. It may be said that, excepting for the coastal valleys above referred to, and excepting for conditions arising from the recent extension of certain short railway lines towards the great interior, the Government of Peru is in the condition of a man who owns a large garden, from which he is separated by a wall fourteen thousand feet high, but into which his neighbour has access by numerous navigable waterways. The problem of the development of Peru is, therefore, in great part, a problem of getting ready access over this wall; the gigantic region of the Andes is a geographical fact to which all comprehensive projects for the development and administration of the country must conform.

Not that the Andes must be considered as a barrier, and no more. Considered by themselves, indeed, they are a region a hundred and fifty thousand square miles in extent, containing innumerable resources that offer to the nation the means by which this region may be developed for its own sake, while forming a link in the chain of industries that must ultimately unite the two extremes of coast and interior. Of the three subdivisions of which the Andean region is generally considered to be made up, the Puna is the crown of the plateau, the region of higher altitudes, extending from an elevation of about eleven thousand five hundred to sixteen thousand feet above sea-level, in some regions bearing

crests that reach over twenty thousand feet in altitude above the sea. Here are exposed large areas of eruptive or intrusive rocks, such as are generally termed porphyritic, and among which occur innumerable metalliferous veins. Extensive stretches of red and white tufas, or volcanic ashes, deposited in areas which frequently remain nearly horizontal, are found in some regions of the Puna. Wherever the rocks have been hard enough to resist the erosion of more recent geological time, the topography still retains the rounded form given to it by the glaciation which occurred during the earlier history of the plateau. The outcrops frequently show distinctly the scorings of the ice masses, and the damming up of valleys by the morainal materials of former glaciers has given rise to numerous lakes. In this most desolate region the vegetation is scanty and of limited variety. Only two species of small trees are to be found, and these do not thrive on the higher summits. A grass similar to the bunch-grass of the north-western United States is of general occurrence, and a hardy lupin produces almost the only flower of this region.

Below the altitude of eleven thousand five hundred feet stretches the region of the Sierra, a region of wide and narrow valleys of great agricultural possibilities. Such a valley, for instance, as that of Huancayo is very similar in general appearance to those valleys of the western United States which have, under irrigation, become so productive during the past ten years; while its climate is much more uniform, and offers the advantage of a wider choice of crops for production. A railroad unites this valley with the coast; but the lands are still largely owned in small lots by the Indians, and modern methods of agriculture are practically unknown.

The best idea of the climate of the Sierra region of Peru will probably be conveyed by a description of its products. In the inferior limit of this region all kinds of tropical fruits may be grown, some of them being indigenous. Coffee and tobacco find conditions especially favourable for some distance above this limit. Yuccas and various varieties of the potato and corn thrive throughout nearly the whole of its extent, and near the superior limit all the grains of the temperate regions are successfully grown. Here the temperature in winter seldom approaches thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, while in the inferior limit it rarely falls below forty degrees. Nor does the heat in summer in any part of the Andean region reach the extremes so common to the Atlantic coast states of North and Central America.

Throughout the Quebrada, or lowest region of the Andes, as over all the coastal region, some fourteen hundred miles long, there is practically no rainfall, and the agricultural lands are limited to the banks of alluvium left between the windings of the many rivers that rise in the Puna and flow westward into the Pacific. Where

irrigation has been introduced the cultivation of sugar-cane has flourished, while in some of the coastal valleys a great deal of cotton is successfully grown.

The transandean region of Peru is known as the Montana. It embraces a total area of approximately two hundred thousand square miles, and has its superior or western limit on the eastern flank of the Andean plateau, at an altitude of about five thousand feet above sea-level, while its inferior or eastern limit is near the sea-level on the navigable Amazon. Very few persons living have any comprehensive knowledge of it derived from personal experience. Its geographical isolation, and the fact that the population of Peru does not yet clamour for wider frontiers, have contributed to a paucity of accurate information and hampered the Government in its progress towards military control and industrial development. During the past few years the Government has made explorations along the navigable rivers and other established routes of travel, but has not yet established a systematic survey of the resources of this region, as it has done with respect to the coast and the Andes. The Montana to-day, so far as public knowledge and interest are concerned, bears much the same relation to the Peruvian commonwealth that Alaska bore to the United States previous to the Klondike discoveries. One hears the same contradictory opinions. It is quite probable, however, that for the most part the discouraging reports have been due to accidental and localised experiences rather than to knowledge of various localities; and that where any of the few industrial enterprises initiated in the Montana have failed, they have done so through lack of organisation and capital. The physical difficulties to be met with in this and other regions of Peru hardly permit the establishment of great industries with a pack-mule and a few hundred *soles*.

The Government surveys have established the existence of the most extensive system of navigable waterways in the world, traversing the Montana in several principal trunks that form in the south and east parallel and converging lines reaching nearly to the southern limit of the national territory, and in the north a direct west and east route of transcontinental travel reaching at its western terminus within two hundred and fifty miles of the Pacific coast. That is to say, nature has provided in the north of Peru an open road across the widest part of the national territory, requiring for its completion a railroad of less length than the distance from London to Glasgow, and has opened out from this natural axis of continental development several enormous feeders. It scarcely need be said that the Peruvian Government seeks to build this railroad connecting the Amazon with the Pacific.

While the lowlands of the Montana are sub-

ject to inundations that may retard their development for some years, the uplands are generally reported to have a salubrious climate and a fertile soil. Forests of great value cover practically the entire region, both upland and lowland. Speaking of this part of Peru, Raimondi, than whom no one can have had a more complete knowledge, says: 'Nature in this zone has displayed all its creative force, infinitely varying the capricious forms, the brilliant colours, and the soft perfumes of its productions.'

Not only has the physiography of Peru tended to retard its development, but the character of the indigenous races—which still form one-half of the population, and therefore constitute an important factor in the industrial evolution of the country—has been so moulded by centuries of paternal despotism under the Incas, and of hopeless slavery under the Spanish viceroys, as to inhibit the formation of the progressive habits which grow out of liberty of individual action. Whatever success the Inca dynasty may have had in forming an empire, the descendants of its subjects have not yet been able to adapt themselves to the constitution of a modern commonwealth.

The population of Peru is not more than three millions and a half, or about eight per square mile, as compared with six hundred and thirty-five per square mile in Belgium, and twenty-four per square mile in the United States and Alaska. It must be borne in mind, however, that of this number over a million and a half consist of the indigenous races just referred to; while another million are of mixed race (*mestizos*), leaving not more than seven hundred and fifty thousand of white population. In Europe and North America that percentage of the population is very small which does not by its labour increase year by year the useful wealth of the respective communities. In Peru, however, the indigenous population produces in general very little more than it consumes. Often owners of the land, in a climate that produces more than the necessities of life, with little or no provision for inclemency, they live from hand to mouth, taking no thought of the morrow, and leaving to their children no more than the land and a heritage of similar habits. It is true that at various times in the history of Peru, and especially since the increase of mining and agricultural industries, another element has existed in the conditions described. The Indian has thus the opportunity of leaving his little patch of land in the hands of the weaker members of his family, and of earning wages. He, however, is rarely paid more than an equivalent of two shillings or half-a-crown per day, either in the mines or elsewhere, and these wages seldom grow into a permanent asset of his class, but find their way into the pockets of merchants in return for things which are either bad for the Indian or which he does not need or know how to use.

But if the Indian population is not actually to-day a great wealth-producer, it is a very potential factor when we consider the future industrial development of Peru. The races indigenous especially to the Andean and transandean regions are more perfectly fitted physically to perform the manual labour of development than any other races. Already the mining industry and a part of the agricultural industry of the coast are dependent upon them for labour; and although the Indian himself derives little more benefit from the wealth he thus helps to create than he did under the Inca despotism, without him the labour problem would be an insoluble one.

The mixed races of Peru have naturally displayed a more ready conception of capital and its uses than has the Indian, but the capitalist class has been largely confined to the white population. So small a population as we have seen this to be, in a territory of the size and physical characteristics of Peru, could not produce sufficient aggressive capital to develop the country. The larger industries of the country consequently represent foreign capital, which is invested principally in railroads, docks and wharves, mines, banking, and in a few manufactures. The railroads of Peru, for instance, over sixteen hundred miles in extent, have all been built by foreign—and mainly British—capital; and although they are owned by the Government, with the exception of a very few miles, the builders have the privilege of operation for a long term of years. The large sugar estates are controlled by foreign capital, as are also the principal mercantile houses and banks. The Peruvian Government, recognising the need of such capital, has habitually encouraged its entry into the country, granting liberal concessions to guarantee the earning of interest. In the case of railroads, the Government offers in some cases to pay for the surveys and construction, to concede the privilege of operation for a long term of years, and to grant immense tracts of land and other concessions as bases of industrial support for the roads. In the case of mines, no royalty is demanded, and a merely nominal rental per claim is required. In the case of irrigation, which on the coast is synonymous with agriculture, the study of several projects has been begun by the Government, whose support may be expected by those undertaking the carrying out of the plans which investigations show to be beneficial.

There may be those who, reading the foregoing description of the geographical conditions and considering the low production of Peru to-day, may conclude that it is a poor country. Such a conclusion, however, will have been reached only by dwelling upon the difficulties to be conquered and ignoring the benefits to be derived from their conquest. It has been the purpose of this article to point out both diffi-

culties and benefits. But it is believed that those who look at the matter broadly will conclude that the difficulties only enhance the interest of the problem to be solved, and tend to make the benefits of solution more secure by demanding more careful study, and by the elimination of those not prepared to undertake enterprises requiring large capital and broad policies of administration.

Peru is the only country in South America, excepting Colombia, possessing ports upon both oceans, Iquitos being upon the Amazon at a point navigable by ocean-going vessels. The adaptability of practically all the uplands of the transandean region to the production of rubber is a fact attested by many explorers, and the capacity of the same region to produce all the agricultural products of the tropical world can hardly be doubted, while placer gold has long been known to exist in paying quantities in many localities. The valleys of the Sierra have for centuries furnished all the products of all the climates of the world, and many varieties of rare vegetables and fruits. The crown of the Andean plateau is one of the most intensely mineralised regions of the world. The valleys of the coastal plain, which are within three weeks of Europe now that the Panamá Canal is opened, are capable of great extension by means of irrigation, and produce to-day, with inadequate facilities for both irrigation and cultivation, more cotton to the acre than any region of the United States; grapes that can compete in size and flavour with those of Italy; sugar-cane that produces, when properly watered, as much per acre as that of Hawaii; oranges, bananas, maize, melons, alfalfa, rice, and similar products, of as good quality and in as great abundance per acre as in any other part of the world. These productive possibilities, and these facilities for reaching a large foreign market, in a region rather larger than the combined areas of France and Germany, with only 7 per cent., or less, of its surface under development, spell opportunity not less fruitful in possibility than any which the Western World has offered.

COR CORDIUM.

WHILE evermore the pride of Shakespeare's name
Is one with England's, so shall, living, shine
The rose-red radiance of the light divine
That quickened with the day of Shelley's fame,
Third of the sons the island races claim
As England's glory, while she sets for sign
Of deathless lineage on Song's starry shrine
The lights that no far dawn of time shall shanie.
All winged visions of the lightning brain,
Splendours of thought, fed on life's burning tears,
And exaltation of Song's meteor flight,
All unimaginable dreams of pain
And passion in the paradise love years
Were thine, imperishable Son of Light.

J. B. O'HARA.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

A REALISTIC STORY OF THE INNER LIFE OF THE ROYAL NAVY.

By TAFFRAIL, Author of *The Bad Hat*, *The Decoy*, *An Eye for an Eye*, &c.

CHAPTER I.—HIS FIRST SHIP.

'THERE ye are, Martin. That's 'er.'

The leading seaman in charge of the party paused and waved a hand toward a squat gray battleship lying on the other side of one of the basins in Portsmouth Dockyard.

The little expedition of which he was the leader consisted of himself; Martin, the man he had spoken to; and a small hand-cart propelled by another ordinary seaman, breathing heavily. The cart contained a sausage-shaped, khaki-coloured hammock, bound with its seven regulation turns of lashing, and a bulbous brown kit-bag. They were Martin's belongings. He was joining his first seagoing ship.

'Er!' he queried in answer to the leading seaman's remark, shivering and looking rather puzzled. 'Oo!'

He was a puny, undersized little rat of a man, with a pallid, freckled face and a crop of sandy hair. It was early winter, and the piercing wind bit through to his very marrow, while the drizzling rain had already found its way through his oilskin and down the back of his neck. It was distinctly chilly. The tip of his nose and his fingers were blue with cold, and he looked, and felt, supremely miserable.

He repeated his question as the leading seaman executed a few violent steps of a clog-dance, and flapped his arms like an elderly penguin to restore his circulation. 'Er!' he said at last, pausing for breath and seemingly rather surprised at Martin's ignorance. 'That there's the *Belligerent*. That's the ship we're goin' to join—you're goin' to join, that is.'

'That 'er!' Martin ejaculated, gazing with awe at the battleship's great bulk. 'That 'er! Gor' blimy!' He seemed rather appalled.

The leading seaman tittered and sucked his teeth. 'Lor!' he laughed, not unkindly, noticing the anxiety in the youngster's eyes, 'you needn't look like that. They can't eat yer; leastways not if you be'aves yourself they won't. 'Er commander's a very nice gentleman; 'e wus shipmates along o' me in th' *Duncan* up the Straits* six year ago. 'E wus a lootenant then,

an' a bit of a flyer; but 'e's a gent so long as you don't get in the rattle.'†

He paused and eyed the ordinary seaman with the hand-cart, who had released the shafts and was swinging his arms. 'Ere, young fella, not so much of it!' he ordered abruptly, quite forgetting that he had called the halt himself. 'Get a move on yer! You ain't no bloomin' baronite drivin' your own motor-car, to stop 'ere an' stop there has you thinks fit. You ain't wheelin' no perishin' wheel-barrer down Commercial Road neither. Show a leg, me lad!'

The ordinary seaman seized the shafts, and the procession moved forward.

Ten minutes later Martin, with his bag and hammock, was standing on the quarterdeck of his Majesty's first-class pre-Dreadnought battleship *Belligerent*. The leading seaman and the man with the hand-cart were already on their way back to the Royal Naval Barracks, and Pincher Martin, alone, for the first time, felt horribly nervous and uncomfortable. He had been received with scant courtesy or interest by the marine corporal of the watch, who had told him to remain where he was while he fetched a ship's corporal; and now, eyed critically by the grinning side-boy and the messenger, youngsters like himself, who made facetious, rather uncomplimentary, and very audible remarks about his personal appearance, he shivered and waited.

Over on the other side of the deck a tall officer, clad in a greatcoat and swinging a telescope, was walking up and down dodging the rain-drips from the awning. He was a lieutenant, from the two gold stripes and curl on his shoulder-straps, and was, as a matter of fact, the officer of the watch. Presently the merriment at Martin's expense became rather raucous, and the officer turned round and saw the messenger and the side-boy laughing together. The chubby-faced youths caught his eye roving over them, and immediately both became rigid, with an innocent expression on their faces.

'Come here, you two!' he called, beckoning with his telescope.

* 'The Straits' = the Mediterranean.

† 'In the rattle' = in trouble.

The two youngsters trotted up and halted before him with a salute.

'Skylarking again, eh?' the lieutenant asked.

'Oh no, sir. We wasn't skylarkin',' the elder of the two protested.

'Humph! I don't know so much about that. I suppose you were making fun of that man who's just joined, eh?'

'Oh no, sir. I only said to Horrigan'—

'I don't want to hear what you said to Horrigan, or what Horrigan said to you,' interrupted the officer of the watch, smiling to himself. 'Evidently the time hangs heavily on your hands, and I'll not have the quarterdeck turned into a bally music hall.' He looked round the deck and noticed some untidy ends of rope near the ship's side.

'You, Bates,' he went on, 'can amuse yourself by coiling down the ends of these boats' falls and awning jiggers; and you, Horrigan, can broom all that water into the scuppers.' He waved his hand toward some pools of rain-water near the edge of the deck. 'When you've done that you can let me know, and I'll find you another job. Go on—away you go!'

The boys pattered off, and the lieutenant resumed his perambulation.

Presently a ship's corporal, accompanied by the marine who had gone in search of him, came through the battery door and went up to Martin.

'Name and rating?' he demanded abruptly, referring to a book in his hand.

'Martin. Ord'nary seaman.'

'You'll be in No. 47 mess,' said Ship's Corporal Puddicombe, 'and will be in the fore-castle division, starboard watch, first part, first sub. The capten of your top—Petty Officer Casey's 'is name—will tell you off for your stations in your part of the ship. You'll stow your bag in the fore cable flat, starboard side, and your 'ammick in the starboard fore-castle rack. I'll show you where to put 'em, and if you comes along to my office after tea to-day I'll give you a card with it all written on—see?'

'Yessir,' said Martin, looking very bewildered, for he had hardly understood a word of what the man had said.

'It's all right, me lad,' the corporal went on, more kindly. 'You needn't look so scared. You'll soon shake down. Is this your first ship?'

'Yessir.'

The corporal nodded and went off to report to the officer of the watch, who presently returned with him.

'Ord'nary Seaman Martin, sir. Come to join the ship from the barracks.'

The lieutenant eyed the new arrival critically. 'What division's he in, corporal?' he queried.

'Yours, sir. Fore-castle division.'

'How long have you been in the service?' the officer asked next.

'Six an' a narf months, sir,' said Martin.

'Well, it's about time you got your hair cut, my lad. It's much too long. The fore-castle division's my division, and the smartest in the ship, so look out you uphold its reputation. Is your kit complete, by the way?'

'Yessir, all but one pair o' socks.'

'All right; we'll see to that another day. Show him where to put his bag and hammock, corporal, and tell him where his mess is. You'd better introduce him to the barber, too. I can't have the men of my division looking like a beauty chorus.—You,' he added, addressing Martin, 'had better get yourself thoroughly warm. We don't want you to start off by catching a chill.'

'Thank you, sir.'

'Come along o' me,' said the ship's corporal gruffly; and Pincher, picking up his bag and hammock, followed him along the deck.

In another minute they were on the mess-deck. It was a strange place to Martin, accustomed as he was to the large and airy rooms in the barracks ashore. It seemed cramped and restricted. The steel beams supporting the deck above were barely eighteen inches over his head, and every inch of space seemed occupied with something or other. But a sense of order and cleanliness prevailed; for, though the ship was in dockyard hands, and the first lieutenant would have described the mess-deck as 'filthy,' it seemed specklessly clean to an outsider. The glare of the electric lights shone on the spotless white enamel and polished metal-work, and every inch of woodwork which was not varnished and polished was well scrubbed and white.

Moving along a narrow gangway about eight feet wide, they passed the officers' and men's galleys or kitchens. These were placed amidships, and the great cooking-ranges, newly blacked and with their polished steel knobs and utensils winking in the glare, vomited wisps of steam and savoury smells. The black-and-white tiled floors were spotless, and so were the wooden slabs upon which the meat and vegetables were cut up. Farther forward came small, curtained-off enclosures serving as messes for the chief petty officers; and then, forward again, white enamelled steel bulkheads stretching from floor to ceiling.

Extending out from the ship's side, with its row of scuttles and wooden mess shelves and boot-racks, were numbers of white wooden mess tables and narrow wooden forms. They were spaced at precisely equal intervals, and at the end of each table was a neatly rolled strip of white linoleum which served as a tablecloth at meal-times, a couple of shining tin mess kettles, and a teapot. On the deck at the foot of each table was a bread-barge, a squat-shaped tub, to contain the bread belonging to the mess. The barges were all exactly similar, having scrubbed teak sides and polished brass hoops, with the number of

the mess in neat brass figures, and each stood at precisely the same distance from its own table.

From the ceiling or deck overhead hung racks for the reception of the men's circular, black-japanned cap-boxes, and others for their white straw hats—each in its duck cover to keep out dust and dirt—and the newly scrubbed ditty-boxes. These, of white wood, are the receptacles in which sailors keep their small personal belongings. They contain, as a rule, photographs of wives, sweethearts, relations, and friends; letters; and other purely private and valued relics; but, though provided with a lock and key, it is an unwritten and invariable law of the mess-deck that they shall be left unlocked. A man must show his trust in his messmates, and a thief has no place on board one of his Majesty's ships. If petty pilfering does occur, there is no mercy for the culprit, and he is speedily discovered and removed.

It was a Saturday afternoon, and, as the ship was in dockyard hands undergoing a refit, more than half the men were on leave, and the mess-deck was comparatively empty. Those men who were left on board were spending the half-holiday in blissful slumber, for many of the tables and forms bore sleeping figures wrapped in blankets or greatcoats. They snored melodiously and in many keys.

Here and there a man writing a letter or reading looked up with some curiosity as Martin passed, but otherwise he attracted little attention. The advent of another ordinary seaman was too common an occurrence to call for remark, though to the ordinary seaman himself the day of his arrival on board his first seagoing ship would thereafter be mentally marked with a red figure in the calendar of his life.

The ship's corporal, anxious to resume his interrupted sleep in the police-office, hurried on; and soon, after climbing down one slippery steel ladder and up another, they arrived in the foremost bag-flat. This compartment was provided with tiers of numbered racks stretching from deck above to deck below. Each division in the racks held its own brown canvas or painted kit-bag, with the brightly polished brass tally on the bottom stamped with the owner's name, all the tallies being set at precisely the same angle.

The guide halted and pointed to a vacant space. 'There you are,' he said. 'That's where you stow your bag.'

Martin dropped his hammock, and after some difficulty succeeded in insinuating his bag into its appointed place.

'Ere, that won't do,' observed the ship's corporal, shaking his head with a pained expression on his face. 'Slew'er round till the letters on your tally are 'orizental. The first lieutenant 'll 'ave a fit if 'e sees it shoved in any'ow like that.'

Martin did as he was told, and when at last he had stowed his bag to the corporal's satisfaction, was taken to another flat somewhere in

the bowels of the ship, where he was shown where to put his hammock.

He was next taken to his mess, and was introduced to the leading seaman who acted as senior member and caterer. This worthy, a ruddy-faced, heavily built man called Strumbles, was discovered asleep on the table, and was none too pleased when the ship's corporal tapped him on the shoulder and woke him up.

'Strumbles,' he said, 'ere's another O.D.* come to join your mess. Martin's 'is name. Just keep an eye on 'im. 'E's a bit noo to the service. 'E wants 'is 'air cut, too, so you might send 'im along to the 'aircutter after tea.'

Strumbles sat up sleepily and signified his willingness to perform these favours, but the moment the corporal was safely out of sight glared unpleasantly at the new arrival. 'Bit noo to the navy, are yer?' he demanded. 'Name o' Martin, eh?'

'Yessir.'

'Don't call me "sir." My name's Strumbles. Nutty Strumbles they calls me. Is this yer first ship?'

'Yes.'

'Thought so. If it wasn't, you'd know better than to come wakin' up a bloke wot's 'avin' 'is Saturday arternoon caul.'

'I'm sorry,' Martin stammered. 'It wasn't my fault. I didn't know'—

'Course you didn't. 'Owever, now you're 'ere you can just wake me up at seven bells. Know what seven bells is, eh?'

'Yes. 'Arf-parst three.'

'Right. At 'arf-parst three you wakes me up, an' when you done that you can go along to the galley an' wet the tea. Me, an' Ginger Strudwick, an' Nobby Clarke, an' one or two others, is the only blokes o' this 'ere mess aboard. Them two's on watch now, but they'll be down at eight bells clamourin' for their scran like a lot o' wolves; so look out you 'as it ready. When you've wetted the tea you can run along to the canteen an' git height heggs an' height rashers for our supper—I'll give you a *chit* for it when I wakes up; an' when you done that you can tidy up them there mess shelves an' polish the mess kettle an' teapot ready for the rounds to-morrow. Understan'?'

'Yes,' said Martin, hesitatingly.

'Orl rite, look out you does it, then,' remarked Strumbles, laying his head back and resuming his interrupted slumbers.

Martin began to feel rather sorry he had ever joined the navy, for as a young and very ordinary seaman on board a ship it appeared as if every one was his master. The recruiting posters which had been responsible for his entry had said something about 'seeing the world,

* O.D. = the slang term for 'ordinary seaman.' 'O.S.' is one official naval contraction, and 'Ord.' another. 'O.D.' is derived from the latter, in the same way as an able seaman is known as an 'A.B.'

with plenty of pocket-money.' This was what they meant, evidently. He sniffed dubiously. In the barracks where he had undergone his preliminary training he had been one of many others of his own age; but here he was cast entirely on his own resources. He felt lonely and miserable; nobody seemed to take any interest in him, and everybody ordered him about in a dictatorial way which he didn't like at all. He gulped suspiciously, and then looked round with a nervous expression lest the slight sound should have awakened Strumbles.

When, seven months before, Martin had put on his bluejacket's uniform for the first time, he had felt immensely proud of himself. Everybody in his own small village had turned round to stare when he first appeared in it; and he was rather disappointed when, on his arrival in Portsmouth, people in the street neglected to notice him. He liked his jumper, with the V-shaped opening in front, and the blue woollen jersey underneath. He was proud of his blue jean collar with its three rows of narrow white tape, which, he had been told, commemorated Nelson's three great victories of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar. He had heard, too, that the black silk handkerchief worn round his neck and tied in front was a badge of mourning for the same great naval hero. But, both in the matter of the collar and the handkerchief he had been led into believing a very popular fallacy.

The square collar was first introduced in the latter portion of the eighteenth century as a means of preventing the grease and flour with which the sailors anointed their pigtailed from soiling their clothes. The three rows of tape, moreover, were placed upon it merely for ornament, for there is no evidence to support the belief that they commemorate the three famous victories. The black silk handkerchief came in at much the same time. In early sea-fights the heat on the gun-decks was stifling, so much so that the men were forced to strip to the waist. To prevent the perspiration from running down into their eyes and blinding them, they were in the habit of tying handkerchiefs round their foreheads, and at ordinary times these were worn round the neck for the sake of convenience. It is true that up till a few years ago our modern bluejackets wore their spare black silk handkerchiefs tied in a bow on the left arm when attending funerals; but there is nothing to support the theory that they were ever introduced as badges of mourning for the immortal Nelson.

But Martin believed these things implicitly, and perhaps, as it fostered the traditions of the service it did him no harm.

Another portion of his attire of which he was inordinately proud was his bell-bottomed trousers. He firmly imagined that these had been introduced merely to give the sailor a rakish appearance, and was not aware that they were brought

in so that the garments could conveniently be rolled up to the knee when their barefooted wearers were giving the decks their usual morning scrub.

Some few years ago a proposal was on foot to do away with the loose trousers, and to clothe the seamen in garments shaped like those in everyday use ashore. As a reason for the change it was urged, with some truth, that in modern ships the men seldom went barefooted, and that less flowing trousers would be less likely to catch in the intricate machinery with which modern ships were supposed to be crammed. But the storm of indignation with which the proposal was received by the men speedily caused it to be dropped. The seamen take no small pride in their nether garments; some of them even go to the trouble and expense of providing themselves with specially wide pairs in which to go ashore on leave.

The wide-brimmed straw hat, which constitutes the modern bluejacket's full-dress headgear, was first introduced in the West Indies early in the nineteenth century, but was not made an article of uniform until much later. Before that time, and up till thirty or forty years ago, shiny black tarpaulin hats, much the same shape as the straw 'boater' of commerce, were *de rigueur* in the navy. The term 'bluejacket,' too, owes its origin to the short, blue, brass-buttoned jacket—rather similar in shape to an Eton jacket, but with no point at the back—which was worn until 1891.

But all Martin's ideas as to his own importance were speedily knocked on the head. By the time he sought his hammock at nine-thirty on that first eventful day he had come to realise that he was very small beer indeed, a mere excrescence on the face of the earth; and that, like Agag, it behoved him to walk warily and with circumspection.

The captain of the forecastle, Petty-Officer Casey—'Mister Casey,' as he insisted on being called—had taken him to his bosom in a gruff, fatherly sort of way, and had given him a few words of advice.

'It's like this 'ere, me lad,' he had pointed out, but not unkindly. 'You're a nordinary seaman, an' wot you've got to do is to carry out other people's orders. If you're told off to do a thing, do it at once, an' cheerful like; don't slouch about th' ship like a ploughboy, nor yet a Portugee militiaman neither. 'Old yourself erec'; take a pride in yourself, an' obey all orders at the rush. If you gives no trouble I'm yer friend, remember that; but if you gits up agin me, an' starts givin' trouble, I won't raise a finger to 'elp you, an' you'd best stan' clear. Don't forget, neither, that I've got my eye on you the 'ole time; an' don't run away wi' the idea that you're doin' the navy a good turn by joinin', like so many on 'em do. It's the navy wot's doin' you a favour by 'avin'

you. If you bears orl this in mind me an' you'll get along orl right, an' some day, p'raps, you'll be a petty-officer the same as me.'

Martin remembered Casey's words of wisdom, and derived no small benefit therefrom.

(Continued on page 277.)

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

AN odd conflict of emotions is with us in this new spring-time. It is the season for expansion, and people now suffer such a sense of confinement as they have not known before. The towns hold us as never previously. Work and cares keep us there more than ever, and so, as a substitute for the country, the parks are sought by many to whom their various delights spring as a surprise. In Hyde Park, the chief park of England, as it may well be considered, an increasing throng of wanderers, with a city and war-worn look upon their countenances, has been noticed. It is true that its walks and the riding row present an unfamiliar aspect, and that, despite the elementary manoeuvres of the new soldiers, there is more freedom from disturbing war-sights here than elsewhere; but this is not the reason why since the later days of winter there have been more people in the Park than old frequenters have seen aforetime at such a season. And it is the same in other cities, no doubt, as in the capital. It must be. The heart is crying for a fresh satisfaction of the sense of space; and now these wide green places, where there are moist earth and trees and winds that blow freely—not like the draughts that spout through streets—are found to yield a strange delight. The workings of the governmental mind sometimes seem to baffle all reason and plain philosophy, and in the name of the new economy strange arrangements have been carried out. And so, for a saving that is to be reckoned not in minutes of war costs, but merely in seconds, the spring in town is robbed of some of its rightful embellishments. Bulbs have been abolished, many flower-beds have been grassed over, and the gardeners tell us that not for three years or 'for the period of the war' will they assume their proper appearance. It is, as is said, to be a drab and economical spring. But thanks to the indefatigability and regularity of Nature, that cares little for wars and other human troubles, the parks still offer a generous measure of the glories of spring. Nothing can hinder them. Some weeks ago the little shrubs of *Daphne mezereum* presented their first show of tiny rosy blooms, and the pale-yellow flowerets of *Forsythia suspensa* glanced shyly towards the lower walks in Kensington Gardens. By now they have given way to bolder blossoms, and the spring is advancing. Never was the eternal drama of the season produced under stranger circumstances. It is wonderful to behold, heartening

and inspiring; and yet it is not that which brings so many people to the parks. They hardly know what it is that calls them there, only that they go in these times, and wander in some vague reflection, as they never did before.

* * *

There is in us an instinct for attachment to the infinite. It is subtle and unceasing. It breathes a murmur of indefinable yearning through the spirit always. It is a mystery rustling in the being, fanning hopes and starting vague impulses. It causes limitations to oppress us; it is the secret of ambition. It is like heavenly fuel for the soul aflame. The desire for freedom and more freedom still, the hope for opportunities, and greater, more splendid chances, both arise from what we may call this instinct for infinity. Man expanding, his spirit feels beyond the world, and its vision strains towards eternity, unseen, unknown. And for that the Creator is the great infinity, this instinct is a special mark of Himself in the man He made. You will find on introspection that this and its sister hope are the major forces of the human mind, and that all such others as are worthy come from them. Unceasingly they urge in the soul the knowledge of man's boundless sphere, they stir him with a restlessness that is half divine. There are manifestations of this supreme instinct at every time and everywhere. It fills the world. It lights upon earthly things, poor and small as they may seem to be, and the touch that makes them as little signs of a vast infinity adds to them a peculiar charm. So crumbling walls that were built in ancient days, old tombs, old work, old learning, all of them have some of the magic of infinity laid upon them. Each time you turn to one of these from the measly cares of a life where business is always business, it seems to say to you, 'What of the eternal now?' The grand suggestion is everywhere. It is with the bird on the wing and in the grain of wheat, and there can be no sort of incongruity when any association is suggested between the instinct of infinity and the simplest actions of common life. That is why freedom warms in us as we tread Constitution Hill, why the glorious sense of space begins to thrill the heart as, swinging through Hyde Park Corner and past the bronze Achilles given by the women of England in remembrance of the Duke and his gallant men, we beat away to the north and west along the most open walk

through the mother of parks. Few of those who walk in here could tell you the reason why, fully and completely, or could explain a mysterious pleasure, a subtle emotional delight, distilled, it would seem, in one's very spirit, that arises when one lingers here. Only a little reflection is wanted; the formula of the instinct of infinity makes a simple and certain explanation. Green is the most stimulating colour in the world, for it is the hue of Nature at her best, doing, creating, living, rejoicing; and the sudden impact upon the eye and the æsthetic sense, wearied by the London gray, of this overwhelming mass of green, cool, clean, refreshing, is like the plunge into a sparkling, rippling stream by a tired and dusty traveller. One admits the beauty, the grand refreshment, of the green of the Park, and is deeply grateful; but it is not that which fills us with that peculiar emotion of achievement of the spirit, an affinity found. Here are trees, lofty, majestic, and, for all their life in town, as fine as forest lords. We agree with the wise man who murmured that it was a great thought of God when He thought the tree. Yet it is not the trees of the Park that cast the spell upon us and lure us there again; nor the fowl on the waters, the birds that have such a freedom that one wonders why city sparrows cling to Cornhill; nor the timid flowers that peep in these spring days. These are all delights; the simple good they stir in us, the happiness they make in us, are ever sweet. But they are just the works, the accessories, some stage trappings, as it were, of old infinity abounding in the world, and finding here in the heart of the throbbing town such a means for the expression of the instinct, for such a shock upon the spirit of us crawling things, such a sense of expansion, such an awakening of the mysterious impulse, as could not well be accomplished in any other way.

* * *

Do not reject this suggestion of Hyde Park, with its ordered walks, its smoothened beds of flowers, its groomed shrubs, its various gates, and even the gaudy memorial on the edge of it, as an instrument for the exercise of this instinct of infinity. Think upon it; reduce it to simple forms. The key to quick understanding is the expression, unemotional and cold, adopted by councils and committees—the Open Space. This is the queen of all Open Spaces among great masses of people and piles of buildings. It serves the greatest purpose. Better than any other piece of earth does it awaken the mind to a sense of the openness of the world, and then maybe to thoughts beyond. Because it is more needed than any other. The human being needs food and drink and clothes. For his development he must have exercise of the mind. But it is seldom reasoned that as much of any of these things he needs for his healthy maintenance and betterment a frequent experience of

space, which brings him subconsciously into touch with infinity. A long unbroken period of life and work amid streets and in rooms brings upon a man insidiously a sense of oppression. The high walls contract upon him; the ceiling bears down; a tremendous vice, like some instrument of punishment prepared by immortal fiends, seems to close in upon him from all sides and from above; and soon his spirit will be crushed, and he will be as nothing good. That experience of the walls closing in is so constant, so acute, so real in the case of persons of feeling and fine nerve who have borne too much confinement in town, that they may be brought almost to cry out in anguish, to feel a sort of madness coming upon them. Solitude is a sweet thing, but it must be taken with caution. Some sense of relief is experienced in the change from one's own rooms to those of the big club, or, say, to the great Reading-Room of the British Museum. Men and women workers having pleasant studies of their own abounding in little comforts come at times to work in the great rotunda, because here there seem to be no walls to oppress them, only a vast circular lining of books. There is not a corner, but a great sense of space. I know that is why. And we, feeling perhaps that we too much neglect the principles of exercise, may sometimes walk fast through the streets, or as fast as frequent impediment will permit. It is a stimulating tramp from Westminster through the full tide of human existence, which Johnson declared was better to be seen at Charing Cross than anywhere, along by the Strand and Fleet Street, up the Hill, and away through the golden land of Gog and Magog, and by the Monument to London Bridge. That is a long, straight walk of which one townsman does not weary, though this street tramping does bother the feet too much. It is a calming walk at night when the City is still and dark, like a mighty vault laden with gold and treasure of the world, keepers watching it in secret places. A sense of mystery creeps upon us when we steal through the City at night, and the awe is not lessened when we tarry at London Bridge, with the stars above and the black band of river gently gurgling underneath. Old Thames can work fine charms upon the emotions. London Bridge, over which the dear Germans, in their most popular novel of the time, imagine themselves to be crossing in the rôle of conquerors! There is no longer a white horse upon it, as we were assured in our childhood there always was; nor even is there now a yellow motor-car, which has come to be its modern substitute. But we may all see ghosts when leaning over the parapets of the London bridges late at night, and listening to the water swirling. Cannot you see the great gilt barges, kings and princes and fine ladies on them, as they were rowed along the grand highway to the gorgeous ceremonies awaiting them? The old Tower,

with its crimes and executions! But it is too easy to become morbid when on this bridge with the stars, and a wanderer has a system for his nightly thoughts hereby. He may either reflect upon memories of voyages begun but a little farther down the stream, and ended somewhere in Africa, or on one of the prettiest problems in the making of balances, with which the City in the daytime does so much occupy itself. In the capital we can account for nearly all things except for the number of horses, carts, and carriages that enter it and never seem to leave. It is true; we have made the most careful countings. An investigation showed that in one week many more vehicles passed over London and Southwark Bridges to the southwards than came back again that way; but this result was wholly changed by the greater number that passed into the City from the south over the spans at Blackfriars and the Tower; and there was a balance of more than three thousand and three hundred in a week going north and not returning. One has difficulty in reconciling this steady balance with the facts and features of trade and the movements it makes. But, remember, some way farther along these roads to the southward ports that begin not far from here, is that fine old gate at Canterbury, through which in olden times every scrap of goods that came from the Continent had to be wheeled as it was admitted to England. This is a proper problem for London Bridge and a dark night—and never have our nights been so dark as of late. The bells in the City steeples seem to tinkle sadly in their gloom. Their jingling is almost weird, considering the present emptiness of the busiest place on earth. Up around this bend of water came in peaceful times the booming of old Ben, from the place where there are half-a-thousand men thus late still hammering with their speeches and their bills at the rivets of this fighting Empire. Did you know that the shock of the Ben hammer of four hundredweights on the thirteen-ton bell makes a bigger sound than that of any other clock-bell in the world? But, alas! its tongue is still in these days of war. Its cheery encouragements, its solemn warnings, leave a blank in our unstruck hours, and we shall be glad to hear again that sonorous chime that is set to a pious prayer than which clock never had better working lines:

All through this hour, Lord, be my guide,
And by Thy power no foot shall slide.

Let us go back now.

* * *

A long digression may seem out of place to any realisation of the heavy weight of walls and roofs closing in upon the huddled townsman, threatening to crush the life of mind and spirit; yet it was intended. There is no street cure for this deep oppression. Had there been one,

surely we should have found it when we stalked through the dead City and meditated on the bridge at midnight. That prescription fails, because it is a mere matter of exercise, and that alone is no specific, as it is too often imagined to be. The limbs may crave for movement, but the mind hungers more for space and all the sense of it. A realisation of the mind's call for space came best to my own comprehension when I stood for a long time on the observation platform at the tail-end of an American railway train as it rushed with us across the prairie, watching in an almost cataleptic state that long, straight line of iron road hummily unwound beneath our feet, and flying fast away into the eastern distance. Hyde Park is no prairie, but it yields to those oppressed by walls just a touch of the sense of freedom that is balm for the spirit. It is for that sense of freedom, space, and the gentle play it makes upon the instinct for the infinite that in these times we like to pass through the columned screen and hark away along the walk that leads to the Victoria Gate. But for the full satisfaction and pleasure of it this must be made a business of exercise too. Fast, swinging movement, with no impeding crowd, must be enjoyed. Step out with head high and a straight back, and see to it that the Gate is made in the first thirteen minutes, and there is time enough for some reflection despite the speed. The glide down the gentle slope in the middle of the Park, with the baby silver birches by the path, is a sensuous thing, and it leads us into a veritable London glade, a hollow filled with trees, always a peaceful view, the only one of its kind we know in London. This townsman's valley has indeed a charm about it. Then, after the Gates, pass through into Kensington Gardens, and, keeping on the northward path, come up to the Broad Walk in not more than fourteen extra minutes, wheel away to the left along that majestic avenue, and in five minutes trail down the little hill at the end of it. That is enough for simple strenuousness, and then, for some relaxing delights, visit the Round Pond, and watch the children play. There is no gentler, more pleasing, reviving sight in all the town. To the weary man the look of happy children is something sublime. Angels lead these little kiddies! You should sit and watch them when they sail those splendid races in the water between the red and the brown balloons. We long for one brief spell to lumber back again over that mountain of used-up years and sail a green one with them, but too much knowledge would have broken mysteries, and we should spoil the race. Neither dainty little Nancy nor pretty Joan seems, as we watch them from the bench on shore, to suspect that the tight balloon has less water surface, and therefore skims the faster. And yet we wonder whether, after all, the sagging skin of brown does not gather the

faint breeze the better. How we wish to play with them, and teach them, and win for them! But does this innocence desire any of our fine experience and our grand capacity for

dispelling childish mysteries? No. We must hold away, leaving undisturbed this sanctity of children's play, and work on at our daily war.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

CHAPTER XII.—continued.

THESE men were Berliners, and were amused by a sly dig at some locality which, like Koeppenick, offered a butt for German humour.

'Hello! isn't that a car?' said one.

There was silence. The thrumming of a powerful automobile could be heard through the patter of the rain.

'Attention!' growled Franz. A few troopers went to the picketed horses. The others lined up. A closed motor-car arrived. Its brilliant head-lights proclaimed the certain fact that the presence of Belgian troops in that locality was not feared. Dalroy recognised this at once, and forthwith dismissed from his mind the last shred of hope.

The chauffeur was a soldier. By his side sat the usual armed escort. Georg galloped up. Oombergen was only a mile and a half distant, and the road through the wood was in such a condition that the car was compelled to travel slowly.

A cloaked staff-officer alighted. The hussars stood stiff as so many ramrods. The new-comer took their salute punctiliously, but his tone in addressing the corporal was far from gracious.

'What's this unlikely tale you've sent in to headquarters?' he demanded harshly.

'I don't think I'm mistaken, Herr Hauptmann,' was the answer. 'I've got that English captain and the lady wanted at Visé. They've practically admitted it.'

'Where are they?'

'The man is sitting there against the wall. The lady is in the barn.—Stand up, prisoner!'

Franz snatched away the cloak. Dalroy rose to his feet. He was smiling at the ruthlessness of Fate. He was still smiling when Captain von Halwig, of the Prussian Imperial Guard, flashed an electric torch in his face. It was unnecessary, perhaps, to render thus easy the task of recognition. But what did it matter? That lynx of a corporal was sure of his ground, and would refuse to be gainsaid even by a staff-officer and a Guardsman.

Von Halwig's astonishment seemed to choke back any display of wrath.

'Then it is really you?' he said quietly in English.

'Yes,' replied Dalroy.

The torch was switched off. Dalroy's eyes were momentarily blinded by the glare, but he heard an ugly chuckle.

'Where is the female prisoner?' said Von

Halwig, with a formality that was as perplexing as his subdued manner.

'Here, Herr Hauptmann.'

The two entered the barn. So far as Dalroy could judge, no word was spoken. The torch flared again, remained lighted a full half-minute, and was extinguished.

Von Halwig reappeared, seemed to ponder matters, and turned to the corporal.

'Put the woman in my car,' he said. 'Fall in your men, and be ready to escort me back to the village. You've done a good day's work, corporal.'

'Two men have gone in pursuit of Jan Maertz, sir.'

'Never mind. They'll have sense enough to come on to headquarters if they catch him. How is this Englishman secured?'

The jubilant Franz explained.

'Mount him on one of your horses. The trooper can squeeze in in front of the car. Has the female prisoner a dagger or a pistol?'

'I have not searched her, Herr Hauptmann.'

'Make sure, but offer no violence or discourtesy. No; leave this fellow here at present. I want a few words with him in private. Assemble your men around the car, and take the woman there now.'

Irene was led out. She paused in the doorway, and the corporal thought she did not know what she was wanted for.

'You are to be conveyed in the automobile, *Fräulein*,' he said.

But she was looking for Dalroy in the gloom. Before any one could interfere, she ran and threw her arms around him, kissing him on the lips.

'Good-bye, my dear one!' she wailed in a heart-broken way. 'We may not meet again on this earth, but I am yours to all eternity.'

'With these words in my ears I shall die happy,' said Dalroy. Her embrace thrilled him with a strange ecstasy, yet the pain of that parting was worse than death. Were ever lovers' vows plighted in such conditions in the history of this gray old world?

Franz seized the girl's arm. She knew it would be undignified to resist. Kissing Dalroy again, she whispered a last choking farewell, and suffered her guide to take her where he willed. She walked with stumbling feet. Her eyes were dimmed with tears; but, sustained by the pride of her race, she refused to sob, and bit her lower lip in dauntless resolve not to yield.

The rain was beating down now in heavy gusts. Von Halwig, if he had no concern for the comfort of the troopers, had a good deal for his own.

'Damn the weather!' he grunted. 'Come into the barn. You can walk, I suppose?'

He turned on the torch, which was controlled by a sliding button, and saw how the prisoner was secured. Then he flashed the light into the interior of the barn. It was a ramshackle place at the best, and looked peculiarly forlorn after the rummaging it had undergone since the fight, a recent picket having evidently torn down stalls and mangers to provide materials for a fire. Part of a long sloping ladder had been consumed for that purpose, so that an open trap-door in the boarded floor of an upper storey was inaccessible. The barn itself was unusually lofty, running to a height of twenty feet or more. There were no windows. Some rats, tempted out already by the oats spilled from the horses' nose-bags, scuttled away from the light. Through the trap-door the noise of the rain pounding on a shingle roof came with a curious hollowness.

Von Halwig did not extinguish the lamp, but tucked it under his left arm. He lighted a cigarette. With each movement of his body the beam of light shifted. Now it played on the wall, against which Dalroy leaned, because the cramped state of his arms was already becoming irksome; now it shone through the doorway, forming a sort of luminous blur in the rain; now it dwelt on the Englishman, standing there in his worn blouse, baggy breeches, and sabots, an old flannel shirt open at the neck, and a month's growth of beard on cheeks and chin. The hat which Irene made fun of had been tilted at a rakish angle when the corporal removed the cloak. Certainly he was changed in essentials since he and the Guardsman last met face to face on the platform at Aix-la-Chapelle.

But the eyes were unalterable. They were still resolute, and strangely calm, because he had nerved himself not to flinch before this strutting popinjay.

'You wonder why I have brought you in here, eh?' began Von Halwig, in English.

'Perhaps to gloat over me,' was the quiet reply.

'No. Is it necessary? At Aix I was excited. The Day had come, The Day of which we Germans have dreamed for many a year. I am young, but I have already won promotion. I belong to an irresistible army. War steadies a man. But when we reach Oombergen you will be paraded before a crusty old General, and even I, Von Halwig of the staff, and a friend of the Emperor, may not converse with a spy and a murderer. So we shall have a little chat now. What say you?'

'It all depends what you wish to talk about.'

'About you and her ladyship, of course.'

'May I ask whom you mean by "her ladyship"?''

'Isn't that correct English?'

'It can be, if applied to a lady of title. But when used with reference presumably to a young lady who is a governess, it sounds like clumsy sarcasm.'

'Governess the devil! With whom, then, have you been roaming Belgium?'

'Miss Irene Beresford, of course.'

'You're not a fool, Captain Dalroy. Do you honestly tell me you don't *know*?'

'Know what?'

'That the girl you brought from Berlin is Lady Irene Beresford, daughter of the Earl of Glastonbury.'

There was a moment of intense silence. In some ways it was immaterial to Dalroy what social position had been filled by the woman he loved. But in others the discovery that Irene was actually the aristocrat she looked was a very vital and serious thing. It made clear the meaning of certain references to distinguished people, both in Germany and in England, which had puzzled him at times. Transcending all else in importance, it might even safeguard her from German malevolence, since the Teuton pays an absurd homage to mere rank.

'I did not know,' he said, and his voice was not so thoroughly under control as he desired.

Von Halwig laughed loudly. '*Almachtig!*' he spluttered, 'our smart corporal of hussars seems to have spoiled a romance. What a pity! You'll be shot before midnight, my gallant captain, but the lady will be sent to Berlin with the utmost care. Even I, who have an educated taste in the female line, daren't wink at her. Has she never told you why she bolted in such a hurry?'

'No.'

'Never hinted that a royal prince was wild about her?'

'No.'

'Well, you have my word for it. *Himmel!* women are queer.'

'She has suffered much to escape from your royal prince.'

'She'll be returned to him now, slightly soiled, but nearly as good as new.'

'I wish my hands were not tied.'

'Oh, no heroics, please. We have no time for nonsense of that sort. Is the light irritating you? I'll put it here.'

Von Halwig stooped, and placed the torch on the broken ladder. Its radiance illumined an oval of the rough, square stones with which the barn was paved. Thenceforth the vivid glare remained stationary. The two men, facing each other at a distance of about six feet, were in shadow. They could see each other quite well, however, in the dim borrowed light, and the Guardsman flicked the ash from his cigarette.

'You're English, I'm German,' he said. 'We represent the positive and negative poles of thought. If it hurts your feelings that I should speak of Lady Irene, let's forget her. What I really want to ask you is this—why has England been so mad as to fight Germany?'

CHAPTER XIII.—THE WOODEN HORSE OF TROY.

THE question struck Dalroy as so bizarre—in the conditions so ludicrous—that, despite the cold fury evoked by Von Halwig's innuendos with regard to Irene, he nearly laughed.

'I am in no mood to discuss international politics,' he answered curtly.

The other, who seemed to have his temper well under control, merely nodded. Indeed, he was obviously, if unconsciously, modelling his behaviour on that of his prisoner.

'I only imagined that you might be interested in hearing what's going to happen to your damned country,' he said.

'I know already. She will emerge from this struggle greater, more renowned, more invincible than ever.'

'*Dummes zeug!* All rubbish! That's your House of Commons and music-hall patter, meant to tickle the ears of the British working-man. England is going to be wiped off the map. We're obliterating her now. You've been in Belgium a month, and must have seen things which your stupid John Bulls at home can't even comprehend, which they never will comprehend till too late.'

He paused, awaiting a reply perhaps. None came.

'It's rough luck that you, a soldier like myself, may not share in the game, even on the losing side,' went on Von Halwig. 'But you would be a particularly dangerous sort of spy if you contrived to reach England, especially with the information I'm now going to give you. You can't possibly escape, of course. You will be executed, not as a spy, but as a murderer. You left a rather heavy mark on us. Two soldiers in a hut near Visé, three officers and a private in the mill, five soldiers in the wood at Argenteau'—

'You flatter me,' put in Dalroy. 'I may have shot one fellow in the wood, a real spy, named Schwartz. But that is all. Your men killed one another there.'

'The credit was given to you,' was the dry retort. 'But—*es ist mir ganz einerlei*—what does it matter? You're an intelligent Englishman, and that is why I am taking the trouble to tell you exactly why Great Britain will soon be Little Britain. Understand, I'm supplying facts, not war bulletins. On land you're beaten already. Our armies are near Paris. German cavalry entered Chantilly to-day. Your men made a great stand, and fought a four days'

rearguard action which will figure in the textbooks for the next fifty years. But the French are broken, the English Expeditionary Force nearly destroyed. The French Government has deserted Paris for Bordeaux. And, excuse me if I laugh, Lord Kitchener has asked for a hundred thousand more men!'

'He will get five millions if he needs them.'

Von Halwig swept the retort aside with an impatient flourish.

'Too late! Too late! I'll prove it to you. Turkey is joining us. Bulgaria will come in when wanted. Greece won't lift a finger in the Balkans, and a great army of Turks led by Germans will march on Egypt. South Africa will rise in rebellion. Ireland is quiet for the time, but who knows what will happen when she sees England on her knees? Italy is sitting on the fence. The United States are snivelling, but German influence is too strong out there to permit of active interference. And, in any event, what can America do except look on, shivering at the prospect of her own turn coming next? Russia is making a stir in East Prussia and along the Austrian frontier, so poor Old England is chortling because the Slav is fighting her battles. It is to laugh. We'll pen the Bear long before he becomes dangerous. I am not boasting, my friend. Why should I, Captain von Halwig of the Imperial Guard, be messing about in a wretched Flemish village when our men are about to storm Paris in the west and tackle Russia in the east? I'll explain. I'm here because I know England so well. My job is to help in organising the invading force which will gather at Calais. Ah! that amuses you, does it? The British fleet is the obstacle, eh? Not it. Seriously now, do you regard us Germans as idiots? No; I'm sure you don't. You *know*. These fellows in Parliament *don't* know. I assure you, on my honour, our General Staff is confident that a German army will land on British soil—in Britain itself, I mean—before Christmas.'

The speaker interrupted this flood of dire prophecy in order to light a fresh cigarette. Then, clasping his hands behind his back and strutting with feet well apart, he said quite affably, 'Why don't you put a question or two? If you believe I'm reciting a fairy tale, say so, and point out the stupidities.'

Now Dalroy had not been 'amused' by the statement that the Germans might occupy Calais. He had already discounted even worse reverses as lying well within the bounds of possibility. He was certain, too, that the Prussian was saying that which he really believed. But his nerves of steel were undoubtedly tried almost beyond endurance at the instant Von Halwig noticed the involuntary movement which elicited that uninvited comment on the British fleet.

As the word 'Calais' quitted the Guardsman's lips, a rope, with a noose at the end, dropped

with swift stealth through the open trap-door. Its descent was checked when the noose dangled slightly higher than his head, and whoever was manipulating it began at once to swing it slowly forward and backward. Von Halwig stood some six or seven feet nearer the wall than the point

which the rope would have touched if lowered to the floor, so the objective aimed at by that pendulum action was not difficult to grasp, being nothing else than his speedy and noiseless extinction by hanging.

(Continued on page 285.)

NEWS BY TELEGRAM.

By W. V. ROBERTS.

AS one result of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's proposal to raise the charge for press telegrams, many people probably learned for the first time of the existence of special rates for newspaper messages. The disclosure was like a peep behind the scenes, explaining in some degree why so many things 'get into the papers.' For it is beyond question that much that occurs in remote parts of the United Kingdom would never be heard of by the country at large but for the cheap newspaper telegram and the enterprise of the local reporter. The cheap telegram rate is, however, the outcome of something like a rule of three: there is news which need not be sent till the evening; the telegraph wires are not used so much in the evening as during the hours of business; therefore press messages may be transmitted in the evening at a reduced rate. Full use is thus made of the wires at a slack time, and the public thirst for news is gratified.

Now the basis of the press message has been that between six P.M. and nine A.M., when most of the work is done, a hundred words may be sent for a shilling; but they must be words absolutely for publication, everything private in them being charged at the rate of a halfpenny a word. The method of the local reporter or correspondent who works on speculation is therefore something like this: an event of special interest occurs in his district, and he thinks it worth while to telegraph a message of two or three hundred words or more to one or more of the London papers, knowing that if it is accepted and published he will be paid the usual rate per line for his trouble, and the cost of the telegram in addition. Better still, if the message is sent in identical terms to more than one paper the Telegraph Department regards it as a 'duplicate' message, and for each message beyond the first charges only twopence per hundred words, so reducing very greatly the average cost of the whole telegram if sent to a number of papers.

On that basis much exceedingly useful and interesting work has been done, work which readers have had good reason to appreciate. At the same time, men with a keen scent for news have added substantially to local income, and sometimes built up quite a profitable connection. Some centres, from the very nature of their position, offer splendid opportunities for the

news-gatherer; while the presence or absence of a notability may make a difference of pounds per month to reporter or correspondent. When Mr Gladstone was in residence at Hawarden, for example, he was always 'bobbing up' at this ceremony or that, or making speeches unexpectedly, with the result that he became as a gold-mine to some of the local newspaper men, who knew full well that all his sayings and doings had a market value in the morning journals of the country. Again, a big railway accident, or mining disaster, or other event of great national concern has given many a local reporter an instant opportunity of earning money and opened channels for later work of a lucrative kind, because of the ability, resource, or enterprise displayed in the moment of emergency.

Of course, all the work is not mere speculation. Most of the leading newspapers have their own recognised or stated correspondents in the principal districts which they serve. But, even so, payment is often by results, and the results are determined by the messages sent over the wire and accepted after six o'clock. But there is this difference. A trusted local correspondent who is expected frequently to send news is generally furnished by the employing newspaper with 'passes.' These passes are obtained from the Telegraph Department of the Post-Office, and all a correspondent has to do in despatching a message is to fill up a 'pass' and hand it with his 'copy' to the telegraph clerk, no payment from him being then required. The department deals with all the passes from day to day, and sends a periodical account to the newspaper concerned.

But then there is another point. Many of the telegraph offices in the country close at eight o'clock, and often at a political or other meeting the speech to be reported is not made till after that hour. In that event the reporter or correspondent must give due notice that he wishes the office to be kept open, with a telegraphist in attendance, for a certain time, and for that privilege he pays an extra fee, usually beginning at a shilling and depending on the time of prolonged opening and work done. During the war this rule has been felt more severely, because many offices that formerly kept open till late have by official order closed early, and journalistic work at night has correspondingly been hampered.

But it has not been a matter for newspaper men alone. Supposing a prominent M.P. has gone down to address his constituents or a recruiting meeting. He has desired to see a report in the paper next morning, but a closed telegraph office has been against him; for in the absence of express instructions free-lance reporters have been less inclined than formerly to take double risk—cost of telegram and cost of keeping office open—and thus news to that extent has been curtailed.

That leads to a word on changes that have occurred in the reporting of speeches. Before telegraphy was invented the London papers, if they wanted a report of a speech in the country by some prominent personage, had to send a special corps of reporters to 'take' him. Charles Dickens, as everybody knows, was a member of the reporting corps of the *Morning Chronicle*, and it was to experience so gained that some of his best work in the *Pickwick Papers* was due. But it might be that, owing to the distance to be covered, the speech could not be printed till the second or third morning after delivery.

But the coming of the telegraphs and the establishment of influential papers in all the chief centres of the United Kingdom made an opening for the News Agency. So far as speeches were concerned, that organisation was founded largely on the principle that if it sent one corps to report a speech and took advantage of the cheap duplicate system of telegrams, a great many papers might be supplied with full reports at far less cost to each editor than was involved in the sending of individual corps from many offices. The system flourished, and thirty or forty years ago, when the demand for speeches was greater than it is to-day, the morning papers were often full of speeches delivered overnight in various parts of the country. Ministers, therefore, profited much by the system. Mr Gladstone certainly did, for it is beyond doubt that his utterances in the famous Midlothian campaign would never have been reported as they were but for the cheap telegram possible through the agency. In its turn, the Telegraph Department had always to be sending to out-of-the-way places to fit up wires and connect them with the trunk telegraph lines, with operators to work them; for Ministers often have a habit of addressing meetings in obscure villages, knowing that the 'wire' will certainly ensure them a national audience next day. Sometimes there are failures. A very conspicuous one occurred during the premiership of the late Lord Salisbury. That statesman was announced

to make an important speech in a seaside resort on the south-east coast. The speech was largely ordered by the papers, and operators were despatched to fix the wires. A strong reporting corps also duly appeared; but somehow something went wrong with the wires. The speech did not get through. News editors were clamouring for it, and leader-writers were waiting for it. But all was vain. Next day there could only be inquiry as to the cause of the failure, excuse of a kind, and promise that it should not occur again. Lord Salisbury was probably as disappointed as any one, for his speech was hardly reported at all.

More recently there has grown up the system of the special wire, by which on terms the Telegraph Department allows a newspaper the exclusive use of one, two, three, or more wires between London and its publishing office in the country during certain hours of the night. London is the meeting-place of Parliament, the headquarters of the Empire's official life, and the great news-centre of the world. Consequently many provincial papers find it convenient to do much of their work there, using the special wire for transmission. In some cases the leading articles are written in London and telegraphed. But in any event a working corps in London can secure special reports of the speeches of local members and celebrities, and gather news of great local interest that would hardly be valued by London men—such as a deputation to Ministers, a special conference, a notable wedding, successes at the Academy or the cattle show, reports of which are always as salt to the local papers.

To some extent the telephone has already begun to tap the field, and telephones have been set up in London and country offices for the reception and transmission of news. The system will doubtless develop, and to some extent the telephone may supersede the telegraph. But at present the night telegraph newspaper service is a very formidable organisation, vast and complex in working. It may have begun with the simple principle of a hundred words for a shilling, but it means far more than that now. That is why the opposition to the proposed raising of rates was so powerful that it secured a great modification of the terms contemplated. As mutually agreed, the terms will be a shilling for a telegram of eighty words and threepence for each duplicate thereof, these enhanced rates not to take effect, however, till after 31st December 1916. It is a mere drop in the national expenditure, and probably will not seriously affect the great future of news by telegram.



THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A METAL VACUUM BOTTLE.

SINCE Professor Dewar invented a vacuum flask, consisting of two glass vessels, one placed within the other, the annular space between them being exhausted of air, little progress has been recorded in this particular field of research. The inner vessel was designed to contain liquid air, the surrounding vacuum insulating the contents from outer heat, so that the highly volatile liquid within was preserved from evaporation. But this bottle was regarded merely as an interesting laboratory achievement. It was far too fragile to possess any commercial value. However, a German worker, by exploiting Dewar's idea, produced a thermal flask suited to domestic requirements which has had an extensive vogue and has proved a commercial success. But even this container suffers from the disability which characterises the Dewar bottle. Glass has to be employed, although a certain measure of protection is afforded by enclosing the whole in a light metallic case. A further improvement has now to be recorded, which, if it stands the test of time, is certain to prove of far-reaching significance, for it will provide a vacuum flask which is practically unbreakable. For many years past an American investigator has devoted his energies to the supersession of the glass by metal. Such experiments are not without precedent, and the American has not prosecuted his researches in solitary state, but he has apparently achieved the greatest measure of success. At first sight there does not appear to be any reason why metal should not be used instead of glass; but as a matter of fact the substitution presents a difficult problem. The new bottle follows the conventional design. The inner bottle is made of steel, and its internal surface, with which the contents come into contact, is lined with white porcelain enamel, so that all hygienic requirements are fulfilled. The outer shell is also made of steel, and is sufficiently heavy to withstand rough usage. The inner vessel is supported at the bottom in a special manner, and here is fixed a tube for exhausting the air. The joints are welded throughout with the electric arc, so that they do not constitute an element of weakness. Consequently, in its complete form, the bottle is exceedingly strong. It has been subjected to exacting tests, from which it has emerged successfully, and its manufacture being commercially feasible, there is every indication that it will appear upon the market in the near future.

A 'FUMED' STAIN FOR OAK.

At the moment fumed oak is enjoying a wide vogue; but changing the bright colour of the virgin wood is a somewhat costly process. The

general method is to immerse the article in a chamber or box, according to the dimensions of the piece of woodwork to be treated, and to expose it to the fumes of ammonia. The extent of change in the natural colour, perhaps to rich brown, or even to black, depends upon the duration of the exposure of the wood to the fumes. Now it is possible to obtain the fumed oak appearance in much less time and at less expense by means of a special stain which has been placed upon the market. The stain is permanent, reliable, and transparent, while the result is exactly similar to that obtained with ammonia fumes. The stain penetrates well into the wood, but does not raise the grain. It dries quickly, forming a hard and smooth surface, which is capable of taking a polish or of being varnished. The stain is made in a wide variety of shades; moreover, it can be applied to walnut with equally satisfactory results.

ECONOMY IN FOOD AND SLEEP.

Not only those anxious to respond to the demand for national thrift, but those in search of health also, will be interested in the account of his mode of life recently given by Mr William Aird to a select audience in London. He invariably slept in the open air, he told his hearers, wrapped up in a rug, in such localities as the Downs, the New Forest, and the Forest of Dean. Under conditions like these he found twelve hours' sleep in the course of a week to be quite sufficient for the maintenance of bodily health and strength. Wheat he does not need, for his diet consists of uncooked vegetables and ripe fruits. He exhibited to the audience a specimen 'dinner,' consisting of a dainty salad of small portions of carrot, cabbage, onion, parsnip, leek, watercress, beetroot, celery, and horseradish. By such a rule of life, declared Mr Aird, even those pronounced incurable by medical men might attain to perfect health and strength once more; and in proof of his assertion not only was his own experience adduced, but there were also present at the meeting several one-time 'incurables' who were now well and strong.

COBALT 'A CURIOSITY METAL.'

For many years the metal cobalt was regarded as a curiosity by scientists and as a 'nuisance' by those engaged in exploiting the mineral resources of the country around the town of Cobalt in northern Ontario. The only utilisation of this mineral was in the preparation of the pigment known as cobalt blue. But times have changed. From a curiosity, cobalt has passed into one of the most valuable alloys for increasing the strength and toughness of steel, cobalt steel, in fact, being now recognised as one of the greatest rivals to vanadium steel. Cobalt steel,

which is a British production, has been subjected to several searching tests, and in the making of tool steel for turning, planing, slotting, drilling, and milling iron and steel has proved exceedingly successful. In one test with a half-inch twist drill the cobalt steel tool drove fifteen thousand two hundred holes through a half-inch malleable casting before needing to be ground, the drill running at eight hundred and twenty revolutions per minute. In the preparation of the cobalt for combination with the steel, what is known as the aluminothermic process is practised. Although this is not the cheapest process for reducing commercial cobalt oxide, it has the advantage of giving an absolutely carbon-free metal. The oxide is combined with powdered aluminium, the mixture then being placed in a furnace of conical shape. The chemical action is started by lighting a fuse, and upon the furnace being fired the contents are raised to a white heat. The aluminium reduces the cobalt oxide, one pound of the former metal reducing and melting two pounds of metallic cobalt.

THE PAPER-PULP PROBLEM.

The recent decision of the Swedish Government to prohibit the exportation of chemical wood-pulp, together with the declared intention of the British authorities to restrict the importation of paper and paper-making materials, has produced a situation of far-reaching and incalculable effect. In all civilised countries the consumption of wood-pulp has reached enormous proportions, as its use enables newspapers, magazines, and books to be placed upon the market at a price which would otherwise be absolutely impossible. The Swedish decision affects not only these islands, but other countries as well, not excluding the United States. The forests of the great republic have been depleted of their available supplies of fir, spruce, and pine, the trees best adapted for the making of pulp, with the result that the United States, like Britain, has to depend upon foreign supplies. But Sweden's prohibition is the Empire's opportunity; and if the resources within our own boundaries be exploited upon a commercial and scientific basis, there will in the future be no need for us to go outside the Empire to make our purchases of this commodity. From the St Lawrence River and the Great Lakes stretches a vast forest, reaching well into the Arctic circle, in which the essential woods are found in abundance. Newfoundland is also rich in pulp-wood, and here, it may be mentioned, some of the largest installations of pulp-making plant in the world are in operation. Canada has virtually become the indispensable provider of wood-pulp to her wealthy neighbour. The Canadian climate is peculiarly adapted to the rapid growth of these soft coniferous trees, and by the carrying out of an organised scientific system of afforestation

coincident with deforestation an everlasting yield will be assured. In the States strenuous efforts have been made to discover substitutes for wood-fibre in the manufacture of pulp. Cotton-stalks were considered to be an excellent medium for this purpose; and if the pulp could be made from this material at a low price, not only would the country be rendered independent of Canada, but an enormous quantity of material that is now wasted would be turned to economic account. But the experiments proved that cotton-stalks could only be used for this purpose in a profitable manner when wood-pulp rose to a prohibitive figure, and so the project was abandoned. In the British Empire, however, substitutes for wood are available in vast quantities—such substances, for example, as the waste grasses to be found in northern India and Uganda, which at present hinder settlement, and are considered by agriculturists to be an unmitigated nuisance. The situation in Uganda is particularly favourable for the development of the paper-making industry, because, in addition to a superabundance of the elephant-grass, the necessary chemicals and fuel are also on the spot, and are obtainable at a low figure. In this respect our East African colony has an advantage over Sweden, which has to import both chemicals and fuel to carry on the pulp industry. Against these advantages, however, is to be set the remote situation of Uganda in relation to the world's richest markets; but this obstacle is not insuperable under ordinary circumstances, and the resources of the Empire, if properly tapped, would render us self-supporting in what is recognised to-day as an indispensable commodity.

AN ELECTRIC TORCH FOR OFFICERS.

In few trades are efforts to capture the German markets by British-made goods so active as in the supply of what may be termed electrical novelties. Formerly the greater proportion of electric torches, refills, and such like were manufactured by the enemy; but now a complete transformation has been wrought. The new industry has received a decided impetus from the stringent lighting regulations which have been brought into operation by the military authorities in the interests of national safety. Moreover, the war itself has encouraged ingenuity in this direction, because a large demand, particularly for special kinds of torches adapted to particular duties, has arisen. For instance, one firm has placed upon the market a torch of the cylindrical type, fitted with a small hood, which is pre-eminently suited for the battlefield. By means of it, maps, documents, and other communications may be studied at night with complete facility, because the light is thrown in one direction only—downwards—owing to the reflector and the bulb being set at an angle of about sixty degrees to the longitudinal axis of the torch. It is adapted to hard wear, and, being made of a non-rusting material, there

is little risk of its suffering damage from the wet. The charge is sufficient to supply light for fifteen hours continuously, and the torch will operate for twelve months without failing. One advantage of the British torches as compared with those of German manufacture is the superiority of the battery, which will keep its condition for several months, so that less risk is incurred in stocking supplies.

A NOVEL SAFETY-HOOK LINK.

A safety-hook link capable of universal application has been placed upon the market. Its outstanding features are reliability under all conditions, simplicity of operation, and the securing of immunity from accident. Both fastening and release are effected instantaneously. In general shape it resembles somewhat the familiar padlock, and the bolt is manipulated by a direct movement. The action of closing and opening is so simple as to be possible of accomplishment by a blind person or a child. Owing to the single movement, and to the sliding part being of strong construction, derangement is virtually impossible; while the link cannot become accidentally unfastened or released through carelessness. As a consequence of its novel design, the greater the pull exerted upon the link the more secure the fastening. Yet, even when the chain to which it is attached is pulled taut, the hook may be slipped. It is applicable to any condition where security combined with the possibility of instant release is desired—from the leash of a dog or the harness of a horse to the lashings of lifeboats and the couplings of vehicles.

SOLVING THE RAILWAY STATION LUGGAGE PROBLEM.

The growing scarcity of labour, which is affecting all industries indiscriminately, is drawing greater attention in these islands to time and labour saving devices. Hitherto the comparative cheapness and abundance of labour have been responsible for adherence to antiquated methods. Possibly this has been most pronounced in the handling of travellers' baggage at our railway stations, although during recent years the length of platforms has undergone considerable extension. In order to meet the unprecedented situation which has now developed, experiments are being made with power-propelled trucks, such as have been for years in operation at the busiest and largest railway termini in the United States. The trucks are of the four-wheeled type, shod with thick rubber tires to deaden the noise, and are propelled by electric motors, the batteries for the supply of the necessary current being stowed beneath the loading-deck. The trucks may be driven from either end, so that turning round is avoided; while four-wheel steering is adopted. Those in use at American stations have a carrying capacity of approximately two tons; but, to protect the motors against inadvertent overload-

ing, they are of sufficient power to handle weights of three tons. The travelling speeds range up to about six miles an hour, experience having proved this to be an adequate maximum. They are excellent for 'rush' business, which, under the conditions prevailing in this country, invariably results in chaos, owing to the employment of untrained men to meet the stress of the emergency. The truck being strongly built, and the motor being of simple design and construction, breakdowns through careless handling or lack of knowledge are practically impossible. Not only have these electrically propelled platform trolleys proved great time-savers, but they have been found decidedly economical in operation, the capital outlay being regained within a few months.

SUNLIGHT COLOUR-VALUES BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The increasing popularity of the half-watt electric incandescent lamp (more familiarly known as the nitrogen lamp), owing to its intense brilliancy and close resemblance to sunlight, has been responsible for a recent development which enhances the value of this form of lighting. This is the perfection of glassware for globes which give sunlight colour-values. Hence it is now possible to carry out the matching of colours by artificial light with an accuracy never before obtainable. As is well known, colour-matching with the help of artificial light is usually most difficult and elusive. But with this particular lamp the trouble vanishes. Its light, however, is not adapted to the illumination of a place reached by lights from outside, such as the interior of a shop or a warehouse, but is applicable to a room where little or no other light penetrates, so that there is nothing to interfere with the matching of the colours. Some of the globes are so tinted as to give what is described as 'noon sunlight value,' which, as the term implies, is an illumination comparable with sunlight at midday. This type of lamp-globe is recommended for the lighting of paint-shops, art galleries, colour-printing works, and so forth. Another group gives 'afternoon sunlight value,' and differs from the former in that the illumination is somewhat more yellow, thus corresponding with the yellow-tinted afternoon sunlight. This type of globe is applicable for the general illumination of shops, offices, and so forth, where a sunlight effect is desired. It may be mentioned that this glassware, which is specially prepared to meet the varying conditions, cannot be used with the ordinary metallic filament lamp, but only with its nitrogen analogue.

AN ENEMY OF THE MOSQUITO.

The conquest of the mosquito in tropical climes constitutes the essential preliminary to the settlement and development of a new district—that is, if the claims of health are to be respected.

But the elimination of the malaria-disseminating insect is apt to prove expensive, especially if the country is at all marshy. Spraying the pools and the lagoons with oil has proved efficacious, but draining is generally held to be the only reliable solution of the problem. Recently, however, an investigator who has been studying the problem, and who has carried out a number of experiments, has drawn attention to the fact that Nature herself offers the most effective remedy in the shape of the wild duck. In order to test his theory, he resided for some time in a mosquito-infected district where the marsh-land was extremely favourable to the propagation of the pests. Two ponds of equal dimensions were formed. Fish were placed in one, while ducks were encouraged to make their home upon the other. Within a short time this observer found that the pool frequented by the ducks was completely cleared of larvæ and pupæ, but that the pond inhabited by the fish was thickly infested by them. Continuing his observations, he ascertained that wherever wild ducks abound mosquitoes are scarcely to be seen, and that these birds thrive well upon the insects, preferring them, indeed, to any other food. As a result of these observations, he advocates that ducks should be introduced into areas which are now untenable owing to mosquitoes, as he believes that the birds will cope with the disease-spreading insects far more effectively than any other precautionary measures will do. If this is done, draining may be postponed until a more convenient season.

AN EXPANDING BORING CUTTER.

A tool which cannot fail to appeal to engineering shops is the new adjustable cutter of the double-ended type for finishing bored holes. The cutter consists of two high-speed tool-steel ends, with a centre connection of a special soft metal alloy. This centre-piece is partly banded by an iron or brass clip of U-shape. When the cutter, as a result of use, shows signs of wear, it can be extended to its original dimensions by hammering the alloy centre, the result of which is to compress the alloy, thus forcing the ends outwards. These can be brought dead to the gauge by the hammering process, and the U-band round the centre facilitates the true setting of the cutter to the original dimensions. It will be observed that this can be done by the man himself at his machine, so that visits to the tool-shop are rendered unnecessary, thereby materially saving time. When the alloy centre has been compressed to its maximum, it can be given a new lease of life by the insertion of a fresh centre. The outstanding advantage of this cutter, apart from the saving of time, is that the nature of the cutter is not affected, as is the case with the conventional tool, as a result of its visits to the tool-shop. Consequently this adjustable expansible tool ensures a saving

in tool-steel. The tool has been subjected to searching and prolonged tests, and it has proved to be as stiff under the heaviest work as the solid steel cutter. In one particular test a cutter of this type finished two hundred three-by-ten-inch holes in steel castings, every one of which was dead true to gauge.

A WONDERFUL MINE.

Situated in the beautiful Kaap Valley, in the Jamestown district of Barberton, Transvaal, there is a mine known by the name of Verdite. The name was given to it on account of the peculiar greenstone found in the mine, which is unknown in any other part of the globe. Articles of jewellery and ornaments are made of verdite, and it has been called the lucky greenstone of South Africa. This greenstone is a silicate of magnesia, or talc, coloured green by nature in the course of its formation. Other silicates of magnesia may be mentioned here: peridote, serpentine, meerschaum, and steatite. The mine, or, rather, hill, consists of three varieties of talc: green, white, and black. But a peculiar fact is that in the black talc there is present pure gold. Some of the finest specimens of gold-bearing rock have been found at this mine. Every one knows that gold is found in quartz, pyrites, or even in sea-water, but scarcely ever has it been mentioned in books that gold exists in talc. When the verdite rock has gone through the ordinary process of crushing and the gold has been extracted, the waste (or what is called the slimes from a gold-mine) is used in the manufacture of soap, grease, paint, paper, toilet-powders, gas-jets, electric insulators, crayons, and many other articles of everyday use. In fact, one might say that everything got from this mine can be used for some commercial purpose.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

SPRING LURE.

FAR off and faint I hear the pipes of Pan
Across the wooded hills,
Down in the valley where the daffodils,
Nodding their golden heads beside the stream,
All in the moonlight dream.

O, listen, listen to the pipes of Pan!
And now the young lambs cry,
For they have heard the music wander by
Their fold, and long to follow, far away
In fairer meads to play.

My heart is answering the lure of Pan!
O wooded hills! O vale!
I follow, follow till the stars shall pale;
Knowing he will elude me as of old,
Slip through the doors of gold
That men call morning, yet I follow still
The wild sweet piping o'er the moonlit hill.

MARY TREVORIAN.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

GOLD IN WAITING.

By R. S. WARREN BELL, Author of *Back from Parnassus*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

YOU know Sparcliff. You have spent halcyon days on its sands; you have picnicked under its sheer cliffs; you have promenaded beneath the myriad fairy lamps of its bandstand; you have walked in its public gardens and watched the cricket and tennis players in its spacious park; you have travelled easily and swiftly on its trams, and shopped in its wide thoroughfares. There is hardly anything wanting to contribute to your happiness and comfort at Sparcliff. But, through all the years you have known this princess of coast resorts, it is hardly likely—for why, indeed, should you have done so?—that you have ever given a thought to the fact that at some not very remote date this Sparcliff was but a village, ignored by the map, insignificant and out-of-the-way. Let me, then, tell you the tale of how the gold in waiting under its sea-sprayed grass came to be found; and how, in the course of its finding, other gold, little suspected, was passed through the crucible in which men's hearts are assayed.

In the year of Waterloo there died at the village of Sparcliff an old man named Fancit. His father had kept a shop; but Fancit, by canny dealings, and by seizing upon those opportunities that present themselves to a man who is active and open-eyed, and a good deal about the countryside, had made money, and lived, so to speak, a gentleman's life. What had been his father's shop was his private house, underlying which was a certain gruesome oddity that rendered the tenement a fit scene for strange doings. For the house would appear to have been built upon a portion of the churchyard. Its own yard was brought to a stop by the churchyard wall; the garden, likewise rearwards bounded by this wall, stretching to right and left. Fancit's father, thinking to make a cellar for the storage of his goods, came in his delving to a number of skeletons. The rector of that day, called in, said that undoubtedly the site was once part of the burying-ground, and explained how a house had risen there by the surmise that in the olden days the Miracle Players—the first Thespians—were wont to erect their booth in the churchyard; that in time the habit grew of leaving the booth there; that this light building became more substantial with the passing of years, and

with the passing of the Miracle Players was consolidated into a house; and thus, it would appear, the Fancits had become possessed of a freehold that rightly belonged to the dead. As for that Fancit who burrowed for a cellar, he covered the sketetons over with all reverence, and rested content with a basement of rather more shallow dimensions than he had intended it should have.

From the old shop-front, converted into a parlour window, John Fancit gazed upon the humdrum goings and comings of the villagers. He watched the men enter and leave the shambling, black-timbered emporium of Perriker the barber, who, being a blood-letter as well, as the colour of his pole implied, had a dignity of presence and a sense of his responsibilities that gave him a status which the modern hairdresser can never enjoy. And he watched the arrivals at and the departures from the village smithy, carried on by one Burden, a worthy fellow, who played the bass viol in church of a Sunday. And he watched the people going to little Maggs, the baker, for their loaves.

Perriker, Burden, Maggs. If you have spent any time at all at Sparcliff those names will be familiar to you. Yes, you recollect now that the park has the quaint title of 'Perriker's Land'; that the present mayor, knighted on the occasion of the opening by royalty of the Seamen's Hospital, is Sir Josiah Burden; and that Maggses abound in the borough. Was it because Maggs, maker of fine yeasty loaves, had a round dozen of children that you can't order a ton of coal, buy a pound of sugar, send a muslin gown to be laundered, or summon a plumber to patch a leaky water-pipe nowadays but you are served by a Maggs? Doubtless a trickle of the little old baker's blood is in the lot of them; but, though he died a man of substance, he had to leave his money among so many that all of his descendants could not expect to become so rich as Alderman Maggs, who owns half the High Street.

Yet these are not the greatest men of Sparcliff, for hidden within the high trees at the back of the town, and standing on ground which the wolf-builder shall never rend into plots, is Coatmayes Hall, the residence of the Lord Fancit,

who keeps grand company indeed, and by reason of his father's marriage with the Lady Lavinia Sweyn-Little, third daughter of the Marquis of Wayford, is connected with some of the proudest houses in Britain.

John Fancit, as I say, having made his money, had little to do but watch the humdrum life of the village street from his window, and await the drunken home-comings of his one son, the ne'er-do-well Ebenezer. Many men would have turned the scamp out of doors long since, especially men of Fancit's dry, hard nature; but his love for his erring child was the one soft spot in Fancit's stiff-lipped, cantankerous composition. And the boy—though he was hardly a boy now, having turned thirty—had his points. He made a fine figure of a horseman, and when out a-hunting took the stiffest fence with as little concern as he cracked a bottle, toasted a lass, or broke the head of any loon so unwise as to be impertinent to him when he was in his cups.

Fancit had married late, and then a lady who, too, was not in her first youth, and who for a number of years had been governess to the daughters of Doctor Jackaman, the rector. People said that Mrs Fancit, for all her humble position, was of the real gentlefolk stock; and perhaps this explained why the one son of the brief union—for the poor lady did not long enjoy her release from schoolroom thrall—displayed occasional flashes of refinement that stamped him as one above and apart from the majority of his boon companions. Yet that was not very strange, for he was a rough fellow at best, consorting with any that would drink and gamble with him, and only really sobering down and becoming a fairly normal member of society when he went paying court to Alice Clinkscales, a fine body of a girl, tawny-haired, and with a rare hot temper, daughter of Farmer Clinkscales, between whom and John Fancit, owing to a bitter, long-standing disagreement over a boundary fence, no word ever passed.

It was said to have been more than likely that Alice would have married Ebenezer long before this, and tamed him of much of his wildness, had not this bar existed. And some declared even that had John Fancit consented to the match, the farmer would have buried the hatchet amid the nuptial rejoicings. But Fancit was firm on this point. He would have none of Clinkscales or his wench; and the wench, out of pride, meeting him, had more than once told him

that his son was nothing to her, and that even though she loved that son as a mother her babe, she would never stoop to be daughter-in-law to such a dry-skinned curmudgeon as Daddy Fancit.

A queer set-out it all was. Rough times, too, they were, and rough people filling them.

At length John Fancit died, and no one was surprised that he left a crotchety, twisted sort of will, the gist of which came as a shock to Ebenezer, who, it appeared, was to have the house in which the old man had lived, and the furniture, and his father's various bits of property—houses, grazing-land, and so on—whose rentals would yield him an income sufficient to live on. But what Ebenezer had looked to having, the goodly sum (for those days) of four thousand pounds hard cash in the County Bank, that was not to pass to him until, to quote the odd last testament of Fancit, 'he hath kept from the drink for one calendar year;' and should he not have complied with this condition within three years of coming into his inheritance, the moneys at the bank, with interest accrued, were to be applied to the building of almshouses for the shelter of the aged poor.

Such was the salutary back-hander dealt to his scapegrace son by John Fancit. And who were the good men and true appointed to be judges of Ebenezer's sobriety, and who received fifty pounds apiece by way of reconciling them to this hardly inviting task? Why, none other than those solid and law-abiding men, Josiah Perriker, Richard Burden, and Timothy Magga. Sober men they were, and family men; friends, in a quiet way, they had been of Fancit's. So he chose them in preference to parson or doctor or lawyer. These three small men, old John had argued with himself, lived in the village street, and so Ebenezer would be beneath their very eyes. So they became judges of Ebenezer Fancit, his life; with fifty pounds apiece to joy them to the work.

And one more clause from the crotchety, twisted will must be recorded. More than one antipathy came to light in its crabbed pages; but seldom has a will, even of a man like Fancit, contained so malevolent a passage as this:

'To my son Ebenezer aforesaid I leave my ash stick with the silver head; for if he do marry that red-haired jade Alice Clinkscales, and if she do give him the tongue she hath given me, he will find my ash stick pliant and supple in the correction of her.'

(Continued on page 298.)

'COME AND HAVE A MUTTON-BIRD.'

THE SHORT-TAILED PETREL (*NEONECTRIS BREVICAUDUS*).

THERE is scarcely an inn of consequence in the length and breadth of New Zealand where one may not proffer the above douce invitation to a chum, with quick certainty of realisation;

no store of any pretension of catering to public taste where the delicacy may not be procured. We whites have not only been content, gastronomically, to follow where the Maori led, but

have proved indeed the aptest of pupils. We discovered a delicacy of exceeding daintiness, the product of an industry already organised and in full swing. It remained only to amplify and extend the operations of this industry to cope with the greater demand of the new-comers, till to-day it is safe to say that the vogue of the mutton-bird has caught on among all classes of society. The trade is growing. The number of mutton-bird lovers increases daily, and in the near future the industry bids fair to extend to far wider markets. If, in this paper, I can convey to my readers some clear idea of the working of this strange trade, and at the same time bring into the description a touch of that romance which still clings around the wild places of the earth, I shall be well content.

Out of the silences of the great Southern Ocean the birds come driving in, and no man knows exactly whence they come. It is as much a mystery as the going of the lemmings. As the nesting season approaches the myriad armies of the mutton-birds flock shoreward to seek temporary foothold on the thousand islands that dot the coast-line. It is then you may see the huge flights, winging low to the water, draw dark parallels on the seascape.

The birds, massed and disciplined into a serried whole, fly in separate bands, resembling continuous living streams that pass between sea and sky. Each army shows a front of perhaps a quarter of a mile, while its huge length stretches away and away into interminable distance. It is a wonderful sight to see one of these armies on the wing. If you care to realise the marvel, take your stand on a headland that juts into the line of flight, and watch. The sea beneath is hidden from sight. Far below one looks down upon an undulating, close-packed floor of black bird-backs streaming past. Myriad scintillations of white-tipped wings flash upward from the dark carpet like points of light. So serried are the ranks, so closely packed are the birds, that it would be impossible to drop a stone from above without bringing destruction to many of the flyers.

These bird-passages are frequently a matter of days. From dawn till dark, and on till dawn again, the army goes streaming by unceasingly. By night the noise of countless beating wings tells that it is still on the move, till at last the whirring lessens in volume; one hears the cries of the rearguard beating up the stragglers, and, as silence falls again, realises that, at last, the mighty host has passed upon its way.

As each island is reached in the line of flight contingents break away from the main body and proceed at once to the business of nest-making. No confusion accompanies the dropping out of these detachments. The manoeuvre follows a given signal. The route plan has evidently been carefully prearranged, and there is no halting of the main army. Squad after squad wheels from

the ranks at the order of the leaders, circles for a minute, and settles, till every mother-bird in the numberless host has found a resting-place.

From time immemorial the mutton-bird has ranked not only as a food staple, but as a *bonne bouche* of particular delicacy in the native cuisine; and the old-time Maori looked to this annual migration for the reaping of his harvest. The birds were netted from canoes. Paddling under the low-flying clouds, the natives thrust long shallow nets about five feet in depth, and hung on poles, upward and through the living stream at right angles to the flight-line. The plan succeeded only too well. Thousands of birds were captured at each hoist, indeed; but the destruction of brooding mothers was immense. Probably as many birds were uselessly destroyed and lost as were taken by the fowlers. At best it proved itself a wasteful and cumbrous form of procedure; and, like the Chinaman who found that, after all, arson as a means of obtaining roast-pork was open to improvement, the Maori looked about him for a more convenient and less destructive method of supply. He found it in following the birds to the nesting-places, the annual taking of a fair percentage of young birds from the parental burrows being marked by no diminution in the immigrant myriads. The young birds, too, are tender-fleshed, and, being heavily cased in fat, lend themselves readily to the peculiar process of preservation.

There is found among many of the petrels a sort of reprehensible improvidence. Quite a number of the species are content to deposit their eggs in slight depressions in sand or shingle, and to leave the subsequent hatching out very much in the hands of chance. Not so the black shear-water, or mutton-bird. Very elaborate preparation is made for the safety of the young before nesting, and there is nothing casual about the care of the mother-bird for its offspring. Each bird-family possesses a burrow of its own, pierced by strong bill and claw in the soil that covers the steeper island slopes or hangs in the clefts of the cliffs. The burrows are so made that the interiors are always dry, and many of them attain to a depth of six or more feet. One egg is laid, and both the petrel and the young bird hatched out later find in the nesting-chamber at the inner end of the burrow perfect security from raiding falcons or other enemies.

The scene presented at nesting-time on some island slope is better left to the imagination than described. The soil over perhaps a hundred acres or more is honeycombed with thousands of burrow-mouths in orderly rows. Every available foot of ground is pierced and neatly tunnelled. Picture the most populous rabbit-warren you can think of, substitute birds in millions for the bunnies, multiply a thousandfold the number of burrows, and it is possible to form some just estimate of the scene.

One cannot leave the subject of the birds'

warrens and fail to make mention of the tuatara lizard and the queer friendship that has sprung up between it and the mutton-bird. There is something almost uncanny in the intimate relations of the two creatures. It is as if a fossil had stepped, living, from the secondary strata, and, finding all its old friends dead and gone, had chummed up, *faute de mieux*, with the first of living creatures to give it house-room. For, straight from the darkness of immemorial eld into the footlights glare of a modern world-stage, *Sphenodon punctatus* seems to have come at a stride. Extinct and forgotten elsewhere for untold ages, the tuatara refuses to vanish, and insists on still surviving in limited numbers on many of the coastal islands of New Zealand. Why, or by what freakish lapse of evolutionary process, who shall say? Due to have gone with its cronies the pterodactyls and its big cousin the ichthyosaurus, it is found at the present day living amicably in the burrows of the mutton-birds. Here, like another Rip Van Winkle, it is content to pass away its days in a long sleep. Whether, now and again, the derelict saurian wakes up to stay itself with an egg or two, or a young chick, is a moot point. But, if so, it is by no means disposed to accord the same license to strangers. It fiercely resents intrusion, and has been known to fight to the death in defence of its foster-brood. Though prone to avoid hostilities where possible, it is an enemy not to be despised. Its ridged and spiny back gives it a fearsome appearance; and its strong jaws, and teeth receding in true saurian fashion, are capable of serious execution. It attains to a length of from eighteen inches to two feet, from snout to tail. But this, after all, is a digression. Let us return to our mutton-birds.

Though, since the coming of the white settlers, the mutton-bird, as an article of diet, has been unhesitatingly adopted into the menu of the country, and the annual harvest now constitutes a staple industry, it is one that owes nothing to the initiative or invention of the Europeans. The pioneers of the modern industry found it already in full swing and flourishing, and were glad to follow in the footsteps of the inaugurators. It has been found impossible to improve upon the methods of capture and preservation pursued by the Maoris in past centuries.

The young birds are taken when three-parts fledged, just prior to the migratory flight, and spade and mattock are employed to open up the deeper burrows. It is an occupation not without its dangers. Foothold on the cliffs and steeper slopes is easily lost, and a false step may be followed by a fall of hundreds of feet into fathomless sea or by a crueller death on the rocks. It requires no small nerve to keep one's head in the beat and whirl of myriad wings, and the hoarse, angry clamour from a

million bird-throats. For the parent-birds resent the abduction fiercely, fighting hard with bill and claw in defence of their young, and by many a shrewd gash on hands and face the seasoned 'mutton-birder' can bear witness to the fierceness of the combat.

The curing-station for the season is generally to be found on one of the larger islands, and, from the very nature of the work, such buildings as are erected are mainly of a temporary character. The work, so far as possible, is conducted out of doors, and a visit to one of these stations when curing is going on is an experience not to be lightly missed. Huge piles of downy, unplucked fledglings lie around, and birds in thousands litter the ground in various stages of preparation. Decapitated bodies, cleaned, and awaiting the final process, are piled up in flesh-coloured mountains. A smell of warm, uncooked poultry pervades the air, and one walks silently on a carpet of strewn feathers to chat with the handsome Maori girls and matrons engaged.

Birds in millions! birds by the ton! and, all the time, the boats come in from the neighbouring islands, their gunwales awash, with fresh cargoes of new-killed youngsters. Here comes by a man bearing a load of huge kelp or bladder-weed fresh from the wave-washed rocks, and redolent of pungent sea-scents. We follow to where a man and woman are carefully distending and blowing out the hollow kelp into big seaweed bags for the reception of the prepared birds. Airtight, tough, and flexible, these kelp envelopes retain an antiseptic quality begotten of the ozone of the outer beaches that goes far in the preservation of the contents. The Maoris were quick to recognise this fact, and certainly it would be hard to invent a cleaner or more ideal receptacle. Best of all, nature supplies them gratis in unlimited quantity in the masses of kelp fringing the rocky shores.

Lightly boiled and packed tightly to the full capacity of the seaweed bags, the birds are preserved in their own fat, and, provided the casings remain unopened, can be relied on to keep fresh and in excellent condition for ever and a day. For inland transport to distant markets the kelp bags are enveloped in a basket-ware covering of split flax, and, further protected by an end-sheathing of stiff, hard leaves of the same plant, are carried by rail, wagon, or pack-horse without injury to the contents.

Kippered or smoked mutton-birds offer agreeable variation to diverse palates. These, packed in keg or box, are handled as easily as 'Finnan haddies' or 'good red herring.' The birds are cured in long, low sheds, where, split down the back, they are seasoned, and strung, many thousands together, on long wires to smoke over green wood fires.

There is a tang of the salt sea-spaces, a smack and flavour of the wild outlands, in the meat of the mutton-bird that appeals irresistibly to the

palate of the initiate. The taste must be acquired, however. The true savour of the luxury comes not at the first essay. The very richness of the tit-bit makes over-indulgence by the novice a matter of questionable advisability. Like wine of generous vintage, it is to be taken sparingly, until one is fully inured to the potency of the draught. It is a taste, though, that comes early, and, once acquired, seeks endless gratification, and grows on what it feeds on. An inch-

thick layer of fat envelops the pigeon-sized body, and it is in the crisp crackle of this succulent morsel to the teeth that the supremest delight is attained. Like green calipash to aldermanic palate, it possesses a distinctive flavour of rare delicacy; and, in the mind of the mutton-bird gourmet, Lucullus himself never sat to finer *plat* than that of a well-smoked bird garnished with rock-oysters from Southern coasts.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

A REALISTIC STORY OF THE INNER LIFE OF THE ROYAL NAVY.

By TAFFRAIL, Author of *The Bad Hat*, *The Decoy*, *An Eye for an Eye*, &c.

CHAPTER II.—THE DAILY ROUND.

I.

A CONSIDERABLE amount of art is necessary in laying out a kit for inspection; but when he had folded his clothes, and had placed the neat rolls and bundles, together with his cap-box, ditty-box, hairbrush, comb, toothbrush, type, and other small belongings, in the exact order prescribed by the clothing regulations, Martin was by no means dissatisfied with his attempt.

Now, Mr Midshipman Taut, R.N., was used to the wiles and deceptions of those men who would sooner do anything than purchase new clothes. He had known individuals who borrowed garments from their friends to make up for the deficiencies in their own kits when these were being inspected. Sometimes, to heighten the deception, they even went to the trouble of marking the loaned clothes with their own names. The regulations on the subject lay it down that blue articles shall be marked with white paint and white garments in black, each man being provided with a wooden type inscribed with his name for this purpose. But the gay deceivers had discovered that white chalk and ordinary boot-blackening were very efficient substitutes for the paint, for the temporary markings so caused could easily be brushed out before the garments were returned to their rightful owners after kit inspection. Moreover, unless the mustering officer was particularly inquisitive or suspicious, the chances were fully fifty-four to one that the deception would never be noticed.

But the midshipman, though he had left the college at Dartmouth less than a year before, was up to all these dodges. He kept the divisional clothing-book, wherein was recorded the contents of the bag of each seaman in the division, whether the clothes therein were in a state of thorough repair and cleanliness, and whether the condition of the man's hammock was 'V.G.', 'G.', 'Mod.', or merely 'Bad.' He regarded all men with a certain amount of suspicion unless he had positive truth that they

were guileless; while newly joined ordinary seamen, in particular, were brands to be snatched from the burning.

'Serge jumpers?' he asked, sucking his pencil.

'Two 'ere, sir,' said Martin, holding up a couple of neat bundles. 'An' one on.'

The officer took one, unrolled it, and lifted the square collar to look at the marking underneath. There was no deception, for the name W. Martin stared at him in large white letters. He gently rubbed it with a finger, but it did not brush off; and, holding the garment up by its sleeves, he examined it with a critical eye. There was nothing the matter with it.

'That's all right,' he remarked, handing it back, and making a note in the book. 'Let me see your serge trousers.'

One by one the articles comprising Martin's kit, even down to his 'pusser's dagger' or seaman's knife, the more intimate garments of underwear, towels, socks, toothbrush, blacking-brushes, were minutely examined. The midshipman even went to the length of producing a tape measure, wherewith he measured the distance between the three rows of tape on the collars, the depth of the V-shaped opening in the front of the jumpers, and the width of the trousers at the foot. But nothing was really wrong. One pair of socks were missing and another required darning, one flannel shirt was unwashed, a pair of white duck trousers were unmarked, and one pair of blue serge ditto were slightly wider in the leg than was permissible; but everything else was in good order and of the proper uniform pattern.

He seemed slightly surprised. 'H'm,' he observed, making further hieroglyphics in the clothing-book; 'not at all bad. Look out you keep it so.'

He went off to make his report to the lieutenant of the division, who presently arrived to make his own inspection. But he also was

tolerably satisfied, and Martin was told that he could restore his belongings to his bag, and report himself to Petty Officer Casey for work.

For many a long day Pincher was sorely puzzled by the different varieties of uniform he was called upon to wear. They were all designated by numbers, and the 'rig of the day' was always piped at breakfast-time, when the men were allowed the necessary extra minutes to change their clothes. On Sundays, for instance, the boatswain's mates, after a preliminary twitter on their pipes, would bellow, 'Dress o' the day, No. 1, an' 'ats!' This meant that the men were required to array themselves in their best blue serge suits, with gold good-conduct badges and badges of rating, and their white straw hats, for the Sunday inspection by the captain. These garments constituted the seamen's full dress, for the expensive blue cloth trousers, worn over the jumper and tied behind with black silk ribbons, had been obsolete for some time. They are retained, however, in the royal yachts; and here, also, as a distinctive mark, the men wear their badges in silver and white, instead of the customary gold and red.

Dress No. 2, Martin found, was a similar rig to No. 1, except that a cap was usually worn instead of the hat, and the badges were red instead of gold. No. 3, again, was the same as No. 2, except that the jumper was not buttoned at the wrists; while No. 4 (known as 'night clothing') was an old suit of No. 3, worn without the collar. No. 5 was of white duck, and was worn without the collar, and with a white-topped cap. The suit was washable, and hence was usually donned by men doing dirty work or in hot weather in the summer. White caps, or blue caps with white covers, both of which were kept pipeclayed for the sake of appearance, were worn at home from May to the end of September, or with white clothing at other times.

The *Belligerent*, like every other large vessel in the navy, carried a stock of ready-made garments of various sizes, besides underclothing, boots, shoes, stockings, socks, shirts, collars, rolls of serge and flannel, and sixty-and-one other articles necessary to the bodily comfort and personal adornment of the ship's company. There was hardly a thing in the clothing line which could not be obtained from the paymaster; and the 'slops,' as they were called, were issued about once a month, their value being deducted from the men's pay.

When Martin joined his first ship, toward the end of 1913, ready-made garments, supplied by the Government, were almost universally worn. Within the past fifteen years or so the blue-jackets have lost much of their original handiness with the needle and sewing-machine. It is hardly to be wondered at, for in the days of sailing-ships the men were sailors pure and simple. Now they are seamen-specialists, with an expert and highly technical knowledge of

gunnery, torpedo-work, electricity, wireless telegraphy, signals, or some other highly important subject. They are essentially busy men, with little time to spend on making their own clothes. Twenty years ago one afternoon of the week (Thursday) was always set aside as a half-holiday, or 'make and mend clothes afternoon.' Then it was no uncommon sight to see the sheltered corners of the upper deck and mess-deck crowded with men, some busy with sewing-machines, making clothes from the raw serge or duck as issued from the store; others furbishing up their wardrobes; and the rest either sleeping or looking on. The term 'jewing,' as sewing is still called, came in because the men with the machines manufactured their shipmates' clothes for a consideration, such things as 'reach-me-downs' being still undreamt of. By Pincher's day, however, the 'make and mend' day had been altered to Saturday, to allow the men to indulge at intervals in the week-end habit. Moreover, most of the clothes were issued ready-made, being afterwards altered to fit individuals by the ship's tailors, seamen with sewing-machines, who had a special aptitude for the work, and were entitled to charge stipulated sums for their labours. They were still known as 'jews,' and, like the 'snobs' (bootmakers) and the barbers, often had considerable sums standing to their credit in the savings bank.

On the afternoon of the day on which he had had his kit inspected Martin found himself detailed as a member of a working-party told off to draw stores from the dockyard. Eleven other men went with him; and, taking a small hand-cart, the little expedition set off at one-thirty p.m. in the charge of a petty officer. The rain had stopped, and it was a sunny winter day, with a touch of frost; and, as it gave him an opportunity of looking about him, Martin rather enjoyed the experience. Before joining the navy he had lived in the depths of the country, and had spent most of his days trundling the local baker's hand-cart. His experience of the sea and ships had been limited to a single visit to Skegness as a member of the village choir; and even during his training in the barracks he had seen practically nothing of men-of-war. Now for the first time in his life he came across battleships, cruisers, destroyers, torpedo-boats, and submarines at close quarters.

'Gosh!' he ejaculated, marvelling exceedingly.

'Ullo! Wot's up wi' you, Pincher?' asked another ordinary seaman, Hawkins by name. Martin had already been nicknamed, and 'Pincher,' he understood, was the sobriquet accorded to all men with his particular surname.

'I was only wonderin' to meself if'— he hesitated timidly.

'Wonderin' wot?' persisted his companion.

'Wonderin' if this was the 'ole navy. There seems plenty o' ships 'ere.'

'Lawks, 'ark at 'im!' exclaimed the other

youngster, going off into a shrill cackle of amusement. 'Jist 'ark at 'im, you blokes! Arskin' if the 'ole navy is 'ere. 'Strewth! there ain't a quarter nor a 'undredth of 'em in this 'ere bunch.'

Martin, rather ashamed of his ignorance, reddened and nodded. 'Wot's that there?' he asked, changing the subject, and pointing to a gray, cigar-shaped vessel lying in a dry dock, with dockyard 'maties' swarming on board her.

'That there 's a submarine,' Hawkins explained. 'One o' them there craft wot goes under water.'

'Gosh! She's a funny-lookin' thing. Wot sort o' blokes serves in 'em?'

'Matloes,* Pincher, the same as you an' me. They doesn't carry O.D.'s, though; only A.B.'s an' E.R.A.'s, an' such like. They get extra pay for wot they does. It's a bit dangerous like.'

Martin thought for a minute, looking interestedly at the submarine as they trundled past. 'Ow does men jine 'em?' he asked eventually.

'Ow does they qualify for 'em, d' you mean?' Hawkins queried.

Martin nodded.

'Well,' his neighbour explained, with a broad grin on his face, and inventing a still broader fiction on the spur of the moment, 'they fu'st ties a five-'underweight sinker to yer feet an' a rope round yer neck. Then they lowers you down to nineteen fathom, an' leaves you there for two minutes.—Let's see, Shorty,' he added, pretending to consider, and, turning to another ordinary seaman with a solemn wink, 'is it two minutes or three minutes they leaves yer down?'

'Three minutes, chum,' answered the other unblushingly.

'Well, they leaves you down three minutes, an' they pulls you up again, an' if yer nose ain't bleedin' they reckons as 'ow you're fit an' proper for submarines. If you are bleedin' you ain't no good—see?'

'That's a bit 'ard, ain't it?'

Martin queried innocently. 'Yus, it is a bit 'ard,' Hawkins replied, without a smile on his face. 'But then, o' course, the men wot man the submarines 'as to be extra special sort o' blokes wot 'as got plenty o' guts.'

Martin drank it all in; but at that moment the story-teller's face failed him, and he burst into uncontrollable laughter. 'Oh Pincher!' he gasped, spluttering, 'I believes you'd swaller anything any one tells yer!'

'D' you mean that wot you said ain't true?' Martin asked.

'Course it ain't, fat'ead. I wus only kiddin' yer,' guffawed the other, with tears of amusement trickling down his cheeks. 'Lawks! you'll be the death o' me yet.—Did yer 'ear wot he arsked, you blokes?'

But the 'blokes' had no opportunity of replying, for at that instant Petty Officer Simpson turned round. 'Not so much noise there!' he ordered abruptly.—'Awkins, if I sees you larfin' an' shoutin' agen I takes you before the officer of the watch when we gets back to the ship!'

Their faces fell. There was dead silence.

Rattling over the cobbled roadways and railway lines, they presently came to a store, where, in return for paper demand-notes handed in by the petty officer, they received sundry drums of paint, turpentine, and varnish. Then on again to another building, where an apoplectic-looking storekeeper condescended to allow them to load the cart still further with coils of rope and spun-yarn, and hanks of cod and mackerel line. Presently there came another stoppage to receive a bundle of broomsticks and some boathook staves. By this time the cart was heavily laden, and its manipulators were perspiring and far from cheerful; but, stopping again, they were solemnly presented with half-a-dozen shallow tin baths. They were the 'baths, sponge, thirty inches, pattern seventeen,' commonly seen suspended from the ceilings in the officers' cabins on board a man-of-war; and Martin, as he helped to drag the conveyance back to the ship, with the last consignment lodged precariously on the summit of the other articles and threatening every instant to descend in a noisy avalanche, wondered vaguely to himself if the dockyard was a sort of glorified general store, and if, by the simple presentation of a demand-note, they could obtain, say, half-a-dozen kippers or a cargo of tinned salmon. He was frightened to ask the question for fear of having his leg pulled again; but as everything else in the way of ironmongery, furniture, ship's stores, paint, rope, and blocks seemed obtainable, why not also provisions?

They got back to the *Belligerent* without further incident, and the articles were carried on board and stowed in the various storerooms.

II.

At first, until he got used to it, the regular routine of the ship was not altogether to Martin's liking. At five-thirty each morning they were all roused out of their warm hammocks by the strident shouting of the boatswain's mates and ship's corporals. 'All hands! turn out, turn out, turn out! show a leg, show a leg, show a leg!' they yelled with insistent monotony. He soon learnt, from being shot violently out of his hammock, and from sundry threats of being taken before the officer of the watch for slackness in turning out, that it did not pay to disregard the noisy summons to wake up. Other men had tried the game, and it generally ended in their being turned out at five A.M. for several days together.

By five-forty-five, therefore, Martin had stowed his hammock, had given his face and neck a per-

* The term 'matlo,' derived from the French for 'sailor,' is always used by bluejackets in referring to themselves. E.R.A. = engine-room artificer.

functory dab with a damp towel, and was having a bowl of steaming hot ship's cocoa in his mess. Splendid stuff this, so thick that a spoon would nearly stand upright in it; and he little realised that the long-suffering cooks were turned out of their hammocks at about three each morning to prepare it. The cocoa was issued in large slabs the best part of an inch thick. It was the best of its kind; and though it required a deal of boiling, it was an excellent drink wherewith to start the day's work.

At six o'clock both watches were piped to fall in on the upper deck; and when parties had been told off for various other odd jobs, the rest of the men were detailed to scrub decks under

the supervision of their petty officers. Cold work this, with the thermometer nearly down to freezing, the hoses spouting water, and one's feet bare and trousers turned up to the knee. Lines of men armed with hard, short-haired brooms went solemnly up and down scrubbing as they went, and woe betide the hapless individual who did not exhibit the necessary energy! On Saturdays the routine was varied, for then the decks were sprinkled with sand and were well holystoned. This work was more back-breaking and chilly than ever, for one had to get down on one's knees and manipulate a heavy holystone in each hand.

(Continued on page 301.)

CAPTURED BY GERMANS IN MID-OCEAN.

By ONE OF THE CAPTURED.

TO be captured in mid-ocean, and to have your ship sunk by an enemy cruiser, is an experience which has its interesting side, and one not likely to be forgotten; but it also has other aspects decidedly unpleasant. The stay-at-home Briton will perhaps hardly realise how madly exasperating it is to be one of a company in a large British passenger-boat, crowded with Americans and other neutrals, who suddenly find themselves made prisoners by a vessel flying the detestable German flag; to see one's own national emblem torn down, and the symbol of rapine and cruelty hoisted in its stead; while for hours one casts one's eyes in vain over the wild waste of waters, longing for a sight of that which had always been the pride and boast of every British heart. At such a moment, while listening to the sneers of the foreigners around, it is not to be wondered at if one's *amour propre* is deeply, even if somewhat unreasonably, wounded, and that the captured feel inclined to 'grouse' at the British navy for not devoting a larger share of its attention and watchfulness to their little affair.

It was on a day late in October 1914 that the *Karlsruhe*—the German cruiser whose end, coming as it did about three weeks later, has been such a mystery—quietly came across our bows and ordered us to stop.

Our vessel was one of the finest British passenger and freight boats sailing regularly between New York and Buenos Aires, and had reached a point on the northward journey within three days' steaming of Barbados. Before we left Buenos Aires it had been openly stated that we should be captured; but, British-like, we rather despised such warnings, and, so far as I could judge, we appeared to go little, if at all, out of the usual track followed by vessels sailing between the Plate River and New York.

Of course, we sighted the *Karlsruhe* some time before she came up to us, but nothing like soon enough to give us even a hope of escaping. As

a matter of fact, the ship's officers seemed so little conversant with maritime types that even with glasses they appeared unable until the last moment to make up their minds whether the stranger was French, Russian, British, or Japanese.

The summons to surrender was a never-to-be-forgotten experience; and the silence seemed strained and tense when our mighty vessel stopped her engines for the last time as a British ship, and the foreigner—her name, by the way, was painted out—slowly hoisted the German naval ensign. To say that there was consternation writ on every face would be to put it mildly! And yet, if it had not been for us Britishers so tragic, the adventure would have had a distinctly humorous side. The vast majority of the passengers were Americans, and during the entire voyage many of them had expressed their disappointment at the lack of the promised excitement, and their hope of seeing at least the funnel of a German cruiser, if only to relieve the monotony of danceless evenings and the many hours of dark decks and dimmed lights. Now that the phantom had realised, and delay and annoyance—perhaps worse—stood in front of them, the matter wore a different aspect.

At the same time, it is only fair to say that there was not the slightest panic, even if the steerage passengers were inclined to be restless for a while. Indeed, the only person I saw weeping was, strange to say, a German woman who occupied a second-class cabin. Perhaps her example would have been more largely followed if the women could have foreseen some of the privations they were to suffer before arriving at New York.

The first thing the Germans did on coming aboard was to seize all the money in the purser's keeping, which they characteristically carted off at once. Their second proceeding was to have a good drink of beer, a luxury which they said had not been theirs for weeks.

Within an hour or two specks arose on each quarter of the horizon, and these presently resolved themselves into four convoys of the *Karlsruhe*. Two of them were captured British tramp steamers, while the others were small German freight and passenger boats. It was more than a little distressing to see our own boats come circling around us. Although their names had been slightly painted over, they were still plainly discernible. We knew that each contained a number of our imprisoned countrymen, and we should have liked to give them a cheer of encouragement; but, with the exception of a man on the bridge, not a soul was visible. Not a sound was heard, and the vessels came slowly gliding past us like floating coffins.

We then learned the manner of our capture, which illustrated once more the undoubted ingenuity of the Germans. If the *Karlsruhe* had pursued us unattended we might possibly have evaded her. So she stretched across our path a line of convoys which had crept out of Brazilian ports by stealth in the dead of night. Each of these innocent-looking vessels had a barrel with a man provided with powerful glasses inside it strung right to the top of the mast, so as greatly to increase his range of vision. The *Karlsruhe* remained at the end of this long line, and directly we were sighted the signal was flashed from one to the other till it reached her, and then, with her greatly superior speed, she could successfully run us down.

To the surprise of many, we did not, on realising her identity, send out a single 'wireless' for assistance, on the grounds that either our message would have been 'jammed' or blurred by the enemy, or it would have brought other merchant ships to our aid, who would then probably have been captured and met our own fate.

We had spoken to a British man-of-war some three days previously, and had seen her for more than a day in our wake, and one cannot but regret that apparently a given signal had not been decided upon in the event of our requiring her assistance. She would probably have had time to come up, as the fate of our ship hung in suspense for nearly two days, during which time the *Karlsruhe*, her convoys, and ourselves were lying without movement on the ocean.

The true Briton is never long depressed by any series of untoward circumstances; and although for some hours it was doubtful whether we should be transported to the African coast and landed on some out-of-the-way island, kept prisoners for weeks on a tiny vessel, or even put into small boats and left to find our way to land, we soon recovered our spirits sufficiently to garner some small amusement out of the situation. Some of the passengers found, goodness knows where, a small balloon, somewhat larger than those used by children. To this they attached a long tail of thick twine, at the end of which was tied a message wrapped in oilskin.

They let this go from the second-class deck, while the Germans at the other end of the ship were too busy collecting spoils to notice anything. The balloon sailed away over the ocean in first-rate style, with the message containing our appeal trailing a foot above the water. Suddenly the *Karlsruhe* herself took alarm, and made frantic signals to the German officers on board our vessel. These immediately jumped into their only steam-pinnace which was alongside, and started in pursuit, to the accompaniment of laughter and ironical cheers, not to mention the offering and taking of odds as to their success. For a couple of miles it was a neck-and-neck race, and then the Germans slowly overhauled their objective, and prepared to capture it. But just as the man in the bows of the pinnace prepared to grasp the end of the trailing tail the wind freshened, and he missed his aim and his balance at the same time, falling headlong into the water. By the time he was recovered, the balloon had sailed gaily out of sight, and the Germans reluctantly gave up the chase. If any vessel subsequently caught sight of that baby balloon careering over the wild waste of waters, her officers must have wondered what terrible tragedy had occurred.

Many of the passengers, to show their spirit and their fearlessness of the Germans, although in the very jaws of the tiger, would sit down at the piano and burst into patriotic melodies, such as 'Tipperary' and 'Rule Britannia' (even though the latter did sound a trifle out of place under the circumstances). The Germans finally forbade this ebullition of patriotism, a fact which rankled much in the mind of one of the crew. He was a big, burly, and usually good-natured man, hailing, I think, from the butchers' department, and I shall never forget seeing him march up to the piano an hour or two before we were deported, when the Germans were all busily engaged elsewhere, carrying in his hand something between a pole-axe and a sledge-hammer. He was determined that if the piano never played 'God Save the King' again, it certainly should never sound 'The Watch on the Rhine.' Raising his weapon high in the air, and whirling it over his shoulder, he brought it down with resounding force on the ivory keys, smashing them to bits, and snapping the wires like pieces of twine.

During the two days that we remained on board our own vessel, our refrigerating pipes and cylinders, together with great quantities of meat, were transported to one or other of the enemy vessels. Ultimately we were informed that the Germans needed our boat, and that the passengers and crew, together with all their portable belongings, would be transferred to a smaller vessel. This concession regarding personal property was intended to conciliate and pacify the American passengers; and I have little doubt that if all or even the

majority had been British, few would have been allowed to take many of their belongings.

This transportation over the waves in a heavy swell took a day and a half, and formed a scene worthy of a painter's brush. The decks were piled high with luggage of every kind and description, which was lowered or dropped into the small boats—or into the water, as chance dictated. The boats were then rowed or towed over the mile or so of intervening sea which separated us from our future home.

The Germans tried to make use of our own lifeboats; but, alas! as soon as they were lowered into the water they took such a liking for it that they endeavoured to investigate its lower depths with great success. The official reason for this accident given out in New York was that the cocks or plugs had not been placed in the boats before they were lowered.

While the German sailors were at work one could not but be struck with their linguistic abilities. Among all the crew of the *Karlsruhe* I did not meet one who did not speak English in some measure. Most of them spoke it excellently, some faultlessly. With the exception of a few passengers of German extraction, who seemed highly delighted at the turn affairs had taken, not a soul among us knew a word of the language of the 'Fatherland.'

The rope attached to the lifeboat in which I was being towed over the ocean broke; and the little German cutter, having other matters to attend to, left the boat, crammed full of people, without any oars, to drift broadside over the swell for an hour. Most of the occupants were violently sick, and in the clear green water the sharks all around were nearly on speaking terms with us. Not altogether a pleasant experience!

Before leaving the ship every man had to sign a declaration not to take up arms against Germany. Whilst this formality was being gone through in the first-class dining-saloon before a board of German officers, one of the stewards gave audible expression to a pious wish concerning the future welfare of the Kaiser and his posterity which did not seem to commend itself to the Huns. Rising in stately and horrified silence, they left the saloon, and subsequently informed us that unless we behaved ourselves we should be placed in small boats and left to drift about the ocean. The compulsory signing of this declaration also brought forth a fine act of daring from our Irish captain. Addressing his crew assembled in the saloon before the German officers, he told them, with the tears trickling down his cheeks and emotion in his voice, that their fine vessel had been captured and was doomed, that they were all prisoners, and that he was a commander without a ship. 'Boys,' he continued, 'you are now to be made to sign this form that you will not at any future time take up arms against the German Government. You are non-combatants, and you ought not to be

asked to sign such a form. It is not voluntary, it is compulsory; and therefore, as no good would accrue from the refusal to sign it, I advise you to do so. But I am sure that a signature under such circumstances will carry no moral weight with you, and I entreat you, the instant you touch British soil, to go to the nearest recruiting office, enlist, and then away to fight the Germans like hell.'

The intensely dramatic nature of the scene was intensified by a yell of defiance that nearly shattered the decanters on the sideboard; whereupon the captain slowly strode out of the saloon, leaving the German officers white with fury and scarce able to control themselves.

The gallant captain was probably forgetting the strict adhesion to the letter and spirit of International Law which the British Government is observing with such exactitude; but his declaration showed, at all events, his supreme disregard for personal consequences.

I should like to state, and this despite all the rumours to the contrary which were subsequently circulated in New York, that the discipline of the British crew was excellent, and was maintained from the moment the Germans boarded the ship, although, theoretically at any rate, as prisoners of war, all were equal, and Jack was as good as his master, till the time, a month later, when the ship's company was split up in various sections for different ports.

There is no doubt that the Germans were heartily sick of us before they had finished with us. They informed us that we were the only passenger-boat they had captured, and if they saw another they would put the blind eye to her, unless, as in our case, they were very hard pressed for meat and ice. They also told us that, despite their speed, which was greater than that of the British cruisers opposed to them, their circle of activity was steadily being narrowed, and that about another three weeks would be the length of their tether. They were quite frank about it; and I am disposed to ask, was it altogether a coincidence that three weeks later, almost to a day, the *Karlsruhe*, without British aid or intervention, was destroyed in a manner that is yet a mystery to be unravelled? I only state the facts.

At the time of our capture the condition of the *Karlsruhe's* rudder was apparent to the eye of a novice. It had evidently been shot away and a temporary structure of wood hastily improvised. This, they told us in high glee, had been occasioned by H.M.S. *Glasgow* a week or so previously. The *Glasgow* was a cruiser of heavier calibre than the *Karlsruhe*, but slower by several knots, and in a running fight had done this damage in the endeavour to disable her opponent. Unknown to the *Glasgow*, however, the *Karlsruhe* was almost out of coal when they met. To escape, nearly everything combustible was sacrificed to the furnaces. Even then, the Germans

asserted, another half-hour would have seen them finished for fuel; but, to their relief, the *Glasgow*, seeing no chance, with her inferior speed, of closing up the separating gap, which was naturally becoming wider, gave up the chase. The slow speed of her outlying cruisers probably cost Britain many millions of pounds in the early part of this war.

On the 28th October, after fifteen hours of strenuous labour, the transportation of passengers and crew was complete; and, just as the disc of the tropical sun began slowly to sink below the western horizon, six hundred weary, depressed, and hungry passengers (many of whom had had but two hasty meals during the last forty-eight hours, and few of whom had had any sleep) gathered together on the deck of what was to be their prison home for the next ten days, to take a last look at the noble vessel out of which they had just been cast.

The wind and the swell on the ocean were going down with the sun, and in the calm, clear atmosphere she appeared a veritable 'painted ship upon a painted ocean.'

The German flag, after having been hoisted in the first place to denote possession, had been taken down, probably to avoid being a distinguishing mark which would frighten any other stray British vessel away, or bring an unwelcome visitor too close. But now, as the gloom gathered in, and our odorous boat began slowly to make way through the water, there fluttered to the flag-pole in the stern the German naval ensign, as though to bid us an ironical good-bye, whilst the Britons amongst us uttered thoughts that cannot be written down.

And what of her fate? For all I know it may still be officially in doubt. Indeed, for the next three months it was said in New York that she was being used as a store-ship in one of those bases which the Germans secretly maintained on the lonely coast of the South Atlantic. This I do know, however. On the second day out on our little pleasure trip, one of our own officers informed me that a wireless had been received from the *Karlsruhe* that she had sunk the liner. I have always believed this to be correct, as she was too large a vessel to be of much use to the *Karlsruhe*, except in the possible character of a decoy.

The vessel on which our entire ship's company was placed was the *Asuncion*, a small steamer usually trading between Hamburg and South America. She had been held up at Santos for dues, but in response to the *Karlsruhe's* signal had taken 'German leave' at night without papers. All the sailors on this boat, as well as those on the *Karlsruhe*, were apparently in a very optimistic frame of mind, although I am not quite certain that their cheerfulness was altogether genuine. Paris, they asserted, was taken; Turkey had declared war against Britain; India and South Africa were

in revolt. The war, they declared, would soon be over, and they would all be home for Christmas. My strong impression was that their officers deliberately foisted all this 'news' on the men to keep them quiet, as there was no doubt that many of them, even at this stage, with little chance of getting home save through the defeat of Britain, were terribly home-sick.

So far as our own troubles were concerned, they had only just commenced. The *Asuncion* was a boat with accommodation under ordinary circumstances for thirty first-class passengers and a number of steerage passengers. We were nearly six hundred in all, with a good number of women of all classes. The few first-class cabins were soon allotted; but they were very small, and in the tropical climate nearly unbearable. It was better to sleep, as did the vast majority, on deck, save that the decks had not been washed down since the boat left Hamburg, some three months earlier, and that there were nothing like enough mattresses to go round. If any one has tried to sleep for several nights in succession on chairs or hard decks, he will realise what our women especially must have suffered. Many of them walked about half the night, until, dead-tired, they dozed off where they were.

As regards food we were not much better off. The cold water and ice ran out on the first day, and thenceforward we could only moisten our parched tongues with a little warm brackish water. Whether under the circumstances it was equitable or not is a moot matter; but what little good food there was the first-class passengers were given in dribbles in the small saloon. The rest of the ship's company and crew were served at the hours of eleven o'clock in the morning and five in the afternoon with a little meat—the smell of which, without ice to preserve it, soon permeated the ship—cooked in water, a chunk of bread, and a horrible sickly liquid called coffee. This had literally to be fought for, the hungry crowd was so great and eager; and those who had not had the foresight to bring away with them from our own boat tin plates and utensils stood little chance, as there seemed to be no such thing as crockery ware on the *Asuncion*.

This condition of things lasted some eight or nine days, whilst we slowly wandered at two or three knots, first some thirty miles north, and then the same distance south again. This was done not to allow the *Karlsruhe* time to escape, but to give her sufficiently wide scope to capture other vessels.

In justice to the German officers of the *Asuncion*, it should be said that they did all in their power to alleviate the distress, and gave up their own cabins to the women. But you cannot make bread without dough! Our ship's band was the means of illustrating the curious blend which forms the German character. The

officers of the *Karlsruhe* were so delighted to have a little music on coming aboard us that they insisted on the utmost care being taken of the musicians and their instruments, even to the extent of their being safely transported to the *Asuncion* before the women and children, and in the best lifeboat that could be got. It was the same amongst the German officers of the *Asuncion*, whose chief regret in their somewhat hunted mode of life was the deprivation of their beer and their music which it entailed.

On the tenth day after our capture, standing on the aft poop-deck late in the afternoon, as the sun was about to sink below the horizon, I saw four faint pillars of smoke against the glowing sky. Fetching a powerful pair of glasses, I distinctly made out the four funnels of the *Karlsruhe* and a portion of her hull motionless on the ocean. So far as I am aware, this was the last occasion on which this mystery ship was beheld by British eyes.

The next day we were cheered up by observing that a different course was being taken and more rapid progress was being made, and soon we entered the mouth of the Amazon on the way to Pará. During our course up the river we passed a Booth liner outward bound for England. She was plainly puzzled to see a German liner crowded with people waving tablecloths and handkerchiefs, and singing 'Tipperary' and 'Rule Britannia,' and it was not until she passed that her officers seemed to grasp the situation, and hastily ran up the Union-Jack to an accompaniment of cheering.

Pará is a town that since the rubber boom ended has had a somewhat stagnant career. All the more reason, therefore, it would be thought, for gladly welcoming a shipload of people necessarily bound to spend money. But its reception of us was decidedly cool. For nearly two days the Brazilian officials kept us in the river, running round us in their little doll's-house flat-bottomed gunboats, shouting '*Allemand! Allemand!*' while the authorities frantically telegraphed to all parts of their mighty scattered empire for instructions in such an unlooked-for responsibility. Their chief objection to us, I gathered, was that so large a number of extra people thrown on the town would send up the price of provisions to such an extent as to cause a famine. Doubtless we should have been anchored in the river till this day if our German captain had not taken the Brazilian bull by the horns, and declared that at a certain time he would proceed to land his passengers. They then threatened to sink us if we stirred, and many people hastily made provision for such a possible emergency, and became particularly keen as to the nature of the man-eating fish that inhabited the river. At the appointed hour, however, we moved up to the town quay, the Brazilians following and protesting vigorously. How short-sighted their policy was was soon evident, for Pará enjoyed a boom beyond any-

thing in recent years. The big languishing hotels, which were built in days when unlimited wealth and prosperity seemed to be the town's future, were once more filled, and their glories revived, by our first-class passengers, who lived there, and by the British colony who came to welcome them.

The remainder of the passengers and crew were taken charge of by the British Consul, and housed in two of those long, three-tiered, flat-bottomed river boats which ascend the Amazon for the greater part of four thousand miles. These were anchored in the river, but frequent tugs conveyed their occupants to and from the shore, and the hungry passengers did not fail to take advantage of the opportunity to supplement the two scanty meals a day that were still their prescribed lot.

There was no doubt, also, that the pawn-brokers of Pará, or those gentry who pursue an analogous business there, did a roaring trade in silver and plated goods, which large numbers of the crew of the liner suddenly produced from the depths of their trunks or other receptacles, the monogram on all the articles being the same. The morality of the transaction may have been faulty, but most people will agree that the plate served a better purpose than if it had fallen into German hands, or had been left to rust at the bottom of the sea.

True to their instinct, the first thing the British passengers did on stepping ashore was to organise an international festival of sports. The place of meeting was decorated with the British and American flags entwined, military bands were in attendance, and the festival was thoroughly enjoyed by large crowds of cheering spectators, to the utter astonishment of the spectated members of the German colony. True that in the football match our men, worn out by want of sleep and food, and by the temperature, which stood at ninety-five degrees in the shade, were quite beaten; but they gave Brazilians and natives a taste of the indomitable character of the Briton, and his ability to rise superior to circumstances, which will not, I venture to think, be forgotten by that far-off town of Pará for many a long day.

A note appeared in the press on the subsequent history of the *Asuncion*, in detention by the Brazilian Government for various mercantile misdemeanours and unpaid dues. As late as 10th February of this year, it was stated that this steamer, detained in the harbour of Belem, attempted to put out to sea in a fog, and only stopped when she was fired upon. The captain subsequently explained that he had no intention of escaping. What this declaration is worth can be imagined! Has this attempted escape anything to do with the daring raids of the new German pirate, the *Moewe*? Was the *Asuncion* summoned from port for the same purpose as when she was called out by the *Karlsruhe* to receive prisoners of captured or sunk vessels?

THE DAY OF WRATH.

A STORY OF 1914.

By LOUIS TRACY, Author of *The Final War*, *Rainbow Island*, *The Terms of Surrender*, &c.CHAPTER XIII.—*continued.*

IT is an oft-repeated assertion that a drowning man reviews the whole of his life during the few seconds which separate the last conscious struggle from complete anæsthesia. That may or may not be true, but Dalroy now experienced a brain-storm not lacking many of the essentials of some such mental kinema.

Think what that swinging rope, with its unseen human agency, meant to a captive in his hapless position! It was simply incredible that one man alone would attempt so daring an expedient. Not only, then, were a number of plucky and resourceful allies concealed in the loft, but they must have been hidden there before the detachment of Death's-Head Hussars occupied the barn beneath. Therefore, they knew the enemy's strength, yet were not afraid. That they were ready-witted was shown by the method evolved for the suppression of that blatant Teuton, Von Halwig. It was evident, too, that they had intended to lie *perdu* till the cavalry were gone, but had been moved to action by a desire to rescue the bound Englishman who was being twitted so outrageously on his own and his country's supposed misfortunes. Who could they be? Were they armed, and sufficiently numerous to rout the Germans? In any event, how could they deliver an effective attack? He, Dalroy, took it for granted that the imminent strangulation of the Guardsman, if successful, was but the prelude to a sharp fight, since Von Halwig's death, though supremely dramatic as an isolated incident, would neither benefit the prisoners nor conduce to the well-being of the people in the loft. How, then, did they purpose dealing with a score of trained soldiers, who must already be fidgeting in the rain, and whose leader, the corporal, might look in at any moment to ascertain what was delaying the young staff captain? Discipline was all very well, but these hussars belonged to a crack regiment, and their colonel would resent strongly the needless exposure of his men and horses to inclement weather. Moreover, how easy it was for the corporal to convey a polite hint to Von Halwig by asking if the chauffeur should not turn the car in readiness for his departure!

All this, and more, cascaded through Dalroy's brain while his enemy was lighting the second cigarette. He was in the plight of a shipwrecked sailor clinging to a sinking craft, who saw a lifeboat approaching, yet dared neither look at nor signal to it. He must bend all his energies now to the task of keeping Von Halwig occupied. What would happen when the noose coiled

around the orator's neck? Would it tighten with sufficient rapidity to choke a cry for help? Would it fall awkwardly, and warn him? Were any of the troopers so placed that they could see into that section of the barn, and thus witness their officer's extraordinary predicament? Who could tell? How might a man form any sort of opinion as to the yea or nay of a juggler's feat which savoured of black magic?

Dalroy gave up the effort to guess what the next half-minute might bring forth. Those mysterious beings up there needed the best help he could offer, and his powers in that respect were strictly limited to two channels—he must egg on the talker; he must not watch that rope.

'I am ready to admit Germany's strength on land,' he said, resolutely fixing his eyes on an iron cross attached to the Prussian's tunic above the top button. 'That is a reasonable claim. How futile otherwise would have been your twenty years of preparation for this very war! But my mind is far too dense to understand how you can disregard the English Channel.'

'The *English Channel*!' scoffed Von Halwig. 'The impudence of you *verdammt*— No; it's foolish to lose one's temper. Well, I'll explain. The really important part of the *English Channel* is about to become German. For a little time we leave you the surface, but Germany will own the rest. Your navy is about to receive a horrible surprise. We've caught you napping. While Britain was ruling the sea we Germans have been experimenting with it. Our visible fleet is good, but not good enough; so we allowed your naval superiority to keep you quiet until we had perfected our invisible fleet. We are ready now. We possess three submarines to your one, and can build more, and bigger, and better under-sea boats than you. Do you realise what that means? Already we have sunk four of your best cruisers, and they never saw the vessel that destroyed them. We are playing havoc with your mercantile marine. Britain is girdled with mines and torpedoes. No ship can enter or leave any of your ports without incurring the almost unavoidable risk of'—

A rat scampered across one of the speaker's feet, and startled him.

He swore, dropped the cigarette, and lighted another, the third. Like every junior officer of the German *corps d'élite*, he had sedulously copied the manners and bearing of the commis-

sioned ranks in the British army. But your true German is neurotic; the rat had scratched the veneer. Meanwhile the rope rose quickly half-way to the trap-door; it fell again when Von Halwig donned the prophet's mantle once more.

'We can not only ruin and starve you,' he said exultantly, 'but we have guns which will beat a way for our troops from Calais to Dover against all the ships you dare mass in those waters. We have you bested in every way. Each German company takes the field with more machine-guns than a British regiment. We have high explosives you never heard of. While you were playing polo and golf our chemists were busy in their laboratories.'

His voice rose as he reeled off this litany of war. His perfect command of English was not proof against the guttural clank and crash of German. He became a veritable German talking English, rather than an accomplished linguist using a foreign tongue. Oddly enough, his next tirade showed that he was half-aware of the change. 'Old England is done, Captain Dalroy,' he chanted. 'Young Germany is about to take her place. The world must learn to speak German, not English. Six months from now I'll begin to forget your makeshift language. Six months from now the German Eagle will flaunt in the breeze as securely in London as it flies to-day in Berlin and Brussels, and, it may be, in Paris. If I'm lucky, and get through the war— *Gott in Himm*!—'

With a sudden vicious swoop the noose settled on Von Halwig's shoulders, and was jerked taut. A master-hand made that cast. No American cowboy ever placed lasso more neatly on the horns of unruly steer. At one instant the rope was swinging back and forth noiselessly; at the next, rising under the impetus of a gentle flick, it whirled over the Prussian's head and tightened around his neck. He tore madly at it with both hands, but was already lifted off his feet, and in process of being hauled upward with an almost incredible rapidity. There was a momentary delay when his head reached the level of the trap-door; but Dalroy distinctly saw two hands grasp the struggling arms and heave the Guardsman's long body out of sight.

An astounding feature of this tragic episode was the absence of any outcry on the victim's part. He uttered no sound other than a stifled gurgle after that half-completed exclamation was stilled. Possibly his dazed wits concentrated on the one frantic endeavour—to get rid of that horrible choking thing which had clutched at him from out of the surrounding obscurity.

And now a thick knotted rope plumped down until its end lay on the floor, and a rough-looking fellow, clothed like Maertz or Dalroy himself, descended with the ease and agility of a monkey. He was just the kind of shaggy goblin one might expect to emerge from any

such hiding-place; but he carried a slung rifle, and the bewildered prisoner, taking a few steps forward to greet his rescuer, realised that the weapon was a Lee-Enfield of the latest British army pattern.

'Arf a mo', sir,' gurgled the new-comer in a husky and cheerful whisper. 'I'll 'old the rope till the next of ahr little knot 'as shinned dalin. Then I'll cut yer loose, an' we'll get the wind up ahtside. Didjever 'ear such a gas-bag as that bloomin' German? Lord luv' a duck, 'e couldn't 'arf tork! But Shiney Black, one of ahrs, 'as just shoved a bynit through 'is gizzard, so *that* cock won't crow ag'ine!'

Dalroy owned only a reader's knowledge of colloquial cockney. He inferred, rather than actually understood, that several British soldiers were secreted in the loft, and that one of them, named 'Shiney Black,' had closed Von Halwig's career in the twinkling of an eye.

By this time another man had reached the ground. He seized the rope and steadied it, and a third appeared. The first gnome whipped out a knife, freed Dalroy, unslung his rifle, and picked up the electric torch, which he held so that its beam filled the doorway. Man after man came down. Each was armed with a regulation rifle; Dalroy, for once thrown completely off his balance, became dimly aware that in every instance the equipment included bayonet, bandolier, and haversack.

The cohort formed up, too, as though they had rehearsed the procedure in the gymnasium at Aldershot. There was no muttered order, no uncertainty. Rifles were unslung, bayonets fixed, and safety catches turned over soundlessly.

Conquering his blank amazement as best he could, Dalroy inquired of the first sprite how many the party consisted of, all told.

'Twelve an' the corp'ral, sir,' came the prompt answer. 'The lucky thirteen we calls ahrselves. An' we wanted a bit o' luck ter leg it all the w'y from "Monz" to this 'ole. Not that we 'adn't ter kill any Gord's quantity o' Yewlans when they troied ter be funny, an' stop us— Here's the corp'ral, sir.'

Dalroy was confronted by a clear-eyed man, whose square-shouldered erectness was not concealed by the unkempt clothes of a Belgian peasant. Carrying the rifle at 'the slope,' and bringing his right hand smartly across to the small of the butt, the leader of this lost legion announced himself.

'Corporal Bates, sir, A Company, 2nd Battalion of the Buffs. That German officer made out, sir, that you were in our army.'

'Yes; I am Captain Dalroy, of the 2nd Bengal Lancers.'

Corporal Bates became, if possible, even more clear-eyed.

'Stationed where last year, sir?'

'At Lucknow, with your own battalion.'

'Well, I'm— Beg pardon sir, but are you

the Lieutenant Dalroy who rode the winner of the Civil Service Cup?'

'Yes, the Maharajah of Chutneypore's Diwan.'

'Good enough! You understand, sir, I *had* to ask. Will you take command, sir?'

'No indeed, corporal. I shall only humbly advise. But we must rescue the lady.'

'I heard and saw all that passed, sir. The Germans are mounted. The lady's in the car. We were watching through a hole in the roof. The last man remained there so as to warn us if any of 'em came this way. As you know their lingo, sir, I recommend that when we creep out you tell 'em to dismount. They'll do it like a shot. Then we'll rush 'em. Here's the officer's pistol. You might take care of the shuffer and the chap by his side.'

'Excellent, corporal. Just one suggestion. Let half of your men steal round to the rear, whether or not the troopers dismount. They should be headed off from Oombergen, the village near here, where they have two squadrons.'

'Right, sir.—Smithy, take the left half-section, and cut off the retreat on the left.—Ready, sir?—Douse that glim!'

Out went the torch. Fourteen shadows flitted forth into the darkness and rain. The car, with its staring headlights, was drawn up about thirty yards away, and somewhat to the left. On both sides and in rear were grouped the hussars, men and horses looming up in spectral shapes. The raindrops shone like tiny shafts of polished steel in the two cones of radiance cast by the acetylene lamps.

Dalroy, miraculously become a soldier again, saw instantly that the troopers were cloaked, and their carbines in the buckets. He waited a few seconds while 'Smithy' and his band crept swiftly along the wall of the barn. Then, copying to the best of his ability the shrill yell of a German officer giving a command, he shouted, 'Squad—dismount!'

He was obeyed with a clatter of accoutrements. He ran forward. Not knowing the 'system' perfected by the 'lucky thirteen,' he looked for an irregular volley at close range, throwing the hussars into inextricable confusion. But not a rifle was fired until some seconds after he himself had shot and killed or seriously wounded the chauffeur and the escort. For all that, thirteen hussars were already out of action. The men who had crossed Belgium from Mons had learnt to depend on the bayonet, which never missed, and was silent and efficacious.

The affair seemed to end ere it had well begun. Only two troopers succeeded in mounting their plunging horses, and they, finding the road to Oombergen barred, tried to bolt westward; whereupon they were bowled over like rabbits. Their terrified chargers, after scampering wildly a few paces, trotted back to the others. Not one of the twenty got away. Hampered by

their heavy cloaks, and taken completely by surprise, the hussars offered hardly any resistance, but fell cursing and howling. As for the pair seated in front of the car, they never knew why or how death came.

'Now, then, Smithy, show a light!' shouted Corporal Bates. 'Ah! there you are, sir! I meant to make sure of *this* chap. I got him straight off.'

The torch revealed Corporal Franz stretched on his back, and frothing blood, Bates's bayonet having pierced his lungs. It had been better for the shrewd Berliner if his wits had been duller and his mind cleaner. Not soldierly zeal but a gross animalism led him in the first instance to make a really important arrest. His ghoulish intent was requited now in full measure, and the life wheezed out of him speedily as he lay there quivering in the gloom and mire of that rain-swept woodland road. Seldom, even when successfully ambushed, has any small detachment of troops been destroyed so quickly and thoroughly. This killing was almost an artistic triumph.

'Fall in!' growled Bates. 'Any casualties?'

'If there is, the blighters oughter be court-mawshalled,' chirped Smith.

A momentary shuffling of grotesque forms, and a deep voice boomed, 'Half-time score—England twenty, Germany *nil*.'

'Left section—look 'em over, and carry any wounded men likely to live into the barn,' said the corporal. 'Give 'em first aid an' water-bottles. Step lively, too! Right section—hold the horses.'

This leader and his men were as skilled in the business of slaying an enemy as Robin Hood and his band of poachers in the taking of the king's venison. Dalroy knew they needed no guidance from him. He opened the door of the car.

'Irene!' he said.

She was sitting there, a forlorn figure huddled up in a corner. The windows were closed. Each sheet of glass was so blurred by the swirling rain that she could not possibly make out the actual cause of the external hubbub. After the hard schooling of the past month she realised, of course, that a rescue was being attempted. Naturally, too, she put it down to the escape of Maertz. Although her heart was thrumming wildly, her soul on fire with a hope almost dangerous in its frenzy, she resolved not to stir from her prison until the one man she longed to see again in this world came to free her.

Yet when she heard his voice the tension snapped so suddenly that there was peril in the other extreme. She sat so still that Dalroy said a second time, with a curious sharpness of tone, 'Irene!'

'Yes, dear,' she contrived to murmur hoarsely.

'It's all over. A squad of British soldiers

dropped from the skies. Every German is laid out, Von Halwig with the rest.'

'Von Halwig! Is he dead?'

'Yes.'

'I am glad. Arthur, they have not wounded you?'

'Not a scratch.'

'And Maertz?'

'We must see to him. Will you come out? Never mind the rain.'

'The rain! Ah, dear God, that I should feel the blessed rain beating on my face once more in liberty!'

She gave him her hand, and they stood for a moment, peering deep into each other's eyes.

'Arthur,' she said, so quietly now that the storm seemed to have passed from her spirit, 'you have work to do. I shall not keep you. Tell me where to wait, and there you shall find me. But, before you go, promise me one thing. If we fall again into the hands of the Germans, shoot me before I become their prisoner.'

'No need to talk of that,' he soothed her.

'We have a splendid escort. In two hours'—

She caught him by both shoulders.

'You *must* promise,' she cried vehemently.

He was startled by the vibrant passion in her voice. He began then to understand the real horrors of Irene's vigil, whether in the rat-infested darkness of the barn or the cushioned luxury of the limousine.

'Yes,' he muttered savagely, 'I promise.'

Taking her by the arm, he led her to the front of the car, where, clearly visible herself, she would see little, if aught, of the shambles in rear.

Corporal Bates hurried up.

'Her ladyship all right, sir?' he inquired briskly.

'Yes,' replied Dalroy, conscious of a slight tremulousness in the arm he was holding.

Corporal Bates, though in all probability he had never even heard of Bacon's somewhat trite aphorism, was essentially an 'exact' man. He never erred as to distinctions of rank or title. His salute was the pride of the Buffs. Blithely regardless of the fact that not more than five minutes earlier Captain Dalroy had confessed himself ignorant of Lady Irene Beresford's actual social status, he alluded to her 'correctly.'

'I think, sir,' he rattled on, 'that we ought to be moving. It's quite dark now, an' we have our route marked out.'

'How?'

'We've been directed by a priest, sir. The Belgian priests have done us a treat. In every village they showed us the safest roads. Even when they couldn't make us understand their lingo, they could always pencil a map.'

'I see. Do you follow the road to Oosterzeele?'

'For about a mile, sir. Then we branch off

into a lane leading west to the river Schelde, which we cross by a ferry. Once past that ferry, an' there's no more Germans.'

'Very well. Have you searched the enemy for papers?'

'Yes, sir. We're stuffed with note-books an' other little souvenirs.'

'Do your men ride?'

'Some of 'em, sir; but they'll foot it, if you don't mind. They hate killing horses, so we turn 'em loose generally. This lot should be tied up.'

'What of the car?'

'Smithy will attend to that with a bomb, sir.'

Bates evidently knew his business—so evidently that Dalroy did not even question him as to the true inwardness of Smithy's attentions.

The squad cleared up their tasks with an extraordinary celerity. Smithy crawled under the automobile with the flashlight, remained there exactly thirty seconds, and reappeared.

The corporal saluted.

'We're ready now, sir,' he said. 'Perhaps her ladyship will march with you behind the centre file?'

'Do you head the column?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then, for a little way, we'll accompany you. There were three in our party, corporal. One, a Belgian named Jan Maertz, risked death to get away and bring help. I'm afraid he has been captured on the Oosterzeele road by two hussars detailed for the job. So, you see, I must try to save him.'

(Continued on page 292.)

THE ISLE OF REST.

I KNOW an isle in the far South Seas
Where peace and plenty reign,
And the soft trade-wind in the tall palm-trees
Keeps calling me back again.

I listen, and long with an aching heart
To return to that far tropic shore,
Where the Western cares of house and mart
Are a memory—nothing more.

In dreams again I take my way
Beside the blue lagoon,
Where elves and fairies hold their sway
'Neath the wondrous tropic moon;

And on the encircling coral strand
Of that Pearl of the Southern Sea,
The booming surf sounds loud and grand,
And flings out a welcome to me.

The nut-brown kindly folk of the isle
Shout across the dividing seas,
'Come back to us, return for a while,
Breathe the hibiscus-scented breeze.'

So, back again to that island fair
I shall go when my ship comes in,
Away from this Western land of care,
With its ceaseless turmoil and din.

R. BLYTH.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

GOWN AND TOWN.

By T. F. PLOWMAN.

THE memory of an ancient feud does not readily die, especially when particular pains are taken to keep it alive; and the university city of Oxford furnished within my own day a notable instance of this. Visitors who have happened to be staying within its precincts on the night of the 5th of November have oftentimes marvelled why the classic 'High' should be the scene of a battle of fisticuffs between two contending factions, and why the air should be rent with cries of 'Town! Town!' from one section of combatants, and 'Gown! Gown!' from the other. Thereby hangs a tale which seems worth the telling, if only to show how enduring can be the influence in this country of something that happened in a remote past; for the nocturnal ebullition in question was the outward and visible sign of a feud some centuries old.

My particular qualification for playing the part of narrator lies in the fact that, having been born and bred in Oxford, and within close earshot of Great Tom, I witnessed many a Gown and Town row; whilst, as I held office under university and city in turn, I had an opportunity of regarding the situation from both points of view. Joined to this, I had an insatiable curiosity to learn the why and the wherefore of the antagonism which then existed between university and city in other quarters as well as the streets, and I took toll of ancient lore to this end.

It is true that the present-day observance of the ancient custom is but a faint echo of what it was in my young days, which date back to the time when the most famous of Oxford novels—a very classic in its way—*Verdant Green*, first saw the light. Those who have read it will remember the notable chapter in which the hero 'discovers the difference between Gown and Town.' It embodies a wonderfully graphic, and withal accurate, account of the November battle as it was fought in those days.

In my childhood I resided in a house overlooking that central space in the very heart of the city known as Carfax, from the French *Quatre voies*, where the four main thoroughfares meet. This was always one of the battle-grounds most favoured, because it permitted the belligerents from the various points of

the compass to meet at a common centre, and allowed plenty of room for operations, with ample facilities for either advance or retreat. As a child I have enjoyed a fearful pleasure by stealing out of bed in the darkness to watch, with bated breath, the fortune of war, and to listen with a fearsome awe to the war-cries disturbing the night's tranquillity. To me it was then all so terribly real that this clash of arms, or, rather, fists, assumed in my young mind almost the proportions of a Waterloo, whilst my heart went out to every poor gownsmen I saw floored, as though he were the hero of my dreams. All my sympathies were with the 'Gown,' not only because they had, to me, a more attractive personality, but also because I always pictured them as inferior numerically and in physical strength to their opponents; for, as a child, I had ever a sentimental leaning toward the weaker side. Moreover, it was impossible for me, in such imaginative days, to afford any support to a cause whose representatives were essentially 'fleshy men' of the bargee type, big and burly, with brawny arms, unkempt locks, and unshaven cheeks, hailing from the inmost recesses of St Thomas—a very Alsatia in those days. They did not at all correspond to the Bayards and knight-errants of my childish imagination, being merely the embodiment of brute force pure and simple. When, however, later on, as a youth, I ventured into the streets, and saw, at a respectful distance, the battle ebb and flow at various points, I found the two sides much more equally matched than I had previously imagined, for the strategy and science of the one went far to counterbalance the superior muscle-development and sledge-hammer tactics of the other. In 1859 Charles Dickens, in happy unconsciousness of the 5th of November lawlessness, had arranged to give a reading in the Oxford Town Hall; but after it was advertised his friends explained to him that he could not expect an audience on such a night, as the quietly disposed people would be afraid to stir out, and those who were differently constituted would want to be enjoying themselves in the streets. So the reading was postponed to a date when there was as much peace and calm as could be reasonably expected in a university city.

I very well remember how, on one occasion, the mayor was so perturbed when he heard that the battle in 'the High' and 'the Corn' was being waged with unusual fierceness that he sallied forth himself, in order to interpose the full weight of his authority in the cause of law and order. Alas for the frailty of human wishes and human nature! Within ten minutes he returned to the Municipal Buildings with ample proof that he had mingled in the fray, in the shape of an eye unmistakably in mourning. An undergrad, recognising in his worship merely one of his hereditary foes, went for him at once, and succeeded in planting his fist where it would be most effective.

The antagonism between Town and Gown, who, mutually interdependent as they were, might have been expected to dwell together in peace and amity, was of no recent origin; and, in the many years during which they have had to put up with each other's close companionship, their mutual relations have generally, and until comparatively recent times, been, to say the least, strained. In my day, the desire of each of the two bodies in question to score off the other was not confined to those who joined issue in the streets on 5th November. Those of more exalted station—to wit, members of Convocation on the one hand, and of the Town Council on the other—manfully maintained the old tradition; and, carried away by a stream of ancient prejudices and conflicting interests, they fought each other in Parliament and the law courts, while those of lesser rank pummelled each other in the streets.

The beginning of it all was on 10th February 1354; and the remembrance of this, carried on from generation to generation, ranking in the breasts of both sides, did more than anything else to ensure a prolongation of old antagonisms. On the day in question a certain cleric, accompanied by some collegiate friends, called for a drink at a tavern which, in those days, occupied a site just opposite the very house from whose windows I used to watch the Gown and Town fray. The liquor was evidently not to the taste of the reverend gentleman and his companions, for they hurled not only some strong epithets, but also a tankard, at the head of the vintner. The latter, assisted by some friends, retaliated. Others on both sides joined in, and forthwith ensued the biggest Gown and Town row that the Oxonians have ever participated in. As the fray became general, the bell of St Martin's, the city church, called the citizens to arms; and a similar summons to the students rang out from St Mary's, the university church. The tavern has long since disappeared, but the bell-tower of St Martin's still rears its head skyward. The mayor himself led the citizens, and the fighting lasted on and off for three days. It would no doubt have gone on longer had not the king,

who was at Woodstock, about eight miles off, been informed of what was happening, and taken measures to stop it, but not before forty students and twenty-three townsmen had succumbed to their wounds.

Then came the inevitable day of reckoning, and pretty dearly the city had to pay for its share in these transactions. In the first place, the university obtained as a *solatium* a very liberal charter, mainly at the expense of the city. This not only gave it some important privileges in connection with the internal government of the city, but it transferred others—including the custody of the assize of bread, wine, and ale, and the supervising of weights and measures—from the city to the university. The last-named privileges it retains, with the accompanying fees, at the present time. It was further enacted that, for all time, the mayor, bailiffs, and aldermen should annually provide a requiem mass at the university church, and should, in company with a certain number of citizens, attend it. Each of the civic party on these occasions was, then and there, to pay one penny to the university proctors for distribution among the poorer scholars. The mayor had at first to come with a hempen rope round his neck; but a silken cord was afterwards substituted for this, and ultimately this piece of humiliation was dispensed with altogether. In Elizabeth's reign prayers and a sermon took the place of the mass.

From time to time the city made, through Parliament and in other ways, divers ineffectual attempts to relieve itself of this church-going, being brought up to the mark when it showed refractory symptoms by threatened enforcements of pains and penalties. At last, in 1825, the university waived the attendance at church, with the understanding that, in lieu thereof, the mayor and sheriff upon election should wait upon the Vice-Chancellor at his residence, and take an oath to observe the rights and privileges of the university. As a child, I used on the afternoon of the mayor-making to watch the starting forth from the Town Hall, which was next door but one to the house wherein I then lived, of a little procession consisting of the mayor, the sheriff, sundry aldermen, and the mace-bearers, all in cocked-hats and gowns, on their way to perform their share of the ancient obligation.

Although the observance was thereby reduced to narrow dimensions, yet the city, as represented by its Town Council, began, in my own time, to protest against it. In 1855 a party of somewhat levelling and anti-university tendencies was in the ascendancy in the Town Council, and in the following year elected a gentleman as mayor who was a very perfect embodiment of their views. He held all forms and ceremonies in abhorrence. He spurned the official cocked-hat and gown; he had the maces put out of sight; he discontinued the corporation attendances at church; he declined to

present an address from the city to the queen, or to pay his respects to her Majesty's judges; and, to crown all, he flatly refused to take the oath to the Vice-Chancellor. His council backed him up in his defiance of the university, and the university replied to the challenge by taking legal proceedings to enforce its rights. This resulted in the issue of a mandamus by the Court of Queen's Bench to compel the mayor to take the oath. Whereupon the university authorities, having once more vanquished their hereditary foe, felt that they could afford to be magnanimous. So they held out the olive-branch by offering, if the mayor would, in token of submission, take the oath once more, to abstain from any opposition to the passing of an Act of Parliament abolishing the ceremony. Hence, in 1857, the little procession set forth for the last time, and thus nineteenth-century citizens were brought face to face with the effects of a Gown and Town row five centuries old. Who would have thought that taking exception to the quality of some liquor would have resulted in centuries of official squabbling?

The iconoclastic mayor, like all the other actors in the little serio-comic drama, has passed away. He held to his principles from beginning to end. He always declared that he would never take the oath, and he never did, for by the time a legal decision was obtained his term of office had expired, and so the swearing had to be done by his successor. He was a mayor of the type not uncommon at that time. It owed its existence to the upheaval resulting from the Municipal Reform Bill; but, strange to say, the advance of democracy has been unfavourable to its perpetuation, for it is rare nowadays to hear of a chief magistrate, however extreme his opinions, who despises the state and panoply of office. When the official term of this particular mayor expired, the régime he had sought to establish came to an end too. The maces soon saw the light of day again, and cocked-hats and gowns and municipal church-going were as much in vogue as ever. The *vox populi* acclaimed him for a time as the champion of liberty to go as you please; but I lived to see in after years the same populace set to work to smash his windows. He was a corn and flour merchant, and there was an impression among *hoi polloi* that he was helping to keep up the price of bread. There was no real foundation for this supposition; but the very suspicion sufficed to obliterate all remembrance of his virtues as a leveller, and to transform in the popular mind the sturdy opponent of the classes into the hated oppressor of the masses.

A fruitful cause of friction between Gown and Town, as represented by the superior powers, was the nervous dread of the former of anything which might possibly endanger the maintenance of discipline; and, to guard against this, the university authorities in the past were desirous

of keeping Oxford as far as possible from contact with the wicked world outside. The city was not particularly keen upon the subject of discipline, but was very much alive to the desirability of promoting anything that tended to stimulate trade. Here were two distinct interests very liable to clash, and they often did. For instance, when railways were first introduced, the city was strongly in favour of Oxford directly participating in the advantages accruing from such means of communication. The university, on the other hand, was alarmed at such a proposition, and petitioned Parliament and used all its influence against it. The objections to the railway touching Oxford sound so comic nowadays that they are worth quoting. The university in its petition to Parliament gave the following reasons why Oxford should not have a railway: Firstly, because the existing means of communication were fully adequate. (This was equivalent to saying that a stage-coach ought to be good enough for anybody.) Secondly, because greater facilities for communication would be injurious to the discipline of the university. Thirdly, because the works adjoining the river would cause floods by impeding the watercourse.

The university succeeded in temporarily staving off the dreaded innovation, for the line had for some time to stop short several miles from Oxford. But even the university could not permanently isolate Oxford, although by compelling the Great Western to make its junction at Didcot, instead of, as was intended, at Oxford, it has left, by the inconvenience it entails, enduring evidence of its past influence. Again, when in 1864 the Great Western Railway Company considered the desirability of establishing carriage and locomotive works in the outskirts of Oxford, the proposal was warmly approved by the city, and as strongly objected to by the university. Each side bombarded the other in the press and at public meetings, and each denounced what it was pleased to call the selfishness of the other. It has been said that most men are in favour of free trade so long as their own goods are protected. There was an illustration of this during this verbal conflict. When there was no prospect of any material addition to the working-class population of the city, nothing could exceed the admiration of certain resident professors of advanced opinions for the man who earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. He was held up to the admiration of public meetings as the possessor of virtues which those in a different sphere sadly lacked. But when it was proposed that this superior being should take up his abode in their midst, it was somewhat surprising to find that these very professors were the fiercest denouncers of such a proceeding, on the ground of the demoralising effect it would have upon the university. Pictorial satire was brought into play by both sides; and Mr Sydney Hall, the *Graphic* illustrator, who was then an Oxford

undergraduate, made a contribution to the discussion in the shape of a clever cartoon. It represented the then Vice-Chancellor (Dr Lightfoot) as Jupiter hurling Vulcan, typifying the working-man, out of heaven, otherwise the precincts of the university.

It need hardly be said that the Great Western artisans never got within sight of Oxford; and, as the university was credited by the city with keeping them away, it did not tend to an increase of cordiality between the two bodies.

Another battle royal came off in 1875, when Mr Cardwell's Bill creating Oxford, among other places, a military centre was introduced into Parliament. Every effort was made by the university to defeat, and by the city to support, the clause affecting Oxford. Once more was the old cry raised that discipline could not be maintained if Tommy Atkins came upon the scene, and that nothing less than demoralisation would follow in his wake. The question was hotly debated, and its discussion in the House of Commons was noteworthy, inasmuch as, in the course of it, the late Lord Randolph Churchill made his maiden parliamentary speech. His lordship took up the cudgels on behalf of the university, and pictured in forcible language the terrible result which would arise from the presence, as he put it, 'of a roistering soldiery' in its midst. But the clause was adopted, and in due course the soldiers were quartered about two miles outside the city. It is satisfactory to record that none of the dire forebodings referred to have been realised, for no one appears to have been contaminated, nor has discipline suffered. The military element has come to be regarded as a pleasant addition to Oxford society, and no one is anxious to banish it elsewhere.

Differences, as has been shown, have often led to Gown being ranged against Town in opposing camps, but happily the days of distrust and antagonism have to a great extent passed away, never, it is to be hoped, to return. With the license of metaphor, it can be said that the

hatchet is buried, and university and city smoke the calumet of peace round one camp-fire. In other words, they meet in friendly conference round the same table, as made and provided by the Local Government Act of 1888. The Town Council is now composed of representatives elected by both university and city, a proportionate number of aldermen being allotted to each. The change which this implies can only be adequately appreciated by those who have had a personal acquaintance with the old order of things.

For centuries the corporation, at the stern bidding of their hereditary foe, went, in the disposition of Shakespeare's schoolboy, 'creeping like snail unwillingly' to the university church, and fought hard to be relieved from this attendance. But when the city church was in recent years in the hands of the cleaners, the university, in a spirit of grace instead of compulsion, invited the mayor, aldermen, and councillors to make use of the university church; and the invitation being gracefully accepted, the members of the corporation, for the first time for more than five centuries, went to St Mary's of their own free-will and accord, and with no trace of rancour in their hearts.

Each party has found the other much pleasanter at close quarters than at a distance, and the result has been that the principle of give and take, which contains the germ of so many peaceful solutions, has obtained a recognition from both sides to which it was previously a stranger. With all due deference to the copy-books, familiarity has not, in this case at least, bred contempt, but quite the reverse. To crown all, *mirabile dictu*, in 1913-14, and again last year, a full-fledged university man, by unanimous consent, occupied the mayoral chair.

So, Gown and Town having made up their old differences and settled down to a quiet humdrum life of domestic felicity, it seems perfectly safe to forestall the future by saying, 'And they lived happy ever after,' as no doubt, if only in deference to popular sentiment, they will.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE MARNE—AND AFTER.

'THAT'S awkward, sir,' said the corporal, as the detachment moved off into the night, leaving the motor-car's acetylene lamps still blazing merrily.

'Why "awkward"?' demanded Dalroy.

'Because, when we fellows met in a wood near "Monz," we agreed that we'd stick together, and fight to a finish; but if any man strayed by accident, or got hit so badly that he couldn't march, he took his chances, and the rest went on.'

'Quite right. How does that affect the present situation?'

'Well, sir,' said Bates, after a pause, 'there's you an' the lady. Our chaps are interested, if I may say it. You ought to have heard their langwidge, even in whispers, when that—well, I can't call him anything much worse than what he was, a German officer—when he was telling you off, sir.'

'What did the German officer say, sergeant?' put in Irene innocently.

'Corporal, your ladyship. Corporal Bates, of the 2nd Buffs.'

'I'm sorry to have to interrupt,' said Dalroy. 'You must give Lady Irene a full account some

other time. If you are planning to cross the Schelde to-night, there is a long march before you. We part company at the lane you spoke of. I leave her ladyship in the care of you and your men with the greatest confidence. I make for Oosterzele. If Jan Maertz is a prisoner, I must do what lies in my power to rescue him. If I fail, I'll follow on and report at Gand in the morning.'

For a little while none spoke. The other men marched in silence, a safeguard which they had made a rigid rule while piercing their way by night through an unknown country held by an enemy who would not have given quarter to any British soldier.

Bates was really a very sharp fellow. He had the sense to know that he had said enough already. Dalroy's use of Irene's title conveyed a hint of complications rather beyond the ken of one whose acquaintance with the facts was limited to an overheard conversation between strangers. Moreover, soldier that he was, the corporal realised that one of his own officers was not only deliberately risking his life in order to save that of a Belgian peasant, but felt in honour bound to do no less.

So Irene was left to tread the narrow path unaided. To her lasting credit, she neither flinched nor faltered.

'We may find it difficult to reach Gand, so I'll wait for you in Ostend, Arthur,' she said composedly.

Now, these two young people had just been snatched from death, or worse, in a manner which, a few weeks earlier, the least critical reader of romantic fiction would have denounced as so wildly improbable that imagination boggled at it. Irene, too, had unmistakably told the man who had never uttered a word of the love that was consuming him that neither rank nor wealth could interpose any barrier between them. It was hard, almost unbearable, that they should be parted in the very hour when freedom might truly come with the dawn.

Dalroy trudged a good twenty paces before he dared trust his voice. Even then he blurted out, not the measured agreement which his brain dictated, but a prayer from his very heart. 'May God bless and guard you, dear!' was what he said, and Irene's response was choked by a pitiful little sob.

Suddenly Dalroy, whose hearing was quickened by the training of Indian *shikar*, touched the corporal's arm, and stood fast. Bates gave a peculiar click in his throat, and the squad halted, each man's feet remaining in whatever position they happened to be at the moment.

'Horses coming this way,' breathed Dalroy.

'Right, sir. This'll be your two, with Jan Wot's-his-name, I hope. Leave them to us, sir.—Smithy, Macdonald, and Shiner—forward!'

Three shapes materialised close to the trio in front. The rain was still pelting down, and

the trees nearly met overhead, so the road was discernible only by a strip of skyline, itself merely a less dense blackness.

'Them two Yewlans,' explained the corporal, 'probably bringing a prisoner. Mind you don't hurt him.'

No more explicit instructions were given or needed. Of such material was the British Expeditionary Force.

'Take her ladyship back a few yards, sir,' gurgled Bates. 'The horses may bolt. If they do, we must stop 'em before they gallop over us.'

Every other consideration was banished instantly by the thrill of approaching combat. By this time Dalroy was steeped in admiration for his escort's methods, and he awaited developments now with keen professional curiosity. And this is what he saw, after a breathless interval. A flash in the gloom, and the vague silhouettes of two hussars on horseback. One horse reared; the other swerved. One man never spoke. The other rapped out an oath which merged into a frantic squeal. By an odd trick of memory, Dalroy recalled old Joos's description of the death of Busch: 'He squealed like a pig.'

Then came a cockney voice, 'Cheer-o, mitey! We're friends, amnies! Damn it all, you ain't tikin' us for Bosches, are yer?'

'Hola! Jan Maertz!' shouted Dalroy.

'Monsieur!'

Irene laughed—yes, laughed, though two men had died before her eyes!—at the amazement conveyed by the Walloon's gruff yelp.

'Don't be alarmed! These are friends—British soldiers,' went on Dalroy.

'I thought they were devils from hell,' was the candid answer.

Jan was unquestionably frightened. For one thing, his hands were tied behind his back, and he was being led by a halter fashioned out of a heel-rope, a plight in which the Chevalier Bayard himself might have quaked. For another, he had been plodding along at the side of one of the horses, thinking bitterly of the fair Léontine, whose buxom waist he would never squeeze again, when a beam of dazzling light revealed a crouching, nondescript being which flung itself upward in a panther-like spring, and buried a bayonet to the socket in the body of the nearest trooper. No wonder Jan was scared.

The soldiers had caught both horses. Dalroy, a cavalryman, had abandoned the earlier remounts with a twinge of regret. He thought now there was no reason why he and Irene should not ride, as the day's tramp, not to speak of the strain of the past hour, might prove a drawback before morning.

'Can you sit a horse astride?' he asked her.

'I prefer it,' she said promptly.

Bates offered no objection, so long as they followed in rear. The hussar's cloaks came in useful, and Dalroy buckled on a sword-belt.

Jan announced that he was good for another twenty miles provided he could win clear of those *sales Alboches*. He was eager to relate his adventures, but Dalroy quieted him by the downright statement that if his tongue wagged he might soon be either a prisoner again or dead.

A night so rife with hazard could hardly close tamely. The rain cleared off, and the stars came out ere they reached the ferry on the Schelde, and a scout sent ahead came back with the disquieting news that a strong cavalry picket, evidently on the alert, held the right bank. But the thirteen had made a specialty of disposing of German pickets in the dark. In those early days of the war, and particularly in Flanders, Teuton nerves were notoriously jumpy, so the little band crept forward resolutely, dodging from tree to tree, and into and out of ditches, until they could see the stars reflected in the river. Dalroy and Irene had dismounted at the first tidings of the enemy, turning a pair of contented horses into a meadow. They and Maertz, of course, had to keep well behind the main body.

The troopers, veritable Uhlans this time, had posted neither sentry nor vedette in the lane. Behind them, they thought, lay Germany. In front, across the river, the small army of Belgium held the last strip of Belgian territory, which then ran in an irregular line from Antwerp through Gand to Nieupoort. So the picket watched the black smudge of the opposite bank, and talked of the Kron-Prinz's stalwarts hacking their way into Paris, and never dreamed of being assailed from the rear, until a number of sturdy demons pounced on them, and did some pretty bayonet-work.

Fight there was none. Those Uhlans able to run ran for their lives. One fellow, who happened to be mounted, clapped spurs to his charger, and would have got away had not Dalroy delivered a most satisfactory lunge with the hussar sabre.

No sooner had Bates collected and counted sixteen people than the tactics were changed. Five rounds rapid rattled up the road and along the banks.

'I find that a bit of noise always helps after we get the wind up with the bayonet, sir,' he explained to Dalroy. 'If any of 'em think of stopping, they move on again when they hear a hefty row.'

A Belgian picket, guarding the ferry and, what was of vast importance to the fugitives, the ferry-boat, wondered, no doubt, what was causing such a commotion among the enemy. Luckily the officer in charge recognised a new ring in the rifles. He could not identify it, but was certain it came from neither a Belgian nor a German weapon.

Thus, in a sense, he was prepared for Jan Maertz's hail, and was even more reassured by Irene's clear voice urging him to send the boat.

Two volunteers manned the oars. In a couple of minutes the unwieldy craft bumped into a pontoon, and was soon crowded with passengers. Never was sweeter music in the ears of a little company of Britons than the placid lap of the current, followed by the sharp challenge of a sentry: '*Qui va là ?*'

'A party of English soldiers, a Belgian, and an English lady,' answered Dalroy.

An officer hurried forward. He dared not use a light, and, in the semi-obscurity of the river-bank, found himself confronted by a sinister-looking crew. He was cautious, and exceedingly sceptical when told briefly the exact truth. His demand that all arms and ammunition should be surrendered before he would agree to send them under escort to the village of Aspen was met by a blank refusal from Bates and his myrmidons. Dalroy toned down this cartel into a graceful plea that thirteen soldiers, belonging to eight different regiments of the British army, ought not to be disarmed by their gallant Belgian allies, after having fought all the way from Mons to the Schelde.

Irene joined in, but Jan Maertz's rugged speech probably carried greater conviction. After a prolonged argument, which the infuriated Germans might easily have interrupted by close-range volleys, the difficulty was adjusted by the unfixing of bayonets and the slinging of rifles. A strong guard took them to Aspen, where they arrived about eleven o'clock. They were marshalled in the kitchen of a comfortable inn, and interviewed by a colonel and a major.

Oddly enough, Corporal Bates was the first to gain credence by producing his map and describing the villages he and his mates had passed through, the woods in which they had hid for days together, and the curés who had helped them. Bates's story was an epic in itself. His men crowded around, and grinned approvingly when he rounded off each curt account of a 'scrap' by saying, 'Then the Yewlans did a bunk, an' we pushed on.'

Dalroy, acting as interpreter, happened to glance at the circle of cheerful faces during a burst of merriment aroused by a reference to Smithy's ingenuity in stealing a box of hand-grenades from an ammunition wagon, and destroying a General's motor-car by fixing an infernal machine in the gear-box. The mere cranking-up of the engine, it appeared, exploded the detonator.

'Is that what you were doing under the car outside the barn?' he inquired, catching Smithy's eye.

'Yus, sir. I've on'y one left aht o' six,' said Smithy, producing an ominous-looking object from a pocket.

'Is the detonator in position?'

'Yus, sir.'

'Will you kindly take it out and lay it gently on the table?'

Smithy obeyed, with reassuring deftness.

Dalroy was about to comment on the phenomenal risk of carrying such a destructive bomb so carelessly, when he happened to notice the roll collar of a khaki tunic beneath Smithy's blue linen blouse.

'Have you still retained part of your uniform?' he inquired.

'Oh, yus, sir. We all 'ave. We weren't goin' to strip fer fear of any bally Germans—beg pawdon, miss—an' if it kime to a reel show-dahn we meant ter see it through in reggelation kit.'

Every man of twelve had retained his tunic, trousers, and puttees, which were completely covered by the loose-fitting garments supplied by the priest of a hamlet near Louvignies, who concealed them in a loft during four days until the mass of German troops had surged over the French frontier. The thirteenth, a Highlander, actually wore his kilt!

The Belgian officers grew enthusiastic. They insisted on providing a *vin d'honneur*, which Irene escaped by pleading utter fatigue, and retiring to rest.

Dalroy opened his eyes next morning on a bright and sunlit world. It might reasonably be expected that his thoughts would dwell on the astounding incidents of the past month. They did nothing of the sort. He tumbled out of a comfortable bed, interviewed the proprietor of the 'Trois Couronnes,' and asked that worthy man if he understood the significance of a Bank of England five-pound note. During his many and varied 'scapes, Dalroy's store of money, carried in an inner pocket of his waistcoat, had never been touched. Monsieur le Patron knew all that was necessary about five-pound notes. Very quickly a serviceable cloth suit, a pair of boots, some clean linen, a tin bath, and a razor were staged in the bedroom, while the proprietor's wife was instructed to attend to mademoiselle's requirements.

Dalroy was shaving, for the first time in thirty-three days, when voices reached him through the open window. He listened.

Smithy had cornered Shiney Black in the hotel yard, and, in his own phrase, was 'puttin' 'im through the 'oop.'

'You don't know it, Shiney, but you're reely a verdamd Henglishman,' he said, with an accurate reproduction of Von Halwig's manner, if not his accent. 'The grite German nytion is abart ter roll yer in the mud, an' wipe its big feet on yer tummy. You've arsked fer it long enough, an' nah yer goin' ter git it in the neck. Blood an' sausage! The cheek o' a silly little josser like you tellin' the Lord-'Igh-Cock-a-doodle-doo that 'e can't boss everybody as 'e dam well likes! Shiney, you're done in! The Keyser sez so, an' 'e ought ter know. W'y? That shows yer miserable hignorance! The Keyser sez so, I tell yer, so none o' yer lip, or I, Von Schmit, o' the Dirty

'Alf-Hundredth, will biff you on the boko. But no! I must keep me 'air on. As you an' hevery hother verdamd Henglishman will be snuffed aht before closin'-time, I shall grashiously tell thee wot's wot an' 'oo's 'oo. Germany, the friend o' peace—no, you blighter, not Chawlie Peace, the burglar, but the lydy in a nightie, wiv a dove in one 'and an' a holive-branch in the other—Germany will wide knee-deep in Belgian an' French ber-lud so as to 'and you the double Nelson. By land an' sea an' pawcels post she'll rine fire an' brimstone on yer pore thick 'ead. What 'ave you done, you'd like ter know? Wot 'aven't you done? Aren't you alive? Wot crime can ekal that when the Keyser said, "Puff! aht—tallow-candle"? Ach, pig-dorg, I shpit on yer!'

'You go an' wash yer fice once more, Smithy,' said Shiney, forcing a word in edgeways. 'It'll improve yer looks, per'aps. I dunno.'

'That's done it,' yelped Smithy, warming to his theme. 'That's just yer narsty, scoffin' British w'y o' speakin' to quiet, respectable Germans. That's wot gets us mad. I'm surprised at yer, Shiney! Yer hattitude brings tears to me heyes. Time an' agine you've 'eard ahr bee-utiful langwidge'—

'I 'ave, indeed,' interrupted Shiney. 'But none o' it 'ere, me lad. There's a reel born lydy in one o' them bedrooms.'

'I'm not torkin' o' the kind o' tosh you understand,' retorted Smithy. 'I'm alludin' to the sweet-sahndin' langwidge o' our conquerors. You've 'eard it hoften enuf from the soft mowves o' Yewlans. On'y larst night you 'eard it spoke by that stawr hactor, Von 'Allwig, of the Potsdam Busters. Yet you can git nothink orf yer chest but a low-dahn cockney wheeze w'en a benefactor's givin' yer the strite tip. Pore Shiney! Ye think yer goin' back to Hengland, 'ome, an' beauty—to the barrick-square, bully-beef an' booze, an' plenty o' it. Dontcher believe it! Wot you're in fer is a dose o' German *Kultur*. W'en yer ship's been torpedoed fourteen times between Hostend an' Dover, w'en yer Sarth-Eastern trine 'as bumped inter a biker's dozen o' different sorts o' mines, w'en you're Zepped the minnit you croree the Strend to the nearest pub, you'll begin ter twig wot the Hemperor of All the 'Uns is ackshally a-doin' of. It's hall hup wiv yer, Shiney! You've ether got ter lie dahn an' doi, er learn German. Nah, w'ich is it ter be! Go west wiv yer benighted country, or go nap on the Keyser!'

'Torking o' pubs reminds me,' yawned Shiney. 'I couldn't get any forrarder on that ginger-pop the Belgian horficers gev us. In one o' them Yewlans' pawket-books there was five French quid. Wot abart a bottle o' beer?'

'Wot abart it?' agreed Smithy instantly.

The soap was drying on Dalroy's face, but he thrust his head out of the window to look at two of Britain's first line swaggering through the

gateway of the inn, and whistling, 'It's a long, long way to Tipperary.' Smith and Shiney were true types of the somewhat cynical but ever ready-witted and laughter-loving Londoner, who makes such a first-rate fighting-man. They were just a couple of ordinary 'Tommies.' The deadly fury of Mons, the daily and nightly peril of the march through a land stricken by a brutal enemy, the score of little battles which they had conducted with an amazing skill and hardihood—these phases of immortality troubled them not

at all. An eye-rolling and sabre-rattling emperor might rock the social foundations of half the world, his braggart henchmen destroy that which they could never rebuild, his frantic gang of poets and professors indite Hymns of Hate and blasphemous catch-words like 'Gott strafe England!' but the Smithies and Shiniies of the British army would never fail to cock a humorous eye at the vapourers, and say sarcastically, 'Well, an' wot abart it?'

(Continued on page 310.)

THE SALT PERIL IN THE NETHERLANDS.

By I. I. BRANTS.

FROM earliest infancy we have been treated to tales both touching and fantastic about Holland, the submarine country. There is the amiable story about the boy who saved his country by plugging with his thumb a hole in one of the dikes—a technical impossibility, of course, in more respects than one. The destruction wrought by this year's winter floods has brought these tales back to our memories even amidst the excitement of a world-wide war.

People naturally take an interest in the district whence comes so large a quantity of their cheese, butter, eggs, beef, and flowers, especially when this source of milk and honey is threatened with extinction, or at least temporary suspension. Moreover, the titanic and secular struggle of man with the elements fascinates the imagination.

Now it is commonly thought and taught that water is the hereditary and mortal enemy of the Dutch, the principal danger to their race. This is a mistake. Though still able to cause passing inconvenience, or at a pinch loss, the liquid element is indeed powerless in the face of modern science. Salt is the chief peril, the paltry NaCl; it is the inveterate foe of agriculture, the stealthy assassin stabbing the Netherlands in their most vital parts—the rich provinces of North Holland, Friesland, and Groningen, where all good things come from.

Roughly speaking, the kingdom of Holland can be divided into two sections—the larger, in the south and east, elevated well beyond the reach of the water, and, indeed, frequently suffering from the want of it; the smaller, in the north and west, subject to floods. It should not, however, be imagined that the whole of the latter is situated below the level of the sea. This is the case with comparatively limited districts. It is sweet-water floods, river spates, inundations, caused by the Rhine and the Meuse, which threaten the bulk of the land, or at least used to threaten it. Modern hydraulic engineering has constructed rows of dikes so solid and massive along the chief arteries and their branches, and has invented a system of

expansion outlets and safety-valves so cleverly organised, that, but for a miracle of untoward coincidence, the danger of the river, fifty years ago still a terrible reality, can now be considered a thing of the past. There remains the sea. No human skill can permanently resist the full fury of its waves. But Nature fortunately wards against her own excesses. The same south-western storms which chase the wild waters landward cause them also to plough up the shallow bottom of the sea, thus mixing the seething surge with light yellow sand, which they carry to the shore, and, retreating, deposit there. These sands the wind drifts into heaps, hillocks, and monticules, a wide row of sand-dunes kept stationary by the vegetation which presently covers them. These sand-dunes are Holland's safest protection. In two brief stretches only are they wanting on the west coast. There man has had to interfere by raising powerful dikes of granite, which must continuously be renewed. This constitutes a yearly burden of millions on the Budget, which clearly proves how impossible it would be financially to replace the sand-dunes by artificial works.

Nor do these dunes exist along the wide estuaries of the Scheldt, Meuse, and Rhine, and their branches, up which the tides come sweeping twice a day. On these inland shores, however, the sea cannot bring its full vigour to bear, and on the whole a system of strong dikes is able to perform its defensive duty well. On the northern coasts also the dunes are absent, but so are the fiercer storms. Moreover, these shores are protected by a long line of little islands, behind which the stilled waters deposit layer upon layer of heavy, sticky, fertile clay, thus slowly adding to the land instead of eating into it. In this constructing work man also comes to the assistance of nature by building dikes round every new addition whenever the sea has raised it sufficiently above low-water mark.

Thus, through the regulating skill of human inventiveness, Holland can at present be said to lie *sevis tranquilla in undis*, as the motto runs,

owing to the perfect equipoise between conflicting elements. The only doubtful point is the famous Zuyder Zee, which has caused the recent havoc. It is a choppy, turbulent sheet of water, startlingly responsive to the winds of heaven because of its comparative shallowness, and because of its peculiar shape, which readily lets in the storm-swept floods of the west without affording an outlet. Nevertheless it would be quite possible also, financially speaking, to ward against this danger even though the wind rose to the excessive and extraordinary violence of the recent hurricane. Nor will it be difficult to free the land of the water which covers it. The permanent damage is done not by the water, but by the salt. And this salt problem, which the January and February floods have accentuated, is one of long standing in the most prosperous part of Holland, the peninsula above Amsterdam and the Y. At the root of the matter is the rivalry between the Amsterdam merchants and the agriculturists of the surrounding country. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Zuyder Zee was a centre for European commerce. Its inland position made it safe from the attacks of hostile fleets, and its shores were studded with prosperous trading ports. In the nineteenth century, however, the ever-increasing draught of the vessels became too great for the shallows of a basin, the comparatively low salt percentage of which did but enhance the difficulties for heavily freighted craft. This was the origin of the so-called 'dead cities of the Zuyder Zee'—Hoorn, Enkhuizen, Medemblik, and the others, the favourite haunts of artists and tourists of many nations.

It seemed as though Amsterdam, the capital of the new kingdom, must sooner or later share their fate, and yield its commerce to Rotterdam and other ports in open communication with the ocean. This induced King William the First to urge the construction of the North Holland Canal from Amsterdam through the whole length of the northern peninsula. It took from 1819 to 1824 to finish this important work, some sixty miles long, and deep enough for the biggest sea ships of the period. The land through which the new canal passed belonged to the richest polder-land of the country. It should be explained that a Dutch polder is a piece of land below the level of the nearest river or of the normal high tide of the sea, which, originally a morass or lake, has been drained and brought under cultivation. It is intersected by drainage ditches and surrounded by a dike, which in its turn is surrounded by a circular drainage canal. Out of these ditches the superfluous water is pumped into the canal, and thence eventually brought by hydraulic machinery into the sea or an open river, wherewith the entire system of polder canals communicates. To a certain extent there is also communication between the canals and the ditches, the superfluous water of

the polder being due not merely to rainfall, but also to the oozing through of canal water subterraneously and even from the dikes.

Prior to 1820 the system of North Holland was an entirely sweet-water system. There was no open connection with the sea, the locks being only opened for letting out the excess of water during low tide. After the construction of the shipping canal, however, sea ships had to be let in principally during high tide. At the Helder in the north strong salt-water thus flowed in periodically.

At the southern end, at Amsterdam, the Y also stood in open communication with the Zuyder Zee. But under normal, undisturbed conditions the water in the southmost part of this basin contains but 0·5 per cent. of salt, which, moreover, was amply compensated by the flow of sweet-water from the large basin of the Y and the Haarlem Lake, both at that time still in existence. Besides, if need were, water from the Lek and Rhine could easily be let into the North Holland system by simply opening the locks leading into these rivers.

The draught of sea vessels kept increasing during last century. Soon the North Holland Canal proved useless; and the Government, bent on saving the commerce of the capital, took the bold step of cutting a deep-sea canal directly from Amsterdam westward to the North Sea, through fields and marshes and five weary miles of loose sand-dunes of considerable elevation. This North Sea Canal was begun in 1865, and finished in 1876. It contained pure sea-water, with a salt percentage of 3·2. Moreover, it entirely cut off the bulk of the province from sweet-water supply. Since the year 1874, therefore, the 'salting' process of its water system has continued rapidly. All canals and their branches, and all ditches, are becoming increasingly brackish. It has come to be more and more difficult to obtain drinking-water for man and beast. Even washing-water is extremely scarce. It is hard for an outsider to realise that the inhabitants of this waterland are practically dependent for their water-supply on the frequently scanty and always irregular rainfall. In a dry summer drinking-water has to be brought by rail or by boat; it can then be bought at Hoorn railway station at a penny a bucketful, whence it is retailed in more distant villages at fivepence a bucket. Of late years the situation in the larger centres has somewhat improved, as amongst the dunes of the west coast reservoirs have been constructed, whence the water is carried by piping to the polders of the east. But it will not be possible to extend, if even to continue, this system. The excessive and unnatural drainage is beginning to affect the vegetation of the dunes. The trees and shrubs which shield the sand from the storm wind, and the weeds and grasses, the roots of which keep it together, are threatened with extinction. This would

send the hills rolling inland again, and cause them to cover more of the fertile land than has been covered already, the hungry sea eagerly following each step of their retreat. The equipoise of nature needs a delicate handling.

As for the 'salting' process, this seems to have been realised by the present inundation. The salt percentage of the polder water is now 1·5 at least, and in some places as much as 2. Water salted to this extent is useless for the cattle, or even for washing, and is very injurious to agriculture. Experience has taught that, although in comparatively few years, with the aid of rainfall and sweet river-water, virgin soil can be 'unsalted' again, a lengthy process is needed for tilled fields, whilst it is even dangerous to till the land during the process. In the case of the Bath polders in the province of Zeeland, it took ten years to bring the soil back to its original fertility. In North Holland the process will take longer still for lack of river-water.

The only thing which can save the situation

permanently is the draining of the Zuyder Zee in accordance with the projects at present ready. This would cut off the greater part of the Zuyder Zee basin from the salt North Sea, converting it partly into land and partly into a central sweet-water lake fed by the river Ysel, one of the outlets of the Rhine. This Rhine-water could then be used for 'unsalting' North Holland, which, moreover, would be free from the danger of floods, as also all the other provinces would be which surround the Zuyder Zee. The recent calamity has made this project seem so advantageous that it is almost certain to be adopted. Dr Vissering, a financial authority, estimates the cost of building a dike shutting out the North Sea water at some three and a half millions sterling, a sum much less than the cost of the relief at present necessary; and surely the expense of keeping in repair a new dike twenty-five miles in length cannot be compared with that of the present littoral dike of two hundred miles.

GOLD IN WAITING.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN this clause was read out by Fancit's attorney to those assembled in the house after the old fellow's funeral, the gravest of the village fathers could not forbear from smiling. For if there was one woman in that wide shire to whom (as those present, with wry faces, conceded) it would be unwise to apply correction of any sort, it was the dandy, high-coloured, free-spoken, and bold-accounted wench of Farmer Clinkscales. Ebenezer, sitting there in his stiff funeral clothes, looked at the floor between his boots, but said no word. But he was not slow to bring his long courting to a head, and within eight weeks of his father's passing he had brought Alice, a bride, and a bonny one, to the old house in Sparcliff Street.

It would seem that the spiteful testamentary clause had been faithfully repeated to her, for the very first thing Alice did on entering the old house as its mistress was to put the ash stick, without even removing its silver top (for she was not one of your careful bodies), on the parlour fire. Ebenezer gave a great laugh, and even pressed the stick nearer to the coals with his heavy boot. But the ash stick was tough, like its old owner, and the fire did not seem able to do much with it. The flames would lick at it and then leave it, as if it were not much to their taste. Finally, scorched and blackened, it rolled into the grate, and Alice was too busy entertaining her guests to put it back on the fire. So it lay in the grate till Ebenezer, who (despite that sobering clause) had been toasting his inheritance ever since he became his own man, rolled in from the 'Quart Pot' about eleven that

night, with a fine frenzy in his eye, and sought to embrace her, whereupon she picked up the scorched stick and thrashed him to his bed; and the neighbours, hearing her voice raised in shrill upbraiding, and the whacks of the cudgel, shook their heads and said that Ebenezer had made a nice fool of himself by marrying so vicious a hussy.

However that may have been, the cure had apparently begun, for Ebenezer went no more to the 'Quart Pot.' He was too frightened. He went in once, but Alice followed him and clawed him out by the scruff of the neck before he could raise tankard to lips. And he dared go no more. But he could ride into Wayford, and to the 'Brown Cow' at Chipping Spain.

He would have, of course, his better moments, and appear almost contrite when Alice rated him on his worse ones; but the better moments became fewer and the worse ones more numerous as time went on. The bad company he fell in with at Wayford took his money from him at cards and wagering, and it was seldom he came home with much in his purse, if his purse arrived there at all. These harpies knew that Ebenezer Fancit would never keep sober for a week, let alone a calendar year, and they were going to have what he had while he had it. Folk said—and it was true—that he was ten times as bad now as he had been before.

Alice, the rough-handed spitfire, thrashed him to bed with the ash stick a time or two more, and this method of reproof might have become a habit with her had not the jeers of Ebenezer's companions stung him to resistance; so that one

night, after the first blow, he snatched the stick from her, and would have laid it sharply across her shapely form had not a sudden scream stopped him. And old Martha the servant, who had been passed on with the house to Ebenezer (and indeed, with her gnarled face and creaking joints, she appeared an integral portion of it), came hurrying out of the kitchen and whispered something swiftly in his ear.

Rough times and rough people, but they had their sudden gentle moments. When Ebenezer one night was found lying in a ditch, his horse calmly cropping the grass near by, and was brought home by one of Farmer Clinkscapes's own wagoners, Alice uttered quite an ordinary feminine cry of dismay on perceiving the cut in his forehead, and even let her tears fall as she washed it and bound it up. And Ebenezer, coming to, and seeing those tears, uttered a repentant oath—he had a variety of oaths to draw upon to express different emotions—and, pulling her down to him, kissed her, and cried himself. But such moments were of fleeting duration; and within a few days it was again 'boot and saddle,' and the road to Wayford, where the merry thieves awaited him.

The three small men, as in duty bound, and because they must work out the fifty pounds paid in advance for the service, kept a grave eye on Ebenezer, and at length, one Sunday, after taking counsel with each other, called upon the young man in a body to remonstrate with him. But Ebenezer had a sore head after Saturday night's wassailings, and such was his reception of them that Perriker and Maggs were edging towards the door, when Burden, who could not have followed his calling had he not possessed an iron forearm, took the reveller by the lapel of his coat and thrust him back upon the couch in the parlour from which he had sprung.

'Master Fancit,' said he, 'we are but carrying out your father's behest, and we will brook no hard words or fierce looks. You are a disgrace to that father, and to the village which gave you birth; and, as you go now, you will be looked upon with shame by the children who will come to you'—

Whack! And the scorched ash stick fell across the smith's broad shoulders; and there, behind him, stood Alice, her face red as fire.

'Will you not meddle with matters that don't concern other folk, and least of all menfolk?' she shrilled.

'Mistress,' said Burden, laying his great hand on the cudgel as it rose again, 'it is that very matter that concerns us more than the money your man is by way of missing if he does not alter his ways.'

'I say it is like your saucy impudence!' screamed the handsome virago, trying to wrest the stick from him.

'And of this, by all accounts, there has been enough use,' quietly retorted the smith, snapping the ash cane, brittle from its scorching, as if it had been a twig. 'Now, then,' he added, 'let you two, on this day, which is a day when proper folk take peaceful counsel, strive to arrive at a better way of life, for your own sakes, for the sake of the substance in jeopardy, and for the sake of those who may follow you.'

He went out, the others preceding him—they regarded it as the safer plan—and left Ebenezer and his Alice looking at each other.

'Get me a bottle, wife,' growled Ebenezer with a sulky oath, as he flung himself back upon the couch.

'Not I,' she cried. 'The lump of a man was right, and you are drinking up what others will soon need. I wish the dead men underneath would rise and empty every bottle you have stored there. 'Tis Martha or I you always send,' she added tantalisingly, 'for you dare not go down among those old bones yourself.'

'Dare I not?' shouted Ebenezer, thus braved; and he sprang from the couch, paused a moment, with hand uplifted, as if he would punish her, but recoiled from the blaze in her eyes, and rushed on, to fall headlong into the dark cellar.

'Martha,' said Alice to the old servant, grumbling among her pots and pans, 'look after your master, for I will do so no more;' and plucking her bonnet and cloak from their pegs, she turned the handle of the street door and went flying off.

The three small men, who had gone but a few paces, saw her, and little Maggs would have followed her.

'Nay, let her go,' said the smith. 'She has had enough of him. Likely 'twill give him pause.'

And they stood watching her go flashing down the hill to where the Cliff brook crossed it in its dip, and where a frail wooden foot-bridge spanned the brook. Looking neither to the back nor to the side of her, Alice sped on, crossed the bridge, and took the footpath along the brook to Coatmayes Farm, lying snug within its high walls.

For here were sober folk and kind, and her own quiet bedchamber, to which her father had prophesied she would surely return before many months had flown.

Old Fancit had died at midwinter, and by now the virgin spring of the first calendar year had matured into the matron summer; the meadows laughed; the bees worked happily in the sun; but Ebenezer Fancit was no nearer to qualifying for the hard cash of his inheritance.

And Alice, his wife, with her unborn babe, had gone from him.

(Continued on page 314.)

OLIVES.

By F. A. DOUGLAS.

IN November, when this is a land of mists and vapours, of fog, bronchitis, and rheumatism, in Provence they are garnering the olive.

It was the Romans who brought the olive to France. The Greeks crowned Minerva and her disciples, the young laureates, with its silvery foliage; but the Romans, a more practical people, spread its cultivation all round the shores of the Mediterranean, both in Europe and in Africa.

'*Tous les jours sont fêtes in Provence*' is a French proverb, and the olive-harvest, in the 'golden November days' one writer speaks of, is a picturesque sight. In many places the old costumes are still worn, and peasants come from all quarters, just as they do here for the hop-picking, to the olive-farms.

The Provençal olive-tree, subject to systematic pruning, is seldom more than fifteen feet high, and the trees are planted twenty-five feet apart. Rustic double ladders, called *escaraçons*, are placed beside the trees, and the olives are all picked by hand. The men on the ladders clear the upper branches, and the women the lower ones. A man can gather about two pecks a day.

The arrangements for the housing of the olive-pickers from a distance are rather curious. The farmer is bound to supply each picker with space in a loft for a straw bed, and to contribute one sheet to each two people. Supplies of vegetable soup—the *soupe paysanne* of France—must also be given out daily, the peasant providing his own bread. Happy parties of eight or ten from a distant village often come in a cart, and bring their own barrel of wine along with them.

In Italy they shake down the olives, or knock them down with poles, and for this reason the Italian olives are not so highly esteemed. The olives are put into the presses within twenty-four hours of being picked. The fresher the fruit, the finer the oil obtained from it. Italians are often careless of the fruit, and allow it to lie about and ferment before pressing it; hence the frequent rancidity of Italian oil.

The Provençal olive-mill is very simple and primitive, and consists of two huge stones, the upper one turning in a trough by means of a horse or mule that patiently treads round and round whilst the picker presses in the olives from the top. After the olives are crushed they are put into bags and crushed again. The first pressing yields the finest oil, and the only one that retains the flavour of the fruit. This is the oil that salad-makers seek after and seldom obtain, for only a very few realise that the per-

fect salad cannot be made without a genuine oil and good vinegar made from wine. The *huile vierge*, as they call it in Provence, is, perhaps, only fully appreciated in its native country, for the true Provençal claims that the northern palate cannot differentiate in oils. For the second pressing the olives are saturated in hot water, and the oil and water are afterwards separated by skimming the oil off the surface of the water. It is kept in stone crocks until the frost comes, as frosty weather is the best time in which to bottle and ship the oil. The last residue of the oil used to go to make a certain soap; but, alas! even this fine soap so firmly believed in by many is now very much adulterated.

For eating, the Provençals allow the olives to get very ripe and very black. They are best when they drop off the trees from sheer old age. Then they are pierced with forks, and laid in brine, afterwards to be preserved in olive-oil impregnated with the flavourings of various herbs. Sometimes a handful of salted anchovies and peppercorns is thrown into the oil to flavour it before being poured over the fruit.

The olive harvest finishes up with picturesque rejoicings, and the Provençal *farandole* is danced with much enthusiasm and vigour. We saw it in London a few years ago, when there was a craze for the reproduction of ancient dances.

Average English cooks do not use olives much, preferring to keep them for *hors-d'œuvre* and savouries. There is an austerity about them that the English palate, used to homelier, sweeter things, does not relish. Yet they have their uses. The richness of roast-duck is by the French tempered by a sauce with olives. Olives stuffed with anchovies or sardines, with touches of lobster and lemon, are a favourite prelude to a meal. The English substitute for the olive, our native sloe, is singularly abundant on our hedgerows at times, but it is harsher than the olive, and lacks its rich Southern flavour. Olives and cheese go well together, just as two strong but diverse characters often become friends.

Gourmets whose hearts are set upon incomparable salads know how difficult it is to get really genuine olive-oil and wine vinegar. Only the South produces both in perfection, and it is their perfect blend that produces the perfect salad. Most salad-oil is really cotton-seed-oil, and has never seen or felt the meridional sun. Yet a little bird tells us that the genuine thing (*premier jus* too) can be had in Soho for less money than you pay an English grocer for an inferior article.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

CHAPTER II.—*continued.*

WHEN Martin joined, the ship was in dock-yard hands, and a special routine was in force; and at seven o'clock, by which time the men who had been granted night-leave had returned, the decks had been finished and the guns cleaned. A quarter of an hour later the bugle sounded off 'Cooks,' when the men detailed as cooks of messes went to the galley to procure their own and their messmates' breakfasts; and at seven-twenty-five the boatswain's mates heralded the first meal by more shrill whistling, and the hungry men trooped below.

Breakfast, Martin always thought, was quite the most satisfactory meal of the day, and with the addition of a couple of canteen kippers, or eggs and bacon, he generally managed to acquit himself pretty well. The dietary of the modern bluejacket is a liberal one, while a paternal Government allows each man the sum of fourpence a day with which to purchase extra articles. An hour was allowed for the meal, for washing, for changing into the 'rig of the day,' and for smoking; and at eight-twenty-five the men were once more summoned to work. Shortly before nine o'clock the guard of marines and the band marched on to the quarterdeck; and when two bells struck, the marine bugler sounded the 'Attention,' the guard presented arms, the band played 'God Save the King,' and every officer and man on deck stood rigidly at the salute while the White Ensign was slowly hoisted. This ceremony is carried out at nine A.M. in winter, and an hour earlier in summer.

At nine-five came a warning blast on the bugle, followed five minutes afterwards by 'Divisions.' This was the usual morning muster, at which the entire ship's company—seamen, marines, stokers, and artisan ratings—fell in in their respective groups. The seamen themselves were divided up into four 'parts of the ship'—forecastle-men, foretopmen, maintopmen, and quarterdeckmen; and each was responsible for, and so far as possible manned, the guns in its own particular portion of the vessel. Each division, moreover, had its own lieutenant in charge, one or two midshipmen, and its quota of petty officers and leading seamen.

Now, Martin knew all about saluting. He had learnt how to do it by spending many weary hours in a windy barrack square at Portsmouth paying obeisance to a red brick wall under the horny eye of an irascible gunner's mate. He was aware that one saluted when addressed by an officer, when meeting an officer in uniform ashore, and the first time each morning one passed any particular officer on board ship. He had also been taught that it was customary to raise a hand to one's cap when the band played

'God Save the King,' and, for some reason unknown to him, whenever one had occasion to go on the quarterdeck. He was not aware that in medieval days the ship's shrine or crucifix was always kept on the quarterdeck under the break of the poop, and that, on passing, officers and men made an obeisance. Hence the origin of 'saluting the quarterdeck.'

But all this was nothing to the saluting which took place every morning at divisions.

The game started by the 'captain of the top'—the senior petty officer—calling the division to attention, saluting, and reporting it 'Present' to the midshipman, Mr Henry Taut. The midshipman, returning the salute, produced a notebook, mustered the men by name, and satisfied himself that the petty officer's statement was correct; and then, touching his cap, made known the fact to Lieutenant Tobias Tickle, R.N. The lieutenant, walking round the ranks, found fault with irregularities in the men's attire, or asked searching and personal questions as to when they had last washed, shaved, or had had their hair cut, and requested the midshipman to make a note of the delinquents' names.

Taut acquiesced, with a salute.

The inspection complete, Taut saluted Tickle, and Tickle saluted Taut, and the lieutenant then walked aft to the quarterdeck, saluted as he reached it, approached the commander, saluted again, and reported his men 'Present.'

The commander returned the courtesy, and murmured, 'Thank you.'

When all the divisions had been reported present, the commander, in his turn, reported the fact to the captain, with another salute. The latter raised his hand to his gold-peaked cap and muttered, 'Carry on, please;' whereupon the commander held up his hand, a bugle blew, some one forward tolled a bell, the band on the after shelter-deck played a lively march, and the divisions marched aft to the quarterdeck for prayers. Here they were halted, and presently the chaplain appeared from one of the after-hatches, with his surplice flapping in the breeze. He did not salute. He was bareheaded.

'Ship's company! 'Shun!' from the commander. 'Off caps! Stand easy!'

The chaplain read the prayers, followed by the usual intercession for those at sea: 'O Eternal Lord God, who alone spreadest out the heavens, and rulest the raging of the sea; who hast compassed the waters with bounds until day and night come to an end: Be pleased to receive into Thy almighty and most gracious protection the persons of us Thy servants, and the fleet in which we serve. Preserve us from the dangers of the sea and from the violence of the enemy; that

we may be a safeguard unto our most gracious Sovereign Lord King George and his Dominions, and a security for such as pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions.' . . .

'The dangers of the sea,' 'the violence of the enemy,' 'a safeguard,' 'a security.' The words conveyed little to Martin's mind when first he heard them. Less than a year later, in the autumn of 1914, he had come to learn their true meaning.

The short service was over by nine-twenty, and was followed by a quarter of an hour's hard physical drill, conducted by the lieutenants of divisions. This strenuous exercise was a daily feature of the routine, and there was no doubt that it kept the men in excellent condition. At any rate, Pincher was generally perspiring freely by the time it was over.

This finished, both watches were piped to fall in, and the various parties of men were detailed for the day's work. The commander, with a notebook, would be present on the quarterdeck, and would hold a hurried conversation with the first lieutenant, gunner, boatswain, and carpenter, all of whom required men for the performance of various odd jobs.

'Party painting on the mess-deck yesterday, fall in aft!' would come the first order. A group of about a dozen men and a petty officer, clad in ancient, paint-stained overalls, would detach themselves from the remainder. The first lieutenant, in charge of the mess-decks, gave his detailed orders to the petty officer, and he, in turn, doubled his men off to their work. 'Two hands from each part of the ship of the starboard watch, and a leading hand from the foretop, fall in aft!' The captain of the top told off the men, who were then taken charge of by the gunner—a warrant officer—who required them for restowing the small-arm magazine. Next the boatswain wanted a party, some for refitting rigging, and others for drawing stores from the dockyard; and, lastly, the carpenter took his toll for some purpose best known to himself.

The Royal Marines, meanwhile, had been sent down below to clean the flats, under the orders of their own non-commissioned officers; and when the various flat-sweepers and the mess-deck sweepers had been detached to their work, the remainder of the seamen were detailed for their labours, under the direction and supervision of their petty officers. There were always a hundred and one different jobs to be done. Nobody was ever idle in working-hours, and sometimes Martin found himself armed with a pot of gray paint and a brush to touch up bare portions of the superstructure. On other mornings he was detailed to scrape and red-lead rusty plates on the ship's side, or to holystone a particularly obstinate section of deck which was not quite up to the mark. At other times he found himself told off as assistant to a fully qualified A.B., one Joshua

Billings, who was quite the best hand in the ship at splicing or putting an eye in a wire hawser, neither of which is a job for an amateur. Martin liked this sort of work, for he was keen and anxious to learn, and the able seaman taught him far more in an hour than he could pick up elsewhere in a fortnight.

The worthy Joshua, by reason of an inordinate thirst and capacity for malt liquor, had served in his present rank for seven years, and did not hesitate to give the youngster good advice. 'It's like this 'ere,' he would remark, deftly tucking in an obstinate strand of springy wire. 'It's beer wot's bin the ruin o' me, and I don't mind ownin' it. I've bin in the navy ten years come January, and most o' them men wot served along o' me as boys in the trainin'-ship is now petty officers. I reckons I'm as good a man as they is aboard a ship; but, though I was rated leadin' seaman once, I dipped the killick* abart six weeks later for comin' off drunk. It's beer wot done it; I can't keep orf it, some'ow, when I gits ashore. Give us that there ball o' spun-yarn, young fella.'

'Ard luck,' Martin murmured, handing the spun-yarn across.

The hoary-headed old sinner shook his head and gave vent to a throaty sigh. 'No,' he said sadly, 'I reckons it wus orl right. The commander 'e sez to me, "Billings," 'e sez, "w'y is it you can't go ashore without gettin' a skinful?" "It's like this 'ere, sir," I tells 'im. "I 'as the rheumatics werry bad, an' as soon as I gets 'longside a pub I comes orl over a tremble, an' directly I gets inside I meets with hevill companions." "Rheumatics!" 'e sez. "I've 'eard that yarn before; an' has for your hevill companions, my man, you ain't a baby!" "No, sir," sez I, gettin' rattled, "I ain't; but directly I gets a pint inside me my legs orl gets dizzy like." "A pint!" sez 'e, werry surprised. "Surely it wus more'n a pint." "Well, sir," I sez to 'im, "maybe it wus a quart; I can't 'xactly remember." "Several quarts, I should think," sez 'e, waggin' 'is 'ead. "You wus werry drunk." "No, sir, not drunk, only a bit shaky like," I sez, though I knowed orl the time I'd bin properly tin 'ats. "Well," 'e sed, shakin' 'is 'ead werry sad, "I should 'ave liked to 'ave given you another chance; but I'm afraid you ain't fit to be a leadin' seaman. You must go before the capt'in." I sees the owner, an' has a consequence wus dipped to A.B.; an' now I shall never be anythin' else. Sad 'istory, ain't it?" concluded Joshua sadly. 'But it's beer wot's done it, so look out you don't get meetin' with hevill companions.' He solemnly winked one eye.

Now, Joshua Billings, A.B., though officially a bad hat, was one of the best seamen in the ship

* A 'killick' is an anchor, which is the badge worn by a leading seaman. 'Dipping the killick' means that the badge is removed, and that its wearer has been disgraced to A.B.

when there was any work on hand, and the commander knew it. Only that fatal predilection for beer kept him from rising to the top of the tree. Martin took his advice to heart, and was rather proud to have him as a friend.

At ten-thirty in the forenoon came a ten-minute stand easy for smoking; after which work was resumed until eleven-forty-five, when the decks were cleared up and the bugle sounded 'Cooks.' At noon there was dinner, the staple meal of the day; and half-an-hour later the cooks of messes were summoned on deck to receive the allowance of grog for the members of their messes. The rum, mingled with its due proportion of water, was served out with some ceremony. It stood in a huge brass-bound tub bearing in brass letters the words, 'The King: God bless him;' and when the recipients had assembled in a long queue with their mess kettles and other receptacles, the liquid was solemnly measured out by the ship's steward, under the supervision of the warrant officer and the petty officer of the day. Martin, being under twenty, was not officially allowed to partake of the beverage. He tasted it once, and it made him cough and splutter.

At one-ten the bugle sounded 'Out pipes,' and the decks were cleared up; and at one-thirty the forenoon's work was resumed. At three-forty-five labour, except for odd jobs done by the watch on board, was over for the day; and at

four o'clock came 'evening quarters,' a repetition of the morning 'divisions,' without the prayers and music. Immediately afterwards the men went to tea, and the watch whose turn it was to go ashore were sent on leave till seven o'clock the next morning. Each man, provided his character was good, thus got leave every alternate night; but Martin, with the rest of the newly joined ordinary seamen, was not allowed out of the ship after ten P.M.

Saturday afternoon was generally a half-holiday, and a portion of the ship's company went away till seven o'clock on the following Monday; while on Sundays those men left on board had the usual service in the forenoon, and did no work that was not absolutely necessary.

Every day of the week supper came at seven-thirty P.M., and after this the hammocks were piped down and were slung on the mess-decks. At eight-thirty came another clearing up of the ship, and at nine o'clock the commander, preceded by the master-at-arms with a lighted lantern, and followed by the sergeant-major of marines, made his final rounds of the ship to see that everything was correct for the night, and the galley fires extinguished. At ten o'clock the boatswain's mates 'piped down,' and everybody was chased off to his hammock. So ended the day.

(Continued on page 319.)

AT WILHELMSHAVEN.

By W. C. MITCHELL.

WELL might the Kaiser covet the sheltering ports and happy havens of our sea-girt isle, for a more forsaken corner of the globe than Wilhelmshaven it would be hard to find. Readers of Seton Merriman's novels will recall his Dantean description of the dreary Friesland marshes; and the spot where the Kaiser decreed that a naval base should be dug out, and with feverish energy, for a striking-place at Britain, reveals Nature at her dreariest. The land is forbidding to a degree, and the silt is a constant menace; the soil, black and peaty, is broken up into mud-flats and pools, and the gray skies and leaden waters form a fitting frame for the gloomy landscape.

A railway line from Oldenburg to Wilhelmshaven skirts the circle of Jahde Bay, across whose waters bitter winds from the North Sea sweep and tear. The traveller, looking out at the carriage window, sees, across the Weser, Cuxhaven, the apex of the triangle being at Heligoland. As the spires and smoke-stacks of Wilhelmshaven appear over the dunes, depression seizes on the traveller's soul, a feeling that is deepened when he enters the town itself. It is so frankly a war-centre as to be

minatory. Barracks stand up, stark and bald. The chief objects of interest are the powder-magazines, the parade-ground and saluting base, and the Imperial dockyard and harbour with its dry dock. Instead of the cheery reveille of bugles or the rataplan of drums, there is heard only the dull and sullen thud of the giant steam-hammers at the dockyard or the tramp of marines breaking into the goose-step as they pass an officer. According to the custom of the German navy in peace-time, the ships are deserted from October to March, the period for recruiting and land drill, and the sombre sounds of the port invest them weirdly.

When one remembers the War Lord's many-sided mind, there is a disappointing lack of originality in the uniforms of German naval ratings. Among both officers and men it is only a poor copy of our British style. Dogs are much 'affected' by the officers, not the dachshund, as one would be inclined to imagine, but the pert little English terrier being the favourite; and the officers' uniform, except that it lacks the loop on the gold sleeve-band, seems at first glance to be identical with ours. Closer inspection, however, reveals some startling and

amusing incongruities. That abbreviated article known variously and vulgarly as the 'dicky,' or the 'Isle of Man shirt,' is 'worn,' to use the term of the fashion journal, instead of the more formal and less exiguous garment of civilisation. Goloshes, too, instead of the British sea-boot, are used to protect the feet of the German officer from the damp; while that form of footgear reserved on our side for elderly and obese gentlemen and charwomen, and known generally as 'elastic-sides,' but irreverently dubbed 'jemimas' by the cockney, finds general favour among German officers.

A navy with world-pretensions, but with no traditions, cannot afford to be out of the lime-light or to be other than solemn. Accordingly, before the war, Wilhelmshaven was everlastingly being boomed in *Die Flotte*, the journal of the German Navy League. This organ was scattered broadcast and gratis, in restaurants, barbers' shops, inns, commercial establishments, and literary clubs, its function being to convince a deluded people that Germany's future lay upon the water. Its practice, however, was on a par with Germany's other fiction-factories, an example of which may be recalled in the perverted version given of Admiral Seymour's consideration for the insignificant German contingent which formed part of the Tientsin Relief Force in 1900. The Admiral's order, 'Germans to the front,' became in the superheated imagination of German naval journalists 'Britain's cry for help!'

The German navy being imbued with a portentous idea of its importance, and lacking a due perspective, life at Wilhelmshaven is prodigiously solemn and profoundly dull. At times a human touch was given by the arrival of bands of school children from far-off Thuringia or distant Bavaria, to be shown round the ships under the guidance of some retired officer; for it is to be remembered that less than one out of every hundred children in Germany has ever seen the sea. But, for the most part, it is a place of all work and no play, save for high stakes at the officers' casino. The lower ratings play football, but in summer; the officers, however, have few or no sports, save cards and the skittle-alley with its wooden 'cannon-fodder.' Duelling, too, occupies an important place, especially as the Kaiser looks with a lenient eye on even a fatal result by pardoning the culprit.

Jollity such as marks a British port would be frowned on as highly reprehensible at Wilhelmshaven. To sing 'We'll hang Old Square-Toes on a sour apple-tree' in its German equivalent, or refer to a much-adored martinet as 'Old Double-Chin,' as the British tar dares and does with the best mind in the world toward the said superior officer, would be regarded in the Teutonic navyman as rank blasphemy against Von Tirpitz and *lèse-majesté* against the Kaiser. In former years it has been the Kaiser's wont to come to

Wilhelmshaven in January to swear in the new recruits, in conscious or unconscious imitation of the great Napoleon. For rites on such a huge scale the dockyard drill-hall was converted into a war-temple; a large crucifix, flanked by two mammoth candles, stood on a field altar, which was shut in by symbolic piles of shot and shell, and guarded by cannon. A Protestant chaplain and a Roman Catholic priest acted as acolytes to the Imperial ministrant. At the close of the Communion service, the Kaiser, taking his position under a canopy, preached a sermon, often taking as text, 'Honour thy father and thy mother,' in which he proved, by reasonings incontrovertible under the circumstances, that he was the father and Germany the mother alluded to by the sacred writer, and that blind obedience to their revealed will would bring in Germany's Golden Age. The famous *Punch* cartoon picturing the Kaiser at his orisons uttering the words, 'Let us prey,' may therefore have been, not a skit, but a sketch of Wilhelm at Wilhelmshaven.

ON THE CLIFFS.

REST here awhile upon this green decline—

Here where the grass is thick beneath our feet,
And flowering tendrils with the gorse entwine.

Dear heart, dear heart, that earth should be so sweet!

See how the infant violets shyly peep

Toward the radiant sky and scented air;

The blue sky merging in a bluer deep.

Dear heart, dear heart, that earth should be so fair!

Yon cliffs, ethereal in their filmy mist,

Float like a dream-cloud bathed in orient light,
Sink beachwards where the foam has churned and kissed.

Dear heart, dear heart, that earth should be so bright!

The bells of yellow daffodils are moist,

Screened from the ardour of the burning ray
By half-open'd petals with the dew rejoiced.

Dear heart, dear heart, that earth should be so gay!

The tend'rest of these leaves, the youngest flowers,
Shall make a garland on your hair to rest;
And you shall wear it all the laughing hours.

Dear heart, dear heart, that earth should be so blest!

Forgotten rain is fresh upon the trees,

Like April kissing May their buds among;
The sea's low voice is murmuring to the breeze.

Dear heart, dear heart, that earth should be so young!

Here let us then relax the inquiring mind;

Complacent Nature, knowing these things best,
Proclaims the peace 'twixt God and all mankind.

Dear heart, lie down with me, lie down and rest.

G. H. BROWNING.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

HUMANITY.

By J. J. BELL, Author of *The Whalers*, &c.

IN the Atlantic, within sight of the Outer Hebrides, are scattered islets not marked on ordinary maps or mentioned in school geographies. You will, of course, find them on the proper chart; now and then a mariner may name one or two of them—perhaps with a curse; and fishermen of Lewis, Harris, Uist, or Barra might have a tale to tell. But these islets lack the human interest of St Kilda; the utility of the Flannan Group, with its lighthouse; the sensation of white, remote Rockall, where the codfish abound, and many a great whale has given up the ghost under the bolt of the Norwegian harpoon gun, where also, not so long ago, a Scandinavian liner came to bitter grief. The islets lie solitary, in pairs, in clusters. Some are barren rocks or mere reefs; others support grass and wild-flowers, but never a human habitation, and rarely a human tread.

Now there is a pair called Gasgeir Môr and Gasgeir Beg—that is, the Gasgeirs big and little. The latter is low, bare but for seaweed, altogether unlovely, a haunt of the gray seal. Lying off it on a calm day, peering into the wondrous clear depths, you will surely shudder to meet the emerald glares of the swarming, inquisitive dogfish. Near to its slippery margin you may come upon round flat corks marking the positions of traps sunk by a venturesome lobster-fisher from Harris.

By contrast, at least, Gasgeir Môr is beautiful. The coastline of a mile or so forbids at every turn, but above its rifts and buttresses abounds grass of a richness that makes the sheep placed there for a season the 'best fed' in the Hebrides. At midsummer scabious cast a lovely azure flush athwart the whole of the verdure. About the centre of the islet lies a large brown pool of rain-water. To walk there alone for the first time is trying to ordinary nerves. The woeful bleat of retreating half-wild sheep is almost drowned in the menacing yells and raucous mocking laughter of the magnificent gulls that wheel about you in legions, and follow you wheresoever you turn. Lie down, however, and presently you will find peace from their clamour of threats and abuse, for they, too, will settle on the protruding rocks around you to regard you in suspicious silence, occasionally broken by a sneering squawk. Then you begin to hear the endless sigh and sob and

gurgle of the swell about your prison; and, no matter how bravely the sun may shine, a new melancholy will enter your soul.

But not on many days of the year is a landing on Gasgeir Môr a possible adventure. The swell is never so light that the stoutest little craft may kiss those ramparts with impunity. The water, indeed, is deep enough, as you best realise when about to re-embark—clinging above it, chin to rock, fingers and toes in harsh or slimy crannies, while the boatmen, waiting the favourable instant to slip in under you, call advice and encouragement. A fathom or so beneath your feet the swell heaves and sucks, and you wonder whither it would take you once it got you. At last the men you cannot see bid you gently yet curtly 'let go.' Three to one that you hesitate for what seems an age; and that having upset their calculations, you slither through their arms, to land heavily among the lobsters, or perchance on top of a seal shot at Gasgeir Beg while you were exploring Gasgeir Môr. Well, nerves or no nerves, the Atlantic sees to it that no man finds this islet familiar to his foot.

Old Macleod would have told you as much, and he had made the landing oftener than any man alive. Boyish curiosity had inspired the earliest adventure. Age's necessity—let us believe—compelled the present. He lay on the turf bordering the highest part of the islet, gazing northwards. His hand outstretched would have hung over space. A lad, also named Macleod, a distant kinsman, lay beside him; a sturdy youth, but lame—else he had not been there then. He had helped the old man with the boat since the beginning of the war. He had not been on Gasgeir before, and he did not appear to be enjoying the experience. He would have told you frankly, for he was no coward, that he was afraid of the old man. The old man—who had grown old quite suddenly three months ago—was mild and gentle to look at, but the ceaseless, silent moving of his bearded lips was uncanny to see. Thus he had talked for close upon two hours, which is to say from the moment of landing.

They had left their home in the Harris loch at dawn. For the first time in the lad's knowledge the master had brought his seal gun, a short, weighty weapon built entirely of steel,

the burnished barb of its harpoon protruding, the strong, thin line attached thereto coiled carefully within the tube running under the barrel. A gift from a Norwegian, it had not been fired by Macleod for many years. But it was evidently in first-rate order.

Half-way to the Gasgeirs the wind failed, and they took to the oars. It was heavy work, and by the time they reached the lobster-traps old Macleod was complaining of exhaustion, and a homing breeze was not to be hoped for.

'It is fine weather,' he said suddenly. 'The creels can wait till the morning. We have food. We will sleep on Gasgeir Mòr. I can pull no more to-night.'

It was not for the lad to demur. Besides, he was keen to land on Gasgeir Mòr, and he had hopes of persuading the old man, after he had rested, to promise him a shot with the strange gun on the morrow.

So, with skill won of long experience, old Macleod took the boat to the one likely landing-place, and there moored her in such wise as to minimise the risks of bumping and scraping during the approaching night. Happily every natural sign pointed to a continuance of calm weather.

It was intensely still now, in this the first hour after sunset. The unruffled swell was no more than a drowsy motion. Less than a mile away a cluster of submerged skerries heaved, as it seemed, black backs fringed with foam from the glassy hollows. For long the lad watched them come and go, thinking of huge whales, fancying he heard the gasps of their emersions, the hisses of their subsidence; thinking also of shipwrecks and drowning men. Then his gaze lifted beyond them, and sought to separate the distant Seven Hunters (Flannan Isles), while he remembered the mystery of the three lightkeepers there whose disappearance has not been explained to this day. Later he turned on his side, and beheld, fully forty miles to the sou'westward, St Kilda, with her more desolate sisters, Boreray and Soay, all merged in a single shape, tiny yet clear cut in the afterglow. Above it hung a canopy of purple cloud hemmed with bronze—the only cloud in that majestic dome of sky. But the lad regarded all those sights less from interest in them than from desire to avoid the sight of his companion's lips.

Yet inevitably his eyes were drawn again to the mild, weary, tanned countenance. The lips were still busy. The lad was no lip-reader, yet he guessed what these lips were saying. They were retelling the story, with prayers and curses, of how a good son, Ronald, dearly beloved, mate of a trawler, had been murdered, rent asunder, by a shell fired from a submarine. And while the kindly lips moved the weather-seared fingers stroked and patted the seal gun at his side.

With a fresh effort the lad withdrew his gaze,

and as he shifted his position the old man touched his arm and spoke at last.

'Listen, Lachlan my lad, listen to me; for I will be telling you the dream I have dreamed on seven Sabbath nights running—the dream that will be coming true before we are a night older. And it is surely the second sight I have, though I was not knowing it till the great grief came upon me.'

For a little while he paused, then proceeded softly, yet coldly and very slowly, using now and then a modern English word for which there was no satisfying equivalent in the Gaelic.

At the end of half-an-hour the lad was shuddering. Perhaps the white sea-fog which had gathered during the recital had affected him in conjunction with the old man's dream. The fog rose no higher than the islet. Overhead, the pale sky was but slightly hazy. Twilight lingered. There would be no real darkness that night.

So fascinated, so terrified, was he by the old man's talk, that minutes passed after its ending before the lad ventured to call attention to a sound which had been coming from the fog with growing distinctness during the latter part of the story. Now he spoke, steadying his voice, as one anxious to change the subject.

'There is a steamer out yonder where no steamer with a knowing skipper would be. She is going slow, but she is coming'—

'It is the dream coming true,' said old Macleod in a matter-of-fact tone. 'Now I will give my thanks to Almighty God.' Rising to his knees, he clasped the barrel of the upright gun between his hands, raised closed eyes to heaven, and began fervently to pray.

The lad clapped his hands over his ears, and buried his face in the grass and scabious.

Unfaltering, the soft voice, warm with feeling, went up, telling the Almighty the simple history of a poor fisherman, his wife, their children—notably their first-born, Ronald, dearly beloved; confessing personal sins more or less lovable, easily pardonable even by man; pouring out the agony of a sudden, heart-rending loss; finally, offering humble gratitude for the wondrous, goodly gifts of dreams and second-sight. Ere the voice fell mute, a faint breath was dispersing the sea-fog.

The lad, his ears still covered, lifted his face and peered through the rifted veil across the waters northward. Dimly, at first, he beheld that which the old man had so lately foretold.

A vessel that had been a submarine was approaching the Gasgeirs. Still a mile away, she came on very slowly, appearing to be scarcely under control. She yawed and wallowed like a creature with a mortal wound. Her deck was a wreck, her periscope gone, her hull battered and rent just above the water-line. Her conning-tower seemed to have escaped serious damage.

But she would never again dive—save to her grave. And she was not so far from that, for the skerries, now wholly submerged, lay between her and her only possible haven, Gasgeir Môr. The man whose head appeared above the conning-tower ought to have read danger in the glossy swirls ahead, but he may not have had all his wits; his head was bandaged.

Macleod's prayer came to an end; he opened his wet eyes. In the same moment the lad rose, his arms out ready to wave a warning. Probably he would have been too late, even were his first signals observed. However, they were never made. His wrist was clutched, and he was wrenched back to the turf.

'Oh, oh!' he sobbed, 'they will all be drowned.'

'Not all, Lachlan; not all,' answered the soft voice, cold once more.

The hapless craft came on, her motors making extraordinary noises, as though working in an agony. Through the clearing atmosphere she was seen to be getting lower in the water. Yet she might float to reach Gasgeir Môr, if only those sunken skerries—

She struck!—soundlessly, so far as the two watchers could have told. Her bow ran clear out of the water. For a moment she wobbled, then slid backwards, rolled heavily, recovered, and began to settle down.

Two human figures appeared to fall over the edge of the conning-tower. A third was literally blown forth to a sickening, bursting sound; he spread-eagled through the air for an appreciable period, took the water flat, and in a burst of spray disappeared. And once more the vessel that had been a submarine cocked her bow, and, stern first, dived for the last time.

'The boat!' screamed the lad, pointing to the two swimmers. 'We must get the boat'—

'Peace, Lachlan; peace.'

The lad collapsed. Minutes passed ere he recovered.

'Macleod, Macleod,' he cried, 'they will both drown!'

'Not both, Lachlan; not both.'

In a little while there was only one swimmer. He came on bravely, yet it seemed to the helpless Lachlan that he could never reach Gasgeir. Nevertheless he reached it with what seemed a last despairing stroke.

As his hand found a hold on the nearly sheer rock, almost directly beneath the prone watchers, the old man rose steadily to his feet and stepped to the very verge.

'A life for a life,' he said in his best English; 'a clean harpoon for a dirty shell!' The effort in fine words was wasted.

The dazed, ghastly face, twenty feet below, turned upwards, and positively grinned with hope. A single word came up. With its foreign accent it sounded like 'Help!'

Macleod, his face bleak and gray, put the ugly gun to his shoulder and pointed it downwards. His weather-bitten finger crooked on the trigger. He took deliberate aim.

With a strangled cry the lad leapt upon him from behind, clasped him round, and dragged him backwards. A crash split the silence, and ten thousand drowsy birds rose shrieking. The barbed bolt flashed aloft, the coils of line rippling out straight in its wake.

Old Macleod wrenched himself free, but before his passion could find vent the lad had sprung to the verge, flung up his arms, and dived. For a space the old man stood helpless and shaken, under an awful revulsion of feeling, then staggered forward and looked over.

Lachlan was already clinging to the rock beside the exhausted swimmer; he was actually lending support to the latter.

'Hold on, Lachlan; hold on, good lad,' wailed Macleod, and began frantically to haul in the harpoon-line.

'Never mind that,' cried the lad. 'Go, bring the boat. I have a good hold. I can keep him up.'

The old man stiffened as at an electric shock. 'That man! I will not save him! By God, no!'

'Then, by God, I will drown with him!'

There was a brief pause. And Macleod said gently, 'I will bring the boat—for you, Lachlan.'

Lachlan spat out some brine. 'Your word that you will save us both, or I let go now. The water is very cold. Macleod! oh, Macleod! I tell you I *will* let go, and what will you say to your Ronald when he looks down on you in hell?'

At that the half-crazy old man groaned and stood irresolute.

And, in the hush, the enemy, comprehending everything save their strange Gaelic speech, spoke so brokenly, so feebly, that the man above just caught the words, 'Thank you, friend. Now I will go.' And he slid downwards into the sucking swell.

But the lad, his heart like to burst, drew him back from doom, and held him safe.

'Macleod!' gasped the lad, eyes rolled upwards. 'Macleod!'

Macleod was not there. Ere long they heard his quavering shout, and the sound of oars plied frantically.



GERMANY'S STRONGEST WEAPON.

By D. GOLDBLATT, Editor of *Yiddish Lexicon*, &c.

The more languages you know
The more times man you are.

SCHOPENHAUER.

IF one language makes a man wise once, two should make him doubly wise, three trebly wise, and so on in proportion. Generally, the British people are averse to any foreign language. They show signs of irritation at the mere sound of it; their narrow-mindedness on this particular point has resulted in a feeling that by speaking a foreign language one is committing adultery against one's own. But that species of patriotism is rather old-fashioned. Since one finds the existence of several nations under one language, and many languages within a single nation, language is no more the essential pillar of nationalism. Present day nationalism, from a broader point of view, depends more on religion, upon racial home sentiments, and a political constitution than upon anything else. The Jews of to-day do not speak their traditional language; in fact, the Jews speak to-day nearly every language in the world; yet they feel distinctively as a race, and if they had a political existence somewhere they would feel nationally also.

To-day, when nations must, for the benefit of their existence, exchange intercommunications one with another, the study of foreign languages is absolutely indispensable. The nation that neglects this study will some day find itself put out of the running by a smarter competitor. The nation that knows foreign languages knows also other nations' methods of fighting. One cannot defend one's self effectively without knowing the tactics of one's opponent.

The cultivation of lingual science amongst the German-speaking people is more than equal to that of all other nations combined. The Germans not only speak every language of the world, but can also teach nearly every nation its own language. There is a sense in which one could say that what the British fleet has done for Britain is little compared with what philology has done for the German-speaking people. To them that branch of science is life itself. A German values your education by the number of languages you speak. A man with only one language is to him not educated at all. The German knows that he can fight the whole world in peace and in war with this weapon, while he cannot do that with any other.

It has been admitted by many British educational authorities and writers that the German education is superior to our own, but I do not remember any of them pointing to this particular branch of education. They have not learned many languages themselves, and they cannot,

therefore, grasp the power that lingual science gives to technical students. Technology under the guidance of a polyglot will naturally be more efficient than under a monoglot. 'Languages are the keys of science,' and the nation that holds the keys of universal science must naturally be most efficient.

The present position of the Entente Ambassadors in the Balkans is noteworthy in this connection. They are still thinking about what this or the other Balkan State is going to do, whilst Germany may have already sealed its fate. A German Ambassador is not likely to leave his native land before he has mastered the language of the country he is accredited to. In concluding an article under the heading *Die Kriegsdolmetscher*, the *Woche* says: 'After all, Germany has good reason to be proud of her war interpreters' organisation. We are marching with them at the head of all nations. They speak to us in any language, and they get an answer.'

Observation will undoubtedly bear out this statement to its full meaning. Germany could not move so rapidly in every direction without being fully informed about everything she ought to know. She has stalked into nearly every country without fear of treachery on the part of any enemy. She is now confronted with a multitude of people that speak more languages than the Tower of Babel can account for, and yet she experiences no difficulties on account of that. We heard that General Townshend's army suffered a defeat near Baghdad due to treachery on the part of the Arabs that were fighting on the British side up to the crucial point, but nothing of the like on the German side. We heard much about many uprisings against German muddlings in Turkey, Austria, Bulgaria, &c., but nothing of any result. The German war interpreters are now talking English, French, Flemish, Dutch, Walloon, Turkish, Arabic, Bulgarian, Serbian, Greek, Roumanian, Lithuanian, Russian, Polish, Chinese, and Persian. That they know each of these languages efficiently can be seen from the results they achieve.

The acquaintance with a language that one picks up on a train serves more as material for the humorist than for any purpose, and when life is at stake insufficiency of a language is more fatal than total ignorance. Every language has words that have more than one meaning or sense. If you like to consult the Oxford *New English Dictionary* for a few examples, you will find the word 'fail' in sixteen senses, 'father' in eighteen, 'fast' in twenty-three, 'fancy' in twenty-three, 'false' in twenty-nine, 'fair' in

thirty-four, 'face' in thirty-nine, 'go' in ninety-four, 'come' in seventy-five, 'fall' in one hundred and thirty.

In trade, the German commercial traveller has given to Germany everything she now possesses. By carrying his interpreter between his teeth he comes through cheaper and surer than any other. By that means he was even driving British trade out of British territory. For instance, the Boer farmer will give ear to a traveller who speaks Dutch to him in preference to one who speaks any other language. The German travellers speak Dutch, and it is only lately that the British merchants in South Africa have recognised this obstacle in their way of business by employing canvassers and correspondents who speak and write Dutch. Statistics of German exports will show that whilst Germany was losing yearly over eighty million marks in her own colonies, she was making many times that sum on foreign ground. What success the German had in raising rebellion among the Boers might also be credited in part to their knowledge of the Dutch language.

This language-war is one that Germany wages against all nations in peace-times. She trains her army for it in the school from boyhood. She creates in school children a pride in the knowledge of foreign languages. She teaches them how to make the best use of such knowledge, and she encourages every institution assisting in this direction. For one who knows both nations, there would be little difficulty in proving that for every Englishman who speaks German there are about sixty Germans who speak English. There are in Germany Shakespeare societies that study Shakespeare's works in the original; Goethe or Schiller do not receive corresponding attention in Britain. In Halle there appears a very learned journal, *Anglia*, that deals with English philology only; and in Heilbronn, *Englische Studien*. In Britain there is no such publication about German or even English philology. Schletter of Berlin published a collection of the best dramatic works in English, revised and corrected by Professor Burckhard, a German, and dictionaries in about thirty foreign languages. Fred. Mode of the same place published a large collection of British and American authors, and a series of French dramas, of which more than six hundred volumes have already appeared; also a large collection of Italian authors. Baron von Tauchnitz reprinted over four thousand English classical books, which shows there is a good market for them in Germany. A British publisher would foresee certain failure in any attempt to imitate Tauchnitz. What the German has done for English no Englishman has done for Germany. Dr Felix Flügel's *German-English and English-German Dictionary* finds no rival in Britain. Brockhaus of Leipzig have printed and published books in about fifty

languages; an English firm who tried to handle foreign type ended in the bankruptcy court. In Leipzig, Berlin, Frankfurt, Heidelberg, and Halle are printed and published grammars and dictionaries for every language in the world. The Germans are not only the printers of the world, but also the type-casters for the majority of the civilised nations.

How much Germany has gained by all this in the present war need not be entered into here. It is enough to point to the difficulties our own soldiers are experiencing on the different fronts. They cannot converse even with their best friends in arms. On the other hand, we have the mischief the German Ambassadors have accomplished in the Balkans and in the United States. The real strength of the German secret service lies in the workman-like knowledge her spies possess of foreign languages, and in the consequent difficulty of spotting them. If one may judge from the average Briton's knowledge of foreign languages and foreign nations, as compared with the average German's knowledge of these things, one is justified in concluding that our secret service system can never have formed an adequate offset to the German secret service.

The present war can only mean a temporary crushing of Germany. When it is over, her traders will undoubtedly try to make up their losses at our expense, and they will certainly succeed if we do not arm ourselves with the weapon of thorough linguistic attainments. Organisation is needed to further this purpose. Encouragement must be given to the study of foreign languages. Those who have acquired more than one should be employed in preference to the others. The Government should assist or subsidise schools that render assistance in this direction. For commercial examinations two or three foreign languages should be compulsory. Every business house of any importance should be provided with one or two foreign correspondents. These are the bare essentials of success.

A friend of mine tells me that he knows of a professor of languages who is now working in one of the Glasgow munition factories as a common labourer. That is no credit to a civilised country like this. That man's place is in a school, or at least in the drill-hall, where, along with a number of refugees from our allied nations, he could impart to our soldiers at least a working knowledge of the languages that would be useful to them at their respective fronts.

We have merely enumerated a few of the advantages gained over us by our opponents through their attention to linguistic science. We must now inquire, Why do we feel averse to following an example? Why do we not see it? Is it not a case of being too proud to learn?

The writer was once asked by a high dignitary, 'How does a foreigner manage to pick up such a clear knowledge of English in a short time, whilst many a learned Englishman toils over it in the dark all his life?' The answer was, 'The first language learnt is learnt involuntarily, and by an infant mind; the second is learnt by choice, and by one fully developed. The child can ask no questions of its own at first; the adult can; and, having his own language as a standard of comparison, his desire to get to the root of the matter enables him to master the new one.'

This is only true of one of another nation taking up English, not *vice versa*. The reason is that no Englishman is sure of his spelling. In spite of the remarkable simplicity of its grammar, English is not at all an easy language, owing to the antagonism between its spelling and its phonetics; and the mere fact that this antagonism is tolerated makes it plain how little the English know of their own language. 'A man who is ignorant of foreign languages,' said Goethe, 'is also ignorant of his own;' and the application of this remark to the English is seen in the extraordinary question—heard even among men of letters—'How do you spell it?' In a phonetic language the need for such a question never arises; and a language whose spelling is so much at variance with its phonetics requires the developed mind of an adult, and cannot be absorbed by that of a child. By filling a child's head with odds and ends—that is to say, with unpronounced letters—you break its line of reasonable and systematic thought. The non-phonetic spelling now used by the English, having no logical foundation, cannot be learned, but must be impressed, or, rather, forced, on the memory, which should be kept for higher things than mere scraps. In his passage through life the Englishman will more or less forget them. His own language is too much trouble, and his aversion to others is the natural consequence. Thus, while the German aspires to the mastery of all the languages of the world, the Englishman remains a slave to his own archaic spelling.

The foreigner minimises this trouble, making short work of his subject. Having already the command of an easier language, as he has, he can venture to attack a difficult one; and, bring-

ing a mature mind to it, he sees how to avoid useless labour. The Germans have learnt to look upon a language as a tool which requires sharpening from time to time if good work is to result. The almost phonetic spelling of their language enables them to acquire a clear style, and with that style they appear in English. It is true that German is not entirely free from orthographic defects; but these are gradually being removed, and their lease of life will soon be at an end. The Germans have reformed their spelling because they are linguists; the English have failed to do so because they are not, and they are not because they have failed to do so. Thus they are in a vicious circle. This fact is the more to be regretted because the simplicity of their grammar, if coupled with simplified spelling, would have given their language an unrivalled position.

Unfortunately every attempt to reform English spelling has been coldly received. Irresistible time forced on the development of the spoken far in advance of the written language. The pen has lagged so far behind the tongue that reform is now thought to be impossible. It is sad to know that though there is nothing wrong with the capacity of the English mind, yet it is kept caged by weakness of will like a lunatic in an asylum. English and German come both of one stock. Why should one be so forward and the other so backward? What is the use of sacrificing national existence to a false pride? Why let an opponent have the upper hand? Let us look at the result of this to-day, and think seriously about it. Only the blind could hesitate; it is childish to play the part of the blind with the eyes open.

When Grimm, the great German philologist, came to judge the English language by its phonetics, his verdict was that it has 'a veritable power of expression such as never stood at the command of any other language of man.' When Dean Swift says, 'Our language is extremely imperfect, and in many instances it offends against every part of grammar,' he must have been feeling that difficulty in his own language which, it is here maintained, accounts for the Englishman's aversion to learning any other.

THE DAY OF WRATH

CHAPTER XIV.—*continued.*

SOMEHOW, on 7th September 1914, there was a hitch in the naval programme devised by the *Deutscher Marineamt*. The Belgian packet-boat *Princess Clémentine* steamed from Ostend to Dover through a smiling sea, unvexed by Krupp or any other form of *Kultur*. Warships, big and little, were there in squadrons;

but gaunt super-Dreadnought and perky destroyer alike were aggressively British.

England, too, looked strangely unperturbed. There had been sad scenes on the quay at the Belgian port, but a policeman on duty at the shore end of the gangway at Dover seemed to indicate by a majestic calm that any person

causing an uproar would be given the alternative of paying ten shillings and costs or 'doing' seven days.

The boat was crowded with refugees; but Dalroy, knowing the wiliness of stewards, had experienced slight difficulty in securing two chairs already loaded with portmanteaus and wraps. He heard then, for the first time, why Irene had fled so precipitately from Berlin. She was a guest in the house of a Minister of State, and one of the Hohenzollern princelings came there to luncheon on that fateful Monday, 3rd August.

He had invited himself, though he must have been aware that his presence was an insult and an annoyance to the English girl, whom he had pestered with his attentions many times already. He was excited, drank heavily, and talked much. Irene had arranged to travel home next day, but the wholly unforeseen and swift developments in international affairs, no less than the thinly veiled threats of a royal admirer, alarmed her into an immediate departure. At the twelfth hour she found that her host, father of two girls of her own age—the school friends, in fact, to whom she was returning a visit—was actually in league with her persecutor to keep her in Berlin.

She ran in panic, her one thought being to join her sister in Brussels, and reach home.

'So you see, dear,' she said, with one of those delightfully shy glances which Dalroy loved to provoke, 'I was quite as much sought after as you, and I should certainly have been stopped on the Dutch frontier had I travelled by any other train.'

The two were packed into a carriage filled to excess. They had no luggage other than a small parcel apiece, containing certain articles of clothing which might fetch sixpence in a rag-shop, but were of great and lasting value to the present owners.

At Charing Cross, while they were walking side by side down the platform, Irene shrieked, 'There they are!' She darted forward, and flung herself into the arms of two elderly people, a brother in khaki, with the badges of a Guards regiment, and a sister of the flapper order.

Dalroy had been told at Dover to report at once to the War Office, as he carried much valuable information in his head and Von Halwig's well-filled note-book in his pocket. He hung back while the embracing was in progress. Then Irene introduced him to her family.

'You'll dine with us, Arthur,' she said simply. 'I'll not tell them a word of our adventures till you are present.'

'You could have heard a pin drop,' was the excited comment of the flapper sister when endeavouring subsequently to thrill another girl with the sensation created by Irene's quiet words. Literally this trope was not accurate, because the station was noisier than usual. Figuratively it met the case exactly.

Lady Glastonbury, a gray-haired woman with

wise eyes, promptly emulated the action of the British army during the retreat from Mons, and 'saved the situation.'

'Of course you'll stay with us, too, Captain Dalroy,' she said with pleasant insistence. 'Like Irene, you must have lost everything, and need time to refit.'

Dalroy murmured some platitude, lifted his hat, and only regained his composure after two narrow escapes from being run over by taxis while crossing Northumberland Avenue.

A newsboy tore past, shouting in the vernacular, 'Great Stand by Sir John French.'

Dalroy was reminded of Smithy, and Shiney, and Corporal Bates. He saw again Jan Maertz waving a farewell from the quay at Ostend. He wondered how old Joos was faring, and Léontine, and Monsieur Pochard, and the curé of Verviers.

Another boy scampered by. He carried a contents bill. Heavy black type announced that the British were 'holding' Von Kluck on the Marne. Dalroy's eyes kindled. *His* work lay *there*. When the soldier's task was ended he would come back to Irene.

CHAPTER XV.—'CARRY ON!'

AFTER a few delightful days in London, Dalroy walked down Whitehall one fine morning to call at the War Office for orders. Irene went with him. He expected to be packed off to France that very evening, so the two meant to make the utmost of the fast-speeding hours. The Intelligence Department had assimilated all the information Dalroy could give, had found it good, and had complimented him. As a Bengal Lancer, whose regiment was presumably in India, he would probably be attached to some cavalry unit of the Expeditionary Force; from being a hunted outlaw, with a price on his head, he would be quietly absorbed by the military machine. Very smart he looked in his khaki and brown leather; Irene, who one short week earlier deemed *sabots en cuir* the height of luxury, was dressed *de rigueur* for luncheon at the 'Savoy.'

Many eyes followed them as they crossed Trafalgar Square and dodged the traffic flowing around the base of King Charles's statue. An alert recruiting-sergeant, clinching the argument, pointed out the tall, well-groomed officer to a lanky youth whose soul was almost afire with martial decision.

'There y'are,' he said, with emphatic thumb-jerk; 'that's wot the British army will make o' you in a couple o' months. An' just twig the sort o' girl you can sort out o' the bunch. Cock yer eye at *that*, will you?'

Thus, all unconsciously, Irene started the great adventure for one of Kitchener's first half-million.

She was not kept waiting many minutes in an anteroom. Dalroy reappeared, smiling mys-

teriously, yet, as Irene quickly saw, not quite so content with life as when he entered those magic portals wherein a man wrestles with an algebraical formula before he finds the department he wants.

'Well,' she inquired, 'having picked your brains, are they going to court-martial you for being absent without leave?'

'I cross to-night,' he said, leading her toward the Horse Guards' Parade. 'It's Belgium, not France. I'm on the staff. My appointment will appear in the *Gazette* to-morrow. That's fine; but I'd rather'—

Irene stopped almost in the middle of the road. 'And you'll wear a cap with a red band and a golden lion, and those ducky little red tabs on the collar! Come at once and buy them! I refuse to lunch with you otherwise.'

'A man must not wear the staff insignia until he is gazetted,' he reminded her.

'Oh!' She was pathetically disappointed.

'But in my case,' he went on, 'I am specifically ordered to travel in staff uniform; so, as I leave London at seven o'clock'—

'You can certainly lunch in all your glory,' she vowed. 'There's an empty taxi!'

Of course, it was pleasant to be on the staff, and thus become even more admired by Irene, if there is a degree surpassing that which is already superlative; but the fly in the ointment of Dalroy's new career lay in the fact that the battle of the Aisne was just beginning, and every British heart throbbed with the hope that the Teuton hordes might be chased back to the frontier as speedily as they had rushed on Paris. Dalroy himself, an experienced soldier, though he had watched those grim columns pouring through the valley of the Meuse, yielded momentarily to the vision splendid. He longed to be there, taking part in the drive. Instead, he was being sent to Belgium, some shrewd head in the War Office having decided that his linguistic powers, joined to a recent first-hand knowledge of local conditions, would be far more profitably employed in Flanders than as a squadron leader in France.

Thus, when that day of mellow autumn had sped all too swiftly, and he had said his last good-bye to Irene, it was to Dover he went, being ferried thence to Ostend in a destroyer.

A month later he was back in London. Antwerp had fallen, the Germans had swept through Belgium, and with the return to England of that portion of the Naval Division which had escaped internment in Holland, Dalroy's special task was at an end. Securing a passage in the last boat which left Ostend, he reached London on the day previous to that on which Germany began her desperate attempt 'to hack her way through' to Calais.

So Irene and her true knight met once more, only to part again after three blissful days. This time Dalroy went to France, and took his place in the fighting-line. He endured the

drudgery of that first winter in the trenches, shared in the gain and loss of Neuve Chapelle, earned his majority, and seemed to lead a charmed life, until a high-explosive shell burst a little too close during the second day at Loos. He was borne off the field as one nearly dead. But his wounds were slight, and he had only been stunned by the concussion. By the time this diagnosis was confirmed, however, he was at home and enjoying six weeks' leave.

Nothing very remarkable would have happened if the Earl of Glastonbury, an elderly but most observant peer, had not created a rare commotion one day at luncheon.

Dalroy was up in town after a few days' rest at his uncle's vicarage in the Midlands; he and the younger members of the household were planning a round of theatres and such-like dissipation, when the Earl said quietly, 'You people seem to be singularly devoid of original ideas. George Alexander, Charlie Hawtrey, and the latest revue star provide a sure and certain refuge for every country cousin who comes to London for a fortnight's mild dissipation.'

'What do you suggest, dad?' demanded Irene.

'Why not have a war-wedding?'

'Oh, let's!' cried the flapper sister ecstatically.

Dalroy swallowed whole some article of food, and Irene blushed scarlet. But 'father' had said the thing, and 'mother' had smiled; so Dalroy, whose wildest dreams hitherto had dwelt on marriage at the close of the war as a remote possibility, bestirred himself like a good soldier-man, rushing all fences at top speed.

The brother in the Guards secured five days' leave; a wounded but exceedingly good-looking Bengal Lancer was empanelled as 'best man' (to the joy and torment of the flapper, who pined during a whole week after his departure); and, almost before they well knew what was happening, Dalroy and his bride found themselves speeding toward Devon in a fine car on their honeymoon.

'And why not?' growled the Earl, striving to comfort his wife when she wept a little at the thought that her beautiful daughter, her eldest-born, would henceforth have a nest of her own. 'Dash it all, Mollie, they'll only be young once, and this rotten war looks like lasting a decade! Had we searched the British Isles we couldn't have found a better mate for our girl. He's just the sort of chap who will worship Irene all his life, and he has in him the makings of a future commander-in-chief, or I'm a Dutchman!'

As his lordship is certainly not a Dutchman, but unmistakably English, aristocratic, and county, it is permissible to hope that his prophecy may be fulfilled. Let us hope, too, if Dalroy ever leads the armed manhood of Britain, it will be a cohort formed to render aggressive war impossible. That, at least, is no idle dream. It should be the sure and only outcome of the world's greatest agony.

THE END.

THE HARDENING OF OILS.

By P. S. ARUP, B.Sc., A.I.C.

DURING recent years a development of far-reaching importance has taken place in the industries connected with the fatty oils and fats. The increased demand for solid fats of high quality in the rapidly growing margarine industry, together with the enormous consumption of fats and fatty oils in the soap industry, accentuated the desirability of a satisfactory solution of a problem of long standing—namely, the conversion of fatty oils into solid fats.

The fatty oils, which may be classed as liquid fats, occur abundantly in nature; they are largely obtained by the pressing of various seeds—as, for example, those of the cotton plant (which is cultivated on a large scale in America, Egypt, and other parts of the world), the Manchurian soya bean, the arachis nut (popularly known as the ‘monkey nut’), and many others. In addition, we have the whale and fish oils, which are of less value owing to their peculiar taste and smell. Of solid fats, on the other hand, the natural sources of supply are more limited. The chief solid fats are beef and mutton fats, coconut-oil (which is obtained by pressing the dried fleshy portion of the coconut), and palm-oil. Coconut-oil is largely used as a basis for the so-called ‘nut margarine,’ its only drawback being that it is of rather too soft a consistency; while palm-oil, as usually obtained, is too impure to be used for edible purposes.

Discover a means of converting liquid oils into solid fats on a commercial scale, and you will have brought about something approaching the desirable state of affairs dreamed of by the alchemists of old, who speculated on the transmutation of the base metals into gold. The accumulated labours of generations of scientists have given to the modern chemist a greater insight in distinguishing those problems which may be attacked with increased chances of success, and which none the less partake of the romantic nature of the great problem of the alchemists.

The history of the birth of the process by which large factories are converting liquid oils into fats varying in consistency from that of butter to that of a hard, brittle wax is noteworthy. It affords a striking illustration of the way in which researches undertaken by the chemist, primarily on account of their scientific interest, have later been made use of in solving technical problems and creating great industries. The key to this particular problem was the discovery by two French chemists, Sabatier and Senderens, that certain substances which are characterised by the chemist as ‘unsaturated’ may be made to combine with hydrogen gas to

form ‘saturated’ substances, provided that finely divided nickel, prepared in a special way, be present. The presence of the nickel is essential to the process; it causes the hydrogen and the substance operated upon to come into chemical contact, but does not enter into the composition of the finished product. Now it has long been known that the fatty oils, as a class, were chemically speaking less saturated than the solid fats. It therefore occurred to the technical chemist that the discovery of Sabatier and Senderens might be applied commercially to the hardening of oils, and in 1903 an English patent taken out in the name of W. Normann claimed such a process. It was, however, not before the end of the last decade that the process had been perfected so as to be workable on a commercial scale; the translation of the discovery of the scientist into actual practice entailed much thought and experimenting on the part of the technical and engineering chemist, a fact to which the voluminous patent literature on the subject bears witness.

An important feature of the process is that the products obtained are themselves to all intents and purposes genuine fats. They may, generally speaking, be used for the same purposes as the natural fats, such as the manufacture of hard soaps; while physiological experiments have shown that they may be used as edible fats, a fact which admits of their use by the margarine manufacturer.

It is interesting to note that the hydrogen gas which is made to combine with the oils to form solid fats was previously not of very great technical importance, its chief use being in the charging of airship balloons and for producing the oxy-hydrogen flame. As a by-product of the process for the manufacture of chlorine by passing an electric current through brine, it was often allowed to escape unused, whereas now special processes have been designed for its manufacture for the specific purpose of hardening oils.

For the United Kingdom alone, the annual imports and exports of fatty oils and fats, and their chief products, probably amount in value to something like one hundred million pounds sterling in the aggregate. A process which is capable of so profoundly altering the nature of such an important group of substances as the fatty oils, transforming them into fats of greater value, cannot fail to have an immense economic influence in the future, and for this we have first and foremost to thank the chemist working in his laboratory with the one aim of enriching his science by further discovery.

GOLD IN WAITING.

CHAPTER III.

SEEING this, the three small men wrote Ebenezer down as hopeless, and paid no further attention to him. For they knew that if by some miracle he should keep sober for a length of time sufficient to cause remark, so surprising a fact would reach the ears of at least one of them.

Besides, they were family men, with their livings to earn; and at this time of the year anybody with house-room to spare could make money by letting lodgings to the shire gentry and solid burgesses of Wayford who came to Sparcliff for the sea-bathing. For the golden sands of Sparcliff shelved gently, and there were no dangerous currents to trap a weak swimmer. Sparcliff, indeed, already possessed three stout bathing-machines, leviathans of wood and iron, tended by an old boatman and his wife. This dame, wading in waist-deep, gave to the young ladies, clinging timorously to the ropes, rudimentary lessons in swimming, and anon ducked the screaming children, in whose dreams she doubtless reappeared as a fearsome ogress, which indeed she looked, with her gray hair streaming over her shoulders and her huge bare arms almost black with sunburn and sea-water.

Perriker, Burden, and Maggs, these three respectable men, all lodged summer visitors; and their wives were nothing loath, for visitors paid handsomely for their accommodation, seeing that, if Sparcliff was not good enough for them, they had to travel a long way by coach to the nearest fashionable seaside resort. So in the busy times of summer, what with barbering, and shoeing, and baking, and making provision for visitors, the three small men forgot all about poor Ebenezer, till one day somebody mentioned in Perriker's shop that Mr Fancit had sold the White Cottages, in order, it was said, to pay a gambling debt.

The news gave the three some concern, yet they were not greatly surprised, for the income drawn from his property by the sparing John Fancit could have gone but a little way in the wasteful hands of his heir. Doubtless, previous to this, he had borrowed money from his bank; but, they conjectured, he must have been in straits to part with real estate, to sell four well-built cottages, always sure of tenants, out-and-out—to let go his ownership of them for ever. And what sort of a price had he got? None knew that at first; but it came out in time that a little leech of an attorney—not old Fancit's man of business, you may be certain—at Wayford had bought them. And when the three small men heard this they knew the lad had been robbed. They therefore, being solid business men, put their heads together, and said

they, Why should he not have come to us, for we would have paid a fair price for the property?

When, therefore, the busy summer season was over, and they had taken stock of their means at Michaelmas, they decided to call again upon Ebenezer, and again upon a Sunday.

Since his wife had left him Ebenezer had been living alone at the old house, save for Martha, who, for old association's sake, and because she knew not where else to go, had stayed on with him.

They came, the three of them, in their Sunday black, and found him, as before, lying on the couch, heavy-lidded and flushed after his Saturday night at Wayford.

'We wish you good-morning, sir,' said Burden, spokesman and leader of the party.

The young man surveyed the three grimly. This would appear to be their quarterly visit of inspection.

'Good-morning to you, gentlemen,' he said a little thickly. 'Pray take chairs, and forgive me for not rising, for I have a headache that would make Old Nick himself mend his ways.'

They sat down.

'And to what, may I ask,' added he, 'may I attribute the pleasure of this visit? The rector, perhaps, noticed my absence from church, and sent you to chide me?'

'The rector has grown too accustomed to the sight of your vacant pew, sir,' said Burden dryly, 'to regard your absence as a singular event. We have called, sir, on a matter of business.'

'Aha? Most stout upholders of Commandment the Fourth!' was Ebenezer's gibe.

The smith did not wince.

'Of a truth, Mr Fancit,' he replied, 'tis the only day on which we can count on finding you near sober; and as we are not of those who take advantage of a man in his cups,' he went on relentlessly, and disregarding the oath which slipped from Ebenezer's parched lips, 'unlike some of whom we have heard tell, we have come to make you a plain request, which is, that if you have property to dispose of, we might have the first offer of the same.'

The young man sprang to his feet.

'My father's will,' he said sharply, 'contained no clause to the effect that you should meddle in my affairs. If that is all you have come about, my good bottle-godfathers, you had best be gone!'

'Gently, sir,' said the smith. 'It is to your advantage to listen to our proposition. We are honest men, and will pay you a fair price for whatever you have to sell.'

The young man walked to the window, a con-

sidering mood on him. Then he turned sharply on the smith.

'My grazing-ground on the cliffs, twenty-eight acres of it, stretching from the Cove to the Gull's Nest—what would you pay for that, now?'

For the moment, as Ebenezer watched the smith's face, there was a look of his old father in his eyes.

'It is good herbage, and will never want for a tenant. It should be worth twelve guineas an acre, if it is worth a shilling, sir,' replied Burden.

The young man's eyes opened wide. 'And to-morrow, at noon, I put pen to paper for just one hundred and seventy-four guineas!'

Perriker drew a long breath. Timothy Maggs gasped. The smith, though it was the Sabbath, uttered a hard word.

'Because you are pressed for money?'

'Ay, and, with the heavy war-tax, money is hard to come by.' Ebenezer looked from one to the other. 'Any higher bid, gentlemen?' he asked mockingly. 'Going at one hundred and seventy-four guineas; going at one'—

Perriker's plump hand met the table with a bang. 'I will split the difference, sir,' he said. For, of course, he was a business man.

'Done with you!' shouted Ebenezer with delight, as he put out his hand. 'And let the little Jew be damned!'

And that was how 'Perriker's Land' was saved for Sparcliff (for, later, only a portion of it was built on, the barber in his old age saying the rest should be a playground for the children); and in this wise, in Sunday bargainings—which, circumstances altering commandments, could not have been unrighteous deals—every rod of Ebenezer's land, every tree, every stone, and every brick of his property passed to the three small men.

But how, you will ask, could three small men, village tradesmen, find the money? Why, they were all, to begin with, shrewd men; they had prospered; they were solid men; and when, with a fine hardihood, and determined that the jackal lawyer at Wayford should not fix his teeth in more of Sparcliff than he had already got, they went to the bank at Wayford to borrow, the bankers there obliged them readily.

You will say that they were only putting a little more money into Ebenezer's pocket than he would have obtained elsewhere to lose at the table; but that thought gave them no concern. They were for buying good property while it was to be had at a moderate price; and what sin was there in that?

Ebenezer seemed to be a brand that could not be saved from the burning. His visits did not end at Wayford. He would go to London, coming back in, say, a fortnight, with fine new clothes, but empty pockets, which the three small men had to replenish.

A queer set-out it was, and all this time not a

word from Alice, his wife, and hardly a glimpse, for late in the year a child had come to her. And only on Christmas Eve, coming back from London with his usual empty purse, did Ebenezer learn that a son had been born to his beggared estate. And he learned this, as seemed fit, at the 'Rose and Crown' at Wayford, from the bright-eyed girl who answered his call for hot brandy.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was not an old-fashioned Christmas, for rain, not snow, was falling heavily when Ebenezer descended from the coach at Wayford. He had posted up to London quite the grand gentleman, but his guineas were too few to allow him to post back. If the bad men at Wayford could pluck him, how could he have fared among the vultures of London? He had returned with empty pockets to do a final deal with the three small men: to sell them the old house in Sparcliff Street—the old house with the dead men's bones lying beneath it.

He did not stay so late as he might have done at the 'Rose and Crown,' toasting that bright-eyed maid who waited upon him, for he was clear-headed enough to remember that Martha was not expecting him, and therefore could have made no provision against his return. He had left his horse at the 'Rose and Crown' to be cared for during his absence. She whinnied with delight when he came into her stable. 'Well, I've one friend left, old lass,' he said, as he stroked her cold nose.

The rain of the green Yule poured down as he took the lonely road to Sparcliff. The brandy he had swallowed soon ceased to cheer him, and he rode with his chin upon his chest, as miserable a man as any that rode a cock-horse that night. For when it seems to a man that he has come to the end of everything, he is in sorry plight indeed. To live, a man must have something to live for; and what had he? His red-haired Alice was gone, and was living like a nun under her father's roof. The three tradesmen, his bottle-godfathers, had his bits of property. True, there was that four thousand pounds in the bank; but it might have been at the bottom of the ocean for all he was ever likely to have of it. The old man might have said at once that it was to build almshouses. All he had left, in fact, was a crazy old house in a sleepy street. Ebenezer wondered what he would do when he had spent the money the three small men would give him for it.

By the gaunt hedges rode the solitary horseman without a future. From the same wastrel mould many and many are struck—the man with vice in his bones and no will to combat it. The unco guid shake their heads over him; the judges fine him, imprison him, and sometimes

hang him. He is a bad lot. What devil is it lurks in the blood of such a one? Is he, as some believe, an unrepentant spirit re clothed with flesh, expiating the sins of a former existence when all went merrily and well with him?

Each man's life

The outcome of his former living is,
The bygone wrong brings sorrow forth and woes,
The bygone right breeds bliss.

The young rector of Sparcliff, with his serene, sober countenance, he, surely, in the past, according to this creed, was one who had fought temptation and conquered; who had passed through the crucible and come forth in shining triumph. Had he and this wretched equestrian, splashing through the mire to a home where no wife waits to gather him in her soft arms, equal chances in the past; one taking, the other leaving them?

It is, at any rate, noteworthy that the young rector, at this moment making his simple preparations in the old church for the morrow's festival, found no delight in the rattle of dice, the oft-filled glass, the leer of the wanton, the coarse jest; while similarly this horseman discovered no satisfaction in the simple joys with which the godly man was well content.

The horse reared suddenly, and then, finding the road again, was deep to her broad chest in

water. They had reached the dip of the road where the Cliff brook, usually a shallow ford, was now a rushing stream. Snorting with the shock, the beast plunged through.

'Well done, old lass!' cried Ebenezer with a laugh; 'though 'twas a pity no one was by to see how well the drunken Fancit sat you!'

They breasted the hill, and now the lights were twinkling cheerily from this and that gray-beard of a cottage. They clattered into the village central, and Ebenezer was home.

But the old house was in darkness. Dismounting, Ebenezer knocked thunderously upon the front-door. There was no response, but a door on the opposite side of the street opened, and a woman, her skirt flung over her head, came running across to tell Mr Fancit that Martha, not expecting to see him this side of the New Year, had gone, upon her mistress's invitation, to spend Christmas at Coatmayes Farm.

Uttering a brief word of thanks, Ebenezer stood gazing at the black exterior of his house. The woman who had come across looked at him a little pityingly, but she dared say nothing else to the fierce young man. His manner frightened these simple folk. The rain blew into her face, and she turned and sped back to her warm hearth.

(Continued on page 323.)

WITH THE GREEK ARMY DURING THE BALKAN WAR.

AN ENGLISH NURSE'S EXPERIENCES.

WHILE nursing in India in the year 1912 I read the daily accounts in the papers of the condition of things in Greece and Turkey. Being wrongly informed that the former had neither an army nor a navy fit for active service, I naturally came to the conclusion that, if the two chief factors of a nation's safety were in such a condition, certainly the Red Cross service, if it existed at all, would be almost *nil*.

On the outbreak of hostilities, having talked matters over with a friend, we offered our small services to the Greek Government as nurses to the wounded soldiers. It was not long before we received an answer by cable, couched in the following terms: 'Services gratefully accepted. Can you sail at once?'

Of course we agreed to do so, which entailed our starting at five minutes' notice to enable us to catch the steamer at Bombay. After a very exciting voyage, during which we transhipped at Port Said and Alexandria—we had frightfully rough weather, coming in for the tail of a cyclone, and being washed out of our berths by Father Neptune in no gentle manner—we at last made the port of Piræus, and thirty minutes in the train brought us to Athens. The first thing we intended doing on our arrival was to

snatch a few hours' sleep, of which we had run very short on board; but before we could realise our intention we heard the tramp of hundreds of feet passing in the street below. On looking out of the window we saw crowds of people, mostly dressed in mourning, from whom an occasional half-hearted shout arose, and were greatly surprised on learning a few minutes later that it was not a funeral procession we had been looking at, as we supposed, but the celebration of a great victory—namely, the taking of Salonica. Curiously enough, it looked then as if the Greeks had already realised what this great victory was to cost them a few months later.

As soon as possible we announced our arrival at the royal palace, and in the course of the afternoon we were given an appointment to present ourselves before the queen. We were very glad of this, as we were anxious to know when and where we were to start work. Here we were first received by a lady-in-waiting, and shortly afterwards by her Majesty in person. It is difficult to believe that this simple and gracious lady is a sister of Germany's great war lord. Her Majesty began by thanking us, and saying that she wished us to open a hospital in her name at Arta, a small, God-forsaken town in

Epirus, on the borders of Albania. Our object in going there was that we should be as near to the fighting-line as it was possible to get.

A few days later our party, consisting of two doctors and three nurses, with hospital equipment for fifty beds, left Piræus in a boat which was unworthy of the name, being more like a floating cesspool, owing to the fact that she had discharged her cargo of Turkish prisoners only a short time before sailing. We were thankful indeed when we arrived at Preveza, our first stopping-place. It was difficult to realise that this peaceful-looking spot had been the scene of a big battle only a few days before, until we saw the Krupp gun-carriages in the streets, stacks of blunted and gory bayonets, and heaps of Mauser bullets. Mixed up with these death-dealing instruments we found books of Turkish music and battered musical instruments. Inside the houses we could see what a ghastly rush there must have been—beds with the clothes tossed back just as the unfortunate sleepers had left them, and in the kitchens the half-cooked porridge still in the pots. Coperna, aptly named, was our final landing-place. Here we were disgusted to find that all the conveyances had been taken by some Turkish pashas, notwithstanding the fact that we had wired beforehand for some to be in waiting on our arrival. But a Greek chauffeur Tommy soon helped us out of our difficulty by borrowing, without permission, a large motor milk-van, which, we heard afterwards, had been built in America for sixty pounds.

After an hour's run at top speed, which is a pretty good record for even an American milk-cart, we reached Arta—a veritable east-end slum in the wilds—just as the shades of night were beginning to fall; and as it seemed impossible to find any decent lodging we applied to the General, and he and his staff very kindly placed their quarters at our disposal for the night. Here we met some of the officers who had recently returned from the battle of Preveza, and who had been eye-witnesses to some of the awful atrocities of which the Turks have been only too justly accused. The Greeks always swear before going into action that they will shoot themselves rather than fall into the hands of the Turks. We often looked back with pleasure and longing to the delightful afternoon tea which had been provided for us, and which, alas! was destined to be our last civilised meal for many months.

A few days later we found the Turkish consul's house; and after much labour and a great expenditure of soap and water we managed to render it fit to receive patients, and soon all our beds were full. Although the house was quite unsuited for a hospital, it was the best that Arta could produce. It was a one-storied building opening directly on the street, which fact was often the cause of embarrassment, as

we found it impossible to open the windows, notwithstanding that the lower halves were rendered opaque by means of white paint. The passers-by were so inquisitive that they thought nothing of thrusting their heads into the room and carrying on lengthy conversations with the patients whenever an opportunity offered. The house consisted of two large rooms on the ground floor and six rooms above, which were approached by very rickety stairs. As our patients usually came in batches of from three to seven, we had to use up every available corner. In fact, our big bath, which we had so much looked forward to using, had to give place to a bed. Most of our patients were suffering from wounds in the hands and lower limbs.

The cold was intense, and lasted well into January. Many of the unfortunate soldiers were victims to frost-bite, chiefly owing to their enforced inaction during the three months' blockade of Janina. During the whole of that time they were unable to remove their uniforms or their boots, so that the result may be better imagined than described.

While we were on night duty for the better part of three months, there was plenty of time left to do a little exploring in the daytime. The town of Arta itself consisted of one long street, which was generally overcrowded with all sorts and conditions of humanity—Jews and Turks, infidels and heretics. Great was our excitement when we saw the first batch of Turkish prisoners brought into the town. They were indeed the most sorry type of soldier we had ever seen, most of them looking terribly ill and half-starved. The officers, however, seemed in good condition, and were well clothed. This soon became a familiar sight, as prisoners and captured guns were being constantly brought in. The Turks always used Krupp guns, while the Greeks employed the Creusot, of French make. We went round once or twice to see what we could do for these unfortunate Turks, who were very grateful for having their wounds bound up, and for any other trifling services we were able to render them. They evinced their gratitude by presenting us with any small treasures they possessed, such as the brass seals, engraved with their names, which every Turkish soldier carries.

We had most of our meals at a dirty little restaurant in the town, owing to the want of proper accommodation in the hospital, which shortly afterwards was closed by order of the police, owing to its insanitary condition. At the end of three months we transferred the hospital to Preveza, where we remained until the fall of Janina, which had been daily expected for the last five months; but, thanks to the splendid generalship of the present King of the Hellenes, what might have been one of the bloodiest engagements of the war ended in a bloodless victory. The Greek royal family

had given one of the finest examples in history of the meaning of the word duty, and had spared neither strength nor means wherever it was possible to afford help.

At Preveza we had the same difficulty we had encountered at Arta in finding any building suitable for a hospital. At last we decided on the harbour-master's house, which was beautifully situated, looking out directly on to the sea, but was in a most deplorable condition. This meant many days of the hard work of scrubbing, whitewashing, removing rubbish—in fact, a most exhaustive spring cleaning. My ward had many windows, from which I could see the historical promontory near which the battle of Actium was fought, and where later on we gathered the lovely flowers of the asphodel with which to decorate our bare hospital when we were honoured by a visit from royalty, which occurred pretty frequently.

We determined to see Janina as soon as the last patient was discharged, although we were told it would be impossible to do so. However, after many difficulties and disappointments, we at last found a motor to take us. We left Preveza one morning at nine o'clock, and three hours later were in Janina. Our route lay through some of the finest and most varied scenery in Greece—century-old olive-groves, wooded slopes, and mountain passes. Just outside Preveza we passed the ruined city of Nicopolis, which at one time had been the centre of Roman power in Greece. Not until we saw the snow-capped summits near Bisane did we realise what hopeless and heart-breaking work it must have been to get the big guns mounted into position on these heights, which were exposed on three sides to the raking fire of an almost invisible enemy hidden away in the nearly impregnable mountain fastnesses of Bisane. What a wholesale slaughter must have resulted before the guns were finally in position! The horrible sights we frequently passed on the way—dead bodies of soldiers and animals in varying stages of decomposition, tainting the air for miles round—made us shudder to think what a real battlefield must be like.

Janina, an exceedingly strong fortress, is beautifully situated on a large lake, commanding a view which ought to make it one of the favourite spots of Europe; but it was hard to believe that it had been a seat of learning not so very long ago when one saw its streets and market-place now teeming with Turkish prisoners, who looked more like the aborigines of some barbarous country than twentieth-century soldiers. We visited some of the Turkish hospitals, and found that the condition of things was quite as bad as we had been told, the treatment meted out to some of the unfortunate patients who were too ill to help themselves being worthy of the dark ages. Some were shot by their doctors, and others received blows in the face that sent them reeling when, half-maddened by hunger and privation, they tried to struggle for food. The Greeks deserve the greatest credit for the splendid treatment they accorded their prisoners. They not only paid them at the same rate as the Greek troops, but whenever they were passing through towns *en route* for Athens or elsewhere they were permitted to enter the restaurants and shops and get as much food as they required. This magnanimous treatment generally meant a hungry time for the inhabitants for days afterwards, and I well remember the results of these locust-like incursions at Preveza, which could only boast of two restaurants. As we usually had all our meals at one of them, we had occasionally some exciting experiences. One evening, coming in rather late, we found our table occupied by a typical Cretan brigand. He was about six feet four, and his uniform was almost hidden by the formidable and warlike weapons he carried. We noticed that he looked fierce and violent, and spoke very angrily to the waiter for attending to us before him. Immediately after the waiter had brought us our first course, the Cretan hurriedly left the table, and directly afterwards we heard a revolver-shot. Every one rushed to the door, and we soon learnt the cause of the commotion. The poor waiter had been shot dead. It goes without saying that we had not much appetite for our dinner.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

CHAPTER II.—*continued.*

III.

IN a mixed company of eight hundred and fifty odd souls, comprising seamen, marines, and stokers; boiler-makers, coppersmiths, and moulders; blacksmiths, plumbers, shipwrights, caulkers, carpenters, and joiners; butchers, bakers, and bandsmen; signalmen and telegraphists; ship's police, stewards, and writers—men of all ranks and ratings, of forty-and-one

different trades and persuasions—it took Martin some little time to find his own level. The subtle little differences between the various grades and ranks were rather puzzling, and, as a new-comer fresh to the navy and its traditions, he was constantly making mistakes. At first he imagined that any one who wore clothes of the ordinary shore-going cut, with a collar and tie,

was some one to be respected and called 'sir.' On one never-to-be-forgotten occasion he used the title in addressing a 'dusty-boy,' or ship's steward's assistant, a youth scarcely older than himself. For this he was seriously taken to book by his messmates, and had his leg pulled unmercifully.

Some of his shipmates, moreover, were not slow to take advantage of his ignorance as a 'softy' to amuse themselves at his expense. One ordinary seaman in particular, a fresh-complexioned Irish youth of bullying propensities, rejoicing in the name of Peter Flannagan, regarded a newly joined ordinary seaman as a gift sent from heaven for his especial amusement, though he himself had joined the ship only a few months before. He was for ever devising new schemes of petty persecution, until Martin's soul grew bitter, and he longed to retaliate. But Flannagan was larger and heavier than himself, and a direct assault could only end in defeat; so for a fortnight he stood the ragging without complaint, and nursed his grievance in silence. Then one morning he came late to breakfast to find powdered soap mingled with his food, pepper in his coffee, and Flannagan sniggering on an adjacent seat. He did nothing at the time, but that morning sought the advice of Joshua Billings.

That same afternoon Flannagan happened to be watch ashore. He had asked a messmate to sling a hammock for him, and when, at ten o'clock, he returned to the ship he promptly undressed and turned in. He had barely had time to get comfortably to sleep, however, when his foot lanyard gave an ominous crack. He knew what was about to happen, and tried to save himself, but in an instant found himself precipitated abruptly to the deck, feet first. Falling from a height of five odd feet, and landing in rather scanty attire across the sharp edge of a mess-table, is necessarily a painful business; and Martin, who was lying four tiers away, with one cautious eye peering over the edge of his hammock, could hardly restrain his merriment as the victim hopped round on one leg, swearing and rubbing a badly barked shin.

'What yer makin' all that bally row abart?' demanded the Irishman's next-door neighbour with a chuckle. 'Fallen out o' yer 'ammick, 'ave yer?'

'Did you cut me foot lanyard?' demanded the angry Flannagan.

'Me? Lord, no!' guffawed the other.

'Well, you knows 'oo did it, any'ow!'

'I knows nothin',' retorted the A.B., getting angry in his turn. 'If yer says I did it you're a bally liar. I'll give yer a clip 'longside the ear'ole if you ain't careful. Don't act so wet. Wot 'ave I to do wi' yer rotten 'ammick?'

'Some one's cut it,' the Irishman replied furiously, examining a clean cut through two

strands of the rope. 'If it ain't you wot done it, you must know 'oo it was. 'Oo was it? tell us.' He looked round to see if anybody else was awake, but every one seemed to be snoring peacefully. Sailors are very heavy sleepers sometimes.

It took Flannagan fully a quarter of an hour to repair damages and turn in again. It was bitterly cold, and he cursed vehemently.

But his troubles were not over yet. Towards eleven-thirty, when he had got thoroughly warm and was dozing off, he felt an uncomfortable, prickly sensation down his back and legs. He sat up blinking, and put a hand under the blanket to find a thin film of something warm and sticky. It resembled glue. The best part of a pound of finely ground brown sugar, cunningly insinuated between the bedclothes, is not a pleasant bedfellow. It melts with the heat of the body. The results are nasty in the extreme.

He leapt out, fuming. 'Ere!' he shouted, violently shaking the A.B. next to him. 'Ave you bin puttin' sugar in my 'ammick?'

'Look 'ere!' exclaimed the newly awakened man, 'I'm fair sick o' yer. I told you afore I 'adn't touched yer 'ammick, an' I sed I'd give yer a thick ear if yer went on worryin' me. Now I'm goin' to do it.' He hopped out, gave the astonished Irishman a box on the ear which sent him sprawling, and then stood over him with clenched fists. 'D'you want any more?' he asked grimly.

Flannagan did not.

Martin and the other men in the neighbourhood, meanwhile, had been waked by the disturbance, and were enjoying the fun. 'Go on, Ginger! Give 'im another!' somebody advised the A.B. 'Give 'im a clip under the lug! Slosh 'im one on the ruddy boko! Wakin' of us orl up at this time o' night!'

'Look 'ere, you blokes,' protested the still recumbent victim, 'some one 'as put sugar in my 'ammick!'

A roar of laughter greeted his words. His hearers were not sympathetic. They longed to see a really good fight, and there would have been more bloodshed if Flannagan, terrorised by the A.B.'s fists, had not thought discretion the better part of valour. He retired grumbling, to spend the rest of the chilly night on the hard mess-table, wrapped in a greatcoat.

At five-forty-five the next morning he sidled up to Martin, as the latter sat drinking his cocoa. 'Look 'ere!' he exclaimed aggressively, 'was it you wot done that to my 'ammick last night?'

'Done wot?' asked Pincher, grinning innocently.

'Cut my ruddy foot lanyard an' put sugar on my blanket,' the Irishman shouted, advancing threateningly with his fists clenched. 'I see'd

yer larfin' last night, an' yer larfin' now. If it wos you 'oo done it I'll'—

'Stop yer bloomin' noise, Paddy!' chipped in Strumbles, who was always inclined to be irascible in the early morning. 'If yer wants ter fight Pincher you'd best take 'im on in the dog watches arter tea, not at this un'oly hour o' the mornin'.'

'But if it was 'im wot cut'—

'Don't chaw yer fat!' growled the leading seaman, giving the Irishman a push in the chest. 'If it was Pincher wot done it, I reckons you arsked for it. If you comes makin' a row 'ere I'll land you one on the conk, so you'd best clear out!'

Popular opinion was evidently not on his side; and, seeing how affairs stood, Flannagan slouched off, vowing vengeance on some person or persons unknown.

But he never had his revenge; for, though he had a shrewd suspicion that Martin was somehow responsible for his discomfiture, he could never fix the blame on him for certain. The tables were turned at last, and Pincher suffered no further inconvenience at the hands of Peter Flannagan. The end had justified the means. Joshua Billings, A.B., was an adept at dealing with a young and bumptious ordinary seaman who made himself objectionable.

CHAPTER III.—WORK AND PLAY.

I.

'NICE sort o' craft, isn't she?' growled the first lieutenant, eyeing the grimy collier lying alongside. 'Enough to break the heart of a plaster saint!'

Tickle, the junior watch-keeping lieutenant, nodded in agreement. 'She's broken mine already,' he observed dolefully. 'How on earth we're going to take in six hundred tons from her the Lord alone knows.'

Chase, the first lieutenant, refilled his pipe. 'I'd like to get hold of the blighter who charts these colliers,' he mumbled savagely. 'This one doesn't appear to have a winch that'll lift more than half-a-ton; and as for her hatches, lord! they're only the size of—of that.' He could think of no suitable simile, so held his hands out a couple of feet apart.

'You should just see her whips, No. 1,' put in the watch-keeper. 'They were new in the year one; used by Admiral Noah in the Ark, by the look of 'em. I tried to lift one of the cross beams in No. 1 hold just now. Took me about twenty minutes to get the winch to gee to start with. Then, when I'd gingered it up, and had got the beam in mid-air, the whip parted, and the whole caboodle came down with a crash. It would have gone clean through her bottom if there'd been no coal in the hold.'

'M-yes. I heard the yelling,' observed Chase. 'Any one hurt?'

'No. A silly young ass of an ordinary seaman—chap called Martin, who's just joined—jolly nearly got it in the neck, but not quite, luckily for him. It weighed the best part of half-a-ton, and it missed him by about six inches. He'd have been done in all right if his head had been in the way.'

'Silly blighter!' said the first lieutenant unsympathetically. 'What the dooce did he want to get in the way for?'

'Ask me another,' laughed Tickle. 'Some of these O.D.'s keep their eyes in the back of their head. However, this chap seems a bit better than some of 'em, though that's not saying much. He had the fright of his life, though, and won't do it again, I'll bet.'

The first lieutenant snorted.

(Continued on page 322).

THE LAND THAT HOLDS MY HEART.

I'm going back to Scotland when the springtime comes again,
When the mavis are singing up and down the shady glen,
When the primroses are starring balmy banks and bonny braes,
And the hawthorn shakes her lovely blooms athwart enchanted ways;
When the cuckoo calls within the woods I'll sail across the sea,
To that dear old land that memory shrines—the best of lands for me!

That hope leaps up within my breast, my starved heart throbs and thrills,
To see again those daisied slopes, those well-beloved hills;
To hear the brook's low murmur, the wild rush of flood and stream—
Ah, what echoing music mingles with the sweetness of my dream!
The still blue lochs, the dark pine-trees! Oh, far across the foam
The witching voices of the past are calling, calling, Home.

'Mid the mists of purple mountains, 'mid the surf of restless seas,
Beat on by sudden tempests, swept by wind and ruffling breeze,
That little Isle that holds my heart all fair and lovely lies,
With her rippling rainbowed beauty and her blue-gray, changeful skies.
Oh, bright upon a thousand lands the sun may rise and shine,
But ne'er upon another that's so loved and dear as mine!

There's many a weary night between, and many a long, long day,
When old autumn's cloak will fold her, and her skies be dull and gray;
But when in loveliness she wakes 'neath winter's melting snow,
Oh, then my pulse will quicken! oh, then my bosom glow!
Then far across the surging seas that most blessed ship will part,
That will bear me to Old Scotland—to the land that holds my heart!

MARY M. CURCHOD (MYRA).

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

MARMADUKE.

By JOHN FOSTER, Author of *The Bright Eyes of Danger*, &c.

I FIRST met him on delectable Speyside at a shooting lodge among the great tumbled hills above the river. The lodge was not his, but he was to be found there during most of the year.

He looked, and as a matter of fact was, half German. He was Scotch, I think, on the distaff side, but, beyond a capacity for silent reflection, showed few of the qualities usually attributed to that far-seeing and lusty race; self-seeking or 'canny' he might have been, but I saw no signs of vaulting ambition in him. Pleased to throw in his lot with the society of a friend whom he knew and understood, he made the most of his happy obscurity in country quarters, going his daily round placidly in great and obvious contentment.

The lodge on Speyside is lonely; a place set down in the wilds where the heather creeps close to the house, soft peat-scented airs steal through the open windows, and the wary '*Go back! Go back!*' of the grouse at the edge of the moor breaks the hush of autumn mornings. I had escaped for a few days from the tyranny of stuffy weather, hot pavements, and town garb to the champagne air of heathered hills and the comfort of old tweeds and sensible boots. My host, Jim Gordon, introduced me to his friend on my arrival. I confess to a mild surprise, for Jim (although I say it myself) was supposed to be particular in his choice of friends. They were usually well-bred, well-set-up, often amusing, travelled, interesting men of the world in the best sense of that much-abused phrase.

But Jim's crony—for I soon discovered their extraordinary friendship—was underbred and undistinguished-looking. His manners were third-rate. He yawned twice in my face in the first ten minutes of our acquaintanceship. His table customs had more than a suggestion of Teutonic thoroughness in them; and his name (not his fault, of course) was Marmaduke! He had a far-away brown eye, and, *horresco referens*! his hair was too long. But to put him down as an 'intellectual' on the strength of these external deficiencies would be a mistake. He wrote not at all. Music and the kindred arts meant less than nothing to him. Indeed, he often pointedly left the room when any of us were at the piano.

He was self-centred and taciturn, forcing my attitude toward him to be one of indifference,

tinged with curiosity as to the nature of the bond between Jim and himself. The two were inseparable; although he did not fish, if his friend went for a day on the river he was with him, mooning on the banks or sitting patiently watching every cast as though mesmerised by the even voice of the Spey's current. He hated walking, but made a point of accompanying Jim to the hill, where he shared his butt, and condescended to help, with a detached, bored air, in picking up the birds after each drive. He would stand, monopolising the fire, for hours in gloomy introspection. Sometimes he listened to us with a pretence of politeness, but one had only to look at the brightening of his vague brown eyes, if Jim began to talk to him, to see that he regarded the rest of us as of no importance. His attitude to me more than bordered on rudeness. I was merely an appanage of his friend; and, truth to tell, I sometimes felt a twinge of jealousy of the scrubby little nonentity, for Jim was my friend of long standing.

Once, watching them start for a tramp by themselves, I turned to a fellow-guest with 'Nobody has a look in when the *fidus Achates* is nosing around!'

'No! I don't like the little beggar! His *Kulturkampf* shows up at meals; and, although I don't swallow all the newspaper scares just now' (this was before the war, of course), 'he prowls round the house in the evenings by himself in the queerest way. I came on him suddenly the other night in the avenue, and his reply to my "Hallo!" just escaped being a snarl. But there's no doubt Jim and Mr Marmaduke are great pals. I believe there is a reason for Jim's liking for him—something about a chance meeting, a queer friendship at first sight, and all that sort of thing. Well! well! If they are pleased, it's little or none of our business.'

Jim himself once or twice hinted at the source of the friendship, but it was not until I got him alone over a pipe one night that he gave me any details.

'He isn't much to look at,' he said; 'but he has no end of a heart, and in this tired old world it's a rare and refreshing thing to find gratitude. Quite between ourselves, I first came across him at a "Home" of sorts in London. It doesn't matter how I came to be there. He

was frightfully down on his luck, thoroughly "broke," and hadn't a friend in the wide world. I got him out of his awful environment, put him on his feet a bit, and—well, you can see for yourself that he is grateful.'

'Any one would be,' said I.

'Um! I don't know. I have known lots of people— Well, it doesn't matter. The point is, that I have cause to be grateful to him, apart from his companionship. You smile, but he is first-rate company. At least, I think so,' he said, a little stiffly. 'And one time he saved my life. I went off by myself over the hills, and since that day I have advised any one intent on going long distances over the Cairngorms to have some one with him. I was eight or nine miles from home, near the high tops, and was caught in the worst mist I ever saw. You could have clutched it in your hand; and to crown my day of stumbling about, trying without success to get my bearings, I smashed my leg over a boulder. You know the Cairngorms! I might have been there for days, but "Duke" went out with a search-party and took a line of his own. But for him, the foxes might have picked my bones. He found me, and went back to the others in the mist. Lord knows how he did it; but three hours afterwards he guided the gillies to where I was; so, if he owed something to me, he squared the deal that day.'

Came August 1914, and the habitués of the lodge above the Spey went to their jobs 'somewhere in France'—all except Marmaduke, who stayed at home. True, no regiment would have looked at him, but I happen to know that he never offered his services.

In those days, dark enough in one sense, but days that bid fair to be the brightest in the story of Britain, I was a doctor at a clearing hospital at the rail-head. A fleet of motor ambulances would come up to leave their freights of wounded, and pant off again with awful regularity for others; and among the gray ghosts on the stretchers was one whom I should not have known (for it is not easy to recognise a man with his head bandaged) had I not caught a smile. I looked again, and saw, with a sudden swelling of the heart, that the spectre was Jim. He had been badly mauled by shrapnel, and was unable to speak above his breath. All I could do was to put him into a hospital train bound for the base, give him a husky good-bye, and see him

whisked off with a crowd of other strange and piteous figures. He shook his head when I told him he would pull through.

Then my turn came. I was invalided home. After a week or two I began to pick up, and was nearly ready to go back, when I got a note in a very shaky hand from Jim. He was at Speyside. Had I time to go to see him? I went, and saw that my friend's business with this world was nearly over. Marmaduke was there, very quiet, very miserable, spending the whole of his time in the sickroom. He was doing no harm, and may have done a little good, for his friend wanted him there, and there he remained, hardly leaving the room until the end. . . . Jim was laid to rest beside many another of his name in the little kirkyard among his own hills, a quiet spot where the pines point proudly to the sky and the voice of a hill burn lingers in a *Gaudeamus*.

I was at my job in France when he died, and a year passed before I learned what became of Marmaduke. Angus the old Highland stalker told me.

'When the laird wass by wi't,' he said, 'his frien' wass never the same. No! Fra the minute he came back fra the kirkyard he would hardly go across the door; and if he did, it would be up the road somewhere near where the laird lies you would be finding him. He got shrunk and worn and gray as an old badger, the puir wee man! Many wass the time that we would be trying to put the heart into him, but no! Some would be saying that time would make him forget, but I wass knowing better. It wass myself that kenned by the eye of him, and the lost-looking way he had, that the heart wass out of him. One morning he wass nowhere to be seen. I said nossing to the others, but took a step up to the kirkyard, and there I found him lying close by the laird's grave as if he wass asleep. But he had been there ahl night, and fine I kenned that he wass dead!'

'I wish, Angus, I could be sure that his acquaintances who think themselves vastly superior are as single-hearted as he was.'

'Indeed, sir! and that is the true word! No doubt he had his faults! *Air m'fhalluin!* but whiles I wass prefairin' his company to some of the Christians in the Glen!'

For 'Duke' was a dog, the uncomely descendant of a dachshund and a Cairn terrier, with a big heart under his shabby little coat, and sorry I am to-day that I ever gave him a harsh look or word.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

CHAPTER III.—*continued.*

S. *BEN MACDHUI* certainly deserved all the strictures passed upon her by both officers. She was no chicken, merely a nine-and-a-half knot, pot-bellied monstrosity of a tramp

built in the early 'eighties, which, by inadvertence on somebody's part, or through a shortage of more suitable craft, had temporarily been chartered as an Admiralty collier. She belonged to a small

company who appeared to earn their dividends by buying all the old crocks of ships they could lay their hands upon, and then running them on the cheap, for all her gear and fittings were as elderly and unsafe as herself. Her middle-aged winches wheezed cheerfully, and vomited forth jets of steam, scalding water, and gouty of oil when they could be persuaded to revolve. Her derricks groaned and sagged perilously when they lifted half their proper load; while the less said about her coaling-whips—supposed to be brand-new two-and-a-half-inch steel wire of the best quality—the better. The officers and men were thoroughly in keeping with their ship. The former, according to their own account, had all seen better days; while the latter, bleary-eyed and stiff in the joints, looked more like a party of workhouse inmates than the crew of a British merchant ship. A more decrepit and ancient set of mariners it would be impossible to find. They all had bald heads, several were grandfathers with flowing white whiskers—when they washed; but then, of course, Messrs Catchem & Flintskin preferred men of experience to mere scatter-brained youngsters. They were more reliable, they said; but they also got them cheaper, and their appetites were smaller.

The 'Belligerents' swore lustily when the venerable *Ben Macdhu* secured alongside. The commander shared their feelings; while the first lieutenant—who was in general charge of the collier during coaling—nearly wept, and retired to the wardroom to seek liquid consolation. The lieutenants in charge of the holds, who would have to bear the brunt of the whole business if the coal did not come in at its usual rate, cursed long and loud. They were all justified, poor souls, for a bad collier may mean a long coaling; and a long coaling in the winter is the 'perishin' limit,' as some one put it.

The collier came alongside before dark, and that evening new whips were rove, derricks were rigged and topped, bags and shovels were brought up from the dim recesses of the *Belligerent's* bowels and distributed among the holds, the battleship's deck was brushed over with a moist mixture of sand and lime to prevent the coal-dust from soaking in, and all paintwork on the upper deck was swathed in canvas for the same reason.

Martin, as Lieutenant Tickle has already explained, had nearly lost the number of his mess when assisting in the collier. He thought his narrow escape was deserving of a certain amount of sympathy, but precious little he got. He was bluntly called a '—— young fool,' and asked 'why the —— he wanted to get his —— head in the way.' Even his mess-mates laughed at him, for to all bluejackets a miss is as good as a mile. In the course of their careers, even in time of peace, they look

death in the face so often as to be utterly un-mindful of narrow squeaks. Their calling is essentially a risky one, and to become inured to danger is part and parcel of their training. If a man has a close shave he is chaffed unmercifully; if he is killed, his shipmates express their sympathy, shrug their shoulders, attend the funeral with tears in their eyes and a glass case of wax flowers in their hands, and subscribe their shillings and pennies toward providing for the widow and children. It is all in the day's work.

Punctually at five-thirty the next morning, while it was yet dark, the boatswain's mates were piping, 'Clear lower deck! 'Ands fall in for coaling ship!' and officers and men, clad in the oldest and grimmest of garments, repaired to the quarterdeck. Coaling ship was always a 'clear lower deck' evolution, and nobody except a few privileged officers and men was excused.

On the quarterdeck was the commander; and presently, when the men had been reported present, he gave them a few words.

'Men,' he said, 'we've got a bad collier this time, just about the worst thing in colliers I've ever seen. We have six hundred tons to take in, so let's see if we can't make an evolution of it. We've been a pretty good ship for coaling up to date, remember, so don't let us spoil our good record now. Coal ship!'

The groups of men scattered and fled to their several stations. The forecastlemen, foretopmen, maintopmen, and quarterdeckmen repaired to their respective holds in the collier, where they were divided up into gangs of five for shovelling the coal into the two-hundredweight bags, which were hoisted on board ten at a time. The 'dumping-ground parties,' composed principally of artisan ratings like the carpenter's mates, shipwrights, plumbers, and blacksmiths, were sent to the places on the battleship's deck where the hoists would presently be coming in. Their duty was to unhook and unstrap the bags as they arrived, and to place them on the barrows, which were then trundled to the various bunker-openings in the deck by the Royal Marines. Here the bags were seized by the 'tippers,' and their contents emptied down the shoots into the bunkers below, where they were stowed by the stokers doing duty as 'trimmers.' The empty bags were collected by a number of ordinary seamen and boys, who returned them to the holds in the collier; and woe betide these youths if the men digging in the holds were delayed through a 'shortage of empties!'

Practically all the officers coaled with their men. The commander was in general charge of the whole operation, while the first lieutenant exercised a general supervision in the collier. The lieutenants and midshipmen of divisions worked with their men in the holds; while Vernon Hatherley, the lieutenant-commander (T.), clad in an ancient Panamá hat and a suit

of indescribable overalls, acted the part of traffic manager on the upper deck. He had the assistance of a couple of midshipmen, and among them they organised the movement of barrows between the dumping-grounds and bunker-openings, so that no two streams moving in opposite directions should come into sudden and violent contact, and so cause a congestion in the traffic. The captain of marines, Hannibal Chance, supervised his barrow-men, and, assisted by the sergeant-major, exhorted them when they became languid. Nearly every other officer in the ship, save only the fleet surgeon, fleet paymaster, surgeon, and assistant-paymasters, was in charge of something or other. The lieutenant-commander (N.), Christopher Colomb, otherwise the navigator, kept the 'day on' as officer of the watch; while even the chaplain, the Reverend Stephen Holiman, set an example by shedding his clerical garments and trundling a barrow. The men loved seeing Holy Joe 'sweatin' hisself,' as they put it; but, for all that, they voted him a good fellow, and he was immensely popular on the lower deck.

Martin found himself detailed as a member of one of the gangs of diggers in the forecastle-men's hold. The work of shovelling the coal into bags was back-breaking, for no two consecutive shovelfuls were exactly the same weight; added to which, he found it extremely difficult to keep his footing. The confined space reeked of coal-dust, and before long he and his companions were jet-black from head to foot. He breathed the fine powder down into his lungs. He perspired profusely. His back, shoulders, arms, and thighs ached with the strain; but he was game, and managed to struggle on somehow. Five other gangs were at work besides his own. Each one was responsible for a hoist of ten bags, and had to have them filled and strapped together by the time the whip was ready to hoist them. They occasionally had a few minutes' rest between the hoists, but otherwise the work went on continuously; and it was a point of honour that the whip, which visited all the gangs in rotation, should not be kept waiting. If there was any undue delay in hooking on, there were loud shouts from above, and angry, nautical exhortations from the lieutenant, midshipmen, and petty officers working in the hold.

It was sultry work, very sultry, though it was winter. The dust was so thick that the powerful arc lights could only be seen in a blurred glare across the hold. Jet-black figures whirled in and out of the murky cloud like demons on the brink of the nethermost pit. Shouts of 'Stand from under!' and empty bags came from the deck above; and every now and then there came a shrill screech on a whistle, a frenzied shout of 'Mind your backs! Stand clear!' a frantic clattering from the long-suffering winch, and a hoist would go hurtling, swinging, and banging across the hold as the wire whip strained and

tautened out. The labouring men would spring aside to get clear, for a ton of coal in the small of the back will send a twelve-stone man flying, and may cause him serious injury. But still the work went on without a stop, and hoist after hoist left the hold, disappeared in the darkness above, swung through space, and finally landed with a thud and more shouts on the battleship's deck.

The *Ben Macdhui* was certainly a bad collier. Twice during the first hour did two of her winches break down, and each time they caused a delay of fully twenty minutes. Another time a block on the head of a derrick carried away, and the suspended hoist fell back into the hold with a crash, knocking over two men. They were not seriously hurt, and picked themselves up with many full-blooded sea oaths, to resume their work as if nothing had happened.

The 'Belligerents' prided themselves on their coaling. With a good collier they had been known to average one hundred and seventy-seven tons per hour; but this time they had only embarked one hundred and ninety-eight by eight o'clock, at which time there came half-an-hour's respite for breakfast. They had been at it since about five-forty (two hours twenty minutes), and the commander was not at all pleased. But even he realised that it was not the fault of the men. 'Bad!' he growled. 'Damned bad! We're only averaging eighty-four point eight an hour. What can one do with a collier like this?'

During breakfast-time, wardroom, gunroom, and mess-decks were invaded by hordes of black-faced demons, ravenous and clamouring for food. Some of the more fastidious among them had washed their hands and had cleared a circle of grime from about their mouths; but time was short, and most of them had not troubled to do even this. Officers' messes, cabins, and mess-decks were pervaded with the strange, penetrating smell of coal. The dust hung and lodged everywhere, and even the porridge, eggs and bacon, and milk were covered with films of black powder. But what did it matter? They were hungry, and the food tasted just as good, dust or no dust.

At eight-thirty work was resumed, and the ship's company, rejuvenated by breakfast, set to with redoubled energy. The *Belligerent's* once white deck was covered with black dust, caked by the wheels of the barrows. Officers and men alike were black from head to foot; but still the hoists crashed in, still the barrows flew round the deck, and still the coal went tumbling down the shoots into the bunkers. On the after shelter-deck the hands were doing their share of the work by braying out the latest music-hall songs; but even their strident and not very tuneless efforts could only be heard at intervals in the clatter of the winches and the hollow rumble of the barrows.

The best hour's work was done between ten and eleven, when one hundred and twenty-four tons were taken in, and shortly before noon the full six hundred had been embarked. The bugle sounded the 'Cease firing,' the last hoists of empty bags and shovels came clattering inboard from the collier with throaty cheers from the tired men, and swarms of bluejackets set about lowering the derricks and unrigging the gear.

Soon afterwards, when the *Ben Macdhui's* chief engineer had raised sufficient steam in his tin-pot boiler to revolve the engines, and when the ancient crew could be induced to bestir themselves, the collier let go her wires and waddled off. The 'Belligerents' cheered and waved ironical farewells as she departed. They were heartily glad to see the last of her.

'Gosh!' muttered Martin, with a heartfelt sigh, as he watched her go from the forecastle, 'I ain't sorry that job's done!' His back ached, and he felt very weary. He also wanted his dinner.

Able Seaman Billings heard his remark and smiled. 'Garn!' he jeered good-naturedly; 'this 'ere coalin' ain't bin nothin', only six 'undred ton. You wait till we joins up wi' the fleet, me lad, when we coals once a fortnight regular.'

It was quite true, as Martin afterwards discovered.

That afternoon, armed with the hose, scrubbers, and soap, they set about cleaning the ship, themselves, and their clothes. Coal-dust seemed to be everywhere; it had lodged in every nook and cranny, but by dark most of it was removed and the battleship was looking more or less like her old self. So ended Martin's first experience

of 'coaling ship,' an evolution which subsequently was carried out with such frequency that it became a mere incident.

The next day they took in ammunition and explosives enough to send a whole squadron of Dreadnoughts to the bottom. Innocent-looking lighters and barges, crammed to the hatches with shell for the twelve-inch, six-inch, and smaller guns; cases of cordite-cartridges; boxes containing the copper war-heads for the torpedoes, filled with gun-cotton; small-arm ammunition; gun-cotton charges in cylindrical red-painted cases, and detonators, came alongside in the early morning while it was yet dark.

Soon after eight o'clock the work began. It was preferable to coaling, as it was cleaner; but the labour was very strenuous. There were three lighters on each side, and each had its own party of men employed in hooking on the projectiles and metal cordite-cases, which were then hoisted on board by the battleship's winches. Other men on deck with barrows transported the shell and cases as they arrived to square hatches in different parts of the deck, through which they were lowered to the magazines and shell-rooms in the bowels of the ship, to be stowed in their proper racks, bays, and compartments.

The great eight hundred and fifty pound projectiles for the twelve-inch guns dwarfed all the others, and they were slung inboard singly on account of their weight. The hundred-pound shell for the six-inch guns came in in canvas bags a couple at a time, while the lighter projectiles for the smaller weapons were hoisted in consignments.

(Continued on page 344.)

PARLIAMENTS AND NEWSPAPERS IN TWO HEMISPHERES.

By Sir HENRY LUCY.

DURING a visit to the United States some years ago I had the good fortune to find myself in Washington at the opening of a new session of Congress, whose first appointed work was the election of a Speaker. Looking down on the crowded scene from the Diplomatic Gallery, what struck one long accustomed to procedure in the House of Commons was the prevalent note of simple, severe business intention. At Westminster, election of a new Speaker is marked by a ceremony some of whose formulas go back to Stuart times. If it be not opposed—and it rarely is—it is moved from the Ministerial side by a private member of high personal standing, the resolution being seconded by a member of the Opposition of equal repute. Stately speeches are made, extolling the virtues and capacity of the candidate. Election accomplished, whether

by unanimous vote or after a division, the Leader of the House and the Leader of the Opposition make further high-toned speeches, the latter, though defeated, rivalling the spokesman of the Ministerialists in his courtesy and submission to the new Speaker.

Further ceremony follows. Though elected by the Commons, the call to the Chair is not complete till the name of the new Speaker has been submitted to the sovereign. This is done on the following day, when a solemnly appointed royal commission sits in the House of Lords. Thither, at the appointed hour, the Speaker elect proceeds, and standing at the bar, 'humbly submits' himself for royal approval.

Humility is, of course, only assumed. It is one of those little politenesses of the kind that passed between the barons and King John at

Runnymede. To refuse to confirm the election of the Speaker of the House of Commons would be as much as a king's throne, not to speak of his head, was worth. Yet in this prosaic twentieth century the little comedy is played out with painstaking precision.

Pending royal confirmation of his election, the Speaker is content with wearing what in English legal circles is known as a 'bob-wig,' with braided coat and knee-breeches. As yet the Sergeant-at-Arms, direct representative of the Crown to the House of Commons, does not officially know him. Once royal assent is conveyed, everything is changed. The Speaker, retiring to his private apartments, comes forth arrayed in wig and gown. The Sergeant-at-Arms shoulders his mace and escorts him to the table of the House, both living happily together ever afterward.

Elected by an undisputed majority, the Speaker of Congress, wearing in his coat a red carnation, emblematic of a blameless life, took his seat in the Chair with as little ado as if it were the preliminary of having luncheon spread on the table before him. Not for him the chrysalis state of the Speaker of the House of Commons, since there was no later butterfly condition represented by the full-bottomed wig, the black silk gown, the silken stockings shining over shapely calves between knee-breeches and silver buckles set on Oxford shoes. The dress 'Uncle Joe' Cannon wore when, a private citizen, he went to church on Sundays, he wore in the Chair at Congress, and, subject to careful brushing, would wear it every day he was called upon to perform the lofty duties of Speaker of the House of Representatives. To one who has lived in the House of Commons for forty years, known and revered three of our greatest Speakers, there is something furtively pleasing in hearing the Speaker of the Congress of the United States commonly called 'Uncle Joe.'

I suppose that even in Congress this effulgence of familiarity might be carried too far. If, for example, 'the gentleman from Missouri' (whom I was pained to hear speak disparagingly of 'the gentleman from Ohio') had opened his remarks by addressing the occupant of the Chair as 'Uncle Joe' there would have been some disquiet in the assembly. According to the same severe rule of conduct, when the roll of members was run through in the election of Speaker, no one called out, 'Uncle Joe!' It was 'Cannon!' to right of them, 'Cannon!' to left of them, volleyed and thundered, bringing to the Chair 'Uncle Joe' in triumph over his opponent, who apparently had not yet in public life won the endearment of a pet family appellation.

'Uncle Joe,' having been sworn in, took the Chair as a duck takes to water. At the outset he had a little difficulty with his spectacles. An old parliamentary hand, accustomed to exercise the fluency of public speaking which comes

to Americans by nature, as reading and writing, according to Dogberry, come to us all, he fixed on his nose a pair of glasses that had seen long service while he was still a private member. But they would not work. After a moment's struggle he dived into the recesses of his breast-pocket and fished forth another pair. These apparently bore the Speaker's mark. Anyhow, they served. And in a voice a trifle tremulous he read a dignified little speech, as warmly applauded on the Democratic benches as it was by the Republican majority. With prompt and promising eye to business, the Speaker, having finished his reading, said, in quite another tone, reminiscent of the New York surface carman's 'Step lively!' 'I'm ready to take the oath of office.'

Comparing the assembly with the more familiar one at Westminster, I noted a marked difference in the general physiognomy. The average age of Congressmen is considerably less than that of members of the House of Commons. With us parliamentary life is the goal of long labour in the commercial or professional mart. We have a sprinkling of dukes' sons and the like who come into the Commons because their fathers were there before them. In the main the House of Commons is composed of men over fifty, who have made in other fields of labour their mark and their fortune, and feel they can afford to add to their affluence the stamp 'M.P.', which socially and otherwise is of substantial value in Great Britain. Congressmen mustered at Washington gave an impartial observer the idea that they were at full work outside, and meant to take on Congress merely as an annex to their private business.

Complaint is sometimes made by critics of the House of Commons procedure that time is wasted in the division lobbies. The process, especially when utilised for obstructive purposes, is certainly a little dreary. When, on a question put, a division is challenged, the Speaker cries aloud, 'Strangers will withdraw!' Formerly at this signal the strangers' galleries were cleared. Of late years expulsion has been confined to strangers seated beneath the galleries, actually on the floor of the House. The clerk at the table turns a sand-glass which marks a space of two minutes. Meanwhile electric bells are clanging through every corridor and in every anteroom, and members come in on the trot, fearful of losing a unit in their aggregate of divisions.

The Speaker again putting the question, members pass out into the 'Yea' or 'Nay' lobby according to their convictions, having their names noted and their votes recorded by the exit. The performance occupies seven or eight minutes. But it is complete and conclusive. If by rare chance error in the counting is made by the tellers, it is corrected by the clerk, who, standing at the wicket, checks off the names of members as they pass through.

On the day of my visit to the Capitol there was vote by the roll and vote by counting heads. To a stranger the former was wearisome; the latter seemed slovenly, inviting error. The House of Commons is counted by the Speaker only when doubt is raised as to the presence of a quorum. Holding his peaked cocked hat in his right hand, the Speaker, as he audibly counts, points to each member present, the ultimate figure being forty. This action, though made easy by the comparatively small number to be counted, and dignified by the appanages of cocked hat, wig, and gown, has its ludicrous side.

To see 'Uncle Joe' determinedly clutching his hammer-head while he points its handle individually at some three hundred and fifty fathers of families would be fatally suggestive of the sufferer from insomnia, who from his sleepless pillow tries to count how many supposititious sheep are passing through an imaginary field-gate. Happily the Speaker in Congress is relieved from such contingency.

Since Congress gets to work early in the day, adjourning before dinner, there is no necessity for the elaborate commissariat department which is one of the institutions of the House of Commons. In this respect it resembles the House of Lords, members of which rarely, if ever, dine on the premises. Abstention in this respect is due not to lack of accommodation, but to the simple fact that the business of a sitting is, with perhaps half-a-dozen exceptions in a session, completed before eight o'clock. Nevertheless noble lords have at hand what Lord Halsbury would call 'a sort of' victualling department. There is a noble dining-room and a spacious kitchen furnished with titanic grates and ovens of the last century. With their assistance no difficulty is experienced in cooking a chop or—with due notice, such as is given prior to the introduction of a Home Rule Bill or a measure for the Disestablishment of a Church—a joint of meat. The difficulty is presented under the question, Who is likely to partake of a meal?

Under long-prevailing circumstances, purveying being in private hands, there was some demand for a midday meal in the form of luncheon. The last person expected to be found seated at the table is a peer of the realm. The principal customers are committee clerks, with, it is said, a sprinkling of the outside public, who have discovered that, in addition to august connections, they get a moderately cheap meal in the peers' dining-room. There is talk of this anomalous state of things being done away with. The Home Rule Question and the Welsh Church off their mind, noble lords are at leisure to set their house in order, and begin with the kitchen department. Hence the contemplated appointment of a Supervising Committee.

The last Annual Report of the House of Commons Kitchen Committee was certainly not encouraging to fresh enterprise. On an expenditure of something less than twenty-one thousand pounds, it shows a deficiency of two hundred and eighty-seven pounds eighteen shillings and twopence. What seems a fair profit was realised on the turnover of capital. The sale of provisions, bought in at a cost of ten thousand three hundred and forty-seven pounds nineteen shillings and threepence, yielded a gross profit of one thousand two hundred and ninety-five pounds thirteen shillings and tenpence halfpenny. The mention of what Mr Mantalini deprecated as 'demnition coppers' is reassuring as to the minuteness with which the Kitchen Committee's accounts are kept. Mystery lingers over that odd halfpenny. Its appearance is probably due to expenditure by a county member. But what could he buy, or what could Colonel Mark Lockwood and his colleagues on the Kitchen Committee sell, for a halfpenny? However, there it is. The total receipts in this department amounted to the sum of eleven thousand six hundred and forty-three pounds thirteen shillings and three-halfpence, and there being on the other side of the ledger no expenditure of an equal fraction, there stands the halfpenny to the credit of the year's trading account.

The profit on the sale of wines, spirits, beer, and mineral waters was considerably greater than that forthcoming from provisions. An outlay of three thousand six hundred and ninety-six pounds fourteen shillings and eightpence yielded a gross profit exceeding 50 per cent.—a percentage far exceeding that obtained from any other department. An expenditure of eight hundred and eighty-four pounds on cigars and cigarettes shows a profit of two hundred and forty-three pounds. This aggregates a gain on the trading account of three thousand four hundred and eighty-two pounds fifteen shillings and elevenpence. Standing by itself, as it does in the form of accounts presented by the committee, this is eminently satisfactory. But it tells only half the tale. There are, unfortunately, wages and salaries to be paid, washing to be done. They amount to five thousand seven hundred and seventy pounds fourteen shillings and a penny (another odd copper). In spite of a compassionate subsidy of two thousand pounds per annum contributed by the taxpayer, in addition to members' salary of four hundred pounds a year, there stands forth the deplorable deficit recorded above.

To the business caterer it will probably seem a remarkable, not to say a significant, thing that the Kitchen Committee of the House of Commons annually find themselves in a difficulty about making both ends meet. To begin with, they have exclusive monopoly of feeding over six hundred gentlemen more or less comfortably off, each certainly endowed with an income of not less than

four hundred pounds a year. In addition to the subsidy of two thousand pounds a year (withdrawn in the current session), the committee pay neither rent nor rates, and have free supply of coal, lights, and crockery. These are conditions unknown to the trade outside. They are enough to make the fingers of the managers of certain well-known refreshment establishments itch to have the handling of this concern. Well, not many years ago it was leased to a private firm, who certainly did not make a fortune out of the business, and after prolonged trial gratefully withdrew.

There is one condition dominating the victualling department equally unique with others mentioned. It is the uncertainty which pervades the kitchen, making the grasshopper a burden to the cook and all concerned with the management. On a given day no one can say how long the House will sit. Even at times of political crisis, when the Whips have got together a full muster, an unexpected turn of events may bring about adjournment before the dinner-hour. Nevertheless, dinner must be prepared and a full staff be in attendance. This uncertainty, prevalent in degree at every sitting, is the root of the evil apparent in the Kitchen Committee's annual balance-sheet.

In a well-known essay on a ponderous tome Macaulay began his review by setting forth the measurement and the avoirdupois weight of the volume. Having paid twopence halfpenny for a New York Sunday paper, I was irresistibly impelled to appreciate it in the same form. It weighed two ounces less than a pound and a half. Its ninety-six pages, if spread out in succession, would make a pathway along Fleet Street forty-eight yards long by three-quarters of a yard wide. It was profusely illustrated, three supplements being richly endowed with colour. Divided into sections, it dealt with divers subjects of human interest. The first, consisting of twelve pages (about as much as we expect for a penny in London), was devoted to the latest news, including copious cable despatches from London and Paris. The second was, on the whole, local in its character and in its abounding advertisements. The third section of my Sunday paper was devoted to the interests of Southern readers. The fourth, twelve pages of solid advertisements, dealt with real estate. The fifth treated of finance, horses, and carriages. Finally came the magazine section, sixteen pages, the comic section, and the horse show supplement, each lavishly illustrated, partly in colours.

The difficulty besetting the Britisher is that of finding his way through this labyrinth of print. In an ordinary New York household the paper I studied was merely an item. There were five or six equally prodigious in size lying on the table. They made one's flesh creep by headlines in type two inches long printed in blood-red ink. Complaint has been made of the

thickness of a wood which prevented one seeing the trees. To the untutored eye the headlines in some New York papers are so colossal that it is difficult to find the news. Not infrequently it happens that when found its quality and importance turn out to be wholly inadequate to the size of the heading.

Newspapers are much more part of the daily life of an American than they are with us. In the morning and evening trains which fill and empty New York City, every man, woman, or child is reading a newspaper, in many cases with a second in reserve on the knee. In British hotels newspapers are provided for the common use of the guests. In the States, with few exceptions, man, woman, or child going down to breakfast stops in the hall to buy newspapers from the stand. The price is 50 per cent. higher than that for which the same sheet may be bought in the street outside.

But what is a penny to an American? In dealing with small money his idea does not descend below the nickel, whose nominal value is twopence halfpenny, its actual purchasing power being equal to a penny. On the London streets a man can have his boots polished for a penny. In New York and Washington, if a shoeblack, reviewing the situation, adopts the principle of small profit and quick returns, he makes bold advertisement that he will 'Shine your shoes for five cents.' If one nurtured in the lap of luxury hankers after the sumptuousness of a 'Polish Parlour,' bang goes a dime—*Anglicè*, fivepence.

The usual price of a New York morning paper was some years ago three-halfpence. One morning a leading journal, determined to make things uncomfortable for rivals, came out in undiminished size at the price of a halfpenny. It sells at that rate to-day, and a competitor has come down to the same terms. The paper on which it is printed cannot, at wholesale price, cost less than a halfpenny. If, as seems probable, the cost is the smallest fraction in excess of a halfpenny, the loss must be considerable, since one of the journals in question is credibly reported to consume one hundred and ninety tons of paper per day!

The leading New York Sunday papers spread all over the States, in due time reaching the uttermost ends of a continent whose shores are girdled by two oceans. But every town of moderate size, in addition to several morning papers, has its Sunday papers, more or less successfully mimicking the enterprise of the giants in New York.

In general character and point of view a popular American daily and its staidier British contemporary are wide as the poles asunder. The American is morbidly feminine in his curiosity about the private doings of his neighbours. This passion his favourite journal spares neither money nor labour in ministering to.

Interviewing prominent people, whether citizens or visitors, is a practice of late years grafted on British journalism. The American papers have worked it into the position of an exact science. Personalities which a British journal, if it printed them at all, would present in bald paragraph form, are in a New York paper extended over a column by means of hysterical headlines. Space is obtained by the sacrifice of reports of parliamentary proceedings, of the speeches of public men, of law-reports, and of other weighty matters in which the austere heart of the British sub-editor delights.

British journalists are occasionally inclined, with pharisaical pride, to plume themselves on keeping their papers clear of the sort of journalistic free lunch, served with strong drink, at the bars of what are called 'the yellow journals.' There is, however, one respect in which the standard of purity is higher in New York than it is in London. In *causes célèbres* involving charges of immorality, while the most reputable British journals give full reports, some, in fact, supplying a record almost verbatim, the yellowest of New York journals, so far from following that course, studiously omits from its narrative of current events reference to matters not talked about in the presence of ladies. Short of that, it will with frenzied haste and fervid imagination (the latter not infrequently supplying the facts) work up the details of personal and private matters its London contemporaries would not even barely record. One day during my visit a rumour ran through New York that a scion of a millionaire family had been married to, or was about to marry, a restaurant waitress. The tit-bit was

the more tasty since a near kinswoman of the alleged bridegroom was about to endow an English dukedom with her boundless worldly goods. The prospect of the noble duke finding himself party to a double family wedding, the other bride being an ex-assistant in a ham-and-beef shop, was exceptionally attractive. Calling late in the afternoon at the office of a great New York daily, I found the city editor (he has nothing to do with finance) in a state approaching coma. He was exhausted but triumphant. It was noon when the rumour reached him. Now, it being four o'clock, he handed me with pardonable pride a copy of a special edition of the paper enriched with photographs of the father of the ham-and-beef girl and of the priest who was alleged to have been approached on the subject of the marriage ceremony. In spite of diligent search the bride elect and the expectant bridegroom had not been found, but their portraits were given, and, by way of pendant, those of the noble duke and his bride soon to be cousins by marriage of the ham-and-beef girl. The story was expanded to a page, and sold like wildfire.

It turned out to be a hoax. An impostor, assuming the name of the millionaire, had proposed to the ham-and-beef girl, handing her, as appears to be the genial habit of millionaires in such circumstances, a little cheque for a hundred thousand dollars. But what would you? Next afternoon there was another special edition of the evening paper, with more portraits showing how the thing had been done, and recounting the adventures of a staff of amateur detectives on the track of the fugitive personator of the outraged millionaire.

GOLD IN WAITING.

CHAPTER IV.—*continued.*

EBENEZER had no key, and he knew Martha well enough to be sure the house was locked and bolted and barred against all entrance. Still, he must have fire and food and a bed prepared for him. And the old servant must at least sleep there. Fearless otherwise, the young man had an uncanny dread of the bones his grandfather had uncovered.

To call at Coatmayes Farm himself was out of the question. He must find a messenger. He looked up and down the empty street. Presently a big lad came along, a lantern swinging in his hand.

'Say, cully,' called out Ebenezer in his rough way, 'do you want to earn a crown?'

'Put me to it, Master Fancit,' cried the boy.

'Then go to Coatmayes Farm,' said Ebenezer, 'and tell Mistress Martha Ginnett that Mr Fancit is home.'

'Doubt if I can cross the brook, master,' objected the boy, 'but I'll lug along and see.'

'Go you,' said Fancit, 'and put a speedy foot out. Meanwhile, give me your light, because I must get into my house by some means.'

Lantern in hand, Ebenezer went into the yard. Old Martha probably did not know of that loose bar on the scullery window, but Ebenezer had used it scores of times as a boy. The bar was still loose. Having a thought for his beast, he put her in her stable and gave her a feed, promising himself he would bed her down later; and then, with much struggling and swearing, he managed to insinuate his not very stout body through the narrow window-frame, and was home again.

A fire was laid in the parlour; he lit it, and then his thoughts turned to a restorative. But to obtain that he must go down into the cellar, which was a task abhorrent to him at any time.

However, his thirst overcoming his qualms, he seized the lantern and strode down into the depths. Hastily gripping a bottle of wine, he fairly flew up the narrow flight of stairs. A crack, and the neck was off the bottle, and the wine flowing into a tankard.

'Well, a merry Christmas to all of us!' cried he mockingly.

The wine was very soon finished. Lighting a long clay pipe, he sprawled on the couch. It would be some time yet before the old servant could be back. He felt half-inclined to step up to the 'Quart Pot,' and perhaps would have done so had he been in any mood for company; but just now he preferred his own. He felt he could not crack jokes with the rough yokels.

A half-hour passed. It seemed time for another bottle.

Laying down his pipe, Ebenezer rose, took up the lantern, and, a little unsteadily, went out into the passage. After this he would keep his wine above-stairs. He would have done so before had it not seemed an old-maidish thing to do—to keep wine in the sitting-room. A cellar was the place for that. A cellar—yes. But there were cellars and cellars.

Heavens! how the silence and gloom of the house oppressed him!

He brought another bottle up, and had soon finished it. Still the old woman did not come. Besides, the boy should have been back to say she was on the road. Some one had called the lout in to give him a Christmas tart. He had been laggard on his way. A crown! He should have a kick as well. How cold and silent the house seemed—like a tomb! Fancit ran his fingers through his lank black hair and stared about affrightedly. He must have another bottle. There was nothing like it to keep off these fancies. Fancies! Were they fancies? For he felt that there were people about him, and that skinny hands were trying to seize him and bear him away. With a whole volley of oaths he took up the lantern, and again descended into the cellar. *What was that?* A grisly, bony figure seemed to be beckoning to him, a figure of immense height. With a scream, Ebenezer flung the lantern at the apparition and fled wildly up the cellar stairs. Twice he slipped, bruising himself, but he took no notice of his hurts. He tore at the locks and bolts of the back-door, and passing out into the yard, splashed across to the stable, where his horse stood patiently awaiting his attentions.

'I will fetch the lazy old body myself,' exclaimed the frenzied man. 'Ay, and I'll steal a look at the boy. Alice, she can scratch me if she likes, the jade! I will have a look at the boy. They sha'n't deny me that. Who dares keep a man from his own son?'

He sprang into the saddle and rode out into the street. Lights gleamed through many

shutters, but not a soul was in view. Quite a lot of light came through the shutters of Master Perriker's parlour. Ay, the soapy barber would be keeping Christmas with his cronies, those tight-lipped men who knew what was what when they were buying a bit of land. Would he had what was in their pouches! Solid men they were, those three little men; solid, saving little fellows. And they had got all he had.

He plunged his spurs into his horse's flanks, and the beast tore down the hill. The lights of the modest homes flashed by them. Ebenezer was going to see his son. Ay, and he would snatch a kiss from his red-haired lass—he was in a mood to do that; he was in a fine, merry mood that dared anything. How she would spit at him—the cat! Never mind. A look at the boy, a last taste of his wife's lips, and then he'd sell his old house to the three little men and be gone. This place should know him no more.

Splash! He was in the brook. The horse stumbled, made a gallant effort to recover herself, but went down again, flinging her rider from the saddle. Relieved of his weight, she found herself, and struggled back to the road. She gave a shrill neigh of alarm, for she could see nothing of her master, only the pale moonlight resting on the troubled waters. But as the faithful animal stood there irresolute a cry broke the stillness.

A hooded, cloaked woman, approaching the bridge from the opposite side, stood still and gazed at the empty saddle. The mare, upset by this double fright, turned tail and galloped off. Then Alice Fancit—for it was she—set foot on the bridge. But the water was roaring round its supports; it cracked beneath her. She stopped, and drew in her breath sharply. She had a lantern, and by its light she could see a hand clinging to a plank in the bridge. She had recognised the horse. It was Ebenezer's.

The beams of the flickering lantern, the clouds driving over the moon, the swirl of the waters, the receding hoof-beats of the terrified horse, and the thunder of her own heart, all set her in a whirl. But there was that hand, that white hand clinging. She bent down and seized the wrist with both of her hands, and as she did so the bridge fell away beside her, before and behind, leaving her on two shattered fragments of footboard. But she saw a face raised, a face that looked into her own.

'Alice!'

Was she ever to forget that haggard face, the look of unutterable weariness and hopelessness in the once handsome eyes?

'Yes, it is I, Benny!' It was her play-name for him, used but little since their courting days. 'I am holding you. It is I, Benny. Keep up, dearest one. I was coming to fetch you.'

Suddenly the man was himself again. The shock of the icy water had sobered him. His brain was clear. He felt the great strength of

the waters round him. He saw the planks on which she knelt bending; he heard them cracking. He was a strong man, and with her help could have drawn himself into safety; but the little bridge was shattered, and at any moment the tiny portion on which she knelt might be swept away. Certainly it would not bear the double weight.

'Alice,' he gasped, 'let go, or you will be drowned.'

'No; I am holding you,' she said. 'The horse has gone; somebody will see her; there will be help in a minute. Keep up, Benny.'

But the fragment of bridge was cracking.

'It won't hold us both, girl.'

'Hold on, Benny!' she cried piteously. 'You must live. Oh Benny, you will love the boy!'

'My love, Alice!' he said hoarsely. 'I am no good; let me go.'

'Hold on!' she screamed.

He looked at her out of his miserable eyes, and yet there was something of joy in them. It was one of those heavenly moments that are vouchsafed to a man, even to such a man as this. He read love in her eyes, she love in his. With an absolutely clear mind he saw her peril, and with a last look he dragged his hand away, and was swept along the stream.

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AN INCIDENT IN THE GREATEST MASSACRE OF MODERN TIMES.

By NIMROD.

AMONGST its side issues, the war has brought into prominence the country of Armenia, a province of the Turkish Empire which has suffered many vicissitudes at the hands of various Sultans who have occupied the Ottoman throne. The Armenians are fair in complexion, and a pleasant race of people who give one the impression of being an industrious and well-ordered community. Before the war they not only inhabited Armenia, but large colonies of them had settled in other parts of the Turkish Empire. They are of the Christian faith, and it is partly due to this, and partly to the fact that they are more industrious and energetic than the Turks, that they have suffered so much under Turkish rule. With the entry of Turkey into the present war there also came a new period of tyranny and oppression for this long-suffering race, culminating in what has been aptly described as the greatest massacre of modern times.

At Port Said, by the entrance to the Suez Canal, is a refugee camp numbering over four thousand Armenians, the survivors of one of the recent massacres carried out with such relentless energy by the Turks in the later months of last year. It is with the trials and hardships endured by these unfortunate people that we are concerned in this article; and the recital of their flight and resistance in the mountains, and subsequent rescue by French and British ships when almost at the end of their resources, forms one of the most interesting pages in modern history.

It was early in the spring of 1915 that the Turkish attitude towards the Armenians was such as clearly to indicate that they had determined on the practical extermination of the race. Zeitoun, a town in Asia Minor which was the home of some thousands of Armenians, lies in the Taurus Mountains, on the pine-clad slopes of which are many villages bearing an aspect of peace and pros-

perity such as becomes this fertile and picturesque land. At first various charges were made against the Armenians, and contributions levied on the slightest prettexts. Turkish troops to the number of several thousands were moved into the town of Zeitoun, and attempts to carry the monastery, the principal stronghold, by storm met with a severe check. The leading inhabitants and elders of the town were then summoned to the Turkish headquarters, ostensibly for a conference. There they were seized and thrown into prison, whilst their families were also brought in. This procedure was repeated a few days later, and all were removed to an unknown destination.

At last, when several hundred families had been despatched by devious and unknown routes through the mountains, the people became thoroughly alarmed, and roused to a sense of the dangers confronting them; and, realising the stern fact that their very existence as a community was at stake, they determined on flight whilst there was yet time to save the remnant of their people. The Turks had issued an order of banishment, and the time limit, within which all were directed to be ready to set out on the journey to their unknown place of exile, was fixed at seven days. The night following the day on which the order was received was spent by the leading men in anxious consultation as to the best means to adopt to meet the sinister danger overhanging this gallant and chivalrous band, whose only crime was that they were Christians, and therefore an undesirable element in the Turkish realm. Some amongst the community counselled surrender and compliance with the demands of the Turks, arguing that escape was impossible, that they were hemmed in on all sides, and that any attempt to evade their tormentors must inevitably end in swift and terrible retribution. Others urged a withdrawal to the mountains,

there to hold out until relief should reach them, albeit they knew not how or whence it could arrive. All night long the meeting lasted, but a decision could not be come to, for the delegates were not of the same mind, and even the prospect of being driven into the wilderness and left to the tender mercies of fanatical Arab tribesmen and the savage Kurds could not induce a portion of the assembly to take drastic measures. Finally there was a split in the camp, part deciding on acquiescence to the Turkish orders, whilst the remainder determined to withdraw to the heights of the Musa Dagh Mountains, and hold out as long as supplies and ammunition lasted. They also relied for deliverance on the operations in the Dardanelles, by which if successful, the Turks would be drawn off. Only six days were now left for preparation, and within that period they must be well into the mountains with all their supplies, and entrenched so as to resist the onslaught which would be made upon them the instant their flight was discovered. Included among the fugitives were some fourteen hundred children, about fifteen hundred girls and women, and just over a thousand men. In all, about four hundred modern rifles, flint-locks, and horse-pistols were collected, and thus about half the total number of men were provided with arms of a nondescript pattern. Taking with them all available food, and having sent flocks of sheep and goats into the hills, the little army set out, and by nightfall on the third day they reached the more difficult eyries and crags in the mountains, where a strong resistance could be offered. No time was lost in preparing the position chosen, and ere dawn had broken all were busy digging trenches and fortifying the strategic points and the lines by which the position could be approached. Amongst other things, a committee of defence had been elected and entrusted with the task of evolving a scheme of operations to be put into execution.

Five days had now elapsed since the flight had taken place, and on the morning of the sixth day the advance guard of the Turkish pursuing force appeared in the foothills. They reckoned on an easy victory, and attacked at once; but the Armenians stood their ground well, and the Turks were driven back, retiring to their main body some distance in rear. That night heavy rain set in; and, ill-provided as the fugitives were, and being without shelter or tents, the younger and weaker elements suffered severely for the next few days.

In the meantime the Turks had been completing preparations for an attack on a more extensive scale, and to aid them in their operations they brought up two field-guns and commenced shelling the Armenian position. This wrought havoc in the lines; and eventually volunteers were called for to creep down the mountain-side and endeavour to silence the guns,

either by picking off the gunners or rendering the gun positions untenable, and thus force the teams to withdraw. A young Armenian, who was a good shot, undertook the dangerous task, and under cover of the brushwood he crept down the mountain-side, threading his way through the rocks until he reached a vantage-point from which he commanded a view of the guns drawn up on some flat ground ahead of him. So close was his proximity that he could hear the Turkish soldiers talking, and was able to discern clearly the figures of the men as they moved about. Having constructed for himself an ambush of rocks and branches, he lay in wait, and, never allowing an opportunity to pass, picked off a number of the gunners, accounting for four of them in five shots. This so disconcerted the Turks that the guns were withdrawn to a place of safety, and thus the menace was, to a large extent, removed through the courage of the young fellow, who is still with the refugees at their camp in Egypt.

The Turks now began to realise that in order to achieve success they must embark on larger and more extended measures. They therefore issued a call to the Moslem tribes in the surrounding country to take up arms and exterminate the Armenians, a summons the former would only too readily obey, not only from the prospects of plunder attaching to the work, but also from its religious aspect. These fanatical hordes were supplied with arms and ammunition, and turned loose to aid in the work of destruction; whilst, in addition, a force of several thousand regulars was sent forward. Every line of approach to the besieged Armenians was blocked by the Turks, and by weight of numbers they succeeded in gaining the cliffs along the crest-line. Unfortunately the Armenian reserve was frittered away at these various points in attempts to hold up the Turkish advance, and when this became apparent to the enemy they launched a massed assault through the main ravine, the remainder of the attacks being purely local, and intended only as feints.

Instinctively realising the situation, the Armenians endeavoured to rally, but suffered heavily in doing so. By this time the Turks were in possession of the high ground, and were threatening the camp; and in the late afternoon a decided superiority had been attained over the besieged. Moreover, the range of the Turkish weapons placed the nondescript assortment of arms at the disposal of the Armenians at a hopeless disadvantage. By nightfall the Turks had gained all the ground within four hundred yards of the camp, and only a deep ravine lay between them and their objective. Rather than risk a farther advance in the darkness, they decided to bivouac for the night, and resume operations the next day. This proved the salvation of the Armenians, and, as a result of a hurried council of war, they determined on a

bold and desperate plan. They knew that a crisis in their fortunes had been reached, and it called for uncommonly desperate measures. It was resolved to creep round the Turkish position in the dead of night, and, having out-flanked them, to fall upon the unsuspecting foe, trusting to a fusillade and a hand-to-hand encounter to put them to flight. Taking full advantage of their knowledge of the crags and thickets, they succeeded in carrying out the preliminary phases of the scheme without detection; and then, at a prearranged signal, a volley or two were fired into the Turks, and the attack launched, accompanied by yells and cries, which added to the confusion and alarm in the Turkish camp. The latter was thrown into the greatest disorder, and in the darkness troops were dashing hither and thither, blundering over rocks and bushes, and firing into each other in their dismay. Soon the alarm developed into a rout, and the Turkish forces cleared out of the wood, and, abandoning the positions they had won, fell back some considerable distance to the lower line of foothills.

In this bold attack the enemy lost over two hundred killed, besides leaving behind them a large number of rifles and quantities of ammunition, of which the Armenians stood in such dire need. The tension had now been relieved somewhat, and the besieged force could briefly review the situation and decide on fresh measures to contribute to their ultimate rescue. It was not to be expected that the Turks would leave them alone; on the contrary, they proceeded to rouse up the remainder of the fanatical Moslem population in all the surrounding country; and, being thus reinforced to the extent of a further eight thousand men, they laid siege to the Armenian stronghold on all sides except that opening on to the sea. The idea was to starve them out, a scheme that could not fail in its object within a comparatively short period, for supplies were now running short, and the camp had already been put on half-rations.

A new plan of salvation had to be evolved, and the idea of escape by the sea presented itself. In the meantime a volunteer had crept through the Turkish lines in the hope of reaching Aleppo, eighty-five miles away, and there securing help; but it is doubtful if the runner ever succeeded in gaining his destination, for all trace of him was lost. The Turks carried out several attacks on the position, but each time were beaten back; whilst the Armenians collected rocks and boulders, which they rolled down on the enemy. An anxious watch was kept to seaward for any signs indicating the approach of ships. Five weeks had now passed, and still the remnants held on, despite the numerous attacks upon them and the straits to which they were reduced. On the morning of the thirty-sixth day, when rations had almost run

out, and sickness, wounds, scanty nourishment, and exposure had brought the besieged well-nigh to the end of their tether, a ship was sighted in the distance, and a large Red Cross flag was run up to attract her attention. As she drew nearer inshore the vessel proved to be a French cruiser. A boat was lowered, and came to take off a delegation of the Armenians, who related their plight and all they had undergone. Wireless messages were then flashed across the sea, and soon three other French warships appeared, together with a British cruiser.

The question now arose as to how the large number of refugees could be embarked. The shores of the Mediterranean along the coast of Asia Minor being long and sloping, and noted for the surf and breakers which form so conspicuous a feature, it was not possible to bring boats in, so rafts had to be improvised from wreckage and sundry logs lying along the shore. A couple of rough rafts were put together and poled out through the surf, whence they were taken in tow and the occupants transhipped to the boats in waiting. Despite the difficulties and dangers involved in taking out such a large number of young children and old and infirm people, the embarkation was finally accomplished without a hitch. The guns of the warships covered the operation and prevented interference on the part of the Turks, who, seeing the change in the situation, drew off, as they could effect nothing whatever in the face of such a combination.

Two days later the remnant of this long-suffering people were landed at Port Said, and accommodated in a camp specially constructed for them by the British Government.

The plan and general administration of this camp are worthy of note. It is divided into blocks, each block having a distinguishing letter. Broad roads run between the divisions, and there is ample space round each tent. The tents are mostly Egyptian bell-tents, with a certain number said to have been taken from the Turks in the fighting along the Suez Canal early last year. In the centre of the camp a space is marked off as a distributing-point for the daily issue of rations. Each block of tents has a square, subdivided into smaller squares to correspond with the actual number of tents in the block, and fenced off with little wooden railings. Twice daily the rations for each tent are placed in their respective squares, and are later taken away by the recipients.

Amongst the refugees are upwards of twelve hundred little children, and these, through the philanthropy of an American gentleman who has interested himself in their welfare, are provided with a special ration of bread daily on leaving the schools which have been established in the camp for their education. It is a pathetic sight to watch the little mites as they form up in long lines to file past the baskets containing

the bread; and as one views the scene one wonders how they have managed to survive the horrors of the great massacre and all the hardships involved in the flight from their native land.

In order to give occupation to the men, and to develop their martial qualities, drill instructors from the French warships lying in harbour at Port Said have been lent, and drills are carried out daily. The Armenians are naturally keen to recover their lost possessions and enter once more into their own, and to this end they express a keen desire to arm and train with a view ultimately to taking the field against the common enemy.

The other industries in the camp are lacework-making and cloth-weaving, both from silk and cotton, at which the Armenian women are adepts. A school has been formed where all the women and girls who are exponents of the art attend, and a large number of articles are turned out, which realise a good profit and contribute to the financial resources of the refugees. For the medical care of the camp a hospital has been formed, and a number of Red Cross Sisters minister to the needs of the patients, of whom there are many still suffering from the privations endured before reaching Port Said.

One of the most interesting relics in the camp is the large Red Cross flag made by the sister of one of the leading men. This flag was hoisted on a tall tree during the siege, and was the first signal seen by the French warship far out at sea. Indeed it may be said that the flag in question was the means by which over four thousand people were rescued from a fate overhanging them beside which all

previous outrages would have paled into insignificance.

There is little more to add to the record of barbarism and torture which they have undergone at the hands of the Turks—a policy of annihilation which the latter have applied to Armenia with ever-increasing severity since the day when Gladstone, speaking of the Armenian massacres, characterised the Sultan as the 'Great Assassin.' Under the pretext of dispersing them and checking a phantom rebellion, these unfortunate people have been expelled from their native land, their houses burned to the ground, their gardens and vineyards destroyed, the men and elderly women killed, and the young and prepossessing girls distributed amongst the Turks.

Of those who had given in to the enemy nothing remains to be told beyond a tale of unspeakable cruelties. Whole families, composed of little children side by side with aged grandparents, were driven along the road, deprived of any form of sustenance, and beaten and done to death when they fell by the wayside. Here was a case of the survival of the fittest, for only the very strongest could stand the whips of their guards, the lack of food and water, and the ravages of malaria which now overtook them. A more tragic picture cannot be imagined; and as a closing act of this dark and foul crime, the Turks and Arabs massacred all the males, and distributed the women and girls amongst the tribes.

And here we will take leave of this Armenian community. Some day they may be enabled to return to their own land under new and happier auspices, safe from the tyranny and oppression which have so long been their lot.

REAL VIOLIN ROMANCES.

By WILLIAM C. HONEYMAN, Author of *The Violin: How to Master It*, &c.

ERNST'S STRADIVARIUS.

THREE wealthy musical enthusiasts were once discussing the merits of Madame Norman-Neruda, when one of them chanced to remark that it was a pity that she had not a violin worthy of her powers.

'Ernst's violin is for sale,' said another. 'Suppose we were to buy it for her?'

'Agreed!' was the swift response, and the famous Stradivarius with which Ernst had moved so many hearts was bought for seven hundred pounds, and presented to this greatest of all women players, one of the generous donors being the prince who afterwards became that most popular and tactful of monarchs, Edward VII.

A romantic incident enough in itself, and bringing a lifelong thrill of joy to the lucky artiste; but there was a deeper romance hanging round that wonderful violin.

When Ernst was quite a young man, and playing upon a much poorer violin than that with which Neruda had been presented, he fell in love with a young girl, beautiful, pure, and devoted to him, and would have married her; but her father sternly intervened.

'I like you,' he said not unkindly. 'You are worthy, and you play the violin divinely; but you are a nobody. Go away; travel into other countries, as Paganini did; make a name; then come back here and you shall have my daughter.'

There were tears and protests, of course; but Ernst had to obey, because marriage in that country without a father's consent was impossible. He went away, and travelled to all the great cities of Europe, and proved himself in some respects superior even to Paganini. He secured that wonderful Cremona violin, and with it thrilled the world with his impassioned playing.

In his hands it was not a mere instrument; it seemed a human soul, pouring forth a strange tale of woe and hope and eternal joy. The world rose at him; and with their wild plaudits ringing in his ears, and his Stradivarius in the coach beside him, he after some years presented himself before the father of his fair Mädchen.

Something in the expression of the father's eyes chilled his heart.

'Come here,' said the father; and Ernst, unable to utter a word, followed him to a room above, where lay a coffin covered with white flowers. 'She is dead, but she loved you to the end,' breathed the broken-hearted father. 'I wish I had not sent you away.'

The two men clasped hands and parted, and Ernst composed on his violin that tender and pathetic *Elégie* which will tell his sad romance as long as violin-players and the world exist. It is a song without words, in the minor key, which begins like a whisper out of the land of dreams, with an accompaniment which marches along grim and inexorable as fate; then it merges into the brighter major key, and becomes an impassioned duet; and finally leaves the soprano singing alone, gliding upwards and upwards till it dies away on the harmonic E, clearly representing the wafting of a pure soul up into heaven. Of the violin on which this romance was composed Haweis wrote: 'Here, too, was formed that wondrous violin which in the hands of Ernst, and never since, drew tears and laughter from enchanted multitudes, until it was difficult to believe that the spirits of the dead were not employing its pathetic vibrations to convey to mortals the expression of their infinite longings and ineffable aspirations. . . . Great, deep-souled, weird magician of the Cremona! I can see thy pale, gaunt face even now! Thy Cremona should have been buried with thee. I see it every season in the concert-room; Madame Norman-Neruda plays it. I know she is an admirable artiste. I do not hear thy Cremona; its voice has gone out with thee; its soul has passed with thine.'

A STRADIVARIUS VIOLONCELLO.

SO NEAR, AND YET SO FAR!

A piano-tuner, who was also a dealer in violins, and whom I may name Rossetti, was visiting a mansion not far from Edinburgh, when the lady of the house said to him, 'Mr Rossetti, there's a bass fiddle up in the lumber-room which has been in our family for more than a hundred years. It is what they call a Cremona, and is said to be worth a good deal of money. Now, I am needing a new carpet for my drawing-room, and I want two hundred pounds. If you like, you can have the Cremona for that sum.'

Rossetti smiled, but politely said nothing. He had been offered such valuable fiddles before, and always found them worthless. After finishing his work at the piano, however, he climbed

to the loft, and after much hunting found a violoncello wrapped in a deerskin. Bringing it forward to the light, he uttered a cry of amazement. He scanned it all over, examined the label, gloated over the fine red varnish, and then sat down on an old trunk, or, rather, dropped down in sheer excitement, his legs refusing to support him longer. There could be no doubt about it, he held before him one of the finest specimens of the work of Antonio Stradivari which he had ever seen, almost perfect as when it was made, and worth anything above two thousand pounds. Would he give two hundred pounds for it? Ay would he; on the spot if he had it. He was not a rich man; he had not two hundred pounds or even one hundred pounds, nor was he able to command credit to any great extent.

He was almost sick with excitement; but he carefully put back the violoncello, and descended to inform the lady of the house that he would buy the fiddle as soon as he could scrape together the money. For days and weeks he worried over the problem of that bargain; but though he explained to his friends that he knew where such a prize was to be got, he could not get them to believe him or to lend him the money on however advantageous terms.

Months passed away, and he again visited that mansion, did the piano-tuning, and had another longing look at the violoncello. He also assured its owner that he would buy it soon, though secretly he did not know how that was to be done.

A week later, however, in some magical way, he got hold of the required two hundred pounds, and flew on the wings of the wind to that old mansion, there to spread out the notes before the lady.

'I am very sorry, Mr Rossetti,' she said; 'but the bass fiddle is away. My two nieces were here from the Isle of Wight, and while they were rummaging through the loft they came upon the fiddle, brought it down, and played upon it beautifully, and so begged and pleaded that I let them have it as a present. They're darling girls, so what could I do?'

Rossetti slowly wiped the sweat from his brow, gathered up the notes, and said with absolute truthfulness that he also was very sorry. His fevered dream was o'er. 'Oh, Mr Hone-e-man,' he said to me when sitting at my fireside relating these facts, 'what a feedle that was! And I was so near getting it! I was heart-broken!'

JOHN BETTS'S BARGAIN.

One afternoon in October 1822 a poor man in Birdcage Walk, London, said to his wife, 'Well, that's the last of Lingo Louie,' alluding to a poor Italian who had been their lodger, but who had that day been given a pauper's funeral. 'How much did he owe you when he died?'

The wife consulted the curious jottings which she had made on some scraps of paper, and then answered, 'For grub, fifteen shillings and a penny; rent, four shillings and sixpence—nineteen shillings and sevenpence altogether.'

'Humph! you were a fool to trust him so much,' grunted the husband.

'But he looked so hungry sometimes,' said the wife; 'and there weren't often foreign cases at the police court, so that he could get paid for telling them what they were saying. I don't know how he managed to live.'

'And now he has left nothing but some pawn-tickets and that old fiddle. Women are always soft!' observed the husband with a superior air.

'Well, the fiddle is worth something,' returned the wife. 'He always got five shillings on it at the pawnbroker's, so it must be a good one.'

'It's too new,' said the husband, critically eyeing the fiddle hanging on the wall. 'The black, dirty ones full of cracks are best; and it's got no fiddlestick. Nobody will buy it without a fiddlestick. And then one of the strings is broken.'

'Oh, well, the man who buys it may not notice that,' said the wife. 'It will surely bring a pound.'

'A pound! We'll be lucky if we get ten shillings for it,' said the man. 'Where shall I go with it?'

'Well, I thought you might try that shop under the Royal Exchange. John Betts is the name, and he makes and mends fiddles, so he'll likely buy some too.'

The husband, though affecting to scout this business-like proposition, adopted it; and wrapping the violin in an old handkerchief, he put it under his coat, and about dusk appeared in the shop of John Betts, who was then sixty-seven years old, and a good judge of violins.

'I want to sell a fiddle,' said the man, taking off the handkerchief.

'Oh, indeed!' said Betts, carelessly glancing at the violin, and, noticing its fresh appearance, setting it down as a cheap German copy. 'And how much do you want for it?'

'A pound; it's worth that surely?' said the seller doubtfully.

Then Betts began to look more closely into the violin, while his heart gave a great throb. 'It's Italian,' he thought, 'and by a master-hand.' Then to the seller he said, 'Is it your own?'

'Oh yes; got it for a bad debt,' was the quick reply. 'That's why I can't take less than a pound for it. Isn't it worth twenty shillings?'

The reply of John Betts was to count down twenty shillings to the man, who gathered up the money and hurried out of the shop, saying to himself, 'Well, I am lucky!'

Then Betts took the violin into his back-shop, lighted a lamp, and had a long and earnest look

at his purchase. His judgment had not been at fault; the violin was not only by Stradivari, but the best-preserved specimen of that maker's work which he had ever seen. The varnish was as fresh as on the day it was put on, and very little worn—a little on the breast under the chin, and a little at the centre of the back; the label, dated 1704, was as clean and perfect as if it had been printed the day before; the neck had never been altered; and the original bass bar was still inside, thus proving that the violin had never been opened since it was made.

Betts gazed at the violin for an hour on end, and then sighed out, 'Well, I am lucky!'

That wonderful violin remained in the hands of the Betts family for many years, though they were offered six hundred pounds for it; but at length it was sold to J. B. Vuillaume of Paris for eight hundred guineas. Since then it has changed hands several times, the last price it brought being two thousand pounds.

TO A DEWDROP.

O little drop! O gem of dew!
A wondrous journey thine, and few
Can plumb the depths or span the range
That thou hast known in many a change.

For, bedded by a frozen shore
In massive berg by fairy lore,
Fast bound in icy manacles—
Thou crown of glittering pinnacles!—

Waiting the sun's enchanting ray
To loose the spell at dawn of day;
Then, upward soaring, lightly shroud
A mountain peak, and, lo! a cloud,

Serenely floating, merge and change
From dragon's head to mountain range;
And, slowly sailing, gently shade
A desert parched, a panting glade.

The north wind cools thee yet again,
A myriad pattering drops of rain
Refresh the earth, collect and flow,
That all may live and lovelier grow.

The rushing mountain torrents call
To thee as thou dost leap the fall,
To wander in a valley wide
Or through a lofty cavern glide,

Exploring far the hidden deep
Of Mother Earth, and upward creep
Into the bosom of the sea,
To meet another change for thee.

Again the sun's fair magic wand
Dissolves the spell of water's bond;
And fairy light shall free the chain,
A breeze shall blow thee home again;

Till, wandering softly through the night,
On many a blade of grass alight,
And many a fainting life renew,
O diamond bright! O drop of dew!

E. W. LEGGATT.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday*.

YOU may mourn for the million; its dignity has gone. Without the awe and mystery that enveloped it as a zone of protective ether, the million is, like any other mere set of figures, easily comprehensible to a fairly mathematical mind. And now the grand mystery is dissolved, and another of the lofty idols of our youth is gone; the cataclysm of these painful modern times has shattered it to dust. At the onset of the armies the godlike million came to be mortal, very common, and even thoroughly practical. The million is now even vulgar. Soldiers are in many millions, yet we can measure their numbers easily in our minds. Money and means are daily reckoned in millions by the people at large. You and I, we all, have been spending our collective five millions per day for the maintenance of an ideal; and when by the chances of the strife at sea an extra three or four millions are lost, it is sad enough in the human way, but in the daily reckoning of the gold it is a little thing, undisturbing. How pathetic is the depreciation of the millionaire! He is but one of us; his imagined might has been exposed, his few millions are such puny things! Perhaps when he and his kind could exert the full force of their old pretensions they could make a war, but now they cannot stop one, and it is that which matters most. Five of his genus, as one might say, are used up between two settings of the sun. Indeed, the millionaire must have our pity, and we shall gather him to a full fraternity with us; he had thought himself rich, and now he is merely poor. He bears humiliation of which he is not the cause. Millions of any kind are a bagatelle. When we were told that out of the fifty-five million square miles of land on the surface of the earth well over thirty were involved in war, and that about a thousand millions of the sixteen hundred millions of people on that land were fighting or helping to fight, did we not, with the aid of a few little paper flags stuck in a sixpenny map, understand precisely? A reckoning was made some while since that there were thirteen hundred million pounds' worth of gold in the world, and it seemed then that we were unmining the stuff at the rate of about eighty millions of pounds' worth in the year, and turning about fifty mil-

lions' worth into coinage. This, you will perceive, is the mechanical or materialistic dependency of that passion of humanity which for its ferocity counts next to love, and often in advance of it. In the City of London they pay through the clearing-house (a pretty institution that the bankers have made for themselves for an annual orgy of millions) cheques to the value of thirteen thousand millions in one year. That amount of money was not comprehended a few years ago by any but those wizards of old Lombard Street, but now we know it for the trifle that it is. A great Empire, the wealthiest ever made, could have a Seven Years' War, of the modern and most expensive kind, with such an outlay. I am assured that in our London banks there have lately been deposits worth seven hundred millions; I saw that the other day a ship took five million sovereigns over from England to lucky America; and then the cables informed us that there had passed through the township of Worcester in Massachusetts, on its way to New York, a train of steel cars so stacked with sovereigns, American bonds, and millions in every variety of form, that sixteen million pounds' worth were aboard. But little are we impressed. Gold seems common enough, and a change is needed for our entertainment. In England we have discovered in ourselves a high appreciation of paper; in Russia they have cardboard money; unhappy Germany has taken to iron; and one can admire the taste of the dwellers in Yap, one of our new possessions in the Caroline Islands, who for money use thick stone wheels, varying from one to twelve feet in diameter, with a hole through the middle so that they may be strung on a pole for currency's sake; *fei* they call it. The standards that have endured through the ages seem to be disturbed; the subtle treatises on political economy which have baffled our unfinancial understandings must now be revised; if the majesty of the million is to be preserved, something new must be discovered, deeper in the earth and rarer. If something is now lost to life through the disappearance of the awe of figures, we must turn for its revival to the billion. A billion is a million millions (in this country), and it is still imposing. It has possibilities. It has a friend in the electron discovered by the mathematical physicists. When

at school we toyed with the pretty idea of the indivisible atom, so unthinkably small, we were as pioneers in figuring and minute division. Now it appears that twenty-five billion electrons ranged alongside would occupy but an inch of space, and that if we filled a little thimble with these tiny beauties, and poured them out from it at the rate of one thousand in a second, we and our exhausted posterity, far flung along the ages, would be occupied with this task for seventeen trillion years—which is 17 with a hardy regiment of eighteen O's behind it.

* * *

And in the matter of space, also, this new interest of infinity seems to be taking hold. The Astronomer-Royal has been telling us lately that two patches of light in the southern hemisphere—the Magellanic clouds they are called—contain a group of twenty-five stars which are six hundred times as luminous as the sun itself. That is perhaps the reason why they have been established at a distance of 186, with fifteen O's to follow, miles from us. It is far away—no farther than it ought to be—and one almost understands. If now we are told that there are between a thousand and two thousand million stars in the sky, it does not seem too many to our bemillioned minds; we had almost thought, with this grand suggestion of eternity above, that there would have been more. But they are enough for their lesson, never more impressive than on clear winter nights in town in recent times, when this spangled ceiling of the world told of the Creator and all immutability, and a vast design that is hardly to be comprehended by the little crawling things below, while about us there were fears and terrors, horrors, and the worst doings of the earth. Nightly they propound to every one the tremendous problem of the First Cause. Napoleon on the deck of his ship, when outside Egypt on a starlight night, heard his officers denying God, and asked them, with his hand uplifted, 'Can you tell me, gentlemen, who made all these?' And as with Napoleon, so with others since. The mere millions, now that we understand them better, need not in any way cause us anxiety. A few extra noughts make no difference now. We are not like the old farmer who drowsily listened to the astronomer's lecture in the village school. The scientist had observed impressively that in seven hundred million years the sun would be cold as the very moon itself, and so the earth would be cold, and there would be neither light nor life upon it. The good and healthy farmer came back from a dreamland of acres that gave, perhaps, three crops a year, and, struggling with this awful idea that had been expressed, called out, 'How long did ye say, sorr, it would be before that happened?' The astronomer answered, 'Seven hundred million years, my friend.' All was well; an anxiety was removed. 'Thank God!' he murmured.

'I thought ye said it was only seven million.' Again, we say, unhappy millions fallen from their proud estate. To our humble but aspiring minds some faint comprehension of the vastness of eternity itself may now be not impossible.

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The million did always seem to be a more practical thing in town than elsewhere. Here, where Whittington and many others have found it to be true that the streets are paved with gold, this million is necessarily just a commodity. Its lofty manner was generally reserved for its country parades where, as one of the great things that came from London, it was held in high esteem. Millionaires, it is believed, have thrones of their own, and are only accessible by some intricate and prolonged financial processes leading to the gorgeous hall of diamonds. In London it is not like this. In some ways there is a better brotherhood, based on personal merit and common-sense, than at any other place. To the impecunious but aspiring masses that are possessed of brains the millionaire is more useful here than in New York or Chicago, and there is reason for it. The American millionaire relies far more than the British millionaire on his own effort, and he makes less disclosure of himself as a professional capitalist. He may even pose as a poor man, sighing and languishing for a pittance that should adequately serve his simple needs. Generally, as I have met him in his own country, he has been inclined to meanness, devoid of warm blood, dull and uninteresting. Mr Rockefeller is never tired of giving you fine advice on life and the achievement of success, much of which is nonsense, and the rest suspected of having been adopted from old volumes of fables and maxims. Others exercise silence and seclusion. They are human failures, and they know it; they are no good to any one. There is no more pathetic spectacle than the average American millionaire (in pounds, I mean, not dollars). There are exceptions; I have met them, but here is certainly a general rule. The British millionaire is altogether a more human thing, especially if he owes little or nothing to his father. Sometimes he has made his millions by his own efforts and genius, but this is rare. More commonly he has found others with brains, made friends of them, and used them. That is why the millionaire is accessible in town, the place of ambition. He says to himself, many times each day, that even a millionaire never knows what may turn up; and when his secretary announces that a strange gentleman, of whose name he has not heard, would like to see him, the millionaire's heart may pit-pat in a convulsive way. His ship may have come home at last! There is honesty, simplicity, good human nature about the seven-figured financier of this City. A friend who is

well known to me had the strange experience, when suffering from poverty in his early youth, of being summoned to London to discuss his professional prospects with a millionaire, and, sincerely, a fine genius. The two sat pleasantly for an hour together in an upper room in the very heart of things in London, and they talked the whole world through. The fledgling, with some hesitation, let forth some views of his own on the unsuspected imminence there had been of a war with France—that was long ago, you know—and the millionaire was in the most enthusiastic agreement. A friendship that has endured through two decades began at that time in such a simple way. About the same period the young man felt he had another proposal to make to another millionaire, and he made it, adding a few lines to the end of his letter admonishing the rich man not to reply to him unless he felt strongly and earnestly that he desired to treat with a keen fellow who burned with zeal, and who meant to go higher in a very short time. 'Do come,' was the answer by telegram; there seemed some pathos in the entreaty. There was need of him, and here again a friendship began. Who that visited him in Hamilton Place by Hyde Park did not discover how well and in the comrade manner the late Lord Rothschild could play the gallant gentleman to a humble caller? If it really seemed that the poor visitor liked the cigars that his lordship asked him to try, a servant somehow, and with no favour, would, with his lordship's compliments, impose a box of them upon him at the door on leaving. It was, I am told, an embarrassing business, for all the delicacy of execution. No, the millionaire in general has lost some of his loftiness, and in the decadence of the million has become like one of us; but in London he was always a human thing before, a good one, and friends in number pray that when the times are changed again he shall rise to billionism—leaving us, his humble supporters, maybe at the million landing.

* * *

I remember well an early disillusionment about the beyondness, of the unreckonability, of the million. It was when I saw it being made thousand by thousand in paper money, just as in these latter days and at the same place it is still being made, but in vastly greater quantities. Influence was set to work, and there came a courteous note that if I would call at a specified hour at the headquarters of the 'Old Lady' who lives at the richest spot on earth, the Director of Printing at the Bank of England would be glad to receive me, and I should witness the printing of the notes, as few were permitted to do. It was an awing spectacle. Here was a million-making factory with engines, flywheels, pulleys, and whirling straps to do the mighty business. Some sixty thousand notes,

from serviceable fivers to majestic thousand-pounders, were then being printed in a day, and nearly half-a-million of postal orders. I stood by a machine that visitors were requested not to touch. It was kept clean and well oiled, and it had many parts. It seemed no better or worse than many other machines, yet it was engaged on a tremendous business. It was working off notes at the rate of three thousand in an hour, and in a full day it would produce twenty-five thousands of them. Of its kind there is not a more wonderful sight in the City than this machine, only eight or ten feet long, reeling off in a continuous stream oblong sheets of paper, each having the magic £1000 stamped upon it twice over—the sheets each embraced two notes, and had afterwards to be cut—so that three million pounds of money may be made in a single hour. My friend informed me that the day before one of the machines had been running from morning till night on hundred-pounders, and had piled up two and a half millions of money on its own account. There were many of these machines in that wondrous hall, and they were making eighteen million notes in a year. A marvellous and most comprehensive place is this paper-money factory. Upstairs I saw a foundry for the casting of lines of type to print the names of Government stockholders, a line for each one of them. Many precautions are observed to maintain secrecy about the stock held by different people. For certain show and other purposes there is kept a specimen printed book in which all the names are fictitious, imaginary stock and imaginary dividends being apportioned to imaginary stockholders. If that book were to be believed there is a considerable amount of stock standing in the joint names of Oliver Cromwell, John Pym, and John Hampden, deceased; M. Coverdale and W. Tyndale being their executors. I see also that William Caxton, whose memory I specially revere, and Wynkyn de Worde, both gone, are the nominal holders of another batch of stock; and again that William Shakespeare, Geoffrey Chaucer, and John Milton, all among the shades, had each and all of them invested some of their profits from literature with the Government. The factories of the Bank are places of methods and mysteries, and in their way they are to some minds just a little unsettling. It is a versatile Bank; by its charter it is empowered to sell beer.

* * *

But from all such thoughts of earthly millions, grave and sometimes a little gay, as may be permitted by the seething circumstances of these times, the imagination has a suggestive way of flying among the stars. It almost used to seem in the days and nights when the higher mysteries were carelessly neglected, and the grandest exhibitions of the universe ignored, that astronomy

was a thing only for hermits and those who dwell in seclusion on the tops of high mountains. The common people disdained it. Now in these darkened nights, when the lights of the heavens are the brightest that we know, when the moon is more blessed than ever moon was since the firmament was set in order, we all become little astronomers; we love and respect the stars. We look for their changes of situation; we welcome them, and bid them a regretful good-bye when they go. Always they induce the sad reflection of the puniness and the stupidity of little man. Here is the firmament in its grand and majestic order, regulated through its millions of time, its millions of space, its infinity of everything, with the most marvellous precision; and here we be on this poor patch of Europe, flung by ourselves into such a chaos of disorder as no world has ever known. And we are all disposed to be something of astronomers now. We had happiness through Venus in this last dead, ugly winter as never before; many then knew her for the first time. She was grandly situated, and for a time she shone by Buckingham Palace in a glorious brilliance. And near the end of the winter season a strange thing happened. Venus and Jupiter, both at their best, came into conjunction in the western sky.

It was a dazzling sight. But by many there was an odd misunderstanding concerning it. Viewed from, say, the War Office, these heavenly lights seemed poised above the Horse Guards, and, so low and so brilliant did they look, the sparkling Venus and the lesser Jupiter but a couple of yards below, there were notions among the little people so far underneath that these were not indeed stars, but something belonging to the schemes of our authorities for preserving the safety of the City from marauders coming westwards through the sky from the foe in Germany. What a strange delusion! Venus and the War Office! Yet it was believed. And at that time Venus in her western sky was twenty-five million miles away from us who gazed upon her, and Jupiter, who looked less in consequence, was four hundred million miles away! And these two, now so near together, as it seemed, though so many million miles apart, were flying away on their own divided courses, Venus in the one direction at twenty-two miles a second, and Jupiter at eight miles a second. Here surely is the highest romance of the million. What does the five millions a day matter, after all? It is a little thing, so very small. There is the universe, that made Napoleon wonder.

GOLD IN WAITING.

CHAPTER IV.—*continued.*

THE three small men were assembled at the house of Perriker the barber, and great things were written on their faces. For only to-day a little Jew attorney had come over from Wayford, wanting to buy certain lands, but, after the manner of his kind, disparaging what he wished to have. Particularly did the little attorney desire that fine stretch from the Cove to Gull's Nest. 'I'd got my fingers on that,' he said, with a wry smile, 'when you stepped in and took it from me!'

He had named his prices, thinking to clinch the matter then and there. Indeed, he had the money with him, in crisp notes. But they told him to stand off a while. This was a busy day. They would consider his offers.

He had gone away grumbling, saying he would be back after Christmas. And now, their business for the day done, their shops shut, the fire roaring, and Christmas cheer at hand, the three small men were met in conclave. So their hard-earned money was to yield them a fine harvest. For this was only the beginning, since they knew that it was proposed to build a fine new inn and houses to accommodate the gentry who came to Sparcliff in increasing numbers every summer-time. As for Perriker, purchaser of that desirable stretch facing the sea, he had already determined that the most tempting offer should

not wrest it from him. He would build upon it himself. So said Perriker, and the others approved what he said. They would each sell some land, and with the money they would build.

'If the old man had lived,' muttered Perriker, as he raised his glass and nodded to his two friends, 'what a price he'd have had from them!'

'Like as not he'd have frightened them off,' said little Maggs, 'for he was a terrible hard one in a deal.'

'Nevertheless, here's one to his memory,' said the smith, lifting his bumper. 'He was a straight man, for all he was hard. A strange thing he should have left so soft a son.'

A silence fell upon them, and a slight chill seemed to pervade the warm parlour; for, they were reflecting—you could read it in their faces—had it not been for that son and his sottish ways, but little of this money that was coming to Sparcliff would have fallen to their pockets.

'We could not,' said Perriker at length, 'have acted otherwise. Better for men of the place to have the land than the Wayford Jew. The old man would have wished it.'

'Nevertheless,' said little Maggs, who was the least shrewd of the three, 'it seems hard on the

lad, not to speak of his wife and the little one just born to them.'

The smith stirred uneasily. 'We will, of course, see that those two never want.' He spread out his great hands. 'As for Ebenezer Fancit, who can save him from himself?'

'God only,' said little Maggs, with a wistful shake of his head.

And even as he spoke there sounded in their ears a clatter of hoofs in the village street, and following that a sound of voices, of doors opening, of people assembling.

'What's amiss?' exclaimed the barber, going out and opening his street door. In a minute he was back.

'There's something greatly amiss,' he said hurriedly, his smooth, full face wearing a look of consternation. 'Fancit's house is afire, and here's his horse riderless.'

The smith was on his feet in a moment. All three went out. A man with a crowbar was smashing his way into Fancit's house, from the back of which smoke was rising. The mare was the centre of an agitated group of villagers.

'I saw him ride off down the hill but just now,' said a woman.

'By your leave,' said the smith, pushing his way to the horse. 'Likely he's come to grief at the stream.—Let us have that lanthorn, Joe Thurrock.—Some of you come, and t'others be quenching that blaze.' And mounting the horse, he rode off down the hill, the lantern swinging in his hand. Perriker and Maggs, procuring their hats and greatcoats, followed on foot.

The mare was snorting and trembling, for she liked not to be going to the water again. Behind the horseman a streak of flame shot up from the old house, for the liquor in the cellar was on fire.

Down the long hill rode the smith. Approaching it, he could hear the stream rushing turbulently between its banks. Reaching, at last, the spot where the stream crossed the road, a smothered exclamation came from him; for, on that portion of the footbridge which was still standing, he perceived a woman's form.

'Steady, lass!' he cried sharply, as the mare flinched from the flood. 'Steady now!' And he put her to the water firmly. The fierce swirl of the stream took her off her legs, and with heaving chest she put out her strength to make the far side. The smith, sitting the saddle like a Centaur, let the lantern drop, and leaning over to the left, snatched the woman from the bridge. And as the mare's feet found the road again the last crazy timbers of the little bridge were gone.

A lantern shone in the near distance, and next moment Farmer Clinkscales appeared, some anxiety in his face.

'Be that you, Ebenezer Fancit?' he asked.

'Nay, it's Burden,' said the smith. 'Take your lass, farmer.'

'She would go alone. She was going to fetch him,' quavered the old man, as he received the dripping form. 'We couldn't abear the thought of him in that house by himself.'

Other figures were approaching from the farmhouse, and on the village side lights flickered towards the dip in the road where the stream passed.

'Let your men come with me,' said the smith; 'for if he's not in that blaze he's in the water, and the Lord help him either way.'

Crooning over the insensible form of his daughter, the old farmer, with the help of one of his men, bore her away to the house, while the smith turned his horse's head down the stream. Perriker and Maggs were on the opposite side, and, thus searching, the moonlight intermittently aiding their lanterns, the three small men at length came up with the man they sought.

A fallen tree had caught him, and the waters surged over him as he lay like a bit of driftwood against it. You could just see his white face, with the black hair tumbling about it. The smith, dismounting, plunged in waist-deep and drew the body to the bank. And from his throat came a sob, for Ebenezer was drowned. He was drowned, and upon a Christmas Eve! And when the tale was told of how he died, men bowed their heads reverently, and all said that in the manner of his dying he had made amends for the way he had lived. And the young rector, of the calm life, preaching upon it, said that Ebenezer Fancit had gone into the water a great sinner, but had come out of it, as they must all feel sure, cleansed and pure, in that he had paid the highest price a man can pay, giving his life for another.

So Sparcliff rose to be a great marine county borough, and the little John Fancit, when he grew up, found himself a rich man, for by agreement made with his mother in her early widowhood, the three small men claimed and received the right to give to the boy one-half of all the profits they should make out of his father's lands. They put it to her—and how could she, in her sorrowing, know or care otherwise?—that they had secured Ebenezer's property to save it from others who were preying on his weakness; and, indeed, that was partly so, wherefore it appeared to her that the pact was a just one.

To-day the sun shines merrily on the golden sands of Sparcliff and its happy holiday thousands; it shines upon the great house standing within the tall trees at the far back of the town; it shines upon the Fancit almshouses, themselves coming to be veterans; it shines upon certain ancient tenements in Sparcliff Old Town that once sheltered the three small men who were the first to exploit the possibilities of the village; and it shines upon the orderly shaven grass of the churchyard, wherein lie old John Fancit, and his son Ebenezer, and Alice, the wife of

Ebenezer, and upon a certain patch of ground that was once the site of a house, but was a hundred years since gathered again to its mother green. It shines now as it shone in that old time, and so it will shine when present men, and their joys and griefs, and their good deeds and

evil ones, are swallowed up in the remote past. But present men, like the three small men, may prove themselves worthy of their day, and be held in honour for the heritage they leave to generations unborn.

THE END.

THEN AND NOW.

A COMPARISON AND A FORECAST.

By the Rev. SYDNEY DENTON, M.A.

THERE is no more fascinating period in our national history than the one which terminated a hundred years ago at Waterloo. Interesting at all times, it has assumed, in the light of the present war, an importance which cannot be overestimated. For it is not merely the record of our long struggle for national existence, telling us of sufferings bravely borne, and of sacrifices willingly made, by those who thought no cost too great so that Britain might live; it is also a mirror in which we may see our immediate future reflected.

We know already that the burden we shall have to bear will be a very heavy one, taxing our resources to the limit; and already we are wondering how we shall be able to accommodate ourselves to the new conditions thrust so suddenly upon us, for we know that the present generation cannot hope to see the pleasant days of prosperity which now seem so far behind us. In point of time only nineteen months have elapsed, but in intensity we seem to have passed through a lifetime.

There are some who take a very despondent view of the future; for such as these the study of the past should prove a useful tonic. There are others determined to make the best of circumstances, an attitude much to be commended. To all alike, however, the past experience of our ancestors should proclaim a message of hope and calm confidence.

The war may end sooner than we expect, or it may drag on for many weary months; but whether the time be long or short, we may with equal advantage make our comparison, for in either case it will serve many useful purposes. It will show us the real measure of our burden; it will reveal the strength or weakness of our resources. Above all, it will show us the things we shall do well to copy, and also those we shall do well to avoid.

There are some, however, who say that there is no true basis of comparison between the present crisis and any other which has occurred in our national history. They say the world has never before passed through so terrible a period; it not only dwarfs, it extinguishes anything which has ever happened in human experience, and threatens to sweep away our modern civilisation.

It should be remembered, however, that a crisis may be in actual magnitude outside human experience, and yet in proportional magnitude it may be no greater than one which has already occurred; and it is just this sense of proportion which we need to bring to the calm consideration of the present and the immediate future. The question for us, after all, is not so much what we actually expend, but our power as compared with that of our ancestors to distribute the burden. A comparison such as this goes to show that, so far, our burden is not by a long way so great as was theirs, and also that to the world, as it then was, the long-drawn-out agony of the Napoleonic wars, in loss of life, expenditure of treasure, and human suffering, was as great as ours is proving in the present titanic conflict. We are suffering now from a great rise in the price of all articles of domestic consumption, and it is estimated that the cost of housekeeping has risen by about 30 per cent. This is indeed a heavy burden upon small incomes, and one which is being severely felt by all classes. On the other hand, however, there is no lack of employment. We are passing through a period which we may term one of fictitious prosperity owing to the great demand for labour of all kinds, and as a result of this there are fewer inmates to be found in our work-houses than usual, and there is perhaps less real suffering among the poor than in normal times of peace.

It was very different a hundred years ago. There was then, it is true, a prosperity among certain classes which could scarcely be called fictitious; but the great mass of the population was perilously near starvation. On one occasion it was said in Parliament that the farmers were making a profit of 200 per cent. The speaker, the Earl of Warwick, added that he did not wonder at the extravagant style of living of some of the farmers, who could afford to play guinea whist, and were not contented with drinking wine only, but mixed brandy with it. He went on to say that on farms from which they derived so much profit they could afford to leave one-third of their land uncultivated, the other two-thirds yielding enough to support them in their extravagance. Under such conditions it is not surprising that bread reached famine prices.

Occasionally the quartern loaf fell to elevenpence, and even as low as ninepence; but it usually ranged from one shilling and twopence to one shilling and fivepence, and there were times when it was as high as one shilling and ninepence. It stood at this price in 1800; and early in that year such was the scarcity of grain that the king issued a proclamation exhorting all persons who had the means of procuring other food than corn to use the strictest economy by abstaining from pastry, reducing the consumption of bread in their respective families by at least one-third, and upon no account to allow it to exceed one quartern loaf for each person in one week. It was also made illegal for any baker to expose bread for sale that was not twenty-four hours old.

Coal is of more vital consequence to us now than it was to our ancestors, for we have not the supply of wood which then was plentiful in country districts, and thirty shillings or more a ton is a high price even for the well-to-do, and for those compelled to buy in small quantities almost prohibitive. Our present prices are, however, reasonable compared with the prices which prevailed a hundred or more years ago. In 1806 the chaldron of twenty-eight and a half hundred-weights was sold at sixty-four shillings, in 1809 it rose to seventy-four shillings, and in November of that same year it rose as high as eighty-four shillings. What the poor in large cities like the London of that period must have suffered can be imagined rather than described.

We might continue this comparison of prices much further, but it is unnecessary; the fact remains that the further we pursue it the more we learn that our position is infinitely more favourable in every way. It has been necessary for us to exercise greater economy than in the times of peace, and many articles which were formerly classed as necessities have become luxuries, to be consumed in smaller quantities or to be altogether done without; but the actual pinch of want has not reached us. The labouring man, comparatively, is as well off as any other member of the community; but a hundred years ago he could scarcely be said to live, in the true sense of the word; he eked out a miserable existence little removed from that of the brute beast.

The taxation of the people was excessive, and so far-reaching that it was difficult to find an article which did not pay duty in some shape or fashion. The Chancellor of the Exchequer complained in 1811 'that there was not an article of dress—boots, shoes, leather, breeches, &c.—which had not been recommended to him for taxation.' The income-tax stood at 10 per cent., and only incomes below sixty pounds were exempt. It was said in those days that men were taxed from the cradle to the grave. One could go even further than this, however, and say with truth that they were taxed for the air

they breathed and also for the light by which they worked, for the window-tax was literally a duty on light and air; of all objectionable and harmful taxes it was the worst ever devised by man's ingenuity, and yet in spite of this it was not repealed until the year 1851.

For twenty years our ancestors endured the ever-increasing load until the maximum was reached in 1815, when a sum of no less than one hundred and twenty million pounds was needed to meet the current year's expenditure. It is very difficult to compare their actual financial position with ours at the present time, there are so many different and varying factors to be considered; but when we bear in mind that the population of Great Britain was then only twelve millions, and that it is now over forty millions, and that the income-tax in 1815 produced little more than fourteen million pounds, levied at 10 per cent. under very stringent conditions, it would seem that we have some way yet to go before we shall reach a proportionate rate of expenditure. In making an exact calculation we should have to take into consideration the present value of money as compared with that which prevailed in those days. The purchasing power of the sovereign has so fallen since the beginning of the war that the relative values are probably much the same; but at the beginning of this century it was calculated that twenty-six shillings and eightpence represented the sovereign as compared with the twenty shillings in 1800. We should also have to compare the present state of our currency; and here we should find the comparison most favourable, for, while it is true that much paper money has been issued, there is no evidence of its depreciation as compared with gold, whereas in 1815 the price of gold had risen from three pounds seventeen shillings and tenpence halfpenny per ounce to four pounds ten shillings per ounce, so that it paid to melt sovereigns down and sell them as bullion. We should have, lastly, to give accurate statistics of the actual wealth of the country at the different periods, a difficult, and for the ordinary reader an unnecessary, task.

There is no reason at present for undue pessimism as to the future of this country. That hard times are before us is evident to every thinking mind, times which will need much fortitude and a drastic revision of our scale of needs. We shall have to discriminate between the things we want and the things we can do without, for the age of luxury has gone. Our children may possibly see it return; but the present generation will have to be content with memories of the past. We shall lose much; but if we face the future in the spirit of our ancestors we shall gain far more than we have lost.

In some respects our task will be harder than theirs, for we cannot possibly return to the primitive conditions which contented them, and it goes without saying that we would not, even

if we could. Social conditions have altogether changed. We cannot, and we dare not, put the clock back; but there are none the less great fields open to the true economist in preventing the scandalous waste of public money squandered in excessive rates, alike in our large towns and in small country villages where gas and paving are unknown. We shall require an increased sense of public duty from the more responsible members of the community, and the council in town and village must no longer be the home of ambitious mediocrity.

There is one lesson of the past we shall do well to learn. Our ancestors failed to recognise that in the State as in the Church we are all members one of another. In the reconstruction

which lies before us, one class of the community must not be exploited at the expense of another, and the hateful cry of the classes against the masses must never again be raised. It has ceased to be uttered face to face with the foe. There we have been Anglo-Saxons only, facing a common task in the true bond of brotherhood, community of aim, and community of danger. The bond created under such conditions must continue, and rich and poor must be united in their willingness to bear all needful sacrifice. Then we may hope that Britain will arise in due time from her season of recuperation, grown once more to the full measure of her strength—a nation which has been weighed in the balance and not found wanting.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

CHAPTER III.—*continued.*

SUCH a variety of shell there was! Some had bright-yellow bodies with red bands round their middles, and sundry stencil-marks on their sides denoting the date and place of manufacture, date of filling with explosive, and other purely personal details. These were the lyddite high-explosive shell Martin had often heard about; and he was informed, by an A.B. who was lowering them below as if they had been mere sacks of potatoes, that they burst into thousands of minute fragments on impact, and that they were designed primarily for use as man-killing projectiles against the unarmoured portions of an enemy's ship. Then there were the common shell with black-painted bodies and red-and-white bands round their noses. They, too, were deadly in their way, but not quite so deadly as the lyddite, since they were filled only with black powder, and did not burst so violently on striking. The armour-piercers were also black, and had white-red-white bands round their heads. They, Martin was told, had very thick walls and specially toughened points, and were designed to bore their way through an enemy's armoured sides and to burst inside. Then came the shrapnel shell for the lighter guns, with their red tips and red bands; they were provided with a small bursting charge, were filled with bullets, and had time-fuses, so that they could be burst in the air at any moment, to send their leaden bullets flying on over a cone-shaped area of destruction. The practice projectiles were black, with yellow bands round their middles and white tips. They were quite harmless, being made of cast-iron, with small quantities of salt inside to bring them up to the exact weight.

It was quite six o'clock in the evening by the time the ammunition had all been taken in, and even then there were many hours' work in stow-

ing the shell, corlites, and explosives in their several shell-rooms and magazines.

The next morning, at cock-crow, they started another very similar job, taking in slops and stores of provisions from the victualling yard. This time the deck was littered with bundles of clothing done up in sacking, bags of flour, boxes and cases containing boots, shoes, straw hats, caps, biscuits, condensed milk, tea, coffee, chocolate, jam, preserved meat, tinned salmon and rabbit, mustard, pepper, salt, raisins, rice, dried beans and peas, pickles, suet, compressed vegetables, oatmeal, split peas, celery-seed for flavouring pea-soup, soap, and tobacco. There were also casks or drums of rum, vinegar, and sugar. The total consignment ran into well over a hundred tons dead weight, and all the hundred and one different articles had to be hoisted on board, sorted out, transported, and stowed in their proper storerooms.

The ship's steward and his assistant 'dusty boys' had a very busy day. Quite early in the proceedings a flour-bag burst like a shell and deluged the steward with its contents. He was powdered from head to foot, and remained so for the rest of the day; and the little runnels of perspiration running down his whitened face made a strange criss-cross pattern which transformed his ordinarily rubicund countenance into a very fair representation of a map of the planet Mars, with all the canals clearly marked. His appearance caused titters of amusement and howls of derisive merriment when his back was turned, as, armed with an enormous note-book and a sheaf of coloured pencils, he flitted in and out of the piles of boxes and packing-cases like a lost soul. He was endeavouring to trace odd cases of raisins, or errant boxes of jam or pickles, and looked very worried, poor man! At any rate, it was hardly safe to talk to

him, for finding the mislaid things among the heaps of barrels, drums, cases, and boxes, which covered the deck in places to a height of fully five feet, was for the time being rather like searching for a pebble on the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.

II.

The *Belligerent* was a 'Pompey'* ship. Many of her officers and men had their homes in or near the port, so the 'funny party'—otherwise the ship's concert troupe—prevailed upon the first lieutenant, their honorary president, to petition the commander for permission to give a farewell entertainment on board the evening before they sailed to rejoin the squadron.

The commander, with visions of endless trouble in rigging a stage for the performance, and the sacred quarterdeck being littered with cigarette-ends, banana-skins, and orange-peel, was not altogether pleased at the prospect. 'They want to give a show!' he said, in surprise, when the first lieutenant mooted the subject. 'Great Scott! they must be mad. It's midwinter. Suppose it's raining or blowing a gale o' wind?'

'Yes, sir. I pointed that out to them,' answered No. 1. 'I quite realise there are serious objections. They're so jolly keen on it, though, that I couldn't choke 'em off.'

'And they propose that we shall bring all the guests off in our boats, eh?'

Chase nodded. 'They do, sir,' he said. 'But I'll take the management of all that off your hands if you'll let me. They want the show to start at eight o'clock.'

'The devil they do!' laughed the commander, beginning to relent. 'You'll have to cut the encores, though. It'll have to be over by ten-fifteen at the latest. We're sailing the next morning.'

'I'll see to that, sir.'

'Are the officers and their wives to be asked?' the commander wanted to know.

'Oh yes, sir. They specially mentioned that.'

'Well, for goodness' sake censor the programme. Last time we gave a show and had ladies on board, one of the songs was altogether too—er—spicy. I can't remember who sang it, but one of the captain's guests was very much shocked. For heaven's sake make certain it doesn't occur again!'

'Yes, I'll do that, sir,' smiled No. 1, with vivid recollections of the incident.

'All right. I'll ask the captain, then. I don't expect he'll object. You'd better tell me beforehand how many boats you want to bring the people off, and I'll leave all the rest in your hands.'

'Thank you, sir.'

The captain raised no objections; and on the afternoon of the entertainment the carpenter and his men, assisted by the members of the 'funny

party' and many willing volunteers, set about preparing the quarterdeck. The day, luckily, was fine, but bitterly cold. A temporary stage, built up of planks placed upon biscuit-boxes, was rigged right aft athwartships. It was provided with the necessary scenery painted on board, was decorated with flags and coloured bunting, and was flanked by a brightly polished twelve-pounder gun and a Maxim on their field-carriages. The awning overhead was shrouded in enormous foreign ensigns, while canvas side-curtains were laced all round the quarterdeck to keep off the wind. Seating accommodation for several hundred people was provided by bringing all the available stools from the mess-decks, and placing them in rows on the deck and the top of the after-barbette, with its two 12-inch guns. The first two rows of stalls, so to speak, were reserved for the officers, and consisted of arm-chairs and other chairs borrowed at the last moment from the officers' cabins and messes.

By seven-forty-five the preparations were complete, and the guests were beginning to arrive. As they stepped over the gangway they were claimed by their respective hosts, presented with printed programmes, and conducted to seats. By seven-fifty-five the last boats had come off, and the quarterdeck was tightly packed with men and their female belongings. They were all very much on their best behaviour, talked in hushed, expectant whispers, and spent the time criticising their neighbours and admiring the drop-scene.

The drop-scene was a truly terrific representation of the *Belligerent* in action. It had been painted on board, and the artist had allowed his colours to run riot. The sea, well covered with shell-splashes, was very, very blue, and so was the sky. The ship herself, with flaunting White Ensigns hoisted everywhere, was fiercely blazing away with every gun at some invisible enemy over the horizon. Here and there the blue expanse of sky was punctuated with large yellow and white blotches. Whether or not they represented clouds, the bursting of hostile shell, or cordite smoke, nobody but the artist could say. They did equally well for any one of them. At the bottom was an elaborate scroll, royal blue in colour, inscribed with the battle honours of previous *Belligerents* in gold letters; while in the centre came the ship's crest and motto, '*Ut Veniant Omnes*,' the Latin equivalent of 'Let 'em all come!'

Before long the guests thawed a little, and the place began to hum like a beehive. The ladies produced chocolate and other edibles from handbags, and thrust them on their neighbours in token of friendship. The men lit pipes and cigarettes until the air was blue with tobacco-smoke. Martin, with several other youngsters, had installed himself in an excellent position on the top of the after-turret, and waited anxiously for the performance to start.

The chattering ceased as the orchestra filed

* 'Pompey' is the naval slang term for Portsmouth.

out from the wings and took their places behind a zareba of bunting-covered biscuit-boxes and hired palms erected in front of the stage. They all wore their best tunics, had their hair well parted and greased, and seemed very full of their own importance. They concealed themselves behind their barricade until only the tops of their heads were visible, leaving the bandmaster perched precariously on a chair set on a couple of rather insecure boxes. He wore a brand-new pair of white gloves in honour of the occasion, twirled his moustache, and tried hard not to look self-conscious.

'Swanker!' came a loud and very raucous remark from the top of the after-turret. Martin, greatly daring, but carried away by the excitement of the moment, had been responsible for the utterance. He looked round apprehensively, half-expecting to get into trouble for his temerity; but every one seemed quite pleased. The audience was actually tittering. The titter became a laugh, and the laugh a roar of delighted amusement. The bandmaster, with his back to the gathering, seemed rather agitated. He half-turned on his chair, thought better of it when it gave a dangerous wobble, and then pretended he had not heard.

The culprit, undiscovered save by his immediate neighbours, hugged himself at the success of his sally.

A minute later, when the band began to tune up for the overture, the first lieutenant appeared from one of the after-hatches. He had the reputation of being a 'taut hand;' but the men loved him dearly, and his arrival was the signal for a volley of cheers and hand-claps. He faced the audience nervously, bowed and smiled, and then, watch in hand, walked across to the bandmaster and held a whispered conversation.

Other officers came up the after-hatches and filed into their places. They were greeted with round after round of applause, as, very red in the face and very uncomfortable, they settled down in their seats. The *Belligerent* was notoriously a happy ship, and on occasions of this kind her ship's company were not slow in showing their appreciation for their officers.

The captain had been having a dinner-party in his cabin for some of the married officers and their wives; and he, the commander, engineer-commander, fleet surgeon, Hatherley, and Tickle, with their respective wives, arrived last. They, too, received their share of cheers while taking their seats. The captain, however, remained standing, and held up his hand for silence.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said when the uproar had subsided, 'I am very glad to see you all here to-night, and I hope you will enjoy the entertainment. The first lieutenant asked me to sing you a song myself, but I'm afraid I'm getting too old for that sort'—

Loud cries of 'No, no!' and more cheering.

'I am,' he continued, laughing, 'though you

may not believe it. What I want to tell you is that I have arranged for light refreshments to be served in the battery during the interval, so I hope you will all—er—do full justice to them.'

Loud cheers, during which Captain Spencer sat down and nodded to the first lieutenant for the entertainment to begin.

The latter left his chair and glanced at his programme. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said, 'the first item on the list is a selection by the band. It is called—er—"Down Channel," and has been specially composed for the occasion by Mr Johnson, the bandmaster.' He sat down again.

The bandmaster rapped twice with his baton, and with a rattle of drums the music began. The selection was a strange pot-pourri of every nautical song that Mr Johnson had ever heard. It started off with a variation of 'Hearts of Oak,' wandered into 'The Bay of Biscay,' 'Tom Bowling,' 'They all love Jack,' and several other tunes, ancient and modern, and finished off with 'The Red, White, and Blue' and 'Rule Britannia.' It was hardly original, but it was received with vociferous applause. The bandmaster, highly satisfied, rose from his chair and bowed his acknowledgments with great dignity.

'The next item on the programme,' said the first lieutenant, rising to his feet again, 'is a comic song entitled "Archibald," by Stoker Williams.'

The footlights were turned on, and the curtain went up to disclose Stoker Williams dressed in the height of fashion. He wore a morning coat, gray trousers, patent-leather boots and spats, eyeglass, immaculate shirt, collar, and tie. He represented, it would seem, a young man about town looking for a friend named Archibald. Presumably he had some difficulty in finding him, for he walked mincingly across the stage, grasping a cane and a pair of gloves in one horny hand, and in the other a very glossy top-hat, which he twirled violently when the spirit moved him. The first lieutenant fidgeted uneasily. The hat, a brand-new Lincoln & Bennett, belonged to him. So did the clothes. The chorus of the song went something like this:

Har-ar-chibald! Har-ar-chibald!

Son of a belted heart.

Har-ar-chibald! Har-ar-chibald!

I'll bet 'e's mashin' 'is girl.

'E promised to meet me at 'arf-past three;

But 'e's such a nut that 'e's gone on the spree.

With 'is girls, girls, girls.

(Spoken) 'Har-ar-chibald! where are you?'

The words were not conspicuous for their wit or cleverness, but the tune went with a swing, and the audience, highly appreciative, rocked with laughter; and after the performer's 'Now all together, please,' at the end of the first verse, joined in the inane chorus until the roar of 'Har-ar-chibald! where are you?' could have been heard as far as the dockyard gates.

The song eventually came to a close with Archibald still missing, and Stoker Williams, very pleased with himself, left the stage amidst clapping, cat-calls, and loud cries of 'Encore!' But encores were barred, and the curtain came down with a crash.

The next turn was by the P.T.I. (Physical Training Instructor). He was a magnificently built man, and appeared, despite the weather, clad in flesh-coloured tights, sandals, and an imitation tiger-skin. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said, advancing to the front of the stage and addressing the audience in the approved music-hall manner, 'with your kind indulgence I will now introduce a few lifting feats without apparatus of any kind. After that I shall have pleasure in giving a display with the Indian clubs. For the first part of my performance I must ask a member of the audience weighing at least ten stone to join me on the stage.'

After some hesitation and tittering, the challenge was presently accepted by Able Seaman M'Sweeny. Tubby, as he was called by his shipmates, was a short, rotund, and very bulbous person, who was a source of unfailing amusement to his friends. He had a fat red face rather like an apple, and a pair of humorous blue eyes; and, being something of a buffoon, was delighted at the idea of making himself conspicuous. He pretended to be very nervous, left his seat amid shouts of laughter and cries of 'Good old Tubby boy!' from the lookers-on, and presently appeared on the stage with the P.T.I.

'This gentleman informs me that he weighs thirteen stone,' said the P.T.I., producing a broad strap; 'one hundred and eighty-two pounds. I first place the strap round him, so'—buckling it round Tubby's middle—'and will now ask him to lie flat on the deck in the centre of the stage.'

This was rather more than M'Sweeny had bargained for, for he guessed what was coming next. But he acquiesced nevertheless, and, turning his funny face toward the audience with a solemn wink, began to agitate his arms and legs as if he were swimming.

Martin, on the verge of hysterics, was slowly becoming purple in the face. He had never seen anything quite so funny in all his life.

'Look at our Tubby boy!' came another loud remark from a youth seated near him. 'Ain't 'e the limit?'

The P.T.I., seeing that Tubby was getting all the applause, became very wroth. 'Look here!' he growled in a very audible whisper, 'is this your turn or is it mine? Knock off playing the fool, can't you!'

The victim, breathing heavily and balanced on his most prominent part, with the tips of his toes just touching the floor, looked up with a grin. 'Ere,' he asked loudly, 'w'ere do I come in?'

The audience rocked in their seats, with tears streaming down their faces.

'Shut your fat head!' whispered the gentleman in the tiger-skin.—'Ladies and gentlemen,' he went on, producing another short strap fitted with a stout hook, 'I hook this into the strap passing round the gentleman's body, so, and shall now carry him round the stage in my mouth.'

The 'gentleman' seemed distinctly nervous, but it was too late to back out now.

The band broke into slow music. The P.T.I. bent down, seized the strap in his mouth, and, bracing himself with his hands on his knees, lifted M'Sweeny a few inches off the floor. Then, with another heave which very nearly precipitated his victim and himself into the middle of the orchestra, he swung his burden waist-high, and staggered slowly round the stage with his back bowed and his muscles bulging.

Tubby, suspended by his centre of gravity, hung limply, with drops of perspiration trickling off his face. He was desperately alarmed lest he should be dropped with a crash, poor man!

The P.T.I., who, judging from his stertorous breathing, had undertaken more than he had bargained for, tottered once round the stage, and then went to the side and lowered his prey gently to the floor out of sight of the audience. At the same time the big drum gave a pre-arranged and very resounding crash. The audience laughed themselves hoarse, and cheered uproariously. After sundry other feats of strength with a long wooden bar from which depended the limp figures of two Royal Marines, one ordinary seaman, and one stoker, the performer gave his club-swinging display with lively music from the band. It was quite effective, and came to a close with great *éclat*.

The next item was a very doleful sentimental ditty about a lonely robin. It was sung by an intensely serious A.B., and the bird, it appeared, was on terms of great intimacy with a lady suffering from an incurable disease, who was slowly dying in the top back-room of a cottage. Every morning at breakfast-time the robin appeared on the window-sill; but on one memorable occasion he came rather late, to find the undertakers in the house. The shock unnerved him to such an extent that he died too, poor bird! It was so intensely pathetic that some of the ladies in the back-rows actually wept. The two rows of officers and their wives blew their noses and hid their faces in their programmes. Their shoulders shook visibly, but not with grief.

'The next thing,' said the master of ceremonies—rather perturbed because the last man had exceeded his appointed time by three minutes—'is a song called "Slattery's Mounted Foot," by the members of the troupe.'

The curtain went up to show a man clad more or less as a soldier. He wore a marine's red tunic, baggy blue trousers with broad yellow stripes, a cocked hat with an enormous plume,

a naval cutlass, and a pair of leather sea-boots with huge tin spurs. He sang the first verse of a song amidst much amusement, and then started the rollicking chorus :

Down from the mountains came the squadrons
and platoons,
Four-and-twenty fighting men and a couple of
stout gossoons.

At the cue 'squadrons and platoons' the Mounted Foot, riding home-made hobby-horses with flowing manes and tails, galloped on to the stage. Their appearance was the signal for a volley of shouts and laughter, in which the music was quite inaudible, and truly they were comical. There were six others besides the first man, who, it would appear, was General Slattery himself. They all wore burlesque military uniforms. One was a hussar, another a lancer, a third a soldier in a British line regiment, a fourth an Indian cavalryman with lance and turban all complete, a fifth a cross between a Chasseur d'Afrique and a Chinese brave, and the last an artilleryman. The *pièce de résistance* was the artillery itself, for the last man to arrive led the very unwilling Nellie, the ship's pet pig, to which was attached a large cardboard cannon. Headed by their General, they pranced about the stage enjoying themselves hugely. Their efforts brought the house down, for they quite succeeded in making fools of themselves, and 'Slattery's Mounted Foot' was a long way the best event of the evening.

The remaining turns were too numerous to be mentioned in detail. They included further ditties by the singers of 'Archibald' and 'The Lonely Robin,' a banjo solo, some really clever conjuring and lightning sketching by an engine-room artificer, and an absurd sketch, written on board, called 'The Broker's Man.' The plot of this production, if it could be called by

such a name, can be deduced from the list of characters :

Mr Stony-Broke—an impoverished aristocrat.

Mrs Stony-Broke—his wife.

Miss Gertrude Stony-Broke.

General Sir Thomas Dammit, K.C.B.—a rich uncle.

Mr Hardcash—a hard-hearted landlord.

Mr Theodore Buggins—the broker's man.

Hon. Bertie de Montmorency—Gertrude's fiancé.

Giles—a footman.

Scene—The Stony-Brokes' drawing-room in London.

Time—The present.

The parts of Mrs and Miss Stony-Broke were played by seamen. Mrs Stony-Broke appeared in black satin and a shawl, and the fair Gertrude in an evening-dress of pale yellow. Both mother and daughter were very shapeless, while their home-made wigs, white cotton gloves, bare red arms, and enormous feet brought tears of joy to the eyes of the audience. So did the gallant General Sir Thomas Dammit, who, it would seem, made a habit of wearing his full-dress uniform, cocked hat, and sword on all occasions.

Mr Hardcash, the villain of the piece, was loudly hissed ; while his emissary, Mr Theodore Buggins, a truly dissolute fellow, became hilariously intoxicated at Mr Stony-Broke's expense. But everything ended happily. Gertrude and the Hon. Bertie plighted their troth, and were duly set up for life with a handsome cheque from Sir Thomas.

The curtain came down amidst scenes of the wildest enthusiasm from the audience, and the orchestra playing Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March.'

When finally the band played 'God Save the King,' Pincher Martin was convinced that it was quite the best entertainment he had ever seen. His shipmates agreed with him.

(Continued on page 358.)

ST PIERRE AND THE WAR.

By AUBREY FULLERTON.

THREE small islands off the south coast of Newfoundland, representing all that is left of the French dominions in North America, will perhaps change owners as a result of the war. They have changed owners some seven or eight times before ; but for the past hundred years France has had undisputed possession. Now they are likely to come back to Britain again.

St Pierre-Miquelon is the name of the island colony that is thus the last remnant of French rule in the New World. Champlain and Frontenac, in their days of empire-building, would have scorned the three little rocks ; but in these latter times France has valued them. She has two reasons : they are an important base of food-supply for the homeland, and they furnish an excellent training-ground for service in her navy.

Till the war came, ten thousand men and boys went every spring from St Malo, Cancale, and other parts of coastal France to exploit the Grand Banks fisheries. They took with them the promise of a liberal Government bounty on every quintal of fish they caught, and the Government also paid the wages of the boys, who were sent out under contract as helpers to the fishermen. The official interest was not altogether paternal, however, for after two or three years of this kind of service the boys were required to enter the French navy, for which the rough-and-tumble life of the North Atlantic fisheries is good apprenticeship. There are men on some of France's warships to-day who got their first training of nerve and muscle on the fishing-smacks off the Grand Banks.

The ten thousand fishermen did their summer's work, and came back home in the fall, leaving the islands for the rest of the year to the resident population of about five thousand people. But when the war broke out it took them away two months ahead of time, for they were reservists, to whom their country's call came as a matter of course. A little later the St Pierrais themselves were told that every able-bodied man was expected to go to France's help. Nearly a thousand men answered this second call, and St Pierre was left to the women and children and old men. The colony, thus deprived of its bread-winners, has been sorely stricken. Bread-winning there means cod-fishing on the Banks, and that alone. There is no farming, for the rock-islands have so little soil that even grass will not grow. With their one industry crippled, the people who have remained are chiefly dependent upon the separation allowances sent to them by the Government of France.

After the war, the St Pierre men who have survived it will be unlikely, it is thought, to return to their hard life as deep-sea fishermen, for which many of them, in fact, will then be unfit. There is a report that France will not repopulate the colony, but will turn it over to Great Britain, receiving in exchange certain permanent fishing rights in the waters thereabout, which will be of quite as much real value to her. Britain probably will, in that case, annex the islands to Newfoundland, which in turn will some day become, it is expected, a part of the Canadian confederation.

The three islands of the colony, St Pierre, Miquelon, and Langley, have together an area of about fifty thousand acres. Only one of the three, St Pierre, is of importance, and it chiefly because of the little city of the same name at its southern extremity. This city is practically the whole colony, and in it is centred a life that is normally as quiet and simple as the world can show; it is a bit of the Old World in the New. The people are unmixed French, except for a

few Englishmen and Americans who are there for business. The town is rambling, and innocent of all things modern except electric lighting; the shops and cafés are of an old European type, and equally so are the townspeople, the priests, the public institutions, and the dogcarts that are driven by Basque villagers.

When the fishing season is over it has been the habit of the St Pierrais to enter heartily into the social life they themselves have made. Away off the world's highroads, St Pierre has lived a life apart, but has managed remarkably well to find some pleasure in it. The social instincts of the people are especially catered for by many cafés, which are gathering-places for all kinds of festivities and neighbourly talks.

The colony has a governor, who administers its public affairs. St Pierre is, in general, law-abiding. Its greatest misdemeanour is smuggling, which is very cleverly carried on with both the Canadian and American coasts, but is not regarded as a serious offence.

Except for the occasional calls of the steamers and a submarine cable that connects with the transatlantic system, there is no communication with the outside world. The people live their quiet, uneventful, but busy life, unknowing of what goes on beyond; but their isolation has bound them closer to one another, and made them as one family.

To this quiet and remote corner the news of war came like a bolt from the blue. The St Pierrais knew very little, if anything, of the original causes and outbreak of the war; but after the storm had burst they heard its distant noise, and gave up their strongest men in response to its call. In proportion to its resources, St Pierre-Miquelon has been harder hit than almost any other part of the Allies' dominions; yet the people are bearing themselves bravely. If finally the colony becomes British, and if then it is more fully modernised, it may be hoped that it will not lose all the quaintness that now gives it its chief attraction.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AN INGENIOUS GAS-COOKER.

THOUGH the familiar gas cooking-stove has been brought to a high standard of perfection, it is apt to be wasteful in fuel unless skilfully managed. In the average stove, including oven and outer rings and grill, there are from one hundred and fifty to two hundred gas-jets, probably all of which are burning simultaneously when a full-course dinner is being prepared. But a distinct part of the heat thus generated fails to perform any useful purpose, for it escapes around the vessels and is dissipated into the surrounding air. An

invention has now been devised to minimise this escape of heat, and to induce the gas-stove to do more work with a less consumption of fuel. The oven itself is abandoned, although if desired it may be employed as an auxiliary. The inventor has brought into operation what may be described as a modern adaptation of the well-known hot-plate. A four-square flat steel plate is laid upon the top of the gas-stove (or on the top of an ordinary gas-ring) in such a manner as to cover the whole of the burners. At the sides of the plate there is an ingenious arrangement of four steel wings, which are deflected at a specially designed angle. The apparatus is also

provided with a number of heat-suction vents, which effect the distribution, equalisation, and conservation of the heat. The superficies of this apparatus is about two square feet, and it is necessary to light only one of the rings. This ring, instead of heating a surface aggregating merely a few square inches, such as the bottom of a saucepan, heats up the whole of the plate; and, owing to the deflecting wings and the suction-vents, heats it up equally, the temperature at the extreme edges being the same as that immediately over the ring. Saucepans placed upon the plate will boil or simmer as readily as if each were placed over its particular ring of lighted jets. Thus, instead of having possibly one hundred gas-jets burning simultaneously, only a single ring of perhaps forty-four jets is alight, and yet it is doing all the work of the hundred, for a much less proportion of the heat is lost in the surrounding air. For baking purposes, a portable oven, also made of steel, and of sufficient dimensions to receive pastry and a joint simultaneously, is placed upon this hot-plate. The heat penetrates into the oven, which is bottomless, and cooks the articles as well and as expeditiously as the ordinary gas-oven, although only a single ring is being used. When the oven is in position, sufficient space is left at one side to enable a couple of saucepans to be placed on the hot-plate, while the top of the oven may be used for heating plates or for keeping warm other foods already prepared. Demonstrations with this apparatus have convincingly proved its possibilities, and have shown how cooking by gas may be carried out with greater economy than is possible at present. The hot-plate heats up quickly, and after the gas is turned down or out it retains its heat for an appreciable period. It is stated that with this apparatus it is possible to reduce the consumption of gas from 50 to 75 per cent. The apparatus is inexpensive, cannot get out of order, and, being fashioned from Bessemer steel, will withstand the hard wear of the kitchen.

A MAGNETIC HAND FOR CRIPPLED SOLDIERS.

The deprivation of a limb is one of the possible penalties of warfare, and it is imperative that every effort should be made, so far as possible, to compensate our fighting-men for the loss of a hand or arm. In this connection the Germans are already displaying initiative, and the magnetic hand is one outcome of their ingenuity. By means of it a number of operations may be carried out almost as effectively as if the wearer were not deprived of his limb. The device consists of an artificial limb strapped to the stump and carrying a magnet, which is fitted with a ball-and-socket movement, so that it may be swung in any direction. The magnet is fed with current through a flexible cord and plug; hence it may be switched on and off as desired. With this device any iron tool may

be lifted up, held, and manipulated, and after a little practice the wearer becomes quite proficient. When the man is accustomed to working in wood, the problem of gripping the tool by the magnet is overcome by attaching to it a small steel plate in a convenient place, so that the tool may be gripped in an almost natural manner. The German scientist who has devised this magnetic hand declares that the idea may be applied to almost any existing tool, and where this cannot be done simple special tools may be cheaply devised. He has thus indicated a wide field for future development in the supply of artificial limbs of such a design as to enable an injured soldier to pursue his normal occupation. The German success in this connection should serve as a stimulant to British brains, that the inconveniences suffered by our crippled soldiers may be minimised to the utmost degree.

A NEW TRENCH STOVE.

Among the many devices intended to improve the lot of soldiers serving in the trenches, an ingenious portable stove commands attention. While the thermos flask has solved the hot food problem up to a certain point, it suffers from its limitations, which are pronounced. In this latest device a brazier is provided. The grate resembles an inverted truncated pyramid, the bottom being formed by a perforated plate, which allows the ashes to escape and ensures the draught necessary for proper combustion. The grate is supported in a square metal frame mounted upon four legs. On being folded up, it packs flat into a space ten inches square, so that it may easily be carried in a haversack. Although of strong steel construction, the stove is light in weight, scaling only four and a half pounds. It can be set up in a moment, and will burn any fuel—wood, coal, coke, or charcoal—with equal facility. It is not only valuable as ensuring hot meals, but is additionally serviceable from the trench soldier's point of view, inasmuch as it offers him a means of keeping warm.

AN INCANDESCENT GASLIGHT IMPROVER.

An invention, having for its dual purpose greater economy in the consumption of gas, together with increased lighting efficiency, has recently appeared upon the market. If we examine a lighted upright gas-burner from which the mantle has been removed, it will be observed that the flame bears toward the centre. Thus it is apparent that when the mantle is in position the greater portion of the gas burns away uselessly in the hollow space, only a fractional part impinging upon the mantle and raising it to imperfect incandescence. The new device consists of a fireclay core, which is slightly tapered and shaped at the top, and is bored from end to end. The fork which supports the mantle is slipped through this core, and thus holds it

in a vertical position, so that when the mantle is placed over it only a narrow annular space is left between the mantle and the economiser within. If the gas is now lighted the flame is deviated from the centre by the core, so as to play completely upon the mantle itself. By forcing the gas-flame outwards in this manner the mantle is raised to a higher degree of incandescence, and consequently more light must be emitted for an equivalent consumption of gas, while the light is diffused from all parts of the mantle in equal degree. If the burner is of the latest pattern it will be found necessary to reduce the gas-pressure. In some cases the tap may be turned half-way, and even then a brighter light is furnished than would be obtained from full pressure if the core were removed; while, of course, the consumption of gas is reduced by 50 per cent.

A HOME WATER-DISTILLER.

Sufferers from rheumatism, gout, and kindred maladies realise the importance of absolutely pure drinking-water. Distilled water is desirable for this purpose, as there is then no risk of the disease becoming aggravated, or a treatment which is in progress being impeded, if not entirely arrested, by impurities dissolved in the water. In order to obtain the most satisfactory results it is desirable that the water should be prepared as required, and a convenient apparatus for achieving this end in the home is now available. It is a small, compact, complete still, wherewith the water is first converted into steam, and then condensed into liquid free from all organisms, lime-deposits, and other impurities. The purifier can be mounted upon a small table, and either a gas-ring or a spirit-stove may be employed for boiling the water. If the apparatus is placed within convenient reach of a water-tap, a continuous yield of pure water may be obtained while the purifier is in operation.

A SIMPLE PROTECTION AGAINST RUST.

The problem of treating small, inexpensive articles with a cheap protector against rust, sufficient to preserve them during the period of transport, is of material importance to the hardware manufacturer. While costly machines destined for distant markets, and passing through varying climes in transit, may be treated with expensive greases, such measures are out of the question when cheap lines of goods are to be shipped. It is, however, equally imperative that these should preserve their pristine lustre until their arrival, as tarnished articles invariably arouse distrust on the part of the purchaser, who may reasonably be pardoned for suspecting that he is buying a second grade of goods. An American exporter has now solved this problem, apparently to his complete satisfaction. He uses a cheap varnish diluted with methylated spirit, the proportion being two or three parts of the

latter to one of the former. Owing to the volatile character of the spirit the mixture has to be prepared as required, and therefore the inventor has adopted a novel method of treating a great number of articles at one time. He takes two oil-drums of varying sizes, and removes one end from each. The smaller drum serves as the container for the articles to be treated, and its bottom and sides are perforated with half-inch holes. The mixture is placed in the larger drum, into which the smaller container, with its charge, is lowered. The immersion is instantaneous, and the inner vessel, after being withdrawn, is held up for a few minutes to drain. The contents are then shot upon a wire draining mat or rack stretched over a table, with a tray beneath to catch any superfluous liquid. In about fifteen minutes the protective coating has hardened sufficiently to permit of the goods being packed. The protective skin which the bright surfaces receive is extremely thin, and is not noticeable unless the articles are closely examined; but it is sufficient to prevent the metal beneath from becoming affected by the atmosphere. In fact, it has been found that articles so treated will retain their original lustre and protective film for a year. Even sea air cannot break through the protective coating. When the articles are in use the film rapidly wears off, revealing the true lustre beneath. The process is simple and inexpensive, one preparation being sufficient for the adequate treatment of several thousand small articles, such as buckles, rings, hooks, &c.

SUGAR AND SWEETS.

There has been some correspondence in the newspapers on the limitation of the use of sugar. Lady Frances Balfour remarked that if the consumption of sugar is restricted, it may prove a direct incitement to the use of less nutritious stimulants, for sugar is a necessity in the child-life of the community and a felt want in the diet of all who do good and strenuous work. Some soldiers at the front, especially where vegetables are scarce, have developed a taste for sweets. Sir Lauder Brunton in a letter to the *Times* distinctly approved of a statement by Mrs Bramwell Booth, in which she said that sweets are a valuable food, especially for children. Further, this eminent doctor said that the nutritive value of sugar is so great that the Germans, some years ago, added it to their soldiers' rations. In addition to this, sugar renders palatable food which might otherwise be insipid, or even distasteful; and it has been shown by the distinguished Russian physiologist I. P. Pavlov, whose recent death we greatly deplore, that food which pleases the palate is much more digestible than food which is insipid. Sweets have the additional power of appeasing a craving which is sometimes felt, even after a full meal, a fact which is usually recognised by their being placed on the table along with dessert after a public dinner. They

satisfy also a vague desire which is sometimes felt at other times, and instead of leading to indulgence in alcohol or tobacco they supply their place. Over-indulgence in sweets between meals, especially by children, is apt to lead to indigestion; but sweets taken along with, or just after, meals are of advantage. As sugar when converted into beer or spirit loses most of its nutritive power, the doctor is of the opinion that it is a much greater economy to the country to keep sugar in its own form than to convert it into beer.

WAR-TIME GARDENING.

A practical gardener writes that one of the most profitable crops for the small holder to grow is the sunflower. The plants should be sown in pans in April, and transplanted, twelve inches apart, in rows fifteen inches from each other. They can also be grown by sowing the seed in the open. As soon as the plants appear the ground should be well hoed. When they are eighteen inches high cut off the leaves up to twelve inches. Wire net about a rod of the ground, then put in a brood of ducks. The shelter from the sun afforded by the broad leaves will be most beneficial to the ducks, which will keep every weed down and manure the crop at the same time. It is advisable to shift the water-pan every four days, as the ducks naturally make a habit of congregating near it. The reason for cutting off the leaves is that if they are left on, one young duck will pull the plant down, and another will eat the top off. The plants will thrive wonderfully from the manure of the ducks, and will produce about double the crop. The outside leaves can be chopped up with weeds from the garden, wetted, and a little meal sprinkled over them. This mixture makes a very good feeding-stuff, and thus ducklings worth a shilling each will be raised at very little expense, and a supply of good sunflower-seed will be at hand for food for fowls during the winter. Moreover, the land will be in fine order for an onion-bed next season.

MODERN EXPLOSIVES.

We regret that in the article 'The Romance of Modern Explosives,' printed in *Chambers's Journal* for November 1915, the author made no mention of the part taken by Sir Hiram Maxim in connection with smokeless powder. The versatile inventor's own account of how he came to take up the matter is distinctly interesting: 'In the early days of the Maxim gun I was invited to give an exhibition at Pirbright in the presence of Lord Wolseley and other high officials. When I had fired three hundred and thirty-three service cartridges in exactly half-a-minute there was an immense cloud of smoke. Lord Wolseley said, "Maxim, unless you can give us a smokeless powder your gun will be of little use." I commenced at once to study the

subject. I purchased all the books I could find on high explosives, and in 1887 I had succeeded in making a smokeless powder that did fairly well. This was the subject of several patents, the principal one being No. 16,213 of 8th November 1888. In the early summer of 1888, having received a large number of orders for Maxim guns, and finding my little shop in Hatton Garden altogether too small, I took large premises at Crayford, and moved into a house near the works. In order to continue my powder experiments upon a more advantageous scale I established two laboratories—a fairly large one close to the gun-works, and a small one near my house where I could work in the evenings. It is a fact that the powder which I made at that time has never been excelled, and that it is the standard powder of the world to-day.' It was this patent that enabled the Government to beat Nobel in the great cordite case, in which it was decided that Sir Hiram S. Maxim was the original inventor of that class of smokeless powder known as cordite, which is still used by the British Government.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

A LULLABY.

BECAUSE some men in khaki coats
Are marching out to war,
Beneath a torn old flag that floats
As proudly as before;
Because they will not stop or stay,
But march with eager tread,
A little baby far away
Sleeps safely in her bed.

Because some grim, gray sentinels
Stand always silently,
Where each dull shadow falls and swells,
Upon a restless sea;
Because their lonely watch they keep,
With keen and wakeful eyes,
A little child may safely sleep
Until the sun shall rise.

Because some swift and shadowy things
Hold patient guard on high,
Like birds or sails or shielding wings
Against a stormy sky;
Because a strange light spreads and sweeps
Across a darkened way,
A little baby softly sleeps
Until the dawn of day.

G. R. GLASGOW.

*. * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible. ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

CORPORAL MARGUERITE.

By CLIVE HOLLAND, Author of *A Madonna of the Poor*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE Germans had come. A whole regiment of the gray-coated invaders had swept down the valley of the Marne towards Paris, devastating picturesque and peaceful villages, terrorising, slaying, outraging the inhabitants, and crying out loudly, as they tramped along, 'Paris! Paris!' The very walls of the little inn of Armand-sur-Marne, which stood at the southern corner of its single cobbled street, had been shaken to their foundations by the concussion of artillery fire.

Old Grandpère François, who, with his son's wife and daughter, saw after the little inn now that his son had gone to join the flag, had known something of the war of '70. Then German soldiers had come to the little, smiling village; but, as he said when the new hordes had passed, 'They in '70 were soldiers, and not savages.'

Grandpère François's daughter-in-law, Madame Baudet, was a woman of five-and-forty, buxom, alert, though inclining to stoutness, and with a 'business head,' as Henri Baudet, her husband, was wont to declare, 'second to none in the village.'

Marguerite Baudet, her daughter, was nineteen years of age, and by common consent the prettiest girl in Armand. Above middle height, with a well-developed figure and a wealth of the corn-coloured hair which is found on the heads of some of the girls of this district, and clear blue eyes, she was quite strikingly handsome.

When the Germans had come, after French regiments in full but orderly retreat had passed through the village, retiring before the enemy on Paris, Marguerite had hidden herself in the loft at the back of the inn where apples, potatoes, and other produce of the kind were usually stored for the winter. Marguerite's mother had heard tales of what had happened to girls like Marguerite in other villages, and so she hid her away, and the Germans passed by without having caught even a glimpse of her, although they overran the guest-rooms of the little inn, drinking all the wine in the cellar, even to a few bottles of champagne and fine cognac which had been there ever since Grandpère François had succeeded his father as proprietor.

After the Germans had gone, the village and its inhabitants made a brave struggle to believe that the tide of war had passed them, and to carry on their usual vocations much as before that August day when like a thunderbolt had come the news that France was at war. In the fields round Armand, especially those which stretched down to the placidly flowing river, harvesting was continued, the workers little knowing that the crops they cut would be seized from them almost before they could be tied into bundles and carried to the stackyards.

Then one day there came hurrying to the village a German scout, who told the *maire*, who was by trade a cobbler, and Grandpère François—the two most important men in Armand save M. le Curé—that at sundown a regiment would be in the village, and food and lodging must be found. Even as he spoke, in quite excellent French, to M. Carpentier, the *maire*, and Grandpère François, in the sunlit street outside the little inn, the 'Coq d'Or,' the rumble of heavy cannonading came, borne to them on the north-westerly breeze.

It was not a retreat, according to the German. Oh dear, no! They were merely detaching a certain force from the main army under the command of Von Kluck to guard against any outflanking movements or an attack in the rear. The speaker might have told old Carpentier and Grandpère François any other story; for so long as military phraseology was used neither of them was likely to grasp the true significance of what he heard. The thing that concerned them was that by six or seven o'clock the village would be in the hands of the Germans. Of that there could be no doubt; and every bit of food that had been left when they passed through Armand a little more than a week before would now be seized.

'See to it,' said the scout, ere he mounted his motor-cycle to flash away down the road towards Chalons, 'that everything is in order, messieurs, or I will not answer for what may be done to you and your village.' Then he added, with a cynical smile on his handsome boyish face,

'Men have been shot and villages burned for less crime than the failure to provide food and lodgment for our soldiers.'

As he disappeared down the road the faces of the two men to whom he had been talking became grave.

'What can be done?' said old Carpentier, seizing hold of Grandpère François's hand with his own horny palm, and holding it firmly. 'There is little enough food in the village now, and if these locusts come, what is going to happen?'

Grandpère François shook his head until one of the locks of his long white hair came tumbling over his brows, and he had to thrust it back. 'The good God only knows!' he replied; 'but better give them everything than have our houses burned down and our women seized.'

And so the two old men hurried from house to house warning the inhabitants that they should gather together all the food possible for the hungry men who would before sundown be clamouring at their doors. 'And offer no resistance to their demands that can be honourably met,' was the keynote of the instructions issued by Carpentier.

A pall of misery seemed to have fallen upon the village. The Germans were coming again. The hated invaders of France would once more clank their way down the cobbled street, pushing open or battering in doors, and possibly ransacking the houses and carrying off anything that took their fancy, insulting the women, ill-treating the men, increasing tenfold the hatred with which they were already regarded. It was terrible. 'What were the soldiers of France doing that such things should be?' And to questionings such as these Grandpère François could only reply, 'Patience, my children. The sons of France are doing their duty. Is it not that the Germans are being driven back from off our sacred soil that the invaders are about again to pass by here?'

But to frightened women and children the speaker's explanation and exhortation brought little comfort.

And so the afternoon passed in preparations and lamentations, with the thunderous roar of artillery growing ever louder and louder as the hours and minutes crept on. Frightened beyond endurance, some of the women and children sought refuge in the little wood which lay on the far side of the village, and was approached through several cornfields. There, at least, they thought, they would be safe, hiding in the undergrowth, and now and then furtively peering forth from the hillside to see if the enemy had come. Those who had not fled just waited and waited in or outside their houses, listening with ears rendered preternaturally keen by anxiety for the sound of approaching men.

CHAPTER II.

Just as the sun was sinking in the west the advance guard of the 45th Bavarian Regiment appeared over the crest of a slight rise half a mile along the road to Paris. A few minutes more and the whole regiment blocked the street. Houses were entered, food was seized, and an orgy of pillage commenced. They were famished, were these Germans; and, notwithstanding what the scout had told the *maire* and Grandpère François earlier in the day, the travel-stained, dusty, and in some cases wounded men who crowded the little houses and sat or lay about in the streets knew that they had been beaten back. How far the disaster was general they did not know; for in that titanic struggle within fifteen miles of Paris one only knew, indeed, what was taking place in one's own immediate neighbourhood.

The officers came to the 'Coq d'Or,' demanding a meal, 'as though,' as Madame Baudet put it, 'you could make an omelette out of cobble-stones, and soup out of pump-water.' And then, finding the food was scant and the supply of wine confined to half-a-dozen bottles or so which had escaped the notice of their comrades who had passed through Armand when the army, of which they formed a part, was advancing on Paris, two of the younger men set out to raid the premises.

As they crossed the yard, their heavy boots clanking on the flags, and came towards the apple-loft, Marguerite, who had fled there an hour before, heard them, and hid herself deeper amid the trusses of straw which had been got ready for laying down the apples later in the month.

'Surely,' she thought, 'they will not discover me. They will not trouble to climb the ladder into the loft;' and she lay holding her breath to listen.

They came to the door and shook it—she knew it was not locked—and a moment later she heard the click of the lifted latch. Then a moment or two later, and she heard the scrapings of some one's feet upon the rough ladder which led up into the loft itself, and a voice in a foreign language spoke. Another voice down below seemed to be expostulating with the person who was climbing, but the other only laughed and called out something in reply. And then she heard the creaking of the boards as the climber stepped from the ladder on to the floor.

The German paused a moment. The voice from below called out, 'What is it? Is there anything?'

'Nothing!' was the response, coupled with a coarse oath. 'Only a few bundles of straw.'

'That all?' cried out the voice from below. 'Well, chuck them down. Isn't there a door

somewhere? We may be glad of them to sleep upon.'

The girl behind the straw was holding her breath till she felt almost suffocated. She trembled lest the beating of her heart, which sounded in her ears as loud as the tapping of a hammer, should betray her. She heard the intruder go to the side of the loft, fumble with the bolt which secured the doorway, and then pull the door back, flooding the dusty chamber with the golden-red beams of the setting sun. Next the footsteps came creaking across the floor, and one of the bundles was dragged away towards the door, and she heard it fall with a rustle and a soft thud into the yard beneath. Then another bundle was pulled away, and she was conscious that her foot was exposed.

'*Mein Gott!*' she heard the intruder exclaim, as he walked away across the floor and called out down the hole through which the ladder came, 'Come up, Hans. I have found something, after all.'

There were sounds of some one scrambling hastily up the ladder, the boards creaked again, and another truss of straw was pulled hastily away. In a moment the remaining trusses were pulled off and thrown back towards the loft door, and the trembling form of Marguerite was disclosed to view.

The two men paused and stared at her. The one who had first come into the loft was a tall, fair young fellow of four or five and twenty, whose dusty, dishevelled uniform could not disguise the fact that he was a gentleman by birth. His companion was of a rougher type, though also an officer. He was the first to recover from his astonishment.

'A perfect Venus!' he exclaimed; 'and found in an apple-loft! We're in luck, Eitel, my friend. There was nobody to wait on us but that old woman in the inn; here we have just the waiting-maid that will please us all—the colonel included!' he added with a laugh that was not pleasant to listen to.

Then the speaker stooped down and pulled the girl roughly to her feet. She shrank from his touch as though it were something foul and contaminating.

'Ho! ho!' he said, 'is that the way you would treat a gentleman?' And he seized her again and kissed her roughly.

In a moment all the spirit of a French girl, all the fire that lies sleeping in the women of her race, all the hatred instinctive and national for the Germans, sprang into being, and she drew her nails down the side of the man's face, leaving scratches which might have been made by a wild-cat.

For a moment Lieutenant Hans Hofmeyer was disconcerted. Then for another moment his face flushed a deep red, and for just a fraction of a second the girl's life trembled in the balance.

But his companion, Eitel Beyerlein, laid a

restraining hand upon him. 'Don't hurt her,' he said. 'She's a wild-cat, my friend, I admit, but a beautiful one, and we have means—eh?—of taming the wildest of them.'

Hans Hofmeyer said nothing, but stood glaring at the girl, whose face was very white now, and whose limbs trembled. Then, feeling a thin thread of blood trickling down his cheek, he took out a dirty handkerchief and dabbed his face.

It was his companion who spoke again. 'I will go down first,' he said, 'and then make the girl come down. If she slips I can catch her. Then you come last. With the two of us she can't play any tricks.'

'Good!' said Hofmeyer; and as his companion went towards the little hole in the floor to descend he took hold of the girl's wrist roughly, and dragged her towards the opening. 'Down you go!' he said, hardly able to resist the temptation to expedite her movements with a kick.

When Marguerite's fair head had disappeared down the ladder, the man followed slowly.

Dragging the girl between them, the two men crossed the yard and entered the large room of the little inn, now thick with tobacco-smoke, where already the colonel and several other officers were sitting drinking the few bottles of wine that had been found for their enjoyment, waiting the while the serving of the meal that Madame Baudet was hastily and tremblingly preparing in the little kitchen.

'Here we are!' called Beyerlein, as he pushed the door open with his foot. 'Here, colonel, is a Hebe or a Venus, whichever you like, to wait upon us. And a spitfire, too—look at Hofmeyer's face.'

The colonel turned his heavy gaze upon the trembling girl. The younger men sprang to their feet with a shout of 'Bring her in, and let's have a look at her!'

'A perfect beauty!' exclaimed one.

'Just the girl I've been looking for!' said another.

'How much will you take for your capture?' shouted a third.

And then there ensued a babel of tongues, all speaking rapidly in German, discussing Marguerite and what should be done with her. Happily, she knew not a word of the language they used, though she guessed something of it from their gestures and the looks that they threw at her.

At last the colonel, to still the noise, banged on the table with his cup, which was half-full of wine, slopping over some of the ruby fluid. 'Never mind what you'll do with her,' he called out gruffly. 'Send her now to hurry that old beldame with the meal. I am hungry,' he went on, 'and I'm not going to wait all night for something to eat.'

'You can go,' said Beyerlein, addressing her in French, and loosing his hold on Marguerite. 'Tell the woman to hurry up, or it'll be the

worse for her. The colonel is not accustomed to be kept waiting, and we have had nothing to eat since we left Dormans this morning.'

Tremblingly Marguerite left the room, the smoke-laden atmosphere of which caused her to feel half-suffocated, and hurried away down the little passage to the kitchen.

As she pushed open the door her mother turned round from the fireplace with a start of alarm. 'You, my child!' she said. 'What are you doing here? Go and hide lest the cursed Boches see you.' And then she saw that Marguerite was very pale.

'Alas, *maman*!' she exclaimed, 'it is they who have discovered me and dragged me from my refuge, and have sent me to tell you to hurry with their meal, or terrible things will happen. Here, let me help you;' and the girl crossed the floor to where her mother stood.

The meal, when it was served, was prolonged, and Marguerite was not allowed a moment's cessation from waiting upon the unwelcome guests. These German officers, accustomed almost to a man to the life and the *habitués* of the great and notorious Palais de Danse in Berlin, subjected Marguerite to a cross-fire of coarse chaff and even coarser praise of her good looks till the night was far advanced, and the girl almost dropped with fatigue whilst serving them. She summoned to her aid all the innate courage and endurance of the healthy French peasant girl. She would not give in, for the longer they sat and drank and joked and smoked,

and even insulted her with their coarse jokes, the greater chance there was of her escape from more terrifying evils.

At last the colonel exclaimed thickly—for the wine he had drunk was far more bemusing than the light beer of his native land—'*Donner und Blitzen*, gentlemen! if we are to get sleep to-night we must snatch it now. Who can tell but those cursed English or the French may wake us before dawn?' and then he gazed steadily at Marguerite, who stood trembling, leaning up against the jamb of the door leading into the passage, waiting further orders.

There were already dark lines under her eyes, and her whole figure had a dejected mien, arising from fatigue and the violent emotions of the last few hours. Her mass of fair hair, never easily confined by pins or plaits, now tumbled down over her shoulders in a cascade of gold, upon which the light from the lamps shone.

Beyerlein, who had kept one of the soberest of the younger men, rose suddenly and went towards Marguerite as though to speak to her, but she fled, terrified, down the passage, and vanished.

As she disappeared the colonel said, 'At six to-morrow, gentlemen, if not before, we move on towards Rheims.'

And with these words, one by one, led by the colonel, they filed from the room, Hans Hofmeyer stumbling blindly over a chair, and cursing volubly as he picked himself up off the floor.

(Continued on page 376.)

THE CAT.

By Professor HERBERT A. STRONG.

IF we could transport ourselves back to the time of the early Roman Empire, and be permitted to have the *entrée* to a Roman household, we should probably be astonished to find that most of the domestic animals which we possess were even then possessed by our hosts. But we should look in vain for one animal which moderns expect to find in nearly every house; and it may be that we do not all suspect that the little animal whose presence seems to us a necessary adjunct to almost every home is a comparatively late arrival in Europe.

The cat, with its mysterious ways, with its inscrutable look, came to us from the valley of the Nile, and is a legacy from that mysterious and interesting people, the ancient Egyptians. We are expressly told by ancient Greek authors that the Egyptians reared cats in vast numbers, that they regarded them as sacred, and that they embalmed and mummified them after their death. Even had written evidence been wanting, monuments, inscriptions, and actual mummies would have told us the same tale. A few years ago a regular cats'

cemetery was dug up near Fayoum, and cart-loads of these animals were despatched to Liverpool to be used as manure. Some fell into the hands of professional zoologists, and aided them to guess at the species of cat reared by the ancient Egyptians, which is now considered to be the *Felis maniculata*. Diodorus bears witness to the veneration in which these animals were held by the Egyptians, in relating an occurrence which he himself witnessed. Although it was the policy of the Romans to leave complete liberty to every nation which it conquered to worship in its own way, it happened sometimes that accidents would happen which might lead to a contrary conclusion. The Egyptian Government wished above all things to remain in Rome's good graces, and to avoid offending a people who inspired such terror and who wielded so much power. But a certain Roman happened by accident to kill a cat. The mob instantaneously gathered to avenge the death of the sacred animal, and surrounded the house of the guilty murderer of their favourite, and no effort of King Ptolemy or his officers,

no fear of the Romans, was able to save his life.

We may guess from the very untamable nature of most of the *Felidae* the length of time which must have been necessary to domesticate these animals. Hundreds of years must have passed, and endless perseverance and kindly handling must have been demanded to tame them as perfectly as they are tamed. In this case, as in some other cases, superstition has had a benign and not a baleful influence upon civilisation. Egyptologists consider that the cat was introduced originally into Egypt from the South, and that the credit of domesticating it belongs entirely to the inhabitants of that country.

It is fortunate that the cat found its way into Europe at the time of the Roman supremacy, which, like other polytheistic systems, was in religious matters at least tolerant; had it been confined to Egypt till the iconoclastic intrusion of the Moslems, it might have been extirpated as a pagan object of worship. The Egyptians seem to have kept their cats in vast enclosures, and it is perhaps a trait of heredity which causes them to remain so faithful to a house in which they are domesticated.

The cats of Alexandria were looked on as so many images of Neith, or the Pallas of Saïs, a goddess worshipped both by Greeks and Egyptians, and it passed into a proverb with the Greeks, when they spoke of two things being unlike, to say that they resembled each other as much as a cat resembled Pallas. It is to Alexandria that we trace the story of a cat turned into a lady to please a prince who had fallen in love with it. The lady, however, when dressed in her bridal robes, could not help scampering about the room to catch a mouse seen upon the floor; and when Plutarch was in Egypt it had already become a proverb that any one overdressed was as awkward as a cat in a crocus-coloured robe.

Whenever a house caught fire the chief care of the neighbours was to save the cats; the men and women might be burnt in the ruins, but the cats were to be saved at all risks. When a cat died a natural death every inmate of the house shaved his eyebrows, and when a dog died they shaved all over. No doubt the attachment of the Egyptians, which grew into a superstitious reverence, for the cat arose from its utility as a vermin-killer. Now the Romans and Greeks felt the necessity also of some animals to kill mice, which seem sometimes to have appeared in vast numbers, as we have seen them do in modern times. We have even notices of entire village communities having been obliged to migrate on account of these pests, which are well called by a name which in most Aryan languages signifies 'the micher,' a 'stealer.' It may be noted that the Romans were free from rats, which seem to have come into Europe from the East somewhere about the third century of the Christian era,

and it is most probable that the cat was introduced from Egypt to combat these animals. A few rats may, of course, have been introduced at an earlier date by trading-ships, and a few cats may have been introduced as curiosities to be exhibited with other wild animals at the games, but they were certainly not generally known. The Romans and Greeks domesticated some species of weasel, just as we in India domesticate the mongoose in order to cope with the plague of mice; and they called this animal by the name of *mustela*, *felis*, and *melis*.

Consequently, where we in stories, fables, or allusions should expect to meet with references to the cat, we find instead, in the classic writers, references to the weasel. The Mouse in the *Batrachomachia* says to the Frog, 'I fear more than anything on earth the weasel, the strongest of beasts, who can even creep into my hole.' In Aristophanes one speaker says, 'Tell me a story.' 'Good,' says the other; 'here is one for you about a mouse and a weasel.' In Plautus a speaker says that he has just seen a weasel catch a mouse in the house. In the well-known fable cited by Horace of the town and country mouse, it will be remembered that the town mouse treated his friend from the country to a sumptuous repast consisting of the remains of the overnight supper, and then laid him to rest on purple coverlets; when, presto! the doors fly open with a clatter, dogs' barks are heard, and the country mouse politely takes his leave.

There is in the Pompeian Museum in Naples a mosaic representing a cat killing a quail, but it is generally agreed that this is the representation of a wild-cat. At last we find in Palladius, who wrote a treatise on agriculture probably early in the fourth century, when the days of the Western Roman Empire were numbered, mention of our house cat under the name of *catus*, a name which, like the animal itself, has passed into most of the civilised and many of the half-civilised nations of the world. Palladius says that it is advisable to keep '*catos*' to keep down '*talpas*;' by the last word we must probably understand what the Italians express by the word *topo*, which is used either for rats or mice. Now we know that rats came to Europe from the East, and indeed this tradition is preserved in language; the modern Greek calls the rat 'the Pontic' mouse; the Welsh and Irish call it the 'French' mouse. The name *ratte* is found in old German glossaries and in the Anglo-Saxon of Ælfric in England; though it is not mentioned by writers on natural history till the time of Albertus Magnus, about the year 1200 A.D.

We know that enormous numbers of rats sometimes make their appearance quite suddenly, and after walking in long processions disappear mysteriously and suddenly. This is well known in the case of the Norwegian lemming or hamster rat; but a similar fact is recorded with respect to the *kiore* rat of New Zealand. A

few years ago such a visitation of rats occurred on the west coast of the Middle Island. A countless swarm of these little creatures travelled southward along the shore for a distance of more than one hundred and fifty miles. The procession kept always to one direction, as if impelled by some unseen motive, and allowed no obstacles to interfere with its progress. Many died of hunger on the way, and the moving host was exposed throughout its journey to attacks by the imported Norwegian rat, which is stronger and fiercer than the *kiore*, and has almost succeeded in exterminating our native black rat. They suddenly disappeared as mysteriously as they had made their appearance, and no one knew where their journey ended. Perhaps the most remarkable circumstance connected with this strange migration is that its members consisted wholly of males, not a single female being found among them. This migration is described at greater length in Edward Wakefield's *New Zealand After Fifty Years*.

Philology comes to a certain extent to our aid in helping us to follow the wanderings of the rat. It must have come into Europe at a time when the Slavic nations had already split up into different divisions, for the Poles and the Russians have different names for the rat. The Russians call the mole by the word *krot*, which seems to be an adaptation of the old German *rato*. It seems, then, most likely that cats were imported in numbers from Egypt to deal with a large incursion of rats from the East. These rats were in all probability those which we know as the British black rat, which, as noticed above, was attacked by our well-known foe, the *Mus decumanus*, the bearer of the rat flea which carries plague germs. This animal appeared early in the eighteenth century on the lower reaches of the Volga, and made its way mainly on ship-board into western Europe, whence it has been imported into the New World, and indeed to most of the countries of the world.

In the Middle Ages witches and sorcerers were fond of assuming the form of cats; their mysterious movements and their eyes that glisten in the dark may well have been the cause of this legendary transformation. A German legend tells how a miller's assistant spied a large cat

entering his mill. Failing to scare it away, he brought a stick down on its forefoot, and it fled, squeaking horribly. Next day he remarked that his wife had a bruised arm, and it turned out that she was a witch who had taken the form of Grimalkin. The story reminds us of the werewolf in Petronius who suffered in the same way. The origin of the word 'puss' is unknown. In German the pet name answering to 'puss' is *Miezchen*, a diminutive of Marie, and in Russian *Waska*—that is, little Basil—or *Mischka*, little Michael. Grimalkin is probably from gray-Malkin; Malkin being a pet name for Matilda or Maud; so the French *motou*, a tom-cat, is probably from Mathieu.

It is perhaps worthy of note that until lately, as Mr Lane in his book on the modern Egyptians notices, houseless cats were fed in Cairo at the expense of the *kadi*. Every afternoon a quantity of offal was brought into a great court, and the cats were summoned to eat. It would be interesting to know if this merciful trait in the character of the Moslem successors of the ancient Egyptians is a legacy from the old superstition which saw in cats something divine.

The cat seems to have been known in Greece at a very early age, if we may trust the evidence of two daggers discovered at Mycenæ. The blades of these are most skilfully inlaid with gold and silver and a dark substance on a ground of enamelled bronze. A scene is depicted on one of these which seems to represent cats hunting ducks amidst the papyrus on the banks of a river which appears to be the Nile. The Egyptian sportsman, when he went out fowling or fishing among the marshes, took with him, together with boomerangs to kill birds, a trained hunting cat to retrieve them; the cat was also probably trained to catch fish for its master. Visitors to the British Museum will see a wall painting in Case I. in the Third Egyptian Room representing such a scene. The Egyptians called the cat *mau*, evidently an onomatopoeic word; the cat-goddess was called *Bast*. Their affection for the animal is shown by the fact that a pet name used by them for a child was *mai-she-ravi*—that is, little pussy-cat. A toy, too, may be seen in the British Museum (Room IV.) representing a cat with a movable lower jaw.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

A REALISTIC STORY OF THE INNER LIFE OF THE ROYAL NAVY.

By TAFFRAIL, Author of *The Bad Hat*, *The Decoy*, *An Eye for an Eye*, &c.

CHAPTER IV.—THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

I.

TWENTY-FOUR hours later the *Belligerent* was at bleak, wind-swept Portland; and during the next fortnight Martin began to realise what life in the navy really meant. He

fondly imagined that he had been hard worked at Portsmouth, but it was mere child's-play compared with what went on when they were with the squadron.

The anchorage was full of men-of-war. First came seven other battleships precisely similar to the *Belligerent* herself, squat, ponderous-looking vessels, with piled-up superstructures and heavy gun-turrets which gave them an aspect of strength rather than of speed. They were commanded by a vice-admiral, who flew his flag in the *Tremendous*. Next came an independent cruiser squadron of four sister-ships under the orders of a rear-admiral. They were long, lean craft, with four funnels like factory chimneys, and raking masts. They had an ungainly appearance, but looked fast. Then came a couple of light cruisers, slender, graceful vessels, with beautiful lines. They, too, had four funnels, and gave the impression that they were fliers, as indeed they were. Innumerable black destroyers, with another light cruiser as their flagship, lay in glorified sheep-pens jutting out from the shore. They were evil-looking craft, and could do their thirty knots with ease.

But the ships were not always in harbour. Most days of the week they spent outside the breakwater, indulging in what was officially known as 'aiming rifle practice.' It meant that 1-inch or .303-inch aiming rifles were placed in all the guns, and that the ship steamed past a minute target, firing as she went. It kept the gunlayers and guns' crews proficient, for the weapons were worked, aimed, and fired exactly as if they had been using their proper ammunition. Unofficially, this practice was known as *piff*, from the feeble sound of the reports.

Sometimes the whole battle-squadron went to sea for steam tactics under the orders of the vice-admiral; while at least one night a week was spent somewhere out in the Channel without lights, to give the destroyers practice in making torpedo attacks under war conditions.

It was all very wonderful to Martin; but what impressed him most was the way in which the entire squadron of eight battleships steamed about as a whole. Each vessel remained at precisely the same distance from her next ahead, until it seemed as if they were all joined together by some invisible string, rather than free units capable of independent motion and movement. How they managed to achieve this result he could not imagine. It savoured of necromancy. He did not know until later that on the bridge of each vessel was a young lieutenant with a sextant, whose duty it was to measure the angle between the masthead and the water-line of the next ship ahead. Briefly, if the angle grew larger it meant that the ship was drawing up on her next ahead; if smaller, that she was dropping behind; and the revolutions of the engines were accordingly decreased or increased to get her back into her correct position. 'Station keeping!'—the officers of watches would have laughed if they had been asked how they did it. 'My dear chap, it's as easy as falling off a log. Any fool could do it.' Perhaps he

could; but then there are fools and fools. Some of them are wise fools.

Steam tactics, too, were very impressive. The eight battleships would be steaming along in two ordered columns of four ships each. A string of gaily coloured bunting would suddenly appear at the flagship's masthead, to be repeated by the rear-admiral leading the other line. Hardly had the flags blown out clear than every other vessel would be flying a white-and-red 'answering pendant,' meaning 'I have seen and understood.' The flagship's signal would come down with a rush, and after a brief interval of suspense every ship would be swinging round under the influence of her helm. They formed single line ahead, line abreast, and quarter line, each gray ram cutting the water at precisely the same distance from the next ahead. Now and then they broke off into pairs. Sometimes they circled round in succession, each vessel following dead in the wake of her leader. Occasionally they wheeled, the pivot ship reducing her speed, the wing ship increasing, and the intermediate vessels adjusting the revolutions of their engines until every foremast was exactly in line. They twisted themselves into knots, and unravelled themselves again. The effect was really rather wonderful. The squadron seemed to manoeuvre this way and that with the same ease and flexibility as a company of well-drilled soldiers.

It must be very difficult, Martin concluded; but he wondered vaguely why the admiral should take it upon himself to act the part of a glorified drill-sergeant. He did not know that flexibility of movement and ability to change formation with rapidity and precision are even more important in a squadron at sea than with a regiment ashore.

The admiral, experienced officer though he was, was merely accustoming himself to handling his squadron as a compact and organised whole against the time when he might be called upon to do it with an enemy's fleet looming up over the horizon. Moreover, no two ships are ever handled in quite the same way, and he was giving his captains—who, provided they lived, would be admirals themselves one day—an opportunity of learning the ways and tricks of their several ships, so that, when the time came, they should not fail him. Practice makes perfect, even with such gilded potentates as admirals and captains.

The destroyer attacks after dark, too, were very spectacular. The long winter nights were usually overcast and very dark, and the squadron would be steaming without lights; but even then the lynx-eyed young gentlemen on the bridge would not admit that they had any real difficulty in keeping station. They were used to it. On such occasions the men kept their watches, and the lighter guns and the searchlights were manned exactly as they would be in war. Martin, being an ignorant new-comer, found

himself detailed as a bridge messenger; and there, in the very nerve-centre of the ship, he had an excellent opportunity of seeing everything that went on. He never forgot the first destroyer attack he ever saw.

Looking ahead, he could just see the next ship as an intense black blur against the lighter darkness of the sky and sea. Astern came another ponderous mass. The intervals seemed dangerously close, but the officer of the watch showed no anxiety. On the contrary, he stood at the standard compass on the upper bridge, using his binoculars every now and then, and giving occasional muffled orders in a calm voice through the voice-pipe communicating with the man stationed at the engine-room revolution telegraph below. Even the captain and the navigator, who were up there as well, did not seem to be taking things very seriously, though in reality they both had their weather-eyes very much lifting, and were using their glasses constantly. They were always on very friendly terms, and were carrying on an animated conversation about nothing more important than—golf!

'Well, sir,' Colomb was chuckling, 'if your putting hadn't been so bad you'd have knocked me endways. You were shocking on the greens.'

'Yes; but you wait till I get used to that new putter of mine,' the skipper returned, not in the least offended. 'I botched every single putt, and if I hadn't done that——Hallo!' he suddenly broke off, sniffing; 'd'you smell that?'

'That' was a pungent whiff of crude petroleum floating down from windward, and Captain Spencer knew well enough that it meant the attacking craft were somewhere fairly close. The greater number of modern destroyers consume nothing but oil-fuel in their furnaces, and in a strong wind the reek of its burning can often be smelt for several miles.

'M'yes. They're pretty close, sir,' Colomb agreed.

'Keep your eyes skinned, officer of the watch,' the captain cautioned, busy with his own glasses. 'Warn the group officers and guns' crews!'

'Ay, ay, sir,' said the lieutenant, pressing a push by his side, which caused an alarm-bell to sound at all the anti-torpedo-craft guns throughout the ship.

For some minutes there was silence, broken only by the humming of the wind through the rigging and the liquid plop of breaking seas. But all the time the smell of oil-fuel became gradually stronger; and then, quite suddenly, the flagship—two ships ahead—switched on a searchlight. She had seen something!

The powerful blue-white beam flickered out, swung round slightly, and then fell on a black phantom shape rushing through the water. She was a destroyer, and came along with the wind and sea dead astern; but even then sheets of

spray were flying over her low decks and bridge.

Martin held his breath.

The moment the attacker was lit up by the ray there came the loud crash of a gun, and an instant later more searchlights joined the first.

Boomp! Bang! Boomp! Boomp! went the guns in an irregular volley, as the first and second ships in the line got to work. Sharp stabs of red flame danced in and out of the beams of the lights. The thick smoke of the blank discharges wreathed and eddied through the rays as it drifted down the line on the wind; but the destroyers—two of them—still came on at full speed, pitching and rolling horribly.

They seemed to be about six hundred yards on the starboard bow of the flagship, travelling down the line of battleships in an opposite direction to that in which the latter were steaming, and so brilliantly were they illuminated in the glare that even the figures of the men crouching on deck round the torpedo-tubes were clearly visible through glasses. The water was washing knee-deep over their decks as they rolled, but it was not until they were nearly abeam of the flagship that a ball of red fire shot up into the air from each of them. This indicated the moment at which, if it had been the real thing, their torpedoes would actually have been discharged.

'That pair were sunk all right,' muttered Captain Spencer, watching them through his glasses as they swept past barely three hundred yards off. 'They were under fire for quite half-a-minute before they let go their torpedoes. Poor devils! they're having a pretty rotten time. Great Scott! just look at that sea!'

The leading destroyer had put her helm over to alter course outwards. It brought her nearly head on to the sea, and she had shoved her nose straight into the heart of an advancing wave. It was not really rough, as seas go, but the speed with which she was travelling caused the mass to break on board until she seemed literally to be buried in a smother of gray-white water, while sheets of spray swept high over her mastheads and funnels. For quite an appreciable time she was hidden, but then slid back into sight on the crest of a sea, with her twin propellers revolving wildly in the air, to disappear in the darkness as suddenly as she had come, with her consort still in close station behind her.

'Thank the Lord I'm not in a T.B.D.!' muttered the officer of the watch to the navigator.

Martin shared his feelings.

For the next forty minutes the guns' crews in the battleships were very busy; for, having sighted the searchlights during the first attack,

the remainder of the flotilla, attracted to the spot like wasps to a honey-pot, came dashing in from all directions to deliver their assaults. They came on gallantly, some singly, others in pairs or fours at a time; and though, naturally enough, the battleships claimed to have sunk every mother's son of them long before they had had a chance of getting home with their torpedoes, the destroyers themselves thought otherwise.

The attacks were over by two A.M., and at this time the weary men at the guns and search-lights were free to go to their hammocks, the scattered destroyers were collected by their senior officer, and attackers and attacked, with navigation lights burning, turned their bows homeward.

By eight o'clock the battleships had moored in Portland Harbour, and the destroyers, in a long single line, headed by their light cruiser, came silently in through the northern entrance on their way to the pens. Their funnels were caked white with dried salt, but they steamed past jauntily, showing few traces of their buffeting.

Martin watched them with a new interest, for to him it seemed nothing short of miraculous how such slender-looking vessels could stand the weather he had seen them in a few hours before.

'What yer lookin' at, Pincher?' asked Billings, stopping on his way to his mess for breakfast.

'Them,' said Martin, jerking his head in the direction of the destroyers.

'Them!' said Joshua, rather surprised. 'What's up wi' 'em?'

'I wus thinkin' it must be a dawg's life to be aboard one o' 'em. They looked somethink horful larst night.'

Billings, who had served in a destroyer himself in his young and palmy days, grinned broadly. 'They ain't so bad,' he murmured. 'You gets a tanner a day,* 'ard lyers in 'em, an' that's a hextry three an' a tanner a week. It's werry welcome in these 'ere 'ard times.' The old reprobate smacked his lips longingly, for three-and-six a week meant many pints of beer.

'I reckons they deserves it,' Martin remarked.

'I reckons all matloes deserves double wot they gits,' laughed his companion. 'But larst night weren't nothin'. You wait till yer sees 'em in a gale o' wind; then they carries on somethin' hawful. Larst night it weren't blowin' nothin' to speak o'. They 'ad a bit o' a dustin' p'raps, an' got their shirts wet, but that ain't nothin'!'

Martin gasped. He had seen the destroyers plunging about like maddened racehorses, with water breaking over their decks; but yet Billings referred to it casually as a 'bit o' a dustin'. If their behaviour of last night was nothing out of the ordinary, he prayed his gods he might never serve in one of them. 'A bit o' a dustin', indeed! What must they be like in a gale of wind? It nearly made him seasick to think of it.

(Continued on page 370.)

THE RESCUE OF A BRITISH RED CROSS HOSPITAL PARTY.

ON a night in mid-September 1914, a British torpedo-boat-destroyer was making her way from Dover to Ostend. Pacing the deck was a young staff-officer, Captain Henry Gilroy by name. Happening to be in Liège when war was declared, he had escaped from Belgium in the very nick of time, and was now returning to that sorely stricken land on a mission for which he had been specially selected by the War Office on account of his complete mastery of the language and his unrivalled knowledge of local conditions.

In those early weeks of the war all Britain was agog with the belief that Antwerp would prove a rankling thorn in the ribs of the Germans, while men in high places cherished the delusion that a flank attack was possible along the Ostend-Bruges-Brussels line.

But Gilroy was an eminently sane person. He understood the situation only too well to be thus deceived. When the lieutenant-commander in charge of the destroyer took him below half-way across for a smoke and a drink,

and the talk turned on strategy, the soldier dispelled an alluring mirage with a breath of common-sense. 'The scheme is nothing short of rank lunacy,' he said. 'We haven't the men; France can spare none of hers, and Belgium must be crushed when the big battalions come. Germany has at least three millions in the field already. Paris has been saved by a miracle. By some other miracle we may check the onrush in France; but if we start dividing our forces, even Heaven won't help us.'

'Surely you'll admit that we should strengthen the defence of Antwerp?' argued the sailor.

'I think it impracticable. Liège only held out until the new siege howitzers arrived. Namur fell at once. Why should we expect Antwerp to be impregnable?'

The navy deemed the army pessimistic; but exactly a month later the lieutenant-commander remembered that conversation, and remarked to a friend that about the middle of September he

* Men serving in destroyers receive sixpence a day extra pay. It is known as 'hard-lying money.'

took to Ostend 'a chap on the staff who seemed to know a bit.'

It is now a matter of historical fact that when Von Kluck and Sir John French began their famous race to the north, the Belgian army only escaped from Antwerp by the skin of its teeth. The city itself was occupied by the Germans on 9th October, Bruges was entered on the 13th, Von Bessler's army reached the coast on the 15th, and the British and Belgians were attacked on the line of the Yser next day.

Thus fate decreed that Gilroy should witness the beginning and the end of Germany's shameless outrage on a peaceful and peace-loving country. On 2nd August 1914 King Albert ruled over the most prosperous and contented small kingdom in Europe. Within eleven weeks he had become, as Emile Cammaerts finely puts it, 'lord of a hundred fields and a few spires.'

Though Gilroy should live far beyond the allotted span of man's life, he will never forget the strain, the misery, the sheer hopelessness of the second month he spent in Belgium. The climax came when he found himself literally overwhelmed by the host of refugees, wounded men, and scattered military units which sought succour in, and—as the iron ring of *Kultur* drew close—transport from, Ostend.

With the retreat of the Belgian army toward Dunkirk, and the return to England of such portion of the ill-fated Naval Division as was not interned in Holland, his military duties ceased. In his own and the country's interests he ought to have made certain of a berth on the last passenger-steamer to leave Ostend for England. He, at least, could have done so, though there were sixty thousand frenzied people crowding the quays, and hundreds, if not thousands, of comparatively wealthy men offering fabulous sums for the use of any type of vessel which would take them and their families to safety. But at the eleventh hour Gilroy heard that a British Red Cross Hospital party, which had extricated itself from the clutch of the mailed fist, was even then *en route* from Bruges to Ostend by way of Zeebrugge. Knowing they would be in dire need of help, he resolved to stay, though his action was quixotic, since no mercy would be shown him if he fell into the hands of the Germans. He took one precaution, therefore. Some service rendered to a tradesman had enabled him to buy a reliable and speedy motor-bicycle, on which, as a last resource, he might scurry to Dunkirk. His field service baggage was reposing in a small hotel near the harbour. For all he can tell, it is reposing there yet; he never saw it again after he leaped into the saddle of the Ariel, and sped through the cobbled streets which led to the north road along the coast. The hour was then about six o'clock on the evening of 13th October.

A Belgian staff-officer had assured him that the Germans could not possibly occupy Ostend

until late next day. The Belgian army, though hopelessly outnumbered, had never been either disorganised or outmanoeuvred. The retreat to the Yser, if swift, was orderly, and the rear-guard could be trusted to follow its timetable.

Hence Gilroy determined to cover the thirteen miles to Blankenberghe before it was dark. The hospital, which was conveying British and Belgian wounded, would travel thence by the quaint steam-tramway which links up the towns on the littoral. It might experience almost insuperable difficulties on the way, and he was one of the few aware of the actual time-limit at disposal, while a field hospital bereft of transport is a peculiarly impotent organisation.

Road and rail ran almost parallel among the sand-dunes. At various crossings he could ascertain whether or not any tram had passed recently in the direction of Ostend, thus making assurance doubly sure, though the stationmaster at the town terminus was positive that the next tram would not arrive until half-past seven. Gilroy meant intercepting that tram at Blankenberghe.

Naturally, it was late in reaching the latter place, but the only practicable course was to wait there, rather than risk missing it. A crowd of terrified people gathered around the calm-eyed, quiet-mannered Briton, and appealed for advice. Poor creatures, they imposed a cruel dilemma! On the one hand, it was monstrous to send a whole community flying for their lives along the Ostend road; on the other, he had witnessed the fate of Visé and Huy. Yet by remaining in their homes they had some prospect of life and ultimate liberty, while their lot would be far worse the instant they were plunged into the panic and miseries of Ostend. So he comforted the unhappy folk as best he might, though his heart was wrung with pity at sight of the common faith in the Red Cross brassard. Men, women, and children wore the badge indiscriminately. They regarded it as a shield against the Uhlan's lance! Most fortunately for that strip of Belgium, the policy of 'frightfulness' was moderated once the country was overrun. So far as local occurrences have been permitted to become known, the coast towns have been spared the fate of those in the interior.

To Gilroy's great relief, the incoming tram from Zeebrugge brought the British hospital. There were four doctors, eight nurses, and fifty-three wounded men, including a sergeant and ten privates of the Gordon Highlanders, who had scrambled across Belgium after Mons.

The tram offered an extraordinary spectacle. Soldiers and civilians were packed in it and on it. Men and women sat precariously on the roofs of the ramshackle carriages, stood on the buffers and couplings, or clung to door-handles. Not even foothold was to be had for love or money on that tram at Blankenberghe.

Gilroy, who dared not let go his machine, con-

trived to get a word with the medical officer in charge.

As ever, the Briton made light of past troubles. 'We've had the time of our lives!' was the cheery comment. 'After Mons we were left in a field hospital with a mixed crowd of British, French, and Germans. Of course, we looked after all alike, and that saved our bacon, because even a German General had to try to behave decently when he found a thousand of his own men in our care. So he sent us to Brussels with a safe conduct, and from Brussels we were allowed to make for Ostend—had to leg it, though, the last twenty miles to the Belgian outposts. Then we refitted, and started for Bruges, where we've been at work in a convent for five weeks. The remnant of the Belgian army passed through Bruges yesterday and the day before, so we cleared out all possible cases, and started away with the creaks early this morning. At the last minute we were hustled a bit by a Taube dropping bombs on the station. One bomb took from us a vanload of kit. We haven't a thing except the stretchers and what we're wearing.'

'I'll ride on now, and meet you at Ostend,' said Gilroy. He had not the heart to damp the spirits of the party by telling of the chaos awaiting them. Sufficient for the next hour would be the evil thereof.

'I say it's awfully good of you to take all this trouble,' said the doctor.

'I've lost my job with the departure of our troops, so I had to find something to do,' smiled the other.

A fleet of Belgian armoured cars cleared a road through the stream of fugitives, and Gilroy kept close in rear, so he made a fast return journey. Dashing past the town station, near which the steam-tram would disgorge its freight, he headed straight for the Gare Maritime. It was now dusk, but he saw at once that the crowd besieging the entrance was denser and more frantic than ever, though the last steamer whose departure was announced officially had left early in the day.

He ascertained from a helpless policeman that the rumour had gone round of a vessel coming in; the sullen, apathetic multitude, waiting there for it knew not what chance of rescue, had suddenly become dangerous.

'The American consul, who has worked hard all day, has had to give it up,' added the man. 'He is closing his office.'

Just then a harbour official, minus his cap, and with coat badly torn during a violent passage through the mob, strode by, breathless but hurried.

Gilroy recognised him, having had much business with the port authorities during the preceding week. 'Is it true that a steamer is in sight?' he asked.

'Monsieur, what am I to say?' and the accompanying gesture was eloquent. 'It is only a

little cargo-boat, an English coaster. If she nears the quay there will be a riot, and perhaps thousands of lives lost. The harbour-master has sent me to ask the mayor if he should not signal her to anchor outside until daylight.'

Prompt decision and steadfast action were Gilroy's chief qualities. If luck favoured him he might set his own project on foot before the mayor's messenger burked it by a civic order. He thanked the man and rode off.

Happily the tram came from Blankenberghe without undue delay. He had only dismounted when the engine clanked into the station square. Already his soldier's eye had noted that the Gordons and some of the Belgian soldiers had retained their rifles and bayonets.

'Get your crowd into motion at once,' he said to the doctor, as soon as the latter alighted. 'Nothing you have gone through during the last two months will equal the excitement of the next quarter of an hour. But if your cripples can fix bayonets and show a bold front, we have a fighting chance—no more. And unless we leave Ostend before to-morrow morning, it'll be a German prison for both you and me.'

Men who have smelt war and death, not once but many times, do not hesitate and argue when a staff-officer talks in that strain.

With an almost marvellous rapidity the members of the mission and the wounded able to walk were formed up, stretchers were lifted, and the march began. Gilroy and the doctor headed the procession with the Gordons, and the mere appearance of a Highlander enforces awe in any part of Europe.

Gilroy explained matters as he went, and impressed on the escort the absolute necessity of showing a determined front. On nearing the packed mass of people clamouring outside the Gare Maritime he vociferated some sharp orders, the rifles came from the slope to the ready, and those on the outskirts of the throng saw a number of war-stained kilties advancing on them with threatening mien.

By some magic a way was opened out. The vanguard knew exactly how to act, and faced about when the main gates were reached. Here there was a hitch; but a threat to fire a volley through the bars was effectual, and the whole party got through, though even the hardened doctors looked grave when they heard the wail of anguish that went up from the multitude without as the gates clashed against further ingress.

Of course, as might be expected, there were hundreds of influential people, both British subjects and Belgians, already inside. To them Gilroy gave no immediate heed. Merely requesting the doctor to keep his contingent together and distinct, he sought the harbour-master.

No orders had been received as yet from the

mayor, and the incoming steamer, quite a small craft, was already in the channel.

The harbour-master, a decent fellow, whose sole anxiety was to act for the best, readily agreed to Gilroy's plan; so the vessel, whose skipper had actually brought her to Ostend that evening 'on spec,' as he put it, was moored at a distance of some ten feet from the quay.

'How many people can you carry?' was Gilroy's first question to the captain.

'Well, sir,' came the surprising answer, 'we're licensed by the Board of Trade to carry forty-five passengers in summer; but in a pinch like this I'll try to stow away two hundred.'

After that there was no hitch. A gangway was fixed in position, the armed guard were disposed around it, and the doctors and Gilroy, with a representative of the burgomaster who arrived later, constituted themselves a committee of selection. The hospital staff and their patients were placed on board first. Wounded soldiers picked up in Ostend itself were given the next claim. Then British subjects, and finally Belgian refugees, were admitted.

It was a long and tedious, yet almost heart-breaking, business; but the order of priority established a method whereby claims might be tested with some show of equity. At last, at some hour, none knew or cared exactly when, the steamer forged slowly out into the channel, backed, and swung, amid the shrieks and lamentations of the thousands who were left to the tender mercies of *Kultur*.

In addition to her crew, she carried seven hundred and thirty-nine passengers, mostly wounded soldiers, women, and children!

There was no room to lie down, save in the space rigidly preserved for the stretcher cases. The decks, the cabins, the holds were packed tight with a living freight. Surely never before has vessel put to sea so loaded with human beings.

The captain decided not to attempt the crossing by night, and lay to till morning. The ship's boats returned to the quay, and brought off some food and water.

Meanwhile leaders of sections were chosen, the people were instructed as to the danger of lurching, and ropes were arranged so that any unexpected movement of the hull might be counteracted.

At eight o'clock next morning the engines were started; at ten o'clock that night the ship was berthed at Dover. By the mercy of Providence the sea remained smooth all day, though the heavy tidal swell caused dangerous and anxious moments. Of course, there were mine-fields to be avoided, and strong tides to be cheated; allowing for these hindrances, the trip occupied fourteen hours, whereas the Belgian mail packets employed on the same journey used to adhere steadily to a schedule of three hours and three-quarters!

On the way death took his dread toll among the wounded, but to nothing like the extent that might well have been feared. The bringing of that great company of people from the horrors of the German occupation of Belgium to the safe harbourage of the United Kingdom was a magnificent achievement, worthy of high place in the crowded and glorious annals of British seamanship.

A POWERFUL ROGUE.

BEING THE TRUE STORY OF HOW SHER SING CONQUERED THE ELEPHANT WHO TRIED TO DROWN HIS MAHOUT.

By Mrs CATHERINE F. DEIGHTON, Author of *Domestic Economy, Practical Housewifery, &c.*

IT was evening, just a short while before sunset; and as I left the tent where the master was still busy hearing petitions and trying to put wrong right, the cattle, goats, and sheep were slowly wending their way across the maidan toward the village some half-mile distant, and the sun sinking in the west cast long shadows of trees, men, and animals.

Accompanied by my *peon*, Hussein Raman, I strolled toward the village, where through the trees one could see the white dome of the mosque and the minarets of the temple glinting in the sunlight. As I left the *tope* where the tents were pitched, I saw that the herd-boys were driving the buffaloes and the cows to a large tank to give them their evening drink before taking them to their homes in the village; so I told Hussein Raman to lead the way to the tank *bund* before going to the village.

Arrived at the top of the *bund*, I stood watching the scene before me. To my right the boys were driving the buffaloes and the cows into the water, where great splashings showed how the buffaloes at any rate enjoyed the coolness after the heat of the day, and the laughter and talking of the herd-boys showed that they too were enjoying themselves, their day's work of looking after the cattle being done. From the village came the women with their water-pots to draw the evening supply, many of them either carrying babies or accompanied by tiny toddlers clinging to them.

Of men there were but few; but I noticed, sitting beneath a large banyan-tree, a fine-looking old man with snow-white hair. He appeared to be of advanced age, and young and old showed him great reverence and respect, even more so than is usually shown to the old out here, where age

meets with the deference and respect that should ever be meted out to it. He spoke little to the two men who were with him, but sat leaning forward watching the boys playing in the water, and the people coming from and going to the village, his gnarled and knotted hands clasping a stout stick.

'See, Hussein Raman,' I called, 'who is that grand old man sitting there beneath the banyan-tree, to whom all who pass by offer reverence?'

'Mem Sahib,' he replied, 'that is Sher Sing, a great and mighty warrior in the past, who has spoken with Rabat Sahib Bahadur [Lord Roberts], who has even now but lately died. Sher Sing can also speak great tales of the wars of long ago, when Jan Nikalseyn [John Nicholson] Sahib was alive; and he has seen the Nana Sahib, who betrayed and slew the men, women, and children in the days of the great mutiny against the British Raj. Ah yes, Sher Sing is a great and mighty warrior; and he it was who conquered the elephant who, until Sher Sing rode him, always drowned his mahout when there was a river to cross; and he it was who carried the famous necklace safely back to the regiment from Calcutta, where the Colonel Sahib took it to have its value set upon it, and where the Colonel Sahib fell sick and had to cross the *kali pani* [black water], whence he never returned. Ah me!' he half sighed, 'truly Sher Sing is a great man, and has seen and done many mighty deeds.'

'Go to Sher Sing,' I commanded Hussein. 'Give my salaams, and ask him if he will come round to the tents to-morrow, to talk with the Collector Sahib and me, to tell us of the wondrous things he has seen, heard, and done.'

'I go, Mem Sahib,' replied Hussein, salaaming, and moved off along the *bund* to where the stately old warrior was sitting. I saw him approach Sher Sing and salaam profusely; and then, after a few minutes' conversation, he returned to me with the message that Sher Sing would come to the tents the following day.

As I had spent so much time on the tank *bund*, it was too late for me to go on to the village; so I went back to the camp to tell the master about Sher Sing, and also to inform him that he would come to the tents on the next day and tell us some of the stirring stories of battles and deeds in which he had taken part.

The following is the story told us by Sher Sing of the wicked elephant who always tried to drown his mahout when crossing a river.

Many years ago, long before the days of railroads crossing and recrossing the country, when regiments moved from one station to another they had to march, and these marches sometimes took from eight to ten weeks. To move a whole regiment meant a great deal of baggage, and for that reason elephants were used for carrying the guns and the heavier *samaan*, such as the tents,

the food-boxes, and the sacks of grain. The officers had, of course, to arrange for the conveyance of their own *samaan* either by *bandies* or by elephant.

In fine and dry weather such marches were pleasant enough. The regiment would start off in the cool of the morning, and would reach the new camping-ground before the great heat of the day, unless it was in war-time, and then, of course, the men had to push on regardless of the heat, often not waiting for the tents to come up, lest they should be too late to render the aid desired of them. The most trying time of all to march was when the rains were on; and, indeed, unless it was war-time and help was urgently needed, no General worthy of the name would ever dream of moving his troops then; but at the time when Sher Sing conquered the wicked elephant the regiment was on its way to relieve a war-pressed garrison.

The monsoon had burst early, and this had hampered and delayed the regiment; and when they arrived at the banks of the sacred river, the Ganges, lo! it was in flood. No one could cross, for even the tallest elephant would not have the strength to withstand the stream that swept by in a roaring torrent, tearing up trees and sweeping away whole villages from the low-lying lands around its banks. The only thing to do was to wait until the torrent rushed by a little less fiercely; so the men were ordered to find timber and to make stout rafts for carrying the regiment and horses from shore to shore.

Two days passed without rain, and still the mighty river rushed by, defying the men on its banks to cross it. Bamboos were thrust in at the water's edge to gauge the rise or fall of the water. On the fifth day the waters began to subside, as one bamboo was high and dry, and round another the water only lapped at the bottom; so new bamboos were thrust in as far out in the water as a man dared wade.

The sixth day passed, and still the river was deemed too dangerous for even the elephants to attempt to cross it; but on the evening of the seventh day the colonel gave orders that the elephants would start fording the river at day-break the following morning, the biggest and strongest elephant being detailed to lead the way. Shortly after the order was given out cries and wails were heard coming from the elephant lines. Thinking that something unforeseen had occurred, and that some of the men had died, or that an elephant had died, which would have been almost as great a loss as that of some of the men, the colonel sent the adjutant of the regiment down to the lines to find out what was the matter.

The adjutant, accompanied by three or four officers, left the mess-tent, and walked through the gathering twilight toward the twinkling lights that showed where the elephant lines were, each huge beast being chained to heavy

weights to prevent his straying in the jungle. Fires were lighted at intervals all round the camp to scare away the wild beasts, and to keep them from attacking the horses and draught bulls and buffaloes. The four officers passed by groups of men who were talking earnestly together; others were cooking their food for the evening meal, the flickering flames casting weird shadows. Then came the horses, and after them the draught bulls and buffaloes, then cows, goats, and sheep; for, remember, in those days a regiment had to march its live-stock with it, as no country village then or now, however willing, could give daily supplies to a whole regiment without starving its own people. After the cattle came the elephants, and great was the weeping and wailing to be heard.

As the adjutant and his brother-officers approached, the jemadar of mahouts came up and saluted.

'What is all this noise about, jemadar?' demanded the adjutant in his sternest tones.

'Adjutant Sahib,' replied the jemadar, 'the Colonel Sahib has given orders, as thou knowest well, that the elephants are to begin to cross the river at daybreak to-morrow; hence this weeping.'

'But why should the elephants having to cross the river cause all this commotion? Stop it. It must not be.' And the adjutant turned on his heel and started to return to the mess-tent.

'Sahib, sahib!' cried the jemadar, 'hear, I beseech you, the reason why the Colonel Sahib's order for the elephants to cross the river has caused this sorrow and wailing. It is because of the biggest of the elephants; no one will ride him, for he is a great and wicked beast.'

'What folly is this, jemadar? The mahout has been drinking,' said the adjutant testily.

'Nay, sahib,' replied the jemadar. 'Idar Sing is a brave and a good man, but he will not take the elephant across the river to-morrow morning.'

'Jemadar, this is rank mutiny,' cried one of the other officers.

'Nay, sahib,' said the jemadar respectfully; 'it is not mutiny, Huzoor. You will remember Bir Sing, who met his death when bringing up supplies to the regiment. Again, Wazir Sing was picked up dead, the elephant coming into the camp by himself; and yet once more, not two weeks ago Sant Sing was picked up crushed and beaten, and died without speaking. What caused their deaths, oh sahibs? Ye know that they were brave men and true. What, then, caused their deaths? Tell me that.'

'That I am afraid I cannot tell,' replied the adjutant; 'but you seem to know, jemadar, so out with it, and let us know what you believe.'

'Sahib,' said the jemadar, 'it was the big elephant; of that I am quite sure, for he is not really an elephant, but an evil spirit come to

earth for a given time, and that is why no man can manage him; and he who tries to control the creature and bend him to his will is at once either killed or injured by him.'

The adjutant looked grave; then, turning to his companions, he said, 'Let us go and see the brute. Maybe there is some sore on him which, when he enters the water, smart, and that makes him wild and unmanageable.—Come, jemadar, and point out to me this evil beast.'

The jemadar led the way a few steps farther on to where the elephants stood in a row, great unwieldy beasts, ever restless, moving now on this foot, now on the other, clanking their chains, and ever and again throwing up their trunks and snorting through them. At the head of the line, some little distance from the others, stood a gigantic beast, and this was the one described by the jemadar as being possessed with an evil spirit; and truly, as the men drew near to him, his little eyes seemed to wink wickedly at them. He was throwing about some leaves and stamping. He was a magnificent brute, and appeared to glory in his mighty strength. Big as the other elephants were, they seemed to be dwarfed by this huge creature.

'He does look a wicked brute,' said the adjutant. 'Why use him? If Idar Sing will not or is afraid to ride him across the river when it is in flood, let him wait and cross when the water subsides. Let the other elephants take the *samaan*.'

'Huzoor,' said the jemadar, 'that cannot be, for this elephant is the leader, and unless he goes first not one of the others will move away from the bank; besides which, he is the biggest and the strongest, and carries the heaviest load. No; he will have to lead the way, and when he enters the water and begins to cross there will be no trouble with the others; but before he reaches the opposite bank the man who rides him will be a corpse, his wife a widow, and his children orphans.'

'I cannot help it, jemadar,' said the adjutant. 'The Colonel Sahib has given orders that the elephants are to cross the river at daybreak to-morrow, and these orders must be obeyed.'

'Huzoor, thou wilt be obeyed,' said the jemadar.

The adjutant and the other officers turned to leave the elephant lines, when a fine young sepoy stepped forward and saluted.

'Well, who are you, and what do you want?' asked the adjutant.

'Sahib,' he replied, 'I am Sher Sing.'

'Well, then, Sher Sing, what do you want? Out with it. Don't stand there like the *hutti* yonder, always moving first one leg and then the other. If you want to ask me anything, ask it.'

'Huzoor,' Sher Sing began, and then paused.

'Well,' said the adjutant, 'what is it you want? I have told you to speak.'

'Sahib,' said Sher Sing, 'I will take the big elephant across the river to-morrow morning, or will die in the attempt.'

A groan burst from the jemadar. Sher Sing was one of the finest men in the regiment.

'You will take the big elephant across the river? Why, Sher Sing, you are not a mahout; and if a mahout cannot manage the vicious brute, do you think that you will be able to?'

'If the Presence will let me, I will take the big elephant across the river,' said Sher Sing doggedly.

'Sahib,' cried the jemadar, 'let not Sher Sing do this mad deed. I love him as my son, and I shall see him killed before my eyes.'

'Now, look here, jemadar,' said the adjutant. 'You tell me that Idar Sing refuses to ride the elephant. The Colonel Sahib gives his order that the elephants cross the river to-morrow morning. Sher Sing comes and says that he will take the wicked one across. Sher Sing will do it. *Bus*.'

'God's will be done!' murmured the jemadar as he turned sadly away.

That night in the elephant lines prayers were said and offerings made to the gods so that Sher Sing might not be killed on the morrow. The wicked elephant had much food given to him, prayers were said to him, and offerings of sweetmeats brought that he might not harm the brave Sher Sing; but he whisked his little tail and flourished his trunk as if to say, 'What fools these people be!'

The morning dawned gray and cloudy, and the rushing torrent appeared not to have abated one jot as it raced by, still bearing rooted-up trees and other debris in its course.

The whole regiment, officers and men, were up betimes to see the elephants cross the mighty stream; and the deepest interest was centred on Sher Sing, whose offer to ride the wicked elephant across the river was soon known throughout the regiment.

The *samaan* was brought out and fastened securely to each elephant, extra strong ropes and leather thongs being used for fear that it would be washed off the animals' backs by the rush of water.

The colonel and his officers came to see the start. Everything seemed to be ready, yet no mahout had mounted his elephant; all appeared to be engaged in some religious ceremony. The colonel called to a havildar of the regiment standing near by, 'What are they waiting for? The elephants are loaded with *samaan*; why do they not start?'

'Sahib,' replied the havildar, 'the prayers for the dead are being said for Sher Sing, whom none of us will see alive again. Sahib, from the moment that he mounts the big elephant he is a dead man.'

The colonel made no reply, but turned away

and stood in silence, watching the rushing torrent of the river.

Suddenly there was a stir amongst the men, and Sher Sing, accompanied by the jemadar, walked toward the big elephant. He was naked except for his loin-cloth, and every muscle of his strong body showed out. His handsome face was grave as he looked at all the ropes and fastenings that held the *samaan* in its place on the elephant's back. In his right hand he grasped a short, strong, bamboo spear with a fine steel head; to the bamboo was attached a leather thong, and this was wound round his wrist and securely fastened. He also wore a strong leather belt, with stout leather straps; and as he stepped forward and saluted first the colonel and then the other officers, the colonel asked him why he was wearing the belt.

'Sahib,' said Sher Sing, 'these straps,' taking one up in his hand, 'will fasten me to the strap that goes round the neck of the elephant, and thus, should I be swept off him by the rush of water, I shall be able to regain my place by the aid of the strap.' He once more saluted and turned away.

'There goes a fine man, and a brave man,' said the colonel. 'I would that there were more with his courage and forethought. Nothing left to chance. I hope to God that he will win through!'

A shout went up from the onlookers when Sher Sing mounted the elephant, and had himself strapped securely to the band passing round the animal's neck. A slight prod with the spear made the huge beast rise from his knees. Then he stood quite still, and, turning his trunk first to one side and then to the other, seemed to sniff his rider. Sher Sing spoke to the elephant, and silence fell on the watchers as they parted into two lines, down the centre of which the great beast slowly took his way, followed by the other baggage elephants. Arrived at the water's edge, he stopped, sniffed at some juicy tufts of grass on the bank, tore them up with his trunk, and proceeded to eat them; then, trumpeting loudly, he faced the water. He put one foot out cautiously into the stream, feeling to see if he had a firm foothold; finding it firm, he walked a yard or two into the water. There he stood still, and then began playfully to squirt water over himself and his rider. Getting tired of this game, he moved farther into the stream, the water now reaching almost to his middle. Again he stopped. Sher Sing sat like a rock. Every one on the bank seemed to hold his breath, as all knew that the struggle was about to begin.

The elephant drank some water. Then he lifted his trunk and tried to put it round Sher Sing; and, catching his leg, with a jerk the elephant tried to pull him off, but the straps held securely. At the same moment Sher Sing raised his spear in the air and brought it down

with a thud on the elephant's head. It was a mighty blow ; and, giving a cry, or, rather, a roar of rage and pain, the animal plunged forward into deepest water. Again he stood still, but only for a moment. Aghast, the watchers on the bank saw that the huge beast was gradually lowering himself in the water, until his body was covered. Down, down, he sank. Could he have got into a quicksand? No, that could not be so, for Sher Sing was seen to raise his arm and hit the elephant again and again. At last only the elephant's trunk held up and the tireless right arm of Sher Sing were all that could be seen of either man or beast. The minutes seemed like hours, and the only sound to be heard was that of the river rushing by.

A gasp of relief came from the watchers. The elephant had risen once more, and was again trying to unseat his rider with his powerful trunk. Now Sher Sing must have plied his spear with all his might, for the great brute, giving himself a shake, dashed into deep water. The current was so strong that, powerful as he was, he could not make headway against it. Once more he sank, and again Sher Sing's relentless arm hammered blows on the elephant's head.

To the onlookers, who by this time were some distance off, it appeared that Sher Sing was getting exhausted ; but they could still see his arm rising and falling, and this at any rate showed that he was not only alive, but that he was conscious, and still had the strength to continue the fight.

Again the elephant sank, and to the watchers it seemed that he must have won the contest, as no one could distinguish Sher Sing's right arm rising and falling raining blows ; but the distance was great. Every one strained his eyes to the utmost.

Suddenly a great cry arose. The elephant had come to the surface of the water, and still clinging to him was Sher Sing. No longer was his arm relentlessly rising and falling dealing out a succession of blows, but he seemed to be waving his spear as if in triumph. And this was indeed the case, for the elephant was wading quite quietly toward the opposite shore, which was reached without further difficulty. But such was the force of the current that the elephant landed on the opposite bank a mile farther down the stream than the spot where he had entered the river.

The other elephants got across without any accidents happening, some of them landing one and a half miles, others two miles or more, farther down the stream, not having had the strength to withstand the rush of the current. One of the rafts taking the men and horses across the river was carried down by the current for over three miles before a landing was effected.

The next day every one in the regiment, from the colonel downward, came to look at the big elephant, who stood quietly eating his food, taking no notice of any one. His head was covered with cuts and gashes where Sher Sing had hit him with the spear ; but they did not seem to trouble him at all, and they very quickly healed up. From that day he became quite tractable, and acknowledged man as his master. Being such a powerful beast, he was much prized on account of his great strength, which enabled him to carry very heavy loads.

Sher Sing, too, quickly recovered from his exertions. He was a faithful soldier and servant of Queen Victoria, to whose Jubilee he came with a detachment of his regiment. He again visited England at the time of King Edward's coronation ; for, although he was then an old man, and had gained his pension, he was held in high esteem, and was sent because he had such a good influence over the younger men.

THE HILL-NEST OF THE CLANS.

THE sun glints o'er the rippling rills,
And on the bonny braes ;
It lingers on a hundred hills,
A hundred waterways ;

From Lowland plains and daisied leas
Its girdling glory spans,
The purpling moors, the limpid seas,
The hill-nest of the clans.

And loud and long the curlew shrills
Her piercing, plaintive cry
Across the dumbness of the hills,
The silence of the sky.

The burnie's gushing, richly brown,
Through brake and bog and fen ;
By bosky banks it wimples down
The dusky fairy glen.

Beyond a thousand leagues of sea,
Behind the desert space,
Far off—far off—there sounds to me
The Call of Home and Race,

That o'er the wide sea's ebb and flow
Soft to my bosom brings
Sweet memories of long ago,
Dreams of forgotten things.

O'er swelling sands that round me roll
My stirrèd spirit scans
The Homestead of my exiled soul—
The hill-nest of the clans.

And, far from stress and strife of men,
I seem to smile once more ;
My heart within the dusky glen,
My foot on Scotland's shore.

MARY M. CURCHOD (MYRA).

ALGIERS.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE MANSION OF ADAM.

By the LADY FRANCES BALFOUR.

IT stands on the banks of one of the great waterways of commerce. The river runs into the firth, and the shores are set round with shipyards and ports. When the foundations of the mansion were dug, green and pleasant pastures sloped to the river-bank; a walled garden ran round it, set with orchard trees, herbs, and flowers, as yet unsullied by the grime of factory and forge. A comfortable family house, designed and decorated throughout by the master architect of the North. No speculative builder had a hand in it. The moulder and plasterer wrought through the leisured days modelling the graceful classical designs which adorn it from domed skylight to the fanlights of the doorways. Within the solid walls turns the winding staircase, the banistered rail swelling out at the stair, a reminder of the hooped ladies who passed in and out; the mahogany polished doors telling of the epoch when foreign woods came in abundance in the holds of the trading-vessels.

In that period it was the 'big hoose' of the little fishing-village near at hand, and across the river-bank the small, yet steadily spreading, commercial town. So was reared the mansion-house away back in the quiet days of the eighteenth century, the time when Scotland began that growth in commercial enterprise in which she and her cities were to grow and flourish greatly in worldly prosperity.

In the mansion-house lived the shrewd, canny merchant—a bailie, no doubt with dreams of the provostship; an elder of the Kirk, which put no bar in the road of his ventures; they might be in a slave-trader, or his gains might be reaped from a Southern plantation. The womenfolk guided the gear, saw to the household plishings, were 'weel respectit,' and reared the citizens that were to own the ships on the river and guide the trading markets.

Softly dreaming, the river passed by its banks, swollen by the mists and storms in the long, dark winters, and dwindling small and evil-smelling in the summer droughts. Thus the old order, moving sedately through its accustomed unquestioning ways, has passed along the current of the centuries.

The mansion is still standing; but those who built it and lived within its shelter would find it hard to recognise. The garden has disappeared,

and where it stood there run grimy roads set with tram-lines. The pastures are beaten spaces of earth, where vast sheds covering the engine and the anvil stand in ordered confusion. The house remains, the outer steps worn, the delicate balustrading broken down; the pleasant rooms, stripped of furniture, are used by the designers for the shipyard. On every hand tower the stocks on which are cradled the ships of the future. The hammers ring unceasingly, and the clanking engines are never at rest. The river-banks are dark and stained, the low clouds are charged with the darkness of smoke unending, and the never-ceasing rain falls in driven storms across the mile-long stretches of yards.

Through the gates come trooping the workers, the men who can give or withhold so much in these days of toil with head and heart and hand. The mansion-house is again being worked by women, who are attending to the household gear in the shape of canteen food for the riverside builders and makers. Once again the kitchen is odorous with baked meats and steaming broth. The withdrawing-room, parlour, and dining-room are set with tables, and there is little excuse to wander outside for the glass that inebriates and does not speed the work.

The mansion stands in its monumental dignity, teeming with a new generation, and under its roof strange things are thought and said. Men pass it by careless of that for which it stands, and others enter and use its comforts, and pass away unheeding. The ancient roof-tree knows that as its walls have seen better times, so it has seen a better race of citizens in the days that are behind—men who feared God, and believed in their country and their city; men of thrift, of hardihood, of pride and honesty, upright in walk and conversation. Their successors in the industrial life of Scotland have in many instances ceased to walk in the footprints of those who made Scotland an example among the nations. The canker that eats the life out of the people and has darkened counsel is the love of strong drink, and the slothful self-seeking habits which are engendered by intemperance. It is impossible to serve God, to love the neighbour or the country, and to be a slave to drink. That form of mammon and the Christian ideal of service cannot go together.

The men who see this most clearly are those who have left for a time the ranks of industry, and are serving in the armies of the nation. They have learnt under discipline that service and drunkenness are not compatible. They, in the hour of the fight, know how much they have to rely on those who should be toiling for them in arsenal and shipyard. The toll of life

taken from them is the measure of the work of the comrade or the slacker in the workshops they have left. They who fail them will have a stern sentence pronounced by the men who have fought and passed through the fiery ordeal to win the victory for the dwellers in the ancient mansions and homes of Scotland.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

CHAPTER IV.—*continued.*

II.

AS a start to his seagoing training, Martin found himself put in the gunnery-training class with eleven other youngsters like himself; and here, under the expert guidance of Petty Officer Samuel Breech, he was soon being initiated into the mysteries of squad drill, the rifle and field exercise, the various parts of a rifle and their uses, gun drill, the anatomy and interior economy of lighter weapons and machine-guns, and their ammunition. Much of it he had already learnt before, during his period of preliminary training at the barracks, and the instruction, essentially practical, did not overtax his intelligence.

Petty Officer Breech, a fully qualified gunner's mate, was a strict disciplinarian and something of a martinet. He was a short, burly little man, with a bull-neck and a rasping voice; and the former, combined with a closely clipped red beard and a pair of piercing gray eyes, gave him an air of ferocity which he really did not possess. He was naturally kind-hearted, and the buxom Mrs Breech could twiddle him round her little finger. But on board ship he upheld his dignity with firmness. After long experience with ordinary seamen and their ways, he had come to the conclusion that the only way of getting them thoroughly in hand was to frighten them at the start, and to keep them frightened; so he invariably commenced operations by giving each new class a short lecture.

'You 'ave joined the navy,' he used to say, glaring fiercely, 'to learn discipline, an' you've come to me to learn somethin' about gunnery, or as much of it as I can drive into your thick 'eads. The sooner we understand each other the better; an' before we start work I warns you that I'll stand no sauce from the likes o' you, so just bear it in mind. When I gives you an order I expects it to be obeyed at once, an' at the rush. I don't want no shufflin' about in the ranks, nor skylarkin' neither,' he added, gazing ferociously at Martin, who was endeavouring to remove a spot of moisture from the end of his nose without using a handkerchief.

'I wants to blow me nose,' murmured the culprit, reddening.

'An' I wants no back answers unless I asks you a question,' Breech went on, wagging an

admonitory finger. 'When you're standin' at attention you must keep still, no matter whether a moskeeter's bitin' you 'longside the ear'ole, or a wild monkey's chewin' your stummick. I wants you to look like a squad o' Henglish sailors, not a party o' mourners at a H Irishman's funeral, nor yet a gals' school out for a airin'. It's no laughin' matter, neither,' he continued, eyeing one of his pupils who had a suspicion of a smile hovering round the corners of his mouth. 'W'en I makes a joke you can laugh—bu'st if you like; but if I sees you laughin' when I'm not, that's hinsolence, an' you knows wot to expect.'

The smile vanished.

'I'm 'ere to enforce discipline,' the petty officer resumed, 'an' discipline I'll 'ave. I wants you to be smart, an' if I sees you're tryin' to learn I'll do my best for you. If I sees any one skylarkin' or talkin' in the ranks I runs 'im in at once, so don't forget it. To start with, I'm goin' to teach you the parts o' the rifle; an' w'en you knows that, we passes on to squad drill with an' without arms. Squad!—stand easy! This 'ere,' he explained, balancing a Lee-Enfield in his hand, 'is a magazine rifle, Lee-Enfield, Mark 1 star. Its weight is a trifle over nine pounds, as you'll find w'en you 'ave to carry it; an' its length, without the bay'nit, is four foot one an' a narf inches. This 'ere's the bay'nit, with a blade 'xactly twelve inches long, an' 'e fixes on to the muzzle o' the rifle, so. The bay'nit is only sharpened on the outbreak o' 'ostilities, an' is provided for stickin' your enemy; not, as most sailors thinks it's for, for openin' corned-beef tins, an' such like. 'Owever, we'll 'ave plenty o' bay'nit exercise later on.'

It took them a full day and a half to learn the ins and outs of the rifle; and, having mastered it thoroughly, the class passed on to squad drill and the rifle and field exercise. The greater number of them already had some smattering of these, but that fact did not prevent Petty Officer Breech marching and counter-marching them up and down the deck as if their very lives depended upon it. He kept up a running commentary the whole time.

'Squad!—shun! Stand at—ease! A little

more life in it; an' keep still when you 're standin' at attention, can't you? Knees straight, 'ead an' body erect, eyes straight to the front.—'Awkins, you 're waggin' your 'ead.—Flannagan, keep your knees straight, an' stand up.—Now then, try again. Squad!—shun! Ah, that's more like it now. Number! Form fours! As you were! A little life in it, please! Form fours! Right turn! Quick march! Come along, come along, step out smartly with the left foot, an' take a full pace. Left—left—left—right—left! Mark time! Pick your feet up! Pick 'em up! Bend the knees! That's more like it! For-ward! About turn! Not a bit like it. Squad!—halt! Left turn! Stand easy! Look 'ere, now. W'en I says, "About turn!" I don't want you to shuffle round any'ow. I gives the order "turn" as the left foot comes to the ground, an' each man turns on 'is own ground in three paces. At the fourth pace step off with the left foot in this manner.' He marked time himself, and proceeded to demonstrate how easy it really was.

For a whole week they were hard at it, learning to march, side step, change step, double, form fours, turn, and change direction. Sometimes, when one or other of the pupils was called out to drill the class, they got tied up into inextricable knots with the rear rank facing the front, and the men in their wrong places; but after seven hard days even Breech admitted that he was fairly satisfied with their progress.

Then they spent hours fixing and unfixing bayonets, ordering, shouldering, sloping, trailing, changing, grounding, and securing arms, until they were sick of the very sight of a rifle. It was dreary work—very dreary; and if they showed the least signs of slackness or inattention they were doubled round the deck until they were ready to drop from sheer fatigue, or did 'muscle drill' until their biceps ached.

They saluted mythical officers, varying in rank from the sovereign himself to second lieutenants and midshipmen, and attended imaginary funerals as the escort or firing-party. On these occasions Breech walked solemnly up and down to represent the officer or party to be saluted, or, in the case of the funerals, the corpse on its gun-carriage. 'The next time I passes I represents 'is Majesty the King inspectin' a guard o' honour, mounted at Bucking'am Palace,' or 'Now I'm a Field-Marshal,' and 'Now I'm a lieutenant in the navy,' he would say, approaching with what he considered the slow and stately gait befitting his exalted rank. 'Now I represents a regiment o' soldiers with their colours flyin'.' 'Now I'm the corpse comin' out o' the mortu-ary.'

The first time he made this last remark it caused the second man from the left in the rear rank to burst out into a raucous chuckle of amusement, and in another instant the whole class was tittering.

Breech fixed the culprit with a horny eye. 'There's not nothin' to laugh at, 'Awkins,' he observed without the ghost of a smile. 'This is a very sad occasion. You'll be the corpse yourself one day.'

They made pretty good progress on the whole—all except Peter Flannagan, that is. He was by way of being a 'bird'—a man who is constantly in trouble—and had already been through the gunnery-training class once, but had failed in the examination at the end of it. As a result he had been put back for a further period. He was naturally as obstinate as a mule, and unusually thick-headed; but, instead of doing his best with what wits he possessed, he endeavoured to show his superiority by taking as little trouble as he dared. He was Breech's *bête noire*; and, if ever anybody was wrong, it was pretty certain to be Flannagan. But he deserved everything he got, and was very unpopular with the others.

On one never-to-be-forgotten occasion the petty officer cautioned him for talking and joking in the ranks whilst at drill. The Irishman, in some fit of devilment, promptly repeated the offence, and, not content with that, put out his tongue to show his contempt.

Breech saw it. 'Flannagan,' he thundered in a voice of iron, 'come out to the front!'

The Irishman came out and stood before him with a sullen scowl.

'You disobeys my order wilfully, an' puts out your tongue,' the petty officer said. 'Disobedience an' hinsolence. 'Ave you anythin' to say?'

'Nothin', except that I'm fair fed up wi' bein' chased about this 'ere deck like a dawg.'

'Fed up, are you?' Breech answered, keeping his temper, but with a dangerous ring in his voice. 'You 'ave the himpertinence to spin me a yarn like that! If I chooses to take you on the quarterdeck, you gets a couple o' months in the detention quarters for hinsolence. But you're long past the stage where punishment'll do you any good. No; I shall 'ave to deal wi' you another way, my lad. I'll see that you're taken out o' the trainin' class, to start with, an' you comes an' reports yourself to me at five o'clock this evenin'. Now you takes off your accoutrements, returns your rifle, an' reports yourself to the capt'n o' your top. Perhaps 'e'll find some use for you; you're no good to me.'

Flannagan, rather ashamed of himself, slouched off.

What happened at five o'clock that afternoon the class never discovered; but the fact remains that Mr Peter Flannagan trod rather delicately, and had some slight difficulty in sitting down for the next ten days or so. Rumour had it that Breech, who was a powerful little man, had armed himself with a singlestick, and had taken the law into his own hands. Very reprehensible conduct on his part, no doubt, for it was strictly

against the regulations, and might have got him into trouble if the Irishman had lodged an official complaint. But Breech knew his victim to a nicety, and was perfectly well aware that he lacked the necessary courage to make the matter public. He knew, moreover, that to a man of Flannagan's type a little concentrated physical pain was far and away a better deterrent than any other form of punishment. Whatever his method was, it had the desired effect, for thereafter Ordinary Seaman Peter Flannagan treated Petty Officer Samuel Breech with a respect which almost amounted to reverence. A strong arm and a thick stick do sometimes achieve wonders.

Martin and the remainder of the class waxed hilarious over Peter's downfall. He was not popular. He was a K.H.B.,* and they were not sorry to be rid of his presence.

III.

The life, however, was not all work, and Martin found he had a certain amount of leisure for amusement. He was allowed ashore every alternate day from four o'clock in the afternoon till ten o'clock at night, and on Saturdays and Sundays from one-thirty.

The *Belligerent* ran her own football team—she ran everything, from a concert-party, a pipe-band, and a tame pig, to a monthly magazine (written, edited, and produced on board); and Pincher, who had been rather a shining light as a wing forward in his village team at home, invariably went ashore to watch the matches.

The squadron always played a football league competition during the winter, each ship playing every other vessel in turn, and the winner of the most points at the end of the season holding a challenge cup—presented by the flag officers and captains—for the ensuing year. In addition to this, the members of the winning team received personal prizes in the shape of inscribed silver medallions. The *Belligerent* had come out top in the league the year before, and the victorious team had promptly had their photographs taken, with, of course, the medallions and the cup; and the latter, enshrined in its glass case, now lived on the fore mess-deck as a tribute to their prowess. They were very proud of it. They were keen to win again, but rumour had it that the *Tremendous*, which had been newly commissioned, had a remarkably good team. Two of them were reported to be county players, so the 'Belligerents' were rather fearful of their laurels.

Now Martin, small and puny though he was, was fleet of foot and very tricky with his feet, but he was far too modest to let anybody know it. He always watched the matches, however, and took an intelligent interest in the games, and

eventually, by dint of being present on many occasions, found himself installed as a sort of honorary member of the team in the shape of their recognised touch-judge. He was even permitted to appear in the photograph which was taken soon after the ship arrived at Portland. He was in the back row, it is true, and wore his seaman's clothes instead of a highly coloured shirt, blue shorts, stockings, and football boots. But he carried a small hand-flag as his insignia of office, and considered himself no small beer in consequence. It was an honour to be associated with the team in any way; and as most of the officers, and practically the whole of the ship's company who happened to be ashore, made a point of attending the matches, Martin, running about with his flag, felt he was a—if not the—centre of attraction. At any rate, he was quite a personage, and talked about the game to the other ordinary seamen and boys with an air of great authority.

The scenes of excitement during some of the matches baffled description. 'Play up, Yaller-bellies!' two hundred of the *Belligerent's* men would shout in unison. The yellow referred to the canary-coloured shirts worn by their team, while the other rather inelegant word was the abbreviated name of the ship.

'Come on, the Cockneys!' or 'the Duffos!' would come the answering roar from the partisans of the other team, according to whether their ship hailed from Chatham or Devonport. 'Down wi' the Pompeyites!'

For minutes at a time the repartee bandied to and fro was so vociferous that the whistle was well-nigh inaudible; but the referee was used to it. He had an unenviable time in other ways, poor man! for whatever decision he gave was quite certain to be wrong from the point of view of fully half the spectators, in spite of the fact that he was a strictly neutral man from some other ship. 'Foul!' somebody would bellow, as the whistle blew for a free kick. 'Garn! That ain't no foul!' was hurled back from the men of the ship against which the penalty had been given. 'Play the game! Play the game, carn't you?' 'Goal! Well shot! Good old Yaller-bellies!' would come a roar, accompanied by a shower of caps in the air, as the ball flew past the white posts into the net. 'That's the style! Knock 'em end-ways!' 'Offside! Offside!' came louder yells from the other side. 'Where's the referee? What's 'e thinkin' of?' And so it went on.

But the referee, used to the ways of seamen, merely smiled, and paid no attention whatever to the ribald remarks hurled at his head, personal as some of them were. He was proof against such attacks, and his decisions were always fair.

Occasionally there were stormy scenes at the end of the matches; for when a favourite team had lost, their adherents were sometimes anxious

* K.H.B. = King's hard bargain, a term used in connection with a man who is an undesirable character.

to take on the partisans of the other side with their fists to discover which really was the better ship. More than once men returned on board with black eyes and swollen noses; but actual bloodshed was rare, though feeling always ran high. More often than not, victors and vanquished alike repaired to the canteen, and absorbed malt liquor at each other's expense, the former to celebrate the victory and the latter to drown their sorrow. They were very keen on the result of the league matches. The canteen did a roaring trade.

At one of the most important matches a member of the *Belligerent's* eleven happened to be absent at the time the game was due to start, and Lieutenant Boyle, who captained the team, was at his wits' end to find a suitable substitute. 'Have any of you men played this game?' he asked, going up to a group of seamen belonging to the *Belligerent* who had come to watch. 'Parkins hasn't turned up. We want a forward badly.'

Pincher, seizing the opportunity, stepped forward before any one else had a chance of answering. 'I've played at 'ome, sir,' he said, reddening at his own temerity. 'I used to be on the right wing.'

Boyle seemed rather surprised. 'You!' he said. 'Can you run? D'you know how to dribble and shoot?'

'Yessir.'

The officer looked at him for a moment without replying. He seemed rather doubtful.

'E's orl right, sir,' chipped in Billings, who happened to be present. 'E's pretty nippy on 'is feet. I've seen 'im kickin' the ball abart.'

The lieutenant looked up with a laugh. 'All right, Billings. We'll take him on your recommendation.—Martin, rush across to the pavilion and borrow some gear. Hurry up about it; we're late already.'

Pincher, overjoyed and very proud of himself, flew off like the wind, and presently reappeared

clad in full regalia, yellow shirt and all. It was his first really important match; but he felt he was on his mettle, and played well, almost brilliantly. At any rate, he shot two goals; whereat the 'Belligerents' howled themselves hoarse, raised cheers for 'young Pincher,' and wished to treat him with much beer at the end of the game. It was the first time in his life he had ever received adulation, and he was a proud man. His play had undoubtedly helped to win the match.

He was prouder still when Boyle sought him out afterwards. 'You played excellently, Martin,' he said. 'Why on earth didn't you let us know you played?'

'Didn't like to, sir.'

The officer laughed. 'I wish you men wouldn't be quite so modest,' he remarked. 'How d'you expect us to raise a decent team if you all hide your lights under bushels? You're the very man we've been looking for.'

'I'm sorry, sir,' said Martin sheepishly. 'I didn't know as 'ow I wus wanted.'

'We didn't know you were a player. However, now we've got you, you will remain in the team; so look out you keep yourself in decent training. A pint of beer after each game, and no more, mind. If you come to my cabin this evening I'll give you your jersey and other gear.' The lieutenant strolled off to change.

Martin could have jumped for joy. He was a full-fledged 'Yellow-belly' at last, and would appear before the whole ship's company in all the glory of a canary-yellow shirt with a large blue 'B' on the left breast. It was one of the things in this world he had been longing for. He was no longer a mere excrescence on the face of the earth—a poor, puny Pincher who was everybody's whipping-boy. On the contrary, he was a very proud Pincher, for at last he had come into his own. The *Belligerent* had some use for him, after all.

(Continued on page 387.)

'THE BEST JOB IN THE ARMY.'

A SUPPLY OFFICER'S WORK ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

By a S.O.

'BRIGADE Supply Officer, are you? Best junior job in the army, young man. You're a lucky young devil!' These were the words with which a senior officer congratulated a subaltern acquaintance upon his appointment to the office of S.O. recently. Whether it is actually the 'best job in the army' is open to doubt; but it is certainly one of the most interesting, if being close in touch from time to time with possibly every unit in a division implies interest.

Supplies—that is, supplies in the usual sense of the word: meat, bread, groceries, forage, disinfectants, oil, and commodities of a similar nature—are sent up from the base depots by train to railhead, a railway station with a goods-yard, as far advanced towards the trenches as is consistent with safety and general convenience. They are sent up for an ordinary infantry division in quantities known as standard packs—food for twenty thousand men and six thousand horses. At railhead the train is off-loaded into

the motor-lorries of the Mechanical Transport, A.S.C. (Army Service Corps).

Now every division for supply purposes is divided into groups, generally four or five in number: three brigade groups—that is, an infantry brigade, and any sappers, gunners, or other units situated near that brigade—and a divisional troops group, comprising any units that have not been dealt with in one of the brigade groups. The fifth may be a fairly large unit alone—for example, a divisional ammunition column—which for the proper performance of its duties is so far behind the actual firing-line that the mechanical transport lorries can deliver its food to it direct.

At railhead, therefore, the fleet of M.T. lorries is divided into sections corresponding to these groups, and the supplies loaded accordingly. They are then sent out from railhead at an appointed time each day, and deliver supplies to 'refilling point,' where they dump them in the presence of the group supply officer, to whom they are consigned. And it is at refilling point, a spot convenient for the loading of horse transport wagons between railhead and the first line transport lines of the battalions of a brigade, that the S.O.'s duties commence.

There is scope for the exercise of some ingenuity in the selection of a refilling point, a job which falls sometimes on the D.A.Q.M.G. (Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General), sometimes on the senior supply officer, and less often on the supply officer personally concerned, for it has to suit the convenience of both the horse and mechanical transport, and be large enough for distributing and loading purposes.

To this point, then, at, say, seven A.M., roll up the great three-ton lorries filled with the soldiers' food, and accompanied by an officer in a car (the road officer, M.T.) and a sergeant on a motor-bicycle. They draw up under the direction of the S.O. (Supply Officer), who is absolute master of the ceremonies at refilling point.

Alongside a bit of waste ground at the edge of the road are the loaders and quartermaster-sergeants of the battalions and other units in the brigade group. In addition to the infantry, there may be represented a company of Royal Engineers, a field ambulance, a brigade of gunners, and the divisional cyclist company. Each unit has sent its representatives to refilling point, and these men, together with the mechanical transport loaders, seize upon the boxes and crates, the frozen meat, biscuits and bread, oats and hay, and heave them down upon the side of the road, arranging them under the direction of the supply officers' clerks and issuers, who are checking them over.

Meanwhile the S.O. compares his list of supplies required with the list sent up by the authorities at railhead, and then both lists with those made out by his men who have been checking the supplies actually on the ground

before them. These lists should all agree. If they do not, then the discrepancies are noted, and railhead notified, also the senior supply officer, who will later on make his round of the refilling points.

When all the checking is satisfactorily completed, the supply column lorries move away on their road back to railhead, and the units' representatives, under the issuers' instructions, proceed to make their dumps—the correct amount of supplies due to each according to the issuers' slips, which the chief clerk has made out and handed to them—so much bacon, so much butter (twice a week), so much jam, so much bread and meat. The loaders hustle around, while the quartermaster-sergeants stand about with note-books and pencils, and an ever-watchful eye upon the issuers, whom they persist in regarding as their natural enemies. The S.O., who has to keep his eye upon the issuers' clerks and quartermaster-sergeants and loaders, walks about amongst the dumps, signing *chits* for fuel (usually drawn from a small depot near divisional headquarters, though the S.O. is responsible for the quantity drawn, hence the *chits*), urging haste on every one, choosing out a ham, perhaps, for brigade headquarters mess—one must 'do' the General decently—seeing that Colonel Thingummy gets the marmalade he has been demanding for the past fortnight, and attending to all sorts of special 'wants,' from brandy for the Buffs' medical officer to 'anti-frostbite' for the Rifle Brigade.

Soon arrive the supply-wagons from camp, with the A.S.C. transport subaltern at their head. On each wagon is painted a mystic device. To the uninitiated—for example, a possible spy—this means nothing. To those who know, it indicates the battalion or other unit to which the supply-wagon is allotted. So the wagons draw up adjacent to their own particular dumps, which are accordingly forthwith loaded on to them by their loaders, and they move away either to the appointed rendezvous with the first line transport (when the brigade is in what might be called 'temporarily permanent' trenches), or, probably, back to camp to await orders when a battle is in progress or expected.

During this time the S.O. has probably had one or two visitors. There is, for instance, the S.S.O. (Senior Supply Officer), who calls at each refilling point in the divisional area (more or less). 'Any complaints?' he asks, and dashes off again in his 'Sunbeam.' Possibly the C.O., accompanied by the adjutant, turns up, relieves the S.O. of a cigarette, tells him a funny story, and rides on; though meanwhile his clear old eye has been noting many little things it didn't appear to note, about which he tells the adjutant as they ride away.

Refilling over, and the convoy on its way safely, the S.O. gets back to camp, has a belated breakfast, posts up his supply accounts, reads through the indents for supplies required the

day after to-morrow with his chief clerk, and attends to any correspondence. He also sees his requisitioning officer and gives him instructions as to the quantity of vegetables, hay, straw, &c. required for the morrow. If the R.O. has not made arrangements to have these commodities ready at refilling point, he goes off in the car to do so.

After that there is nothing very pressing until the daily meeting with the senior supply officer at two o'clock, when the day's accounts are checked—a dull affair, usually over in half-an-hour.

Outside the S.S.O.'s billet the car is waiting, for the S.O. is going to 'see his units;' that is to say, he is going to call upon one or two of the commanding officers of the battalions in his brigade, and perhaps a company of R.E. on the way. He goes up by way of brigade headquarters, usually about four miles from the brigade company of the divisional train. The S.O. takes the car as far as he can in daylight, to certain cross-roads about two miles behind the front-line trenches in the salients. He leaves it there, under cover of some trees or a shell-scarred house, in the charge of the driver, and proceeds to walk across that forbidding and desolate shell-pocked mile or two which lies immediately behind the line. He notes with interest the new shell-holes made since yesterday on or near the path, listens to the weird flight of an occasional Hun shell overhead, hears the low groaning of a close one, and sees it throw up a ton of earth two hundred yards or so away to the left. Then suddenly across the fields sounds the warning note of a whistle. Overhead is the buzzing sound of aircraft, and the *pop-pop-pop-pop* of the British 'Archibalds;' around a black speck in the sky appear little, white, fleecy clouds which slowly enlarge and disperse like thick puffs of smoke from a man's pipe. The S.O. gets under cover of some trees until the whistle sounds again, and tells him that he and all others may safely show themselves. And so, with a feeling of relief, he arrives at the brigade headquarters, and reports to the staff-captain, who, if he is the right sort of S.O., is his very good friend.

Now it is hardly necessary in these days to describe a brigade staff-captain. He is, of course, a 'Tin Hat,' wears red tabs on his jacket, and is regarded by every newly arrived sub. with feelings of intense reverence, mingled with awe. In spite of this, however, a brigade staff-captain on active service is quite the most get-at-able person set in authority. He is a sort of adjutant-quartermaster and general factotum to the brigade in one. He is the brigadier's mouthpiece in matters of supplies, and he can always (nearly always) tell you where his battalions are going to bivouac on a march—a thing that takes not a little ingenuity to discover on occasions. So a supply officer must always

keep in close touch with him. He knows all about 'movements,' details of which he sends you in a long official envelope marked 'Secret' in red ink, and all serious complaints and suggestions about rations—especially the rum ration!—go through him.

'Hallo!' he says to our S.O.; 'glad to see you. Come in and have some tea.' So the S.O. does, and meets the brigadier, and the brigade major, and the signalling officer, and perhaps a visitor from divisional headquarters gathered round a table in the least damaged room of the farmhouse among the batteries. A cup of tea, and then to business. The Warwicks are complaining of a short ration of tea two days ago. 'Yes, I know about that,' says S.O. 'Somebody had to go short because the stuff didn't come up, but I made it up to them this morning.' 'That's all right, but you might call in and see the colonel; he wants to make some suggestions, I think.' S.O. makes a note of it. Then the Staffords' doctor wants some brandy, and the Northants' colonel would also like to see the S.O.

'Signals' is going down to the trenches after tea, so S.O. and he, long since good friends, start off down the shell-scarred path to the little gap in the bank on the side of the road which leads under cover to the reserve dug-outs.

By this time it is quite dark. The path is strewn all the way with holes and unevennesses made by small shells and the traffic of many troops. Much rain has made it muddy enough and slippery enough under any circumstances. But these holes are filled with dirty water, sometimes knee-deep. Signals and S.O. stagger painfully on, now arm-in-arm to prevent slipping. Both carry electric torches, but they dare not use them. However, they know the path well, and after twenty minutes' slipping and sliding, walking and trotting, they make the reserve trenches where the Warwicks' colonel is to be found.

Reserve trenches are rather like a small village—a troglodyte village such as that at Kinver. They are carefully built into a high bank, the solid earth supported by wooden beams forming the back and a part of the roof. The other walls are composed of sand-bags boarded up, and that part of the roof not formed by the inletting into the bank is heavily covered with the ubiquitous sand-bag, corrugated iron, and thick turf. Inside everything is cosy enough. There is a table in the centre of the room, where the adjutant is seated with some papers. There are two or three chairs, and a couple of biscuit-boxes, which form a sort of cupboard; a coke-burning stove pervades the room with a comforting, if somewhat odorous, heat.

Every Englishman will carry his sense of the fitness of hospitality to the ends of the earth—to the trenches and beyond. The colonel welcomes S.O. and Signals, insists on their occupying his best chairs near the fire, produces

whisky and siphons, hands his cigarette-case, and having made every one thoroughly comfortable and at home, begins to discuss with S.O. the ever-interesting subject of 'supplies.' 'Change of diet for the men' is the colonel's scheme, and S.O. takes a few notes. Larger variety of vegetables wanted; a little more work for the requisitioning officer. 'They used to send us up tinned salmon last year,' said the colonel. 'Can't they do it now?' S.O. explained that the tinned salmon was a present to the troops from British Columbia; but he will see if anything can be done through the senior supply officer.

More talk of a similar character, and drinks finished, S.O. and Signals salute and retire, *en route* for the next officer on the calling list. They are told the Northants' colonel is in the fire-trench with his battalion, so along the deep communication-trench they go toward the bit of line the Northants are holding. The trench is nearly half a mile in length, and it takes them a good fifteen minutes to traverse it, so covered with mud and water is the surface. At the end of it they find a sentry. 'The colonel's just gone up to inspect the defences at the Bluff, sir,' he says. 'If you wait here, he'll be back shortly.' S.O. and Signals find a subaltern acquaintance, and chat to him. Things are very quiet this evening. The artillery action of the afternoon has subsided, and only an occasional sniper's shot is heard, and now and again the rattle of a machine-gun somewhere down the line.

Presently the colonel returns, and they walk back with him to the second-line trenches, discussing between their slips the possibility of getting a better supply of charcoal, a matter of considerable difficulty now that the charcoal country of the Somme district is partly in German hands. S.O. propounds a scheme of his for collecting charcoal from large bakers in some of the French towns, which may bring in a little more; and so, business done, Signals and S.O. retrace their steps, and get back to brigade headquarters about seven-thirty p.m., where S.O. finds his car waiting for him, grim and lightless, under cover of trees. No car or transport is allowed on that road in daytime, but at nights slowly and carefully they come in the darkness.

Half-an-hour's run takes him back to camp near P., a belated dinner, a chat with the R.O., his own dug-out, and sleep that comes readily enough at nine-thirty, what time in England the night clubs have not yet begun to fill.

So far this has been an endeavour to picture roughly the work of a supply officer at one of those times—so numerous indeed—when despatches say: 'On the western front, apart from artillery duels at some points of the line, there is nothing to report.' But during a march, and, worse still, a retreat or an attack, the difficulties are innumerable, and to a man naturally inclined to feel the responsibilities of his position acutely, the ever-present anxiety is a continual source of trial. He has to deal with units constantly changing their positions almost from hour to hour; he has to find out where they are and where supplies are wanted; sometimes he can't get a map, even in unknown districts, and has to find places in his car, return, and guide the supply convoy to them on horseback. There is a transport officer in charge of the convoy; but it is the S.O. who is responsible that supplies get to the spot to which they have been ordered to be sent.

At times when every staff-officer is nerved to the utmost by great anxieties; when all is rush and hurry, and information is difficult to come by; when an hour's delay behind may mean untold hardships in the firing-line, then it needs all the resources of a cool head, the power of quick decision, tireless energy, sometimes considerable personal gallantry, to see that battalions and batteries, field companies and ambulances, get their daily ration at the proper time. Above all else, the S.O. must never be out of touch with the staff-captain of his brigade. Where supplies are concerned, these two must always work together. Divisional orders have a way of being altered, quite necessarily, at the last moment in emergencies. But if staff-captain and S.O. understand one another, and know what each is going to do, all sorts of difficulties vanish. But anxiety is ever the lot of the S.O. On him rests largely, at times on him alone, the responsibility for the 'feeding of the five thousand,' or the four or six thousand, as the case may be. It is no light burden.

CORPORAL MARGUERITE.

CHAPTER III.

MOST of the houses in Armand were shaken to their foundations almost as soon as it was daylight the next morning. The inmates of the 'Coq d'Or' were suddenly awakened. Sounds of men hastily getting up came from the little rooms, and, a few minutes after the first heavy

detonations had shaken Grandpère François's inn, doors were opened, and the colonel and his officers made their appearance, buttoning tunics or girding on sword-belts as they came hurrying along the passages and descended the stairs.

In a few minutes the whole village was in

confusion, officers shouting orders, men aroused hastily from heavy sleep forming up in the street in the rapidly increasing light of dawn.

Among the German officers there was evident concern and distrust. The colonel and Lieutenant Hofmeyer, his face still scarred by Marguerite's nails, stood in the early morning light just outside the inn door talking earnestly. The steel of their sword-scabbards and the gold braid on the colonel's uniform gleamed dully.

'There is not a doubt, sir,' exclaimed Hofmeyer. 'She was stopped while returning to the village. It was at three this morning.'

The older man looked sharply at the speaker, and said heavily, 'It is no offence, lieutenant, for her to have been outside the village. Unless,' he added, 'I had issued orders last night that none of the inhabitants were to leave it.'

'No, sir,' the lieutenant admitted reluctantly; 'but in war, if I may be allowed to say so, one cannot take risks.'

'Agreed!' interrupted the colonel.

'And one must make an example. It may cause the villagers to be cautious regarding the information they give when we have gone.'

At this moment a shrill scream cut the still morning air; and a moment later the mother of Marguerite, pushed roughly by two infantrymen, came round the corner of the inn, accompanied by a corporal.

'Your name?' asked the colonel sternly, as Madame Baudet was brought in front of him.

'Jeanne Baudet,' came the unflinching reply.

'You have been seen returning before dawn to the village, Jeanne Baudet,' said the colonel. 'You are suspected of giving information to an enemy advance patrol. Have you anything to say?'

'I have nothing to say,' was the reply, after a moment's hesitation.

'You admit that the charge is true?' pursued the colonel.

'I admit nothing and I deny nothing when questioned by the enemies of France,' came the answer.

'She is like all these peasants—recalcitrant,' exclaimed the lieutenant.

The colonel said nothing, and stood thinking for a moment. Then he said, addressing Jeanne Baudet in a hard voice, 'You know what happens to spies and informers?'

'I know what happens.'

There was another pause.

'I have no alternative in the interests of my men, and of the German army. You will be shot.'

The words fell with stupefying effect upon Jeanne Baudet's ears. But out of the confusion of mind that momentarily resulted upon the sentence emerged the thought, 'Then it is true what they say of these Bosches; they shoot even women as well as men.'

The colonel said something to the lieutenant, and then turned on his heel.

'Place her against the wall,' said Hofmeyer harshly; adding, when this had been done, 'Call up four more men, corporal.'

Three minutes sufficed to do this. The six men, at about fifteen paces, stood with their rifles raised.

A volley rang out, echoed sharply against the walls of the houses on the opposite side of the little Grande Place, and the thin wreaths of acrid smoke drifted slowly away in the air.

Jeanne Baudet had fallen without a cry, and lay against the wall still and piteous.

Marguerite, in the tiny attic room into which she had locked herself the night before, had awakened early. She had sat near the window, afraid to venture downstairs, and whilst doing so had heard the voices of the colonel and the lieutenant, though she could not catch all they were saying. Then the shots rang out, and, with that strange form of telepathy of which many have experience, she had seemed to visualise the whole tragedy, and become cognisant of what had happened. She craned out of her narrow window, but could see nothing down below by reason of the jutting eaves. Then frantically she tried to unfasten the door; but in her mental anguish she forgot where she had put the key.

It was not till half-an-hour later that she was released by Grandpère François himself, red-eyed and shaken. Together they stood at the window watching the departure of the enemy—the enemy that she cursed in her heart with a deep, undying, and hundredfold hatred. Her face was pale and drawn, and her eyes had a terrified look in them, as though some horror had frozen itself upon the retina.

When the last of the Germans had disappeared round the corner of the street across the Grande Place, she turned away, and, with her grandfather, stumbled half-blindly down the creaking stairs, and entered the room where her mother lay so still, with dark marks staining the fabric of her bodice on the breast.

The days that immediately followed at Armand were stirring ones. The village was lucky to escape destruction in the first days of the German retreat; but it was not, as time proved, to be spared the horrors of war.

Many French and British wounded came into it, and ambulance-carts with their sorrowful burden were drawn up in the little cobble-paved square which rejoiced in the grandiloquent name of the Grande Place. These wounded soldiers of France and Britain were tenderly ministered to by the women of Armand, Marguerite among the rest. But all the while she was helping to bandage, or to hold while others did the work, or to give food and drink, an idea was coming to birth in her mind, born of the awful hatred

of the German invader which burned in her heart and soul—a hatred which nothing would ever blot out, something that she herself felt would never die.

At noon on the seventh day after the Germans had come and gone, one of the wounded quartered at the 'Coq d'Or,' a mere boy of nineteen, a corporal in the 40th Regiment of the Line, died in Marguerite's arms. For two days she had tended him untiringly, soothing his pain, and often vainly attempting to calm him in his delirium.

When all was over came the opportunity of carrying out the plan which had grown in her mind. She crept away to her own little room under the roof, up a narrow, twisting staircase which seemed to lead nowhere till one came to the door of the attic itself.

When she had crossed the room—which she was destined never to enter again—she knelt for a moment or two at the foot of the crucifix which hung upon the roughly plastered wall, praying for the soul of him who lay still and peaceful in the room below. Then she rose and went to the little dressing-table, a gift from Grandpère François, with a tiny swing mirror on it, and peered at herself in the glass.

Tears sprang to her eyes. How could she do the thing that she was about to do? But at last, with an effort, she undid her hair and let it fall, a cascade of gold, down over her shoulders to her waist, and then, slowly and deliberately, with her teeth set, she seized a pair of scissors and ruthlessly sheared off her tresses, which fell in thick coils on to the uncarpeted floor.

Then, when it had all gone, and her hair was almost as short as that of a boy, she covered her face with her hands, not daring to see herself in the glass. But in a moment or two she regained her composure, and glanced furtively at the strange and almost boyish-looking face which stared back at her from the surface of the tiny mirror.

She realised suddenly that she had done a terrible thing—that she had taken an untraceable step in the course of action which she had mapped out for herself. But the fire of a great determination, fed by the suffering and horror which she had passed through, steeled her heart, and with tearless eyes she turned to the little bed where lay the regimentals of the young corporal whose soul had so recently winged its way to its eternal home.

With fingers that no longer trembled, she commenced to undress, letting her garments fall one by one as though she were performing some sacrificial act on the altar of her country and her honour. Then, just as slowly and deliberately, she re-dressed herself in the unwonted clothes. Corporal Duplessis was small and slight, almost of girlish figure indeed, and

so his clothes fitted Marguerite almost as though they had been made for her.

When she had buckled the belt round her waist, and had, just as an experiment, rammed his *képi* on to her fair head, she crossed to the little mirror to see how she looked. A smile flickered for a moment on her face as she saw the reflection of a pretty boy with a smooth face, which had, however, strong features and sad eyes gazing back at her.

'*Bien !*' she said to herself; 'I make not so ill a little corporal, when all is said and done.' And then she recrossed the room to the bed, picked up her fallen garments one by one, folded them, and placed them in their proper drawers, or from habit hung them in the cupboard; and then she sat down to think. 'It is hard to leave Grandpère François,' she said to herself, 'without a good-bye, and M. le Curé, and Gabrielle, and Jeanne. But it must be done.'

It was quite dusk when she crept downstairs. Corporal Duplessis' boots were thick-soled, and they seemed to her to make a terrible clatter on the bare boards of the staircase. But at last she reached the ground floor, passed through the kitchen, which was deserted for the moment, and went out into the little back courtyard, which gave access to the fields, across which lay the road to Rheims.

As she was crossing the courtyard she ran almost into the arms of one of the Sisters, who glanced at her hastily, and then, with a laugh, and 'It was lucky, corporal, that I was not carrying the soup,' passed on.

Marguerite had little idea of what she would do when she got away from Armand. Vaguely at the back of her mind there was the idea that she would join some regiment, and that she would take part in the fighting.

As she walked bravely on across the fields in the hope of striking the road to Rheims, around which she knew the battle was now raging, she tried to feel that she was comfortable in the clothes she wore. Often, before she was quite grown-up, she had run races across the fields with her boy acquaintances, and when she had been beaten she had excused her defeat by reason of the petticoats which hampered her free movements, and had said laughingly, 'Ah! you would not beat me,' Jean or Georges or Raoul (as the case might be), 'if I wore the breeches and you wore the petticoats.' And now at memories of these occasions she smiled, and wondered how it was that the clothes she had professed to covet were so horribly embarrassing. But that feeling would surely go, and when she had a rifle across her shoulder she would march along with the best of them, singing as the good soldiers did, happy in the service of *la Patrie*, and in the thought that at last the time would come when France should be revenged on the nation that many years before had so cruelly humiliated her.

Late at night she saw the bivouac fires of the army corps which was operating in the neighbourhood of Armand flickering on the countryside. An hour later she had entered the lines, had been challenged, had failed to give the password, and then, at her own request, had been taken before the commanding officer. He sat in the little parlour of a cottage, a stern-faced man with a heavy white moustache, in company with several other officers, with plans spread out in front of them on the table, and several candles as the sole illumination of the little room.

When the white-moustached officer, in whose eyes, though of a hard blue in colour, there lurked an unexpected tenderness, had listened to her story, he said brusquely but not unsympathetically, 'It is impossible, mademoiselle; we cannot accept you.'

And then Marguerite went forward and fell on her knees beside the speaker. 'Oh, M. le Général!' she exclaimed, 'surely you will not deny to a woman of France the right to fight for

her country if she will, and to avenge her cruel wrongs?' And then, with bent head, Marguerite told the whole sad story, though her voice broke here and there with sobs, and the General would have spared her.

When she had finished, she rose and said, 'After that, M. le Général, can you refuse?'

The officers all regarded her, not curiously as at first, but with looks of admiration, and the youngest of all those present said, '*Mon Dieu!* what a girl, *mon Général!* If France has such as she it is well for her indeed.'

And then, after a whispered consultation with one of the other officers, the man they called General said to the younger man, 'Captain Roger, we know nothing of this, of course; but have Corporal Marguerite attached to the 99th. She may be useful for ambulance work.' As she left the room the General murmured under his white moustache, '*Le bon Dieu* keep the girl, for she has courage as well as beauty. France can do with women of her kind.'

(Continued on page 395.)

IN THE ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT OF A GREAT HOSPITAL.

ELECTRICITY is being more and more employed in the treatment of disease of many kinds, and for the after-treatment of those wounded in the great war or injured by the accidents of daily life. It is true that in many ways we whose daily work it is to employ this great force know little more about it than the Greek philosopher who discovered the fact that by rubbing a piece of amber he had produced what we now call electricity. What it is exactly who can say any more definitely than we can answer the question, 'What is heat?' It is a source of energy, giving us heat, light, motive-power. We know how to produce it, how to control and use it; but what *exactly* it is is very difficult for the wisest to put in language understood of the multitude.

A well-equipped electrical department is a necessity in every hospital of any size in these days, for electricity is a recognised remedy for many things that afflict the human race. Rheumatism, sciatica, paralysis of various kinds, ailments of nerves, wounds, trench frostbite, and so on, not to mention functional diseases, all gain great benefit from electrical treatment; whilst the electrical department is also, as a rule, responsible for X-ray treatment (as distinguished from radiography, which is the making of shadow pictures by means of X-rays, or screen examinations for the location of foreign bodies or fractures), as well as for treatment with Finzen light and the various other forms of ultra-violet rays now employed in electrical therapeutics.

One electrical room with which I have inti-

mate acquaintance is a picturesque spot. Round its walls are switchboards with complicated, mysterious levers, each with its glowing incandescent electric lamp. In one corner, lying on a luxurious couch, is a soldier, who grasps a thick, highly polished bar of plated metal. Above him stands a nurse waving two metal wands, from which vivid stars of brilliant violet light crackle and spit, their connecting wires (attached to a kind of cage of coiled wire) glowing with the same lambent flickers of violet light. This is the high-frequency 'brush' treatment. In another recess a girl is being treated for functional loss of voice, electrodes being applied to her throat. After much patient work on the part of the Sister in charge, lo! a miracle is worked, and she speaks, at first in a strange, hoarse voice, which, however, improves as the treatment is continued.

Next door a small youth perched upon a chair is being treated with X-rays for ringworm. Beyond him are various recesses which can be screened off. In one a soldier sits with each foot immersed in an earthenware footbath filled with warm water, through which passes an electric current which will restore circulation to his feet, frostbitten in the sodden trenches. Chilblains, broken and otherwise, benefit greatly by this treatment. In the next recess is another soldier sitting in what might be a stall in a choir, but instead of resting on carved arms his forearms are each immersed in a deep earthenware trough full of the warm electrically charged water.

In the centre of the big, lofty room is a large table, round which sits a party of more soldiers waiting their turn for treatment. They are amusing themselves with card-tricks, and with earnest endeavours at solving Sister's large collection of puzzles of the wire and various other varieties. Some of them are gathered round a big white porcelain bath, in which sits a very small boy who is having an electric bath to cure him of paralysis left by measles. The soldiers are sailing toys on the water for his edification, which, judging by his howls when he is lifted out and wrapped in a warm towel, is great.

At another machine a medical officer is testing muscular reactions in the arm of a soldier which has been shattered with shrapnel. He puts the tiny electrode on the nerve-points, noting the response given to the electric current. One man being tested in this way was seized with a violent fit of coughing whenever a certain nerve-point in his forearm was touched with the electrode—why, neither he nor any one else quite knew.

In a side-room is the lair of the 'slave of the lamp'—that is, the nurse who gives the Finsen light treatment. In this case she is using the more portable form of Finsen lamp, called the Finsen-Reyn. By means of a carbon arc lamp an intense light is produced, which, passed through a water-cooled rock-crystal lens, is focused to a fine ray. Her patient lies on a couch, and she directs this ray on to the patch of lupus on his cheek, using a water-cooled compressor to expel the blood from the part treated. It is a tedious treatment, for only about an inch in diameter can be done at once, and each area takes an hour. Other forms of light are being tried with electrodes made of tungsten or wolframite instead of carbon, which give a light very rich in the ultra-violet rays. Treatment with this new

form of light promises well, and does not take so long as the original Finsen lamp. It is called the Simpson lamp, after its inventor. In this side-room there is also a mercury vapour lamp, a pretty little silver-plated affair of (dare I say it?) Teutonic origin installed before the war. An electric current is passed through a horse-shoe-shaped tube of mercury, and an intense, ghastly violet light results, which is passed through a quartz crystal lens and played upon the patient, who has to be most carefully masked and his eyes covered, for twelve seconds of this light playing on his eyes would destroy the optic nerve, and blind him incurably. The operator wears lead-glass spectacles to safeguard her own sight. This ghastly light (which makes the skin appear greenish-yellow and the lips bluish-purple) is used for various skin diseases, and in some cases of baldness will make the hair grow. In yet another room is radiant heat. You put your rheumatic arm or leg or whole body into a metal cylinder filled with glowing incandescent lamps. It is an efficacious treatment, but makes one feel limp afterwards, a sensation which a little turn with the high-frequency brush does much to counteract.

Such is a brief description of electricity as used in the treatment of disease and injury. Its application requires the greatest care and years of training, for there are dangers that only the skilled operator knows and guards against. Consequently the advertising quacks should be avoided, and only properly trained electrical operators under a qualified medical man who has studied electricity as a specialist should ever be resorted to to administer this sort of treatment, which, when properly and carefully given, is of incalculable value, and has saved many from becoming nervous wrecks or incurable cripples.

A NIGHT ON THE LANG MUIR.

By HENRY HILTON BROWN, F.E.S.

I SUPPOSE that when one in advancing years looks back upon the lengthening strip of life's journey lying behind him, it is natural that his eye should be arrested by any event which stands out clearly in the distance. In the prospect of the desert a rock becomes a precipice, and a little hill assumes the proportions of a mountain. This must be my excuse, if excuse is needed, for seeing interest in what may seem to another a very slight episode. There are few men who have not had in their youth a similar adventure, and my tale will revive many fading memories.

At the Academy which I attended in the early 'seventies there was a great zeal for natural science. It will readily be surmised

that natural science was not one of the subjects taught in school; had it been so, there might have been diligence, but there would have been no zeal. The enthusiasm was due to the efforts of a master who had been able to infuse into our sluggish natures some portion of his own earnestness. Most of the older boys were affected by it. No doubt the phase through which they passed was beneficial, although it was transient. It reminded one of the profuse blossom which appears upon a young apple-tree, and which passes away, leaving one small apple set. Of many boys who then devoted much time to the study of nature, hardly one retained his enthusiasm beyond his schooldays.

Three boys—whom I shall call Tom, Dick, and

Harry—and myself took up the study of butterflies and moths. Tom was the moving spirit, and it was he who suggested our enterprise—namely, that we should try ‘sugar’ in a plantation on the edge of the Lang Muir. It is unnecessary to bore the reader with technical details, seeing that the episode which I am going to describe had but little connection with entomology. For our purpose, it is sufficient to explain that ‘sugaring’ is the attracting of moths at night by means of a sweet liquid painted upon the trunks of trees.

The Lang Muir is a tableland well known under another name to mariners who sail the Moray Firth. The summit lies about seven miles from the coast, and maintains an altitude of from eight hundred to a thousand feet. It is a rough tract, extending four miles by three, and is for the greater part covered with long and tough heather, broken by peat-mosses, quaking bogs, and march ditches full of water. It is a desolate spot by day, and by night is one to be avoided.

The northern slope, leading from the lowland to this tableland, is not so inhospitable. The industry of generations of crofters, if it has not made the land blossom as the rose, has carried cultivation of a kind to the very edge of the heather. Holding their crofts at a nominal rent (often a shilling an acre), father and son, mother and daughter, have toiled early and late, year in, year out, to produce this result. Few of those who have made political capital out of the struggles of Scottish crofters have any real idea of the strife which they wage with the soil and the elements. Endless work and constant pinching earn the income of a labourer. Sometimes even that narrow income is not attained. On these very crofts at the Lang Muir the harvest is often in October; and if snow falls heavily during that month the reaping may be postponed till Christmas, when the grain will barely serve for bedding cattle.

Yet they might have found compensations for their lot had toil and anxiety left them the capacity of perceiving them. The view from the hill is of great beauty, hardly surpassed in Scotland. The eye surveys a wide extent of low ground, from the bracken-clad valleys at the foot of the ridge, over farms and villages, fields and woods, to the blue Firth. From such a height the sea shows a high horizon. Part of the arc is sharply defined against the sky where the North Sea opens out, and part is lined by purple or gray peaks where the hills of Ross and Sutherland rise in successive ranges, the home of red-deer. If I could transfer to this page a clear picture of that prospect, many a kindly Scot toiling in the plains of Manitoba, roasting in the Deccan, or wandering over the South African veldt would be refreshed as if his heated forehead had been fanned by a fresh breeze from the beloved but far-distant home-

land. But few of the crofters, while they are in the homeland, think much about the view. On this same ridge, farther west, there is a farmhouse so set that it commands an outlook which men might come from London to see. In the north and west walls which face this lovely scene *there is not a single window*. The only apertures of that sort are in the other walls, and look forth upon the yard, with all its untidiness and filth. I doubt, therefore, whether many crofters consider that their lot is alleviated by being cast amidst delightful scenery.

Upon the hillside, partly for shelter and partly to utilise poor soil, strips of fir-trees have been sandwiched between little fields of oats, bear, and rough grass. Across the grass parks, red with ‘sourrocks,’ but fragrant with a close growth of white clover, numbers of small butterflies flit on sunny days—rusty browns, pale blues, or bright coppers. It was one of these strips, adjoining such a grass field on one side and the heather on the other, which was the proposed scene of our saccharine experiment. It was called Muirend Belt, and the farm of Muirend, tenanted by Harry’s father, was to be our base of operations.

We decided to make the experiment on a Friday, so as to take advantage of the Saturday holiday. Perhaps we were ill-advised in neglecting the old superstition as to works undertaken on a Friday; but if we were, the *dies nefastus* had its revenge.

An unfortunate hitch occurred at the outset. We had hoped to set off at four o’clock, but fate ruled otherwise. Tom was a bit of a humorist, and had devised an ingenious method of ringing the bell, while sitting at his desk, by a long string attached to the bell-rope. Between three and four the senior Latin class was translating Horace. Dick was in deep water, and was floundering sadly under repeated interjections from the master: ‘*Perge, Ricarde; perge quam celerrime.*’ Tom came to his relief, and created a diversion by causing the bell to give three solemn tolls. The master hurriedly made for the door, hoping to catch the delinquent in the act, and Dick meanwhile hastily coached his lines. But Tom, like many another inventor, was proud of his invention, and wished to show its capacities by ringing the bell while the master was actually looking at it. He made the attempt, was detected, and sentenced to an imposition of a hundred lines of Virgil. We united our forces to help him; but our best industry did not enable us to start until nearly five o’clock. This loss of almost an hour was the initial cause of all our future trouble. Our programme was a simple one: first, to ascend the Lang Muir and paint the trees; then to descend to Muirend for tea; and, lastly, after eleven o’clock, to reascend and collect our spoils. The postponing of this programme by an hour had serious consequences.

Muirend lay at the foot of the hill, and was a

farm of fair size for that district. The tenant, as I have said, was Harry's father. As boys, we knew little of him, except that he was a man with a loud voice and a hard hand, who disapproved of our climbing upon the stacks, and emphatically discouraged our attempts (usually futile) to ride on the backs of the sheep. A dozen years later I knew him better. He was a shrewd, keen man, a good farmer, plain and blunt in his manner, and employing a style of speech racy of the soil. A crop of stories grew up around him, of which one may be recorded here. The digression may be pardoned on the same ground as the misfortune of the foster-mother of Midshipman Easy—namely, that 'it is a little one.'

The laird, with whom he was a favourite, built a nice dwelling-house on the farm, of which 'Muirend' was very proud. He was a most hospitable man, and frequently invited friends to stay with him. On one occasion he had invited a cousin, and, as usual, proceeded to show him the house. Opening the door of a well-furnished bedroom, he said, 'This is faur my gran' freens 'll sleep.' After the cousin had sufficiently admired the elegance of the room, he opened the door of a more modest apartment, remarking bluntly, 'This is faur ye're to sleep.' He thus neatly indicated to his friend the exact position which he occupied in his regard.

Our ascent to the Lang Muir must have created a record. Discarding the ordinary 'peat-road,' we ran a straight course for Muirend Belt, crossing fields and fences, scrambling over dry-stone dikes without any regard for displaced copestones, tearing through fir-plantations, and forcing a path through close masses of furze or whin. Family parties of rabbits bolted at our approach, racing for their burrows, and affording a pleasurable excitement to Jock the farm-dog, who accompanied us. If Jock had been in charge of the sheep he would have ignored the rabbits; but being at present off duty, he felt at liberty *desipere in loco*. When we had surmounted the slope and entered upon the moorland, we came upon a heap of boulders among the heather. These were stones which had been removed from the neighbouring field when it was being brought under cultivation; but, after the manner of boys, we pretended that they marked the last resting-place of a northern rover, and called the heap 'Sweyno's Cairn.' We were to become better acquainted with it before the night was out.

Painting our sweet mixture upon the trunks of firs did not occupy us long, and we sped downhill to tea at the farm. I have already spoken of the hospitality of 'Muirend,' and he maintained his character on this occasion. To describe the meal would demand the pen of him who recorded the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. It would have served as a light refection between dinner and supper in the Blue Parlour or at Buchanan

Lodge, but anywhere else it would have been regarded as provision for a whole day.

The unfortunate delay in starting caused us to be nearly three-quarters of an hour late in visiting our 'sugar.' We took with us a bull's-eye lantern, chip-boxes, and a butterfly-net. This last article was not intended for the pursuit of specimens on the wing. The need for a net arises from the circumstance that many of the moths which visit 'sugar' become inebriated, and when the light is turned upon them fall down into the long grass, where it is hard to find them in the dark. The net is placed beneath the 'sugar' before the light is shown, and when the moths fall they drop into captivity. It took us some time to go round the trees, and by the time we had reached the last another day had fairly begun.

It was Tom who filled up the cup of our misfortunes. No sooner had we finished our round than, partly elated by a rare specimen which had fallen to his share, and partly to relieve his pent-up energy, he snatched off Dick's cap and darted away with it over the moor. Of course, we all followed, and for about five minutes there was a running up and down, here and there, the cap being thrown from one to another, until Harry, who was the last holder, tripped over a stone and fell headlong among the heather, with Dick close behind him.

Then happened that which made the night memorable to us, and might even have made it fatal. After we had laughed sufficiently at Tom's predicament, and Dick had retrieved his cap, we looked round, and discovered that while we had been 'playing the fool,' as the Latin master would have said, a dense white easterly 'haar' had crept over the ridge of the Lang Muir and imprisoned us within walls of ice-cold cotton-wool. We could not see twenty feet around us.

At first there did not seem to be any cause for alarm. We knew that it was not safe to be in a fog on the Lang Muir at the dead of night, but we had no doubt we could get out of it with ease. We could not be more than a few hundred yards from the descending slope of the hill, and once we entered on that descent we should be all right. We have good authority for the statement that 'a haggis can charge down a hill.' The only question that caused difficulty was the direction in which the descent lay. We had lost all idea of our position in the course of our chase. If we struck out in the proper line, we should reach the edge in a few minutes; but if we took any other line, we should be involved in the pathless moor. Even if we were lucky enough to pass safely through the moor—three or four miles—and reach the other side, we should be in a series of densely wooded and steep slopes, interrupted by precipitous ravines, in which we were quite likely to break a limb, if not our necks.

But could we hope to cross the moor in darkness and mist? The heather was broken up with quaking bogs and 'mosses' large enough and deep enough to swallow the whole of us and leave no sign. These places are dangerous even in daylight. I was told by a shepherd on one occasion that he had been on the Knock o' Braemoray looking for strayed sheep. He was familiar with the hill, although it did not form part of his own grazings. He was coming down through long heather, and was getting tired of wading over it with high steps. He welcomed the appearance of a patch of green at the foot of a rock. Without thinking what he was doing he jumped off the rock, and in a moment was bogged up to the waist. As no help was near, it was lucky for him that he got a grip of the rock and so pulled himself out, as otherwise he would probably have been engulfed in the horrible pit. We had all heard similar tales, and had no wish to put ourselves in the way of such gruesome adventures.

Two courses were open to us. We might remain where we were until the mist lifted, or we might start off in the hope that our luck would lead us to a wire fence or a burn, either of which would have served as a guide. The first was the safer; but the 'haar' was horribly cold, and we had no overcoats, so that if we stood still we ran a fair chance of being chilled to death. As for the other course, there were then no fences on the moor; and the few streams which drained it to the north ran down ravines so steep and difficult that even if we had been lucky enough to reach them we could not have risked the descent.

We must do something, however, and that quickly. Our first plan was to walk in a straight line for three hundred paces. If our line was right, we were sure that by that time we should reach the edge of the slope. If we had not done so after the number of steps arranged, we should know that we had taken a wrong line. We would then turn right-about and walk straight back to the stone over which Harry fell, and thence proceed on a new line.

But after we had counted three hundred and fifty paces, we were still plunging through heather, and clearly off our line. We wheeled about and marched right back. We counted three hundred and fifty, four hundred, four hundred and fifty paces, but saw no stone. The lantern showed nothing but heather on all sides. It is easy to see what we had done. To walk three hundred yards through mist in a perfectly direct line is a difficult feat. We had failed to perform it, and therefore we had lost our direction. Suddenly Harry, who carried the lantern, gave a yell. We closed up beside him, and gazed upon a surface of black water, extending beyond the rays of the lantern to an unknown distance. The mist had drawn closer, and was falling in a small, chilly rain, and

we had not the most remote idea where we were.

At this instant a piercing scream rang over the moor. It filled us with fear, for we did not know what creature had emitted it, or, indeed, whether it might not have proceeded from Something too horrible to mention. We had never heard such a sound before. It was like the shriek of a sea-bird, but no sea-bird would be on the Lang Muir after midnight. And yet, if we had had our wits about us, the cry might have given us the clue we wanted. I have now no doubt that it was the less familiar call-note of the tawny owl. We had often heard the well-known hoot of the owl, and, of course, knew that this was quite different. But when two owls are hunting, especially in the early morning, they use a peculiar call, apparently for signalling purposes, of a quality similar to that which gave us such a fright. No doubt the owl was in the Muirend Belt, and if we had followed the sound we should have been led clear of the moor.

But we did not know this, and instead of moving toward the point whence the shriek came, we were struck with panic and inclined to bolt in the opposite direction. Happily, we resisted this impulse, which would have led to our separation, and probably would have ended in one of us coming to grief.

Tom, who was the original cause of our trouble—first, by delaying our start, and thus keeping us on the hill until the mist came up; and, secondly, by leading the foolish dash into the moor—now devised a plan for our escape. He had in his pocket part of a ball of twine which he had used in constructing the unlucky bell-ringing apparatus. He carefully tied one end of the ball to a bunch of heather. Gradually we grasped his idea. It was simply the old device of the worsted clue, so familiar in nursery tales, only in place of its running in front of us, we had to walk out with it. We could not now mistake our return journey.

At the first attempt we reached the extreme length of the string, about four hundred yards, without any incident except the alarm we caused to an old cock-grouse comfortably asleep among the long heather. He shot off with excited splutterings and a noise which in these modern days we should describe as like that of an aeroplane. We retreated along the string to the edge of the black pool to endeavour by another cast to regain our bearings.

A second essay was more unfortunate. We had not gone twenty paces when the light in our lantern went out. We had not intended the light to last longer than the period of our inspection of the tree-trunks, and the oil was now exhausted. The failure of the lantern was a serious matter, both because the want of light hampered our movements, and also because it increased the 'eeriness' of our situation. No one can realise the comfort of a light unless he

has experienced the deprivation of it under such circumstances as we were then enduring. The cheery beam sustained our sinking courage, and when its friendly glow ceased we felt that our last hope was gone. This feeling was intensified in a few minutes, when Harry, who was still leading, plunged up to the knees in water. We were evidently far astray, and we hastily beat a retreat to our starting-point.

There is a saying that there is luck in odd numbers, and our third attempt vindicated popular wisdom. We ploughed our way through deep heather almost to the end of our tether, and then found ourselves stumbling over a mass of boulders. By feeling the size and shape of some of the principal blocks we satisfied ourselves that this was the heap which we had named 'Sweyno's Cairn,' and we were thankful that we had taken sufficient notice of it to enable us to recognise it in the dark and to use it as a landmark. The cairn, in fact, saved the situation, because it was now apparent that the length of our string would not have permitted us to reach the edge of the hill, and we might have trudged on the whole night seeking in vain for a way of escape. Having reached the cairn, our danger was at an end. There was no difficulty in finding the descent, although there might still be much trouble in tracing the road to the farm.

But we were to sustain another fright, and, as an imaginary danger is often more alarming than a real one, I am not sure that this was not the worst scare we got. While we were discussing the best course to follow in our endeavour to attain Muirend, we became aware by the sound of rapid footfalls that some animal was rushing toward us. What could it be? The same idea struck us simultaneously, and was voiced by Dick: 'Is't a wolf?' Now it is easy, sitting at the fireside or reading this narrative in broad daylight, to laugh at the absurdity of this suggestion; but it must be remembered that we were soaking with the fog and the wet heather, chilled to the bone, and a good deal unnerved by our night's adventure. Moreover, we had heard much about the ferocity of wolves in general, and of the Scottish wolves in particular. We knew that it was not so very long since these animals had been hunted in the north of Scotland, and old men told weird tales of stray wolves which yet lurked in the recesses of the Forest of Darnaway, which lay about twelve miles to the west. What were twelve miles to a wolf? It seemed not at all unlikely that one of these Darnaway wolves on the prowl had scented us, and was now about to make his supper off an unfortunate moth-hunter. In those days boys were brought up on a course of Mayne Reid and Fenimore Cooper, and it did not take much to set them thinking about wild beasts. But whether our fancy was excusable or not, it is certain that, in the expressive words of the Patriarch, 'fear came

upon us, and trembling.' Our suspense was not protracted. The footfalls drew nearer and nearer; the body of a large animal loomed dimly through the mist and darkness, and in the next moment flung itself upon Harry. It was Jock!

It appeared that when the mist fell at the farm, which it did about half-an-hour after it had enveloped us, there was great anxiety for our safety. Unluckily, we had not said where we were going to 'sugar' (we did not wish them to know, fearing 'Muirend' might object), and so no one knew where to search for us. The shepherd remembered that Jock had gone with us in the afternoon, and when he explained to the dog that we were to be looked for like lost sheep, the sagacious old fellow, without hesitation, set off for Muirend Belt.

Such is the plain tale of our night on the Lang Muir. It was not a complete night, but I can certify that it was long enough for us. Being in the district last summer, the whole story came vividly back to me, and it seemed to have sufficient interest to justify my writing it down. As I said at the beginning, to some it will seem to be a very slight episode; but to others it will recall incidents of their own youth, and in so doing will restore for an hour memories of the old days and the old vigour. Sometimes an occurrence is more interesting for what it recalls than for what actually happened, and it is a commonplace that we read with deeper feeling the account of some adventure which resembles an experience of our own, than the account of something which is quite outside the bounds of our personal remembrance. The incident was a simple one, not rising beyond the mildest comedy; and yet there was a moment, as we looked on the black water receding into the unknown, and saw the ghostly mist creeping round us, and heard the mysterious Thing crying in the darkness, when it approached perilously near to tragedy.

BON-ACCORD.

GRANITE city of the North,
Gray and cold,
Thine a race of roving folk,
Free and bold,
Following around the world
Each his bent,
Till they meet by happy chance,
Well content.
When at last they bid good-bye,
Loath to part;
None shall suffer loneliness
In his heart.
Vanished forebears gather round,
Unseen near,
Gallant soldier, reverend priest,
Poet-seer.
They who handed on the torch,
Joy afford.
Motto ours for Life or Death—
'Bon-accord.'

WILLIAM ROSE BURNS.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE VICEROYALTY OF INDIA.

By W. V. ROBERTS.

LORD CHELMSFORD'S acceptance of the Viceroyalty of India in succession to Lord Hardinge of Penshurst will doubtless confirm the faith of those who believe that, in this particular appointment, there is a preference for peers over forty and under fifty years of age. Lord Chelmsford is forty-eight. Peers who have accepted the office when in the forties certainly make a notable list. They include the Earl of Mayo, the Earl of Lytton, the Earl of Northbrook, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and the Earl of Elgin, who all entered upon the viceroyalty at ages ranging from forty-three to forty-six. But then a strong list might be made out of peers who have become Viceroy of India when between fifty and fifty-five years of age. Here one has to record the names of Lord Lawrence, the Marquis of Ripon, the Earl of Minto, and Lord Hardinge, the Viceroy who has just retired.

What is true is that a peer at fifty-five or more has very little chance of becoming Viceroy. There was an exception in the case of the Marquis of Dufferin, who did not obtain the office till he was fifty-eight; but the marquis was the most distinguished diplomatist of his time, and with the known readiness of such a peer to accept the appointment no Government would hold back. It is recorded, however, that Lord Dufferin complained in a letter to Sir William Gregory that all the people who surrounded him at Calcutta were younger than himself, and that he had no companion or playfellow. Consequently he relinquished the office before the expiration of his term, so that the experiment of nominating to the viceroyalty a man who has passed the age of fifty-five is certainly not encouraging.

Mr Gladstone, during his last premiership, wished to appoint Sir Henry Norman when that eminent soldier and administrator had reached the age of fifty-seven. At that time Mr Gladstone was an octogenarian, and one of his colleagues credited him with the declaration that he thought 'that young fellow Norman to be just the man for the post.' But Sir Henry Norman did not take the office, so that what might have been the experience of so elderly a Viceroy one can only conjecture. By way of contrast it may be worth noting that since the accession of the late Queen Victoria the position of

Prime Minister, which may be deemed to be more important and onerous even than that of Viceroy, has been obtained by only two men before they were fifty—Sir Robert Peel and Lord Rosebery, who each became Premier at forty-six; and that the most usual age at which a man becomes First Minister of the Crown is when he is in his sixth decade.

On the other hand, everybody knows that Lord Curzon, the youngest Viceroy of India appointed since the abolition of the Company, had a very distinguished term. As Mr George Nathaniel Curzon, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, he was only thirty-nine when the office was offered to him. But he had as a youth been fired with an ambition to become Viceroy of India. From childhood he must have known that Government House, Calcutta, was a replica of his ancestral home, Kedleston Hall, near Derby, and that fact probably had much to do with shaping his desire. The building of Kedleston Hall was the work of the brothers Adam, who wrought so great an architectural change in the district between the Thames and the Strand in London about a hundred and forty years ago, a circumstance commemorated to this day in the name of one of the streets—Adam Street, Adelphi. Kedleston Hall became, indeed, rather a show-place, and among those who admired it was Lord Wellesley. Now Lord Wellesley, as everybody knows, was one of the great rulers of India under the old régime, and it was he who, when Government House, Calcutta, was to be erected, decided that in style it should be an exact copy of the Hall at Kedleston.

There is another point of interest. When Wellesley was Viceroy he urgently desired advancement in the peerage, and Lord Rosebery, in his *Life of Pitt*, tells us how incensed he was because that statesman offered him only an Irish marquissate. Wellesley, he says, declared that the impression produced in India would be fatally detrimental to his Government, and that the slur inflicted by this 'Irish,' 'pinchbeck' reward affected both his health and his spirits. Well, the curious sequel is that on his appointment as Viceroy Lord Curzon was a commoner. But, as eldest son, he was the heir of Lord Scarsdale, a peer of the United Kingdom, and in view of

that fact the title was conferred upon him of Lord Curzon of Kedleston in the peerage of Ireland, and he thus went to India holding only the Irish title which Lord Wellesley had about a century before so much contemned. Was there any 'slur' in that, as Lord Wellesley probably would have maintained? On the contrary, at an Eton send-off dinner to Lord Curzon the Earl of Rosebery humorously spoke of the young Viceroy as 'reviving the dormant glory of the Irish peerage.' Doubtless Lord Rosebery then had the Wellesley incident in mind; but in the humour there was truth, for Lord Curzon showed in India that there was nothing 'detrimental' in an Irish peerage. As an Irish representative peer he afterwards sat in the House of Lords. Then an earldom of the United Kingdom was conferred upon him; he entered the Cabinet as Lord Privy Seal; and, on the death of his father, the Barony of Scarsdale was merged in his earldom.

Lord Palmerston, it may also be recalled, was an Irish peer, and he it was who, while Prime Minister, conceived and carried through the Act, in 1858, by which the old East India Company was abolished, the present system of government under the crown created, and the line of Viceroys spoken of in this article established. Under that system the Viceroy has usually been a titled personage, and that was why, to provide a title for him while heir to a British peerage, an Irish peerage was conferred on Mr Curzon. It is true that in the case of Sir John Lawrence the peerage was not conferred till the close of the viceroyalty; but the rule that a Viceroy should have a title in the peerage has held good since. Similarly, it may be noted, the Governors-General of the Dominions are peers, though the Governors of separate states may be commoners. Thus, when the Union of South Africa was formed after the war, Mr Herbert Gladstone, on becoming its first Governor-General, was made a peer, and Mr Sidney Buxton, who succeeded him, was made a peer as Lord Buxton.

The office of Viceroy or Governor-General of India is now unique in the British Empire, and indeed in the world. It is true that there are Governors-General of the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, and the Union of South Africa; but in Canada, Australia, and South Africa there are elected Parliaments, with Upper and Lower Chambers, and Executive Governments for the administration of affairs. In India the system of government is far removed from that. When the supremacy of the Presidency of Bengal was established in 1783, the phrase 'the Governor-General in Council' was authorised, and the term still applies in the government of India. The Viceroy as Governor-General rules through a council of official and non-official members, a small mixed body of British and Indian notables, subject only to the Secretary of State for India.

The responsibility for decisions thus taken is often great. As an illustration one may recall that in 1874, when the late Lord Salisbury became Secretary of State for India for the second time in his career, a great Indian famine was known to be impending. To meet it, Sir George Campbell, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, urged that so long as the scarcity in Bengal lasted the exportation of grain from India should be absolutely prohibited, and that rice, instead of being exported to Europe, should be sent to the famine-stricken districts. The Viceroy, however, then Lord Northbrook, took a different view. He regarded Sir George Campbell's plan as a dangerous interference with trade, likely permanently to cripple the grain trade of India. He therefore recommended that the export trade should continue as before, and that the Government should import rice into Bengal. Between these conflicting opinions the Secretary of State for India had to decide, and Lord Salisbury, although the other view was for the moment more popular, resolved to support the recommendation of Lord Northbrook; and the result, we are told by Mr H. D. Traill, in narrating the incident, 'was crowned with complete success. The dreaded visitation passed off without even so much as causing any increase in the death-rate of Bengal.'

When Lord Chelmsford, who has now undertaken the Viceroyalty of India, relinquished the Governorship of New South Wales in 1913, it was said of him by an Australian critic that he possessed two great qualifications—first, ready understanding and sympathy; secondly, capacity and judgment. These were among the qualities that carried Lord Northbrook through the famine period, and they will be invaluable to Lord Chelmsford in whatever crises he may have to face.

Fortunately the services of Viceroys when their periods of office have expired are seldom lost to the State. Lord Dufferin, after being Viceroy of India, returned to diplomacy, and served as ambassador, first at Rome, and then at Paris. Other ex-Viceroys have, on returning home, served in various Cabinets. Thus, Lord Northbrook, after being Viceroy from 1872 to 1876, was First Lord of the Admiralty from 1880 to 1885; Lord Ripon was successively First Lord of the Admiralty and Secretary of State for the Colonies; Lord Elgin also has been Secretary of State for the Colonies; Lord Lansdowne has been Secretary for War and for Foreign Affairs, and is now in the Cabinet without portfolio; and Lord Curzon is in the Cabinet as Lord Privy Seal.

At least one Viceroy has given his life in the service of India. That was Lord Mayo, who, during a visit in 1872 to the convict settlement at Port Blair, in the Andamans, was assassinated. More recently, while Lord Hardinge was making a state entry into Delhi in December 1912, a

bomb was thrown, and he was severely wounded. For a time he suffered greatly; but, happily, he recovered, and in gratitude for his recovery Lady Hardinge established a Children's Day in India.

But mention of the incident reminds one of the great change inaugurated during Lord Hardinge's viceroyalty—the removal of the seat of Government from Calcutta to Delhi, an ancient capital city. The announcement of the removal was one of the surprises of the Durbar, at which the accession of the present King-Emperor was pro-

claimed. It was almost universally welcomed. And there can be no finer testimony to the wise and beneficent rule which has been maintained by Viceroy after Viceroy than the fact that, while the appointment of the first Viceroy in the present line marked the close of the great Mutiny, to-day, in the hour of trial, no part of the Empire has shown a greater loyalty to the crown, or proved that loyalty by more splendid and heroic efforts to maintain unimpaired the good of the commonweal.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

CHAPTER V.—THE OFFICERS.

I.

THE *Belligerent's* captain, John Horatio Spencer, D.S.O., was a fine type of the modern British naval officer, and a thorough seaman, who had risen in his profession through sheer merit and force of character. He had been lucky, it is true, for as a young lieutenant he had seen much active service in West Africa, had been severely wounded, was mentioned in despatches for 'great gallantry and resource,' and had received the Distinguished Service Order. In 1900, again, as the senior lieutenant of a second-class cruiser on the Cape of Good Hope station, he was landed with the naval guns for the relief of Ladysmith. He again did excellent service, was promoted to commander in 1901, to captain seven years later, and 1914 found him commanding a first-class battleship at the comparatively early age of forty-three.

In appearance he was a big, thick-set man, nearly six feet tall, and broad in proportion. He had a red, clean-shaven face, a pair of penetrating blue eyes which seemed to read one's innermost thoughts, and dark hair slightly shot with gray over the temples.

Every ship he had ever commanded, from a destroyer upwards, had been a happy one. His officers loved him as a friend and admired him as a superior, and 'Our John,' as they affectionately called him, spent far more time in their company than he did in the fastnesses of his own cabin. He hated the solitude of life in his own apartments in the after-end of the ship, and, when he had no guests of his own, frequently had meals in the wardroom as an honorary member, and played bridge and spun yarns in the smoking-room. He had the happy knack of being friendly with every one with whom he came in contact, and invariably treated his officers as equals when he was off duty.

On deck, of course, it was a different matter, for there he was very much their commanding officer, and they his subordinates; and, as Tickle, the junior watch-keeper, once put it, 'the owner *

was the whitest and the straightest man on God's earth; but Heaven help you if you make a fool of yourself on deck!'

Captain Spencer did bite sometimes, and bite hard; but the culprit generally deserved all he got, and bore no grudge whatsoever. More often than not he would be discovered the same evening in the smoking-room having a sherry-and-bitters with 'the old man,' just to show there was no ill-feeling on either side.

On the mess-deck the captain was revered in rather a different way, for the men, while admiring him, regarded him with a certain amount of awe. Some of the younger and more timid ordinary seamen and boys, indeed, looked upon him as a sort of awful deity, an ogre almost, who sat in his cabin all day long inventing new schemes for their eternal damnation. They were frightened of him, and, on the rare occasions when they did catch sight of his four gold stripes on deck, felt rather inclined to run away and hide their faces. It was foolish of them, for a kinder-hearted man than the skipper it would be impossible to imagine.

But the men saw comparatively little of him, and had few opportunities of discovering his true character. He appeared on deck for 'divisions' every morning; walked round on Sundays criticising their clothes, the length of their hair, and the cleanliness of the ship; was always on the bridge at sea; and punished them when they misbehaved themselves. They realised he was just, and justice is what the bluejacket most admires; but they were not aware that he took a deep interest in them and their affairs, and that he knew everything that went on on board. Neither did they perceive that he frequently went to a great deal of trouble to stretch points in their favour in the way of leave and other privileges.

'Our John' hated advertisement in any form; and this, perhaps, was why the men never really understood his true kindness of heart. For instance, when he subscribed five pounds towards a fund for the benefit of the widow of one of

* The commanding officer of a man-of-war is frequently referred to as 'the owner,' or 'the old man.'

his men who had died, or two pounds towards the ship's concert party, he gave the money anonymously. When he granted the men an extra forty-eight hours' leave on his own responsibility, and because he considered they had earned it by their good behaviour, he never told them so.

So, from the lower-deck point of view, Captain Spencer was justly admired and greatly feared; but there was not a man on board who had not the fullest confidence in him and his judgment, or who would not cheerfully have followed him to the very gates of hell if he had asked them to. Neither was there a more efficient or a happier ship than the *Belligerent*. Her officers and men knew it, and gloried in the fact.

But no small credit for this excellent state of affairs was due to the commander and other officers. The former, the Honourable Algernon D'Arcy Travers, was the direct antithesis of the captain in appearance. He was tall and very thin, but was a pleasant messmate with a very pronounced sense of humour, and on occasions behaved with all the boisterous bonhomie of a junior sub-lieutenant. His excessive leanness did not worry him in the least, though he did once say that he wished his 'hinge' were a little better padded and the wardroom chairs rather softer. It was a matter of some import to his wife, though, for that lady sent him bottles of malt extract to thicken the flesh on his bones. This nutritive compound, however, was generally handed over to his bluejacket messenger, who liked the sweet taste of it; and that youth, already chubby and well-favoured, was gradually assuming the proportions of a young elephant. The commander found that being thin was an advantage in some ways; and on riotous guest nights, when he made as much noise as anybody present, it certainly permitted him to scramble through the square opening in the back of one of the wardroom chairs without much difficulty.

It was a feat few of his messmates could perform. The engineer-commander, George Piston, a well-covered officer, had tried it on one occasion, and had stuck half-way through. His messmates, headed by the commander himself, cheered him on with howls of merriment; but the victim himself was laughing so much that he seemed to have swelled. He could not budge one way or the other, and there was every prospect of his having to go through life with a chair securely fastened round his portly middle. They took off his garments one by one; but it was no use. They used vaseline and oil as lubricants, and endeavoured to tuck the folds of flesh through the narrow opening, but without avail.

'For heaven's sake send for a saw!' spluttered the gasping officer, relapsing uncomfortably on the sofa and beginning to feel rather alarmed. 'I

can hardly breathe. Give me a whisky-and-soda, some one, or I shall burst!'

The saw arrived in due course, and the chair was removed with some damage to itself. The gallant officer never attempted the feat again.

The commander, an ex-torpedo specialist, was a good officer at his work, and the *Belligerent* always looked as clean and as smart as a new pin. Her organisation, too, was as perfect as it could be. The ship's company were very fond of 'the Bloke,' as they called him; and when men did misbehave themselves he generally made the punishment fit the crime. When two ordinary seamen, Barter and Hitchcock, began to give trouble, for instance, he hit upon rather an original method of dealing with them. He provided them each with an ordinary singlestick and a face-mask, but no body-pads, and then promised them one penny each for each visible wale inflicted on the anatomy of the other. The instigator imagined that he would have to shell out a shilling at the most; but after a bout lasting for a fierce fifteen minutes, examination in the bathroom at the hands of a ship's corporal showed that Barter had earned one shilling and eightpence, and Hitchcock two and a penny. They were never obstreperous again, and the ship's company, instead of offering them sympathy, laughed immoderately.

The commander, like other naval officers, had his bad moments, and sometimes the watch-keepers found it advisable to steer clear of him before breakfast. But even if an explosion did occur no bones were ever broken, for they all knew he said a great deal more than he meant. After breakfast and a pipe he was amiability itself, provided nothing went wrong.

Chase, the senior lieutenant-commander and gunnery officer, has already been described; and the next in seniority was Vernon Hatherley, the lieutenant-commander (T.). He was something of an exquisite. He took a great pride in his personal appearance, was reported to wear silk slumber-wear, and kept a store of cosmetics and unguents in his cabin for the anointing of his face and hair. His messmates knew this, and, headed by No. 1, sometimes shampooed him with whisky-and-soda after dinner. But Torps, as they called him, was an excellent fellow, and took the ragging all in good part. Moreover, he generally succeeded in getting his own back by discovering something wrong with the electric lights in his tormentors' cabins at times when they most wanted to use them. He was an x-chaser, in that he had done remarkably well in all his different examinations; but besides being an expert theorist, he was an officer who knew the practical side of his business from A to Z.

The navigator, Christopher Colomb, had just married a young and pretty wife, and did not spend more time on board than he could possibly help. As a consequence, his messmates saw com-

paratively little of him, unless the *Belligerent* was cruising, and Mrs Colomb could not follow her husband. The captain occasionally succeeded in getting him to play golf in the afternoons; but Colomb preferred his wife's society to that of any one else. When he was on board in the evenings he shut himself in his cabin, and spent the time writing a learned treatise on *Magnetic Influences at Sea*. The book is still being written.

Peter Wooten, the next senior non-specialist officer of the military branch, was doing a two-year spell in a battleship, after having been in command of destroyers and gunboats for the past six years. He hated the drudgery of big-ship life, where he acted as the commander's understudy on the upper deck, had charge of the midshipmen and their instruction, arranged the ordinary seamen's training classes, worked the derrick for hoisting in and out boats, and generally acted as a sort of 'odd job' man. The life was fairly comfortable, it is true; but he much preferred the joys of commanding his own small ship to being a comparative nobody in a vessel the size of the *Belligerent*. He was a burly, deep-chested man, with fair, curly hair, tanned face, and a pair of clear, humorous blue eyes. He was fresh from China, where he had commanded a tiny river gunboat up the Yang-tse-kiang; and there, miles up the great river, far away from any admiral, and completely 'on his own,' he had made history in a small way. He was a great character, and his stories of the Chinese revolution, when he could be induced to tell them, were sometimes amusing and always interesting. (He was the commanding officer of Martin's destroyer when that ordinary seaman joined the 'black navy' soon after the outbreak of the present war, so perhaps we may be pardoned for allowing him to spin one of his yarns. It has the advantage of being true.)

'It was quite a pretty little show,' he said one evening in the smoking-room after dinner, when somebody had egged him on to talk after a second glass of port. 'Have any of you fellows ever heard of a place called Kiang-fu, up the Yang-tse? You might know it, No. 1; you're an old China bird.'

Chase shook his head. 'Sorry I don't, Peter. But let's have the yarn, all the same.'

Wooten lit his pipe. 'Kiang-fu,' he started, 'is one of their walled towns on the banks of the river. It's a beastly place, full of stinks and bugs and abominations generally; and the only white people there are the consul and his wife, a couple of missionaries, and two merchants. Well, one morning my old *Kingfisher* was lying about twenty miles downstream, and a Chinaman from the consulate at Kiang-fu arrived in a sampan with a note from the consul to say that five thousand rebels had arrived before the place, and that there was going to be some scrapping.

There were about a thousand Imperial troops inside the town, Johnson the consul said, and he was in a bit of a funk as to what would happen when the rebels took the place. They'd have butchered every one, of course, Europeans included. My orders were to protect British interests, but not to fight, so I upped killick* and steamed for Kiang-fu for all I was worth. We got about six and an onion† out of the old bus, I remember, and got there about noon.' He paused and sucked thoughtfully at his pipe.

'And what happened then?' queried some one.

'I found the bally battle in full swing,' Wooten went on. 'Guy Fawkes Day wasn't in it, and both sides were blazing away for all they were worth, and making a hell of a row. However, they weren't doing much damage to each other. I anchored my hooker about a couple of hundred yards from the shore, where we could get a decent view of what went on, manned my two six-pounders and the Maxim, and hoisted an ensign and a large white flag—wardroom tablecloth it was—in a boat, and then went ashore to see Johnson. Things were pretty lively, and shells were bursting and bullets were whistling all over the place. The rebel attack was to come off that night, and as there could be only one end to it, I took Johnson and his missus, the two missionaries, the two shopkeepers, and Heaven alone knows how many Christian Chinese off to my ship. The upper deck was fairly packed with 'em. Then we sat down to watch the sport. One of the shopkeepers, I may say, was a Scotsman, and the other a Yank, and they wanted me to order the rebs. to shove off out of it and leave Kiang-fu alone. They had a lot of valuable stuff in their godowns‡ waiting to be shipped down the river, and said the whole lot of it 'u'd be looted if the city fell.

'I cursed them for a couple of tizzy-snatchers,' he resumed, grinning at the recollection; 'told 'em they ought to be jolly thankful to have got off with their lives; and asked 'em how the dooce I could dictate to five thousand ruddy cut-throats with Mauser rifles and Lord knows how many field guns—decent guns, too; none of your clap-trap rubbish. I had exactly thirty men all told, a broken-winded eighty-ton gunboat, two six-pounders, and one Maxim. Pretty tall order, wasn't it? However, I was still yapping to 'em on deck when I heard a sort of *phut*, and a bally bullet buried itself in the deck about a foot off my leg. It came from the direction of the rebel trenches, about five hundred yards off, and some silly blighter had evidently eased off a rifle at us for the fun of the thing. I heard one or two more bullets come whistling overhead—damned bad shooting they made—so sent all the refugees

* Weighed anchor.

† A fraction of a knot.

‡ A 'godown' is a warehouse.

over the lee side of the deck out of harm's way. Then I trained my guns on the rebels, and hoisted all the ensigns I had. They knocked off firing then, so I got into the boat with the consul, the wardrobe tablecloth, and the largest ensign I could find, and pulled ashore.' He paused.

'Had you any weapons with you?' somebody asked.

'Lord, no!' said Wooten. 'Doesn't do to let a Chinaman see you're frightened of him. I took a walking-stick, and Johnson had a white umbrella. I was in a dooce of a funk, though, and when we landed we found a whole bally company of soldiers waiting to receive us.'

'What! a guard of honour?' asked Chase.

'Don't you believe it. They had fixed bayonets and loaded rifles, and I felt rather nervous as to what was going to happen. You see, there wasn't another British ship within a hundred miles of us. However, I landed with the consul, and a Chinese officer with a drawn sword came forward to receive us. He wasn't a bad fellow, and talked quite decent English, with an American accent. I asked him what the dooce they meant by having the troops there as if they wanted to scupper us, and told him who the consul was, and that I was the C.O. of the man-of-war, and that, on behalf of his Britannic Majesty, we wished to see his General. He said the old bloke was having his afternoon caulk, and that they daren't wake him. I said he'd better roust the old josser out, and be damned smart about it. He hummed and hawed a bit over that, and then said that if we'd come along with him he'd take us to the headquarters, and see if we could have an interview. I wasn't going to kow-tow to any bally Chinaman, though, so I told him that if he didn't take steps to have the General brought to us in less than half-an-hour I'd raise hell's delight. It's no use being anything but dictatorial with Chinamen,' he went on to explain; 'and if you can bluff 'em into believing that you've got the whip-hand they generally knuckle under. We had some more talkee-talkie, and then he did go off with his men, and jolly glad I was to see the last of 'em. Twenty minutes later the General arrived. He was rather a fine-looking old boy, with no pigtail, and was dressed up in khaki and a sword. He had a couple of A.D.C.'s with him. He couldn't talk English, so I asked him through the consul what he meant by allowing his troops to fire on my ship, and said that I should have to report it, and so on. He said they hadn't done it. I said they had, and that if he came on board I'd jolly soon prove it. Well, after a lot of jawbation we got him into the boat, with the A.D.C.'s, took him off to the ship, and showed him the bullet-mark in the deck. He got in a bit of a funk then, so Johnson and I drew up a document in Chinese and English, in which he said he was sorry for what had occurred,

and so on. It went on to say that he agreed to abandon the siege of Kiang-fu, as British interests were at stake, so we'd more or less cornered him. He signed like a lamb, wily old devil; but then we remembered that no document is valid in China unless it's stamped with the official seal of the man who signed it. We asked him where the seal was, but he hadn't got it on him. Johnson asked him where it was, and he said he'd got it in his old headquarters, about ten miles downstream. He volunteered to go and fetch it, but we weren't having any. The upshot of the whole affair was that we sent one of the A.D.C.'s ashore to order the siege to be stopped, and the rebels to retire, and took the General and the other A.D.C. down the river. Then we sent the A.D.C. ashore to get the seal, and had the document properly stamped. That's all, I think.'

'But did the rebels retire?' asked the commander.

Wooten nodded. 'Yes,' he said. 'They left the place like lambs, and the Imperialist colonel inside nearly fell on my neck and wept. The two shopkeepers gave me a box of a hundred cigars between them! Damned nasty cigars, too!'

His listeners laughed.

'And what happened to you?' asked Chase.

'Oh,' smiled Wooten, 'I sent the document to the admiral, with a covering letter, and jolly nearly got badly scrubbed for exceeding my duty and abducting the General. However, it was all right in the end, and I believe the old man was secretly rather pleased with what I'd done.'

'So he jolly well ought to have been,' remarked one of the watch-keepers.

'Myes, but he was a man who didn't say much. However, a month later a British colonel and a couple of other officers came down from Peking to confer with me about putting Kiang-fu in a state of defence in case the rebels came again, for by that time the powers that be had come to the conclusion that if they did capture it, it wouldn't do us any good. The colonel and I went ashore together, he with his two officers, and I with a sheet of paper and a pencil.

"'You'd better loophole that wall," he started off, pointing at a solid stone affair about three feet thick. "This house had better be demolished, and you'll have to dig a trench along here, with decent sand-bag head-cover. I should think a hundred and fifty rifles will be enough to man it, provided you have a couple of Maxims at each corner. Over there we'll have an emplacement for a field-gun, and there another trench."

'He went on like that the whole of one grilling forenoon, and by the time he'd finished I totted up my figures, and found he'd used the best part of a thousand men.

"That's all right, sir," said I; "and when may I expect the regiment?"

"Regiment!" he said, rather surprised. "What regiment d'you mean?"

"The regiment for doing all this work and garrisoning the place, sir," said I innocently. "You've been talking about knocking down houses, erecting barricades, and digging trenches right and left. I've only got thirty men."

"The deuce you have!" he said thoughtfully. "We'd better"—

"Go and have lunch, sir," I chipped in.

"Excellent idea," said he, mopping his face.

'So off we went, had a top-hole *tiffin*, and that was the last we ever heard of it. Kiang-fu never was put in a state of defence so far as I

know. However, the rebels never came there again, so every one was quite happy. I tell you,' Wooten concluded with a grin, 'one occasionally has some pretty rummy times up the Yang-tse.'

One had, apparently, and Peter Wooten was an officer of great initiative and resource, who had served his country well, and had upheld the dignity of her flag on more than one occasion. Chinese generals, mandarins, and other Celestial potentates were nothing to him. He bullied or bluffed them all into doing what he wanted, and they used to walk in terror of 'the red-faced devil with the loud voice,' as they called him. No wonder, then, that Peter felt himself tied by the leg in a battleship, where, to use his own expression, he was a 'mere dog's body.'

(Continued on page 404.)

THE GERMANS IN CHILE.

A SOUTH AMERICAN FORECAST.

By OSWALD H. EVANS, F.G.S.

A FEW months before the war-cloud darkened over Europe there lay at anchor for some days on the wide, sparkling bay of Valparaiso three great war-vessels of the Kaiser's navy—two heavy battleships, the *Prinz Albrecht* and the *Kaiser*, and the four-funnelled cruiser *Strassburg*—all smoking like foundries, and ever and anon making the hills echo with the roar of saluting cannon. A salute with heavy guns is a serious affair in Valparaiso Bay on a still morning. Long after the gun thunder has ceased and the smoke has driven far across the wave-tops in white cumulus clouds, the uproar continues, tossed back and forth from mountain to mountain, to die at last in a muffled pulsation, flung perhaps from the far-off Andean snows.

Three powerful units of a navy younger than a middle-aged man, a war-machine pure and simple, with no more magic in its history and associations than a steam-hammer. Efficient enough they certainly were, for within their steel hulls were crowded all that cold-blooded science could compass of power; beautiful too they were, in some half-grotesque German fashion, as though Albert Dürer had had a hand in their designing.

A few hundred yards away from them lay two or three cruisers of the Chilean fleet; old vessels all of them, more than half-obsolete beside their giant guests, but beautifully kept, and bearing names that recall the glories of a hundred years of eventful national history. The contrast was interesting.

Crowds of visitors went over the German vessels, and returned full of admiration, though the locked gun-turrets and jealously hooded gun-breeches were much commented upon as revealing

a characteristic of the Teutonic mind that widely contrasted with the relatively great freedom allowed to visitors on board our *New Zealand*, which had called at the port a few months previously, when boy scouts poked their inquiring staves everywhere, and were hauled out from the innermost recesses of the vessel.

This visit of the German battleships was the first of many trying experiences that British people in Valparaiso have had to pass through lately. It was a great day for the innumerable German residents, and they never wearied of pointing out the perfections of these Dreadnoughts to any British acquaintance who could be induced to lend an ear. For this reason, and perhaps from some premonition of the future, few of our countrymen went on board. From the *Paseos*, however, those open spaces above the lower town commanding an extensive view over the sea, which form a pleasant feature of the place, it was easy, with good glasses, to watch the hive-like activity of their decks, and to see the sudden crystallisation of groups of hurrying little figures into rigidly ordered lines, or a squad coming forward man by man to twirl, one after another, on a horizontal bar.

On shore the German liberty men thronged the streets. Sedate youths, lacking the jolly, rolling gait of our Jack-tars, they gazed soberly into shop windows and flirted mildly with the Chilean damsels. Some were glorious in full dress, with innumerable silver buttons; others were clothed in garments recalling the sailor suits of our childhood. All wore their caps at the precise angle laid down, it is to be presumed, in the regulations, the long ribbons hanging down behind like Chinese pigtails. Their deportment on shore was such that the

patrolling pickets found nothing whatever to reprove, and the visit of the foreign ships passed off without the slightest incident.

Valparaiso is not what it was. Once upon a time, many, many years ago, a British officer shot a policeman in the theatre, and the indignant populace trundled a field-piece down to the beach with the intention of opening fire on his vessel. And not so very many years since the crew of an American man-of-war fell into controversy with the longshore men, with a result so serious that for many a long year strained relations existed with the States. The place is still, I believe, useful to novelists whose heroes engage in knife-combats, and whose rascals come to horrid ends in 'the rude and bloody wharf-side drinking-shops of Chili,' as Stevenson unkindly called them. But those days are over, or nearly so.

It is interesting nowadays to recall one's impressions of those German sailors. As they trooped up to the German church on Sunday, clean washed and shining-faced, the elder men with little chin-tuft whiskers like the Dutchmen who came up the river in Mr Pepys's day, they looked a set of healthy, open-faced boys and sober, decent men, and one's heart warmed toward them. The officers were not, perhaps, so *simpatico*, as the Chilians say. The German officer has always gone against the grain with Englishmen, but even now it is somehow difficult to make those faces fit in with the facts. My own idea was that the great Freemasonry of the Sea had evolved a type of German radically different from that of the army. Which may be considered as a warning against hasty generalisation.

Whilst these ships were in, Chile was honoured by a visit from Prince Henry of Prussia, the Mailed Fist personified. In the light of subsequent events, the main object of his South American tour appears to have been the stimulation of German sentiment and commercial enterprise, more especially in the Argentine, southern Brazil, and Chile. The Chilians, ever renowned for hospitality, gave him a hearty welcome; but when, with that graceful tact for which his countrymen are so renowned, he exhorted the children of the German school never to forget that they were Germans in spite of their misfortune in being born in a foreign land, and bade them take care never to depart from German customs and the German tongue, their minds were 'clouded with a doubt.' It was felt, when the speech had been translated into plain Spanish, and its import appreciated, that children born to Chilian citizenship owe duties to their motherland as well as to that of their parents overseas. This will be the more readily understood when it is remembered that Chilian-born children, of whatever race, are supposed in due course to serve their term in the army.

His Serene Highness did not come to this

rather out-of-the-way corner of the globe merely to admire Chilian scenery or to remind school children that they were still under the Kaiser's yoke; nor did the three big ships turn up so opportunely only to meet him. Beyond the main object, the glorification of the Fatherland, they proposed to advertise German-built war-ships. I am told that the vessels had little plates affixed to their masts bearing the famous inscription, 'Made in Germany;' and I know that since their visit an idea gained ground among Chilians that our big battle cruisers were not found to be satisfactory sea-boats.

The more important countries of South America, no wiser than their European elders, are caught in the wicked net of militarism. Acting on the principle that the smaller nations require the biggest armaments in order to defend themselves against the greater, they outvie one another in the projection of super-Dreadnoughts. All have coast-lines long enough and vulnerable enough to make the problem of their defence one of national anxiety, so that the advocates of heavy naval and military expenditure are at no loss for plausible arguments in support of their views. Each state has neighbours with old scores to pay off, and inherits a legacy of suspicion—the worm that dieth not. Each views with alarm and jealousy any sign of increasing armaments in another, and so the vicious circle is complete in the New World as in the Old.

Such, at least, was the situation until recently. The spectacle of old Europe converting itself into a man-made hell, however, has had some effect as a valuable object-lesson; and, in the presence of this awful but logical effect of increasing armaments, the South American peoples have come into closer touch with one another than formerly. One has to live in a country of the southern continent to appreciate the triviality of the intercourse between the neighbouring states in normal times. I believe I am right in saying that twenty-five years or more had elapsed since a Peruvian flag had been seen on a merchant vessel in Valparaiso Bay. Now, however, there is some indication of the growth of a common consciousness, of a feeling that the union, in sentiment if not in hard political fact, of the sister republics would evolve a Latin-American entity of weight in the councils of the world. That noble dream of a united South America, a physical impossibility in the days of its originator, the warrior statesman Bolivar, is perhaps nearer realisation than ever before. This aspiration—for it is as yet little more—deserves the sympathy of the Old World, and especially of the allied nations. The sentiment of the free peoples is utterly opposed to the ideals of German militarism. It is, I know, customary to look upon South America as the native land of revolution and political intrigue; and yet, to the hardy optimist, the very disorders

that have been so plentiful during the past century may be regarded as symptomatic of a fervent desire for individual freedom and development. Germany has, in the past, supplied the Chilean army with instructors, Krupp guns, and a thousand details of equipment, among the rest a uniform, which, however suitable for men of a tall, blonde race, sits oddly on the sturdy little brown men, with their strange diversity of facial type, ranging from that of the pale, aristocratic Spaniard of *sangre azul* to that of the pure Indian, whose expression can only be described as pertaining to the Stone Age.

Hitherto the supply of naval equipment has mainly been in British hands; at the time of the outbreak of war the two big warships, the *Cochrane* and the *Latorre*, were in construction in England, together with a group of large destroyers. These vessels, under new names, are now incorporated with the British fleet, and the Chileans are wondering if, after all, it is good policy in these days of submarines to put all their eggs into one or two baskets. Signs were not lacking that the Germans, powerfully backed up by their Government, were about to make a great effort to capture a part, if not the whole, of the great business of naval construction for the smaller foreign Powers.

For the time being the supply of war material from Europe has fallen off, and the imperative need of economy will limit the expenditure in this direction for a long while. Perhaps, too, when the war is over, the world, grown wiser as well as sadder, will find worthier objects to occupy its energies than the sale of firearms to children.

Here in Chile, where the war affects every one seriously, if indirectly, the problem of the future already presses. For little Chile, as for the rest of the world, a simple return to the *status quo ante* will be impossible. It may be that there are still months and perhaps years of travail to pass through before liberty and security and freedom of thought are assured for peoples great and small alike; but already in Chile and in South America at large certain facts stand out that are of peculiar interest to Englishmen.

The main fact is this. Whilst the turmoil of the war is fixing all our attention on Europe and Asia, a great body of Germans, practically cut off from the Fatherland, are doing all in their power to consolidate their position and extend their influence throughout the great southern continent. Before me is a map of the world, with German possessions before the war marked out in inky black. As such they have been, or are being, dealt with. But we know that many vast and desirable regions where the German flag floats only over consulates might, on the same principle, be tinted with a wash of dark gray. The Teuton is ubiquitous; but here and there members of the race are present in such numbers as to stamp their social and political character-

istics on towns and wide areas of country. I draw my examples mainly from Chile, but parts of southern Brazil and Argentina would afford even clearer instances.

Time was, and that not so long ago, when the British were easily predominant among the many foreign colonists of this country. The British, using the term to cover the Scotch, Irish, and Welsh, as well as the English, have made themselves for good and evil a part of the past and present history of Chile since Francis Drake and his numerous imitators played the pirate from Cape Horn to Panamá. These times passed none too soon; but the old type of adventurer persisted to lend his potent aid in the struggle for national independence. In his troubled wake came the merchant, who in early times was little more than a *contrabandista*, but who now, under the republic, traded and prospered exceedingly. In Chile, as elsewhere, British trade was built up by the energy and initiative of private individuals acting without the least support from their Government. Settling down for good and all in the country, the merchants founded families. Their descendants have grown up to love Chile without losing their heritage in the old mother overseas, a fact which the summons of war has abundantly made evident.

I believe it is safe to say that the British have gained the respect and even the affection of the Chilean people as a whole. I believe, further, that the influence of our countrymen in Chile has been a good one. May we never, as individuals or as a nation, give these old friends cause to think otherwise of us! But of late years our supremacy, both numerical and commercial, has been very seriously menaced throughout South America by other European nations in the aggregate, and by the Germans in particular. That the overcrowded or oppressed of the earth should pour into countries full of potential riches is to be expected; but how it comes about that the Germans have made their foothold so firm is a question that still lacks complete explanation. The State aid and constant pressure that fortify German undertakings do not wholly account for it, nor is it thinkable that British energy has suffered decay. The secret perhaps lies in the difference of temperament, and in the contrasting organisation of the two colonies. The Germans in South America are welded into a self-conscious whole by unity of aim and iron discipline, a statement which cannot be made of the British. The beaver-like industry of the youthful German is proverbial, whilst the young Englishman, though a harder worker here than at home, likes to get his fair share of football. The Germans are deliberately attacking a position which the British are only now realising that it will take all their energies successfully to defend.

We all know now, only too well, that the Germans possess that uncanny solidarity which seems to imply a fixed and innate idea of sub-

ordination and concerted action under superior orders, and the 'close formation' is carried into commercial life. A German acquaintance—the word 'friend' has to be dropped nowadays, even on neutral ground—once told me that the feeling of restraint among his younger countrymen becomes at times almost unendurable. There can be no doubt, however, as to the working of the system from the point of view of material success, whatever havoc it makes of individual minds and souls.

Excellent German schools, the cheapness and efficiency of which attract the children of the native population and of other nationalities, including, formerly, our own; admirable German hospitals; powerful banks and business concerns, numbering among their employes hundreds of Chilians—these things do not make for the advancement of British interests, though I do not wish it to be implied that we cannot match them in all these respects.

The war has directly weakened the British colony in Chile. The flower of the British and Chilian-born British youth has long ago departed singing toward the red glare on the far horizon, and already numbers of them have fallen for Britain, leaving sad hearts in many a household. The majority of the German lads remain perforce, however unwillingly, and by remaining serve their country better, perhaps, than they know. Here in Valparaiso the German tongue is heard on every side, and the German countenance is mirrored in every window. In the early days of the war it was almost impossible for British people to keep free from 'enemy trading.' The precisian, for instance, had difficulty in getting bread, since the bakers are nearly all German or Austrian. In this town he had to eschew tramcars and electric light, and forgo Valdivia beer. Little music can yet be bought save at 'enemy' shops, and a host of people would have to abandon their houses to avoid paying rent to German landlords or to avoid German neighbours on either side and 'across the way.' In endeavouring to carry on 'business as usual,' a merchant soon found that he could not, all at once, disentangle German interests from the complex fabric of modern commercial life.

The Germanisation which I have very imperfectly sketched is greatly accentuated in many towns and districts of southern Chile, and its possible development in the future is a matter which merits the consideration of all who have interests in the country.

If it falls out, as we all trust and believe, that the end of the war sees a Germany chastised with scorpions, her false gods overthrown, bereft of her oversea possessions, we shall have to face—no matter what *modus vivendi* we arrive at with our present enemy—the gigantic effort of the most scientifically organised people on earth to win back in commerce what they have lost in

war. It is in the countries where a neutral flag covers and protects German enterprise that the silent struggle will rage none the less fiercely that it may never come again to the arbitrament of the cannon.

The increasing number of remarkably fertile German and Austrian immigrants possessed of that strong tendency to racial cohesion which so largely augments their power will in no great time present itself as a serious problem to the South American republics. One may predict with some confidence a great influx of Germans and Austrians into South America after the war, since the line of least resistance will lie in this direction. Nowhere else in the world do such vast areas of potentially valuable land support so inadequate a population. From the German point of view, the prospect of their 'entering into the land to possess it' will turn on the numbers of the race poured in and born in the country. Without an unthinkable effort, Germany and her Austrian dependency could send forth from their teeming millions a throng capable of outnumbering the native Chilians, for example, within a generation. This once accomplished, unless the Governments, or, rather, the people, are very wide awake, control will gradually but inevitably pass, through methods open or concealed, into the hands of the masterful, utterly unscrupulous majority. When that state of affairs comes about, merchants of other nationalities may as well put up their shutters.

Danger to native South American interests arising from armed aggression or from attempts at internal revolution may presumably be ruled out, or else the present restraining war will have failed of effecting its main purpose. None the less, we have recently read of a threatened danger of German insurrection in southern Brazil, and the pathetic complaints of native Brazilians illegally excluded from areas occupied by German 'colonies.' Nay, more, we have read of German complaints that Brazilians have ventured to occupy land within these sacred areas, a thing almost incredible.

The unceasing German propaganda takes many forms, and it is often difficult to distinguish the cloven hoof in the flood of articles and Press comments ostensibly coming from native sources. Every opportunity is taken to complicate the relations existing between the Allies and the South American republics, and to render it difficult to settle disputed questions amicably. Most dangerous of all is the naturalised German, who uses his disguise to appear more ardent for the honour of his adopted nationality than any genuine Latin-American patriot.

In this connection I must briefly refer to the case of the *Dresden*. Thanks to the traditional good understanding between Chile and Great Britain, the destruction of that warship in Chilian waters was not followed by the strained relations

which the German residents did all in their power to bring about, but was arranged with full and due satisfaction to Chilean honour. Our guns certainly had knocked the lobster-pots about on Juan Fernandez, and the Germans made what capital they could of our technical breach of neutrality. Inflammatory leaflets, purporting to be written by Chileans, were circulated, and a fragment of shell picked up in the island was exhibited in a German shop window under a provocative label. The attempted agitation fell flat. The incident is closed, the damage done compensated, and the British note, which so promptly answered the admirable statement of the Chilean Minister in London, gave general satisfaction. At the same time, it is to be desired that, so far as the stern necessities of warfare permit, the proud and sensitive Latin-American character should be most considerately dealt with, lest the impression gain ground that, in her dealings with small States, Great Britain considers that 'the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honour feels.'

The *Dresden's* crew, now interned in Quiri-

quina Island, and recently afflicted, we are told, by an outbreak of trichinosis—probably due to an incautious attempt to acclimatise a national dainty—what will become of them? Three hundred 'stirring brisk lads,' as Defoe would call them, highly trained and disciplined, are indeed a fine gift to the German colony. I doubt if many of them will go home after the war to an exhausted and temporarily disorganised country, when good opportunities lie to hand in this fresher field.

To look ahead through the smoke-clouds to the new conditions which peace will impose on a world filled with bitter memories and unsatiated passion affords no pleasant prospect. Enough may be gathered from this bundle of personal impressions to make it clear that our South American markets will demand a great share of our attention if we intend to retain them; and it is to be remembered that this great half of the New World bids fair to become, in time, the seat of intense human activity, in which our traditions require that Britain should take her due share.

CORPORAL MARGUERITE.

CHAPTER IV.

'SOMEWHERE in France,' by which phrase the papers are by a rigid censorship forced to hide localities, a fierce engagement was taking place. It was at a point near where the stretch of flat country southward of Ypres held by the British lines merged into those of their French brothers-in-arms. Occasionally, indeed, in the stress of battle, and in the inevitable confusion which sometimes occurs, French and British fought together side by side in a single trench.

A heavy cannonade had been maintained from the German artillery upon the two small villages which lay some four or five miles in the rear of the Franco-British fighting-line, just within the border of west Flanders.

Earlier in the day Corporal Marguerite had been engaged in Red Cross work, for the ambulances with the wounded and the stretcher-bearers came to these two villages behind the lines in a steadily flowing stream which kept every surgeon and nurse busy. But though Corporal Marguerite, as she had become affectionately called, ministered to the wounded men with tenderness and a skill born from intuition rather than experience, she was not content. In her heart there still burned the flame of hatred of the Germans who had not only devastated the fair land of France, of which she was a daughter, but had also slain her mother and devastated her own soul.

So, in the late afternoon, when there came an ominous rumour that the pressure on the trench immediately in front of the village in which she

was stationed was becoming increasingly severe and dangerous, she crept away to the outskirts, determined to do her part in the defence of France. As she swung along over the field no one she met stopped her—her uniform was a sufficient pass; and if any one, on seeing her, thought about the matter, he came to the conclusion that she was returning to the firing-line.

As she crashed through a low, broken hedge she stumbled, and almost fell on top of a young private of one of the French regiments, who lay mortally wounded where he had managed to crawl and prop himself up against the hedge. He was too near insensibility to realise that Marguerite was not a comrade in arms; and when he saw her bending over him he said, 'Here, comrade, take my rifle, and go and shoot some of those cursed Bosches.'

Marguerite knelt down and placed her arm beneath his shoulders, drew the stopper from his water-bottle, and held the latter to his lips. But he made no effort to drink. He was past the need of assuaging the terrible thirst which had seemed to consume him but a short while before; and even as the girl paused to consider what else she could do, his head fell back upon her arm, and she knew that he was beyond her aid.

Amid the screech of shells, which tore through the air to plunge among the ambulances and the cottages hastily turned into hospitals in the village whence she had come, and with the

occasional sharp, wasp-like song of a rifle-bullet spinning through the air, Corporal Marguerite, with tears in her eyes, knelt beside the dead soldier of France, laid him tenderly down, and crossed his hands upon his breast. Then swiftly she unfastened his bandolier, which was heavy with cartridges, seized his rifle, and set off across the fields to the firing-line.

At last she came quite close, and the waspish buzz of the rifle-bullets and of the machine-guns became as incessant as that of a swarm of bees. She lay almost flat on the ground, and crawled towards the trench. At last she was in it, standing side by side with smoke-grimed, earth-bespattered men, who, either behind machine-guns or with their rifles resting upon the top of the trench parapet, were pouring a murderous fire towards the German trenches a few hundred yards away.

Amid the din of battle, with the terror of sudden death hovering over the trench in which the soldiers of France and those of Britain stood side by side steady as a rock, Corporal Marguerite's presence passed almost unnoticed. Once or twice the men on either side of her would exclaim with a careless oath, 'Got him that time!' or 'Steady!' or 'Damn you! don't crowd me up so.' But no one paid any real attention to her, and she continued to slip in the clips of cartridges and fire steadily, as she saw the others doing.

Towards the late afternoon there came a lull in the firing. 'A calm before the storm,' a young Englishman who was placed next to her observed; adding, as she did not reply, 'I expect that means the Huns will be coming out of their holes before long.' And then, as she still said nothing, but only smiled at the speaker, he exclaimed, while he looked her up and down, 'Well, I'm blest if you aren't the prettiest *piou-piou* that I've seen since I landed!'

Although Corporal Marguerite could understand scarcely a word of what the young fellow, who was trying to rub some dust out of his eyes, said, she understood enough from the look of admiration and astonishment which crossed his eyes to cause her to blush.

'Well, I'm blowed!' went on Private Atherton, who, before he had come soldiering to France, had been not only the apple of his mother's eye and the idol of his sisters, but also a partner with his father in an old-established firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn Fields. And then, as Corporal Marguerite blushed still more deeply, he muttered beneath his breath, 'Hang it all, I believe the corporal is a girl!'

Before he could say more, or question her, or even draw the attention of his company officer to her, there was a wild shout from the end of the trench. 'They're coming!' ran the cry down the line, and over the blue-and-white sand-bags of the German trench a swarm of gray-green coated men could be seen clambering,

whilst for a few moments on the British trench was concentrated a perfect hail of shrapnel and shell-fire from the German batteries in the rear.

In the few terrible minutes, whilst the earth in the trench seemed positively to shake and even rock, Private Atherton had no time for thought or speculation concerning the girl who stood beside him; but at the back of his mind remained the fixed idea that by some sport of chance the slim young French corporal who had been firing so coolly beside him for the last hour or more was a girl, and that when the rush came he must somehow or other manage to protect her.

Amid the rattle of the machine-guns in the Franco-British trench, and the sharp, spiteful, continuous crack of rifles, it was impossible to hear the human voice at the distance of a foot or two, but the instructions of the company commanders were passed from man to man: 'Wait till the enemy is within eighty yards, and then empty your magazines into them, and prepare to receive them with the bayonet.'

Across the open space between the two trenches, which was littered with wire entanglements, the German hordes came on, only to meet, when they were within eighty or ninety yards of the Franco-British trench, so withering a fire that the whole mass of men seemed to tremble, stagger, and fall. But others came on, and some few reached the object of their attack.

In the corner where Corporal Marguerite stood, close to Atherton, with her bayonet fixed and a terrible desire to kill in her heart, a handful of Germans who, by one of the chances of war which are so extraordinary and inexplicable, seemed to have escaped almost unscathed while their companions were mown down on either side of them, came rushing on.

As Atherton saw that they would reach the trench, he turned to the girl and said, 'You'd better get out of this, corporal; or, if you won't, then get behind me. The devils will be upon us in a second.'

Then, almost before the girl realised it, the Germans were clambering over the sand-bags, and some were thrusting down fiercely with bayonets, while others whose magazines were not empty were firing rapidly and with deadly effect.

Atherton spun round with a nasty jab in his shoulder only just in time to see and ward off a fierce downward cut from an officer who, almost astride the topmost sand-bags of the trench, was about to slip down where Corporal Marguerite stood. But for the speedy intervention of Atherton's rifle, the girl would undoubtedly have been run through the shoulder or the breast.

Those who have gone through a battle sometimes tell how, in the supreme moment of the fight, an incident or a face in the *mêlée* and in

the fierce struggle stands out isolated, as it were, and remains impressed upon the mind. And so it was with Corporal Marguerite, for she recognised in a flash the officer who had cut down at her as her captor at Armand. For a moment she trembled and felt as though the sight of that face would deprive her of all power of initiative. All the horror of the night and dawn at Armand, and the death of her mother, came rushing back upon her. But, as Hofmeyer felt one of the sand-bags slipping beneath his feet, and attempted to spring clear, the girl almost mechanically and without any recognised volition upon her own part pointed her rifle upwards, and with a cry the German stumbled and pitched forward on to the bayonet.

Borne backwards by the shock of the falling body, Marguerite lay buried beneath the weight of her enemy and the sand-bag that had slipped down with him. Then, as she realised the horror of her position, with her dead enemy pressing down upon her and almost crushing the breath out of her body, she lost consciousness.

The counter-attack upon the enemy who assailed the trench had been successful. A British Highland regiment had entirely cleared the Germans out of the Franco-British trench they had momentarily occupied, and had, by one of those irresistible charges for which the regiment had become famous, captured the enemy trench and made some two hundred metres advance.

Atherton, shouting himself hoarse, almost mad to be avenged upon the Germans, was one of the first to reach the enemy trench and help to drive out the few Germans found in it. Then, when the firing had died down, and it was realised that, for that day at any rate, the conflict in that particular salient was finished, he suddenly remembered the girl whose comrade he had been throughout the afternoon.

In addition to his wound, Atherton had been a good deal knocked about in the rough and tumble of that onward rush. He had done one or two things, too, that marked him out for mention in a day of gallant deeds. And now, as he was sitting on a sand-bag in the captured trench, binding up his knee, which had been scragged by wire entanglements, and tying a handkerchief round his head where a bullet had furrowed its way, only lightly skinning him, a surgeon came along and ordered him to the rear.

'I'm all right, sir,' said Atherton; but the patch of blood on his khaki near the shoulder gave the lie to the statement.

'You do as I tell you,' said the surgeon. 'You are fit to walk, but you need attention. Go to the base as quickly as you can.'

Reluctantly Atherton clambered out of the trench. Still a few bullets were spitting across the open space between the old Franco-British

trench and the one lately captured from the Germans. As he was crossing it, wondering vaguely whether his luck would be to be shot down by a stray bullet, his mind began to work normally again, and suddenly he remembered the little corporal whom he had last seen crushed backwards by the German lieutenant who had tried to cut her down. He must find her. That idea formulated itself with absolute clearness in his mind. He realised that in the brief time during which he had noticed her standing beside him in the trench she had made a definite impression.

At last he crossed the intervening space between the two trenches in safety, although he did it falteringly from weakness and the pain of his wounds. He stumbled over the sand-bags, and slipped down into the trench. To his mind, confused by the recent din of battle and all the attendant horrors of the past two hours, the place seemed full of dead and wounded. He could not pass along it without treading on some one, and the first step he took fell upon the chest of a German infantryman, who lay with a bayonet-thrust through his lungs. The body yielded sickeningly beneath his weight. Notwithstanding the horrors he had been through, he experienced a sudden repulsion from the idea of thus trampling underfoot even a dead enemy.

At last he reached the corner of the trench in which he had been standing with Corporal Marguerite. She still lay partially underneath the body of the German lieutenant, Hofmeyer. As Atherton stooped down and attempted to drag the body off her, he found that she was quite unconscious, although she had managed to extricate her head and one shoulder from the stifling pressure of the dead man.

In his weakened state it was all Atherton could do to drag the dead off the still living; but when he had done so, the girl, though still unconscious, seemed to relax her limbs and stretch herself with relief.

Atherton dashed the blood and sweat from his eyes and peered down at her. His heart beat more quickly at the thought, 'Is she, after all, dead?' With his mind still confused, his brain half-asphyxiated, as it were, by the terrible cannonading and the fatigue and loss of blood that he had sustained, he was unable to decide in his own mind whether there was any life in the slim body of the girl that lay before him.

He knelt down, unbuttoned her jacket, and placed his ear near her heart. He thought that he could detect a slight, almost intermittent beat, and he cried out with joy at the discovery. Then he became suddenly conscious that the skin of her neck and bosom looked almost lividly white, and that her breast was heaving gently. Laboriously he rose from his knees, and tried to pick her up. In her unconscious condition Corporal Marguerite was no light weight. But

at last he managed it, getting her across his back much as a fireman would do in fighting his way with an inert body from a burning building.

He found a spot where the dead lay so thick that he could clamber up over them, swaying under the weight of his burden, and get out of the trench; and then, half-blinded with the mingled blood and sweat which trickled from his forehead, he stumbled onward across the fire-scorched field, every now and then blundering into shallow cavities torn by shells, in the direction in which he believed the temporary field hospital lay.

The distance seemed interminable. He struggled on, panting and half-unconscious, his mind obsessed by the one idea that he must reach the hospital, not so much for his own need as for that of the girl he bore.

Suddenly he was conscious of a sharp pain in the fleshy part of his thigh, just as though a large red-hot needle had been driven into it. The thought 'I'm hit again!' passed through his mind, and he gave an involuntary sob. Now he would never reach succour, and perhaps the two of them would fall there and lie until death came. Perhaps, indeed, he thought, the bullet had passed through the girl's body before it entered his own.

A few more steps and he stumbled heavily. A dark curtain seemed suddenly drawn down over his eyes. There was a roaring in his ears like the sound of the sea. Then all was blank.

CHAPTER V.

IN one of the rooms, now a hospital ward, in a great Paris hotel in the Place Vendôme, Norman Atherton lay in bed No. 16, trying somewhat futilely to pick up the threads of memory which had been snapped and seemed now so easily to evade him. He knew nothing of what had happened from the time that he fell within half a mile of one of the field hospitals beneath the girl he was trying to carry into safety; nothing of the night spent in the open beneath a couple of blankets, his wounds temporarily dressed; nothing of the journey to Paris, and the transference from the motor-ambulance to the ward of the great hotel. All that time was a blank. And, as he lay worrying at the tangle of memory, he could recall nothing save the sweet, boyish face of Corporal Marguerite, the close-cropped golden hair, and the blue eyes which he had peered down at as she stood beside him in the trench just as the enemy attack developed.

Of course, he had been forbidden to think. Sister Anastasie had become as nearly cross as her nature would allow her to be only that morning, when he had begun questioning her

eagerly but somewhat incoherently concerning past events. 'You must not think! You must not talk!' she said quite sharply. 'All you have to do, my friend, is to get well again quickly, so that you may go back to fight the enemies of France, as every good soldier wishes to do.'

But it is indeed difficult to calm the mind of an invalid which is not at rest. And at last, in the latter part of the afternoon, Sister Anastasie realised that to satisfy her patient, in some particulars at least, would be the best thing to do in the end. So she told him what she knew: how he had been found side by side with a young corporal, who proved to be a girl, and had been taken to the field hospital, then to the base, and lastly to Paris, where he now found himself. Nearly a fortnight had elapsed, Atherton discovered, since he had been picked up on that nameless battlefield 'somewhere in France.'

'One does not easily, my friend,' said Sister Anastasie, 'get over the effects of wounds like yours, and especially concussion of the brain, from which you have been suffering.'

'And what became of the girl?' asked Atherton eagerly.

'Ah!' said Sister Anastasie, who scented with the unerring instinct of a woman a romance in which she would willingly play a part, 'she, the Little Corporal, as they call her, was but slightly wounded. She is in Paris. They aren't going to let her fight any more.' And then she lifted her shoulders, and said, '*Ma foi!* certainly not. Fighting is not, after all, good work for women; and women are wanted badly in the hospitals. Ah! the hospitals,' she went on, 'are very, very full—full of the brave sons of France, full of you English who have fought so well, like what you call *les bouletogues*, beside us. And so Mademoiselle Marguerite, the Little Corporal, will fight no more, my friend; only fight wounds and death. That certainly is woman's work; not the handling of a rifle.'

'But where is she?' said Atherton. 'I must see her, Sister.' But the Sister shook her head. And then Atherton played a trump card with some of the coolness for which he had been noted. 'If you don't let me see her, Sister,' he went on, 'I simply won't get well. I *shan't* get well, Sister!'

Sister Anastasie smiled. What persistent, strong-willed fellows *les braves Anglais* were, to be sure! And so she promised him that she would see what Dr Mercier said when he came into the ward.

'But you mustn't expect to see Mademoiselle Marguerite,' said Sister Anastasie, in a rather severe tone which her kindly eyes belied. 'And now you must have your afternoon sleep, or when Dr Mercier comes it will not only be "No visitors" for you, but black looks for me also!' And the Sister, having smoothed his

pillow and straightened the bedclothes, which he had disarranged in his twistings and turnings, crept away, and passed—a white-coifed, white-clad figure—down the ward to other duties.

It had been a morning of rain, little showers which had served to lay the dust, and now Paris lay beautiful in the sunshine. It was a quieter city than in former times. The traffic through the Place Vendôme, except at certain hours, was much less; but otherwise, from the sunny balcony where Norman Atherton, now convalescent, lay in a wicker *chaise longue*, Paris seemed much as he had known it in former times, when he had been there on a visit of pleasure or business. But though his gaze followed the track of ambulances, taxis, and other vehicles across the sunlit Place, every now and again his eyes turned, as though expecting some one, to the French windows which opened on to the balcony.

At last, just as a neighbouring clock was striking three, some one stepped out from the window. It was not easy to recognise the trim figure of Corporal Marguerite in the more flowing garb of a hospital Sister. The golden hair, now growing again, was of course hidden beneath the white head-dress with its spotless, stiffened wings. Her face had received an added beauty since the time when she was the acknowledged belle of Armand. For one thing, just now the pallor which illness and suffering had wrought was dissipated by a slight flush; and, for another, as was only natural, the garb which many think makes even a plain woman attractive made Sister Marguerite more than beautiful.

'Ah!' said Atherton, 'you have come, Sister.'

And, though there was a light in her eyes and a smile upon her lips, she answered in quite a matter-of-fact way, 'Of course, it is I. Cannot you believe it, my friend?' Then she came and sat on the end of the *chaise longue*, and for just a little time they talked of things of the moment—the progress of the war, the terrible toll of wounded which flowed unceasingly into the beautiful city. And then Marguerite, after a long pause, said slowly, 'It has never been possible for me, my friend, to thank you for what you did—for saving my life.'

Atherton flushed. Her hand was very near his, and he took it. 'Please don't say any more,' he exclaimed. 'It was nothing. The only pity was that I got knocked over and I didn't save you after all. It was the stretcher-bearers did that;' and he laughed a little bitterly.

'But no,' said the girl, 'it was you who did it.' And suddenly she burst into tears.

A man is always at a disadvantage in dealing with a situation like this. The most carefully chosen words seem but platitudes, and hardly ever bring comfort to the woman. Atherton was no exception to the rule. He was distressed,

and at the same time felt himself helpless. Why on earth should the girl cry? flashed through his mind. It was all over now, and why could she not be sensible and listen to what he had made up his mind to say to her? And then, as she did not withdraw her hand, he suddenly did instinctively the only thing that could have comforted her—he drew her down towards him and said slowly, 'Don't cry, Marguerite; you mustn't cry. I want to say something to you, and I must say it, for you know in half-an-hour the Sister will be here, if not sooner.' When the girl was calm Atherton went on, 'You know the day we met first, and you stood firing in the trench?'

Marguerite nodded her head, and a blush stole into her face.

'Well,' continued Atherton, 'you looked just what that American chap who's in the bed next to mine would call the "dinkiest" Little Corporal that ever I set eyes on! But you're not going to be a corporal any more, Sister Anastasie tells me. You're going to nurse the sick and wounded. Perhaps before the war is over I shall be wounded again, and you'll have to nurse me.'

The girl shivered.

'But,' he went on, 'I want to settle something before I go back to the trenches. I want you, Little Corporal'—and his voice became very persuasive and tender—'I want you to cement our national *entente cordiale* by marrying me. I'm a bit of a crock just now,' and then with a laugh he added, 'but I shall be a devilish fine fellow when I'm mended up, and perhaps I shall be lucky and not get broken again. What do you say?'

Marguerite was silent for a moment or two, and then she said, 'To-day I cannot think, my friend, of our own affairs. After the war—who knows?'

'But I cannot wait for my answer until after the war, Little Corporal,' urged Atherton, drawing her close to him. 'I must have it now.' Then he added, after a pause, during which she seemed to nestle closer to him, 'If you do not say "Yes" I shall be unhappy, and you know that it's not good for a wounded man to be unhappy, don't you?' And then he looked at her, and he felt that all he needed to make him happier than he had ever contemplated was for the little figure who now clung to him with tears in her eyes to say 'Yes' to his question.

'I am not good enough,' murmured Marguerite humbly, as the tears fell down her rounded cheeks.

'You are a thousand times too good,' said Atherton, kissing her.

And then Marguerite shook her head and whispered ever so softly, '*Non, un mille fois non, cœur de mon cœur*. But let the answer be as you wish.'

THE END.

AN INTERESTING MOTOR-TRANSPORT ENTERPRISE.

MANY of the electric tramway companies in Canada and the United States have recently been called upon to face serious competition on the part of motor-cars. It is stated that there is not a city upon the western coast of America where the tramway systems have not been hard hit. Owing to the success of the scheme it is developing rapidly, and it is quite possible that, in a modified form, it may make its appearance in the Old World. The vehicles are not licensed, and indeed are not necessarily constructed for public service, any car being suitable for the purpose. Street traffic always reaches its maximum in the morning and evening, when the workers are proceeding to and from their tasks. At these times the trams are always severely taxed. In order to ease the situation an enterprising individual conceived the idea of utilising a number of motor vehicles of all descriptions to compete for this 'rush' business. Traffic is sought upon the streets through which the tramways run. As soon as the motor-car has its full complement it is driven with all speed direct to its destination, and, in order to make good time, it cuts through back-streets and by-ways, where there is no congestion of traffic. At night the additional advantage is offered that when the weather is wet the passengers are set down successively at their own homes. This filching of the traffic at the termini of the tramways has proved highly successful. Not only is it possible for a person to pass from his home to his office in about half the time necessary by tramcar, but the fare is reasonable. Five cents (two-pence halfpenny) is the charge for any distance, and as the colloquial name for this coin is a 'jitney,' this form of traffic has become known as 'jitney competition.' The enterprise is proving remunerative, because it is carried on only during the 'rush' hours, when the vehicles are sure to be filled. The success of the scheme has produced a strange condition of affairs. While special vehicles have been built for the service, it is the small four or five seater private car which is the most remunerative. Many private car owners are in this way turning their vehicles to profitable account twice a day. They travel to and fro throughout the city in the manner of a taxi-cab during the 'rush' hours, and throughout the rest of the day remain at home for use by the owner's family. Many women who own motor-cars and who have no family ties appear with their vehicles during the morning and evening rushes to participate in this lucrative harvest. Not only has the competition hit the tramways hard, but it is driving the taxi-cabs off the streets. For journeys between certain points and the railway stations

the fare by 'jitney-car' is about a quarter of that demanded by the taxi-cabs; while, if one desires an outing during the morning or afternoon, arrangements can be made with one of the 'jitney-car' owners at a cost at least 50 per cent. below the usual rates. The majority of the vehicles are driven by their owners, and small syndicates are springing up to facilitate the purchase of vehicles by their respective members. At the moment the suffering municipal undertakings are striving to devise ways and means to eliminate or at least to regulate this competition. It has been suggested that the vehicles should be controlled in the manner of British omnibuses, should be compelled to keep to certain routes, should not be permitted to deviate from the streets laid down, should not compete for business in places through which a tramcar runs, and should be at work during certain fixed hours in the morning and evening respectively (even if resting during the day), irrespective of weather and the health of the driver. But it is generally regarded as a hopeless proposal, because the vehicles are privately owned, and if legal measures were brought into force it would be an easy matter to defeat them. Wiser counsels maintain that the tramways must tolerate the change in fashion which is taking place, as the 'jitney' is but a logical development of these high-pressure days, and is a change comparable to that which the electric tramways themselves brought about when they superseded horse-drawn trams, buses, and cabs.

EVENING.

THE red-gold glory of departing day
Lies like a sea of splendour in the west;
And Nature to her children all doth say
A soft good-night, and hushes them to rest.

The Earth her form in pearl-gray mist enshrouds,
While silence hovers in the glimmering light;
Across the sky sail little fleecy clouds,
Kissed by the rosy lips of coming night.

I stand quite still, and, by the deepening hush,
I know the supreme moment draweth near
When, from the whispering shade of yonder bush,
The nightingale pours forth his music clear.

He sings; and floods of broken melody,
Like showers of angel's tears falling from heaven,
Pour from his swelling throat. In ecstasy
The stars look down at all the joy thus given.

He sings of all the good that ever was,
Of all the joys that have been, and will be;
Tears spring unbidden to my eyes because
I long to have you listening here with me.

M. SAVORY.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday*.

LIFE is made more bearable now by its incongruities. Swamped by reckonings in millions and billions, overwhelmed by a feeling of helplessness through the loss of order in the world, men and women have lost sense of the relative values of persons, things, and events. It is not their fault. When reason has been abandoned to the point of wilful and meaningless destruction of what is good in the world, when the object of the day seems almost negative, when life is less stable than before, and the existence not alone of individuals but of nations is in jeopardy, where can there be coherent comparison of values, how is any ordered system to be regulated, since all order and system must be based on life, continuity, and reason? It is instantly demonstrable that nothing matters to us now but the war; that, as it means life and the future well-being and bearableness of the world, the war is everything, and nothing else is anything. Some, no doubt, would urge that, this being a time to assert the superiority of the spirit, and art being long as life is short, such things of the spirit as art and music and literature—which will make life worth living again when the wars are done, and will help man on once more as he tries to grope his way back to beauty—are greater than war, and have eternal powers of endurance. Governments, however, have no spiritual value or capacity. They make proclamations which are intended to impress the people, and they declaim upon right and justice; but Governments are, after all, worldly things. They are committees of expediency. Their moral standard, as we have found over and over again in recent times, is below that of the upright individual who sets himself an ideal, and strives after it, while the committee of expediency considers the material interests of the nation and its sense of responsibility for the moment. This is inevitable. The individual has his ideals for private contemplation and speculation; in his daily life he demands such facts as food and comfort. So the committee of expediency must be material, and none the less because the like committees of opposing States are more material still. The individual may not achieve it, but somehow he strives toward his ideal; at the least he sets it steadily

before him. It is something abstract, a principle, a fixed feature of his code of ethics. With the State it is not the same. The State is little concerned with such abstracts, save in times of peace, when the painting of village pumps is a matter for grave consideration and for orations at Westminster. For the rest, expediency and the worldly law of material interests must often prevail. The law of necessity is applied constantly. Because of it rulers deviate from undertakings, and according to that merely worldly law they are justified. They do not permit the application of the law of necessity by the individual, but it is the first law for their own conduct, because the preservation of the State in the most material sense is their supreme responsibility. To preserve the State the uttermost limits in measures of expediency are touched. Do you remember the withering, worldly truth that Isidore Lechat shouts at his son Xavier in M. Octave Mirbeau's satirical comedy, *Les Affaires sont les Affaires*, which is surely less comedy than tragedy: '*D'honneur . . . d'honneur. . . Au diable l'honneur! Où il y a de l'argent . . . il n'y a pas d'honneur*'?

* * *

The State, therefore, feels it must hold to business, and reserve the cultivation of fine ideals to times and circumstances when other affairs have no pressing urgency. It is because of this variance that the incongruities arise—this variance between the individual, who seeks anxiously now for a path of happiness of his own discovery, sometimes by secret and devious methods, and the State, that now dominates and exercises an ever-increasing pressure upon him, and seems to condemn him at every act and movement for selfishness and incompleteness of sacrifice. The State is not wrong to be so material, nor the individual to permit a certain development of himself. The two forces are the complement of each other, and may produce a tolerably good working arrangement. They are as two parties in a country's life, and the State, with its programme of self-preservation, is now in full power, as only when the enemy is at the gate; while the individual, free and assertive in peace, even wilful and arrogant in his liberty, relapses to the feeblest of all minorities.

He is only a number, a subject, a unit, a little piece of a vast and menaced whole. The individual sometimes seems to draw farther and farther back from the State and its great weapon of warfare, to feel even a detachment from it. Here one refers not to any class of individuals, and certainly not to any one who might be considered as in the least unpatriotic, but to all. Thus you discover that in the working of this principle and in the tendency of the individual to assert himself and his freedom despite the present stupendous enterprise, we have the interesting circumstance that while the State, with a vehemence never known before, preaches to the people the need for sacrifice, for economy, and for utter detachment from all individualism, its leaders in their individual selves may find it difficult to set the best example. Here, then, at the top are the most obvious incongruities.

* * *

They spread through every stratum of our life. Human nature rebels against the war as we know it now. It is necessary; it must, indeed, be carried through with all our might and determination and force, for we are right, and we must cleanse the world; but individuals in the twentieth century cannot live and be absorbed in war and nothing but war for seven or thirty or a hundred years, as in the times when wars were fought on horseback, and there were tented plains, knights in glittering armour, warm chivalry; when war was the greatest and best of sports, those not taking part in it going on with their daily work and play almost undisturbed. As the war continues you must necessarily find, after a certain height of sacrifice and intensity of feeling have been reached, that there is a fast-increasing tendency to the assertion of a greater measure of individualism; not in the way of selfishness or anything approaching to it, but in the endeavour to pursue separate interests with a closer concentration than at the beginning of the conflict, in the attempt in some measure to live the two lives—that of the unit of the State and that of the individual with ideals and desires. An artist does not see that it is good that art should be wholly abandoned. If there are things that are greater than art, there may be things that are greater than war. The State seems to suggest that the only literature having its commendation is that of its own composition, as displayed on the hoardings, in the form of advice to the people about their private ways and their public duties; that in art it most approves the pictures drawn in its own publicity departments, and pasted on the walls; and that in music it considers nothing appropriate to the time save a brass band and the 'Tipperary' tune. Here individuals detach themselves, and so come the incongruities. It is a difficult and doubtful point whether there is a human instinct for war. Some things suggest

it, and others oppose it. When we think of man come up by evolution from matter, from the earth, fighting all the time for the survival of the fittest, and thus reaching his present fine capacity, war as an instinct is indicated; but when man spiritually is considered it is not. But there is no doubt whatever that there is an intensely strong instinct for the exercise of human powers and faculties in a peaceful and non-war way; and it is this instinct at work insistently that leads to the incongruities, the bewildering contrasts and contradictions. It is not selfishness. It is nature, and not the worst of nature.

* * *

The minds of people everywhere are awaking to such considerations at this moment, when Nature herself presents the most confusing incongruity of them all—the sun of early summer shining on an earth that leaps to production once again, the fields and trees exulting in the new glory of their green, the flowers in all their delicacy and beauty come again to ridicule and scorn the grossness of the human kind—and the world at war. The world must be ashamed; when the madness of war has passed again, its remorse must be long and bitter. The human race yearns for the exercise of the ways and sympathies of the paths of peace; it snatches at every opportunity of gaining such satisfaction. So some of the incongruities seem barely to touch upon the senses now. No long time has passed since the theatre was looked upon by a part of the community as a palace of the devil; this morning, in the very heart of London, in Westminster, I find on the notice-board attached to an important parish church, side by side with the particulars of confirmation services, an arresting printed announcement headed, 'Gaiety Theatre,' with the intimation following that there were to be more performances, for the sake of a war charity, of *Under the Red Robe*. On a recent Sunday morning, as I was passing from Whitehall, I saw a bearded man nonchalantly perched on the saddle of an old-fashioned high bicycle riding past the Abbey, with the little wheel running behind as if—so it seemed to one's excited fancy—it were in a state of desperate stress to keep in close attendance on the master-wheel. It is thirty years or more since the high bicycle was superseded; yet here was an individual, in the full and arrogant exercise of his independence, producing such a relic from his private storehouse, and vaunting a bit of old Victorianism in the noblest thoroughfare of London on a Sunday morning in the second spring of war. Here was individualism. But so much is the public spirit attuned to the good of a little freedom that there was less staring and wondering than there would have been in the last days of peace. You may do a very strange thing in London now, and it

is not set against you for eccentricity, but is reckoned for good sense and strength in the way of giving a little freedom to individualism. Surely, in spite of all that can be said by their partisans, there is some incongruity in the advertised gambling on horse-racing at the present time, and in the football matches that were attended by hundreds of thousands of people every Saturday all last winter. (Years ago, in these pages, the writer, before any one else, earnestly advocated a tax on football matches, gave the reasons why, and indicated the results; now such a tax becomes a fact.) If these are to be admitted as fair expressions of individuality in war-time, it becomes the more difficult to condemn such incongruities as those contained in the numerous advertisements in important London newspapers of lessons in the game of bridge that are to be had in the West End, of bridge clubs where people may play in the afternoon, of whist drives where humbler folk may compete for petty prizes, and of dancing classes where the newest dances are taught. They say that even now there is almost a boom in dancing; that the newest and most fantastic American twists and turns have been studied not merely by flighty women, but by many others. When such things are utterly condemned, you must in reason consider them as inevitable features of the psychology of a nation ground down by war at its worst. They may not be so many foolish whims, but rather a subconscious strike for liberty by the individual.

* * *

A man of celebrity dies, and there appear in the papers long accounts of the circumstances and achievements of his life. There may be a column or more, and the bulk of the people may have little more than heard of this man. One life only has gone, and it gets a column, but some hundreds of lives are accounted for in a single one of the casualty columns alongside. Is this an incongruity? Where is the proportion between the one life that ebbed away in a stately mansion and the hundreds that bled off on the battlefield? But it is not an incongruity; for we, the mass of the people, have come to realise and act upon the principle that the lives of peace and the lives of war are things not capable of being compared. They are in separate worlds; they do not come into the same thoughts. A thousand may be killed; but the one still matters. The thousand are for the State and the one is for the individual. Here lately has been another noticeable expression of seeming incongruity. Just upon the outbreak of war an explorer set out for the South Pole. It had been reached before, by a Norwegian and by our own great Captain Robert Scott; but this time it was to be done in a new way. The explorer has not returned to time, and forthwith for a day or two his predicament is given the full

publicity of the war itself. Plans of Europe give way to maps of the frozen South; there are columns and more columns about the circumstances and the possibilities, and interviews with everybody having anything to say about the prospects of the missing explorer who would reach his base and find no ship there. Schemes are instantly considered for sending out a relief ship to him. All the world seems anxious. This for a day or two seems to become the most important matter of the time. The east front and the west front move into the middle distance. Hundreds of lives have been sacrificed on the battlefields, ships have been ruthlessly sunk, and in the air there has been as much heroism in a day or two as would have sufficed for the glory of a war complete in bygone ages; yet, save by those immediately concerned, it is all thrown into the background, and full attention is cast towards the dangers and the difficulties, the hardships and discomforts, of those engaged in this affair of the Farthest South. So the war is not to be considered in relation to the life of peace; the subjects are boxed in different compartments of the mind.

* * *

We work at this war, and shall continue to do so, as never at anything else. The utmost force of spirit and body that we can lay to this task shall be applied. But in many respects it is beyond our proper realisation. Does it make us callous? Have you not sometimes shuddered as you reflected how cheap heroism has become in your mind, and in that of all? Every day there is heroism in France and Belgium such as the world has never known before; but it is mostly unreported, and even when it gets into print there is little notice for it. There is so much of it; it is one great confused mass, mixed up with trenches and machinery, gases, and all the blackest compounds of the devil. It is a record of the most amazing heroism under supreme difficulties and discouragements, the like of which the world has never known before, and will probably never know again, for mankind will shrink from any further experiment with such conditions. Knowing there was to be no special glory, no open recognition; that it was to be pure raw sacrifice unadorned, to be accompanied not by the thrills and excitements of old-time fighting, but by all the ugliest adjuncts of most modern war, and that the chances of coming through unscathed were smaller than ever before, our men have gone to their death in thousands. Never was such sacrifice, never such transcendent heroism. But the mind cannot grasp it; it is too much, too overwhelming, such an enormous mass that it is passed silently by. Never was heroism as great as it is to-day; and, because there are such mountains of it, it hardly seems to count, and at the finish of the war there will be few incidents to be

remembered. Can you, reader, tell now the story of only six great incidents of the first six months of the war, the most fateful months of all, when such incidents were to be reckoned by

the tens of thousands? You cannot, and the point is proved. The heroes of to-day, greatest of all, have the rewards of their own sacrifice, and nothing more.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

CHAPTER V.—*continued.*

THE watch-keeping lieutenants were George English, Aubrey Plantagenet Fitz-Johnson (usually known in the wardroom as 'the Dook'), Henry Archer Boyle, and Tobias Tickle.

English was a mild, inoffensive little man, whose chief ambition in life was to retire from the navy while he was still young, marry a wife, live in a small whitewashed cottage miles away from any sea, rear pigs and chickens, and collect butterflies. For all his lack of ambition, however, he was a good and zealous officer. He never made a bad mistake; but never, on the other hand, did anything very brilliant. He was a conscientious plodder.

'The Dook' was a tall, dashing, immaculate person, with sleek and shiny hair. He had a wonderful taste in dress, and how many different suits of plain clothes he possessed nobody but himself and his servant knew. How much he owed his tailor and his haberdasher nobody but those long-suffering tradesmen themselves were aware of, for Fitz-Johnson cast all his bills into the fire immediately on their receipt. His garments were always fashionable and well cut; his ties, collars, shirts, and socks of the newest and most exclusive pattern. His uniform frock-coat fitted his *svelte* figure like a glove; his trousers were always perfectly creased; and on Sundays he always appeared at 'divisions' with a brand-new pair of kid gloves—he never wore the same pair twice. The men called him Algy. He looked it. He was essentially a lady-killer. His cabin was full of autographed photographs of feminine admirers and mementoes in the shape of faded dance-programmes and little knots and bows of ribbon. His bedspread, a wonderful creation in blue silk, embroidered with his crest and monogram, had been worked by one set of fair fingers; his door and scuttle curtains, of chintz, by some one else; and a little bag for his hairbrushes by a third lady. When the mail arrived his letter-rack in the wardroom was crammed with bills, and letters in feminine handwriting. He kept up a voluminous correspondence, but was wise enough never to have more than one ardent admirer in any one place. He was a regular 'devyl with the girls,' there was no doubt about that; and if the ship arrived at some new place, and the wardroom took it into its head it would like to give a tea-fight, 'the Dook' was immediately sent ashore to prospect. How he did it nobody quite

knew; but at the end of twenty-four hours he would be on friendly terms not only with all the young and pretty girls in the place, but also with their mothers, aunts, and female cousins. He was always on the verge of being engaged to be married, but never quite pulled it off. His host of unpaid bills, and the fact that he had little or no money besides his pay, probably frightened him. But, at any rate, he was a valuable acquisition as a messmate, for he sang well, and could play almost any musical instrument under the sun.

His chief failing was that he was never less than a quarter of an hour late for his watch. 'I'm deuced sorry, old chap,' was his usual excuse to the officer he had to relieve. 'The fella didn't call me properly.'

'Oh, to hell with you and your rotten excuses!' would growl the irritated watch-keeper who had been kept up. 'You're about the frozen limit! The corporal of the watch was hammering on your cabin door for at least a quarter of an hour!'

'It really wasn't my fault, though,' Fitz-Johnson would protest mildly. 'Please don't get shirty, old chap.'

It was impossible to be really angry with him; but he continued to relieve late until the other watch-keepers hit upon a scheme of keeping him up for an extra half-hour at the end of his own watch. That cured him eventually.

Boyle, the next in seniority, was a young, enthusiastic, and very energetic officer, who wished one day to become a gunnery officer. He had charge of the after-turret, with its pair of twelve-inch guns, and spent much of his time in a suit of oily overalls scrambling about in the depths of the hydraulic machinery. He was of an inventive turn of mind too, and even at the comparatively early age of twenty-four had already designed a self-stabilising seaplane, a non-capsizable boat, a patent razor-strop, and an adjustable chair. This last, which he used in his cabin, was really most ingenious. It had hidden springs all over it, and you pushed a button and it did the rest. You could use it for anything, from an operating-table to a trousers-press; and it was often brought into the wardroom after dinner on guest-nights for its various uses to be demonstrated. It worked beautifully, until one night the *padre*, who was reclining gracefully at full length, pressed the wrong button in a sudden fit of exuberance. The chair

promptly bucked like a kicking mule. The front shot up and the back fell down, and the reverend occupant hurtled adroitly backwards straight into the arms of an astonished marine servant with a tray full of whiskies and sodas. He came to the ground with a crash, with the marine and the liquid on top of him, and everybody laughed.

The servant, drenched through, retired grumbling to change his garments; and the Rev. Stephen Holiman scrambled to his feet, surveyed the mess of broken glass and liquor on the deck, and then felt his pulped collar and examined his clothes.

'Boyle, you silly ass!' he expostulated, justifiably annoyed, and trying to mop himself dry with a handkerchief, 'why the d-dickens couldn't you tell me the thing was going to pitch me over backwards like that?'

'I'm awfully sorry, *padre*,' spluttered the inventor, weak with laughing. 'You must have pressed the wrong button; but even then I've never known it do that before. Perhaps it wants oiling.'

'Take the rotten thing away and drown it!' retorted the *padre*, as angry as he ever got. 'It oughtn't to be allowed on board. It's ruined my clothes!' But the *padre* was a sportsman with a sense of humour, and after a little more grumbling, during which he got no sympathy from his messmates, cheered up and went off to change. Ever afterwards, when the chair appeared, he endeavoured to make it play the same trick on some unsuspecting guest. But it never would.

Tobias Tickle, commonly known as 'Toby,' was the officer of Martin's division, whom we have already met. He had married very young, and had a rich and pretty wife, who was as popular as himself; but this did not prevent Toby from being a very riotous member of society on occasions. He was loved by his men; for, while very strict, he took a great interest in them and their affairs. He knew the surname and Christian name of every bluejacket in his division; knew whether they were married, engaged to be married, courting, or single; and always gave them good advice when they asked for it. They often did. On more than one occasion he or his wife had helped them in other ways.

Once, when Mrs Buttings, the wife of an able seaman, had been ailing, and had had to undergo a rather serious operation, Mrs Toby heard of it through her husband. She promptly visited the patient, found her living in a miserable little dwelling in a back street in Landport, with four children between the ages of six months and five years, and nobody to look after her except the neighbours. This would not do for Mrs Tickle. She promptly engaged a trained nurse, sent the children off to a farmhouse in the country, visited the invalid daily, saw that she had a proper diet,

and provided her with many sovereigns' worth of coal and luxuries.

Buttings himself, when he went ashore and saw the transformation in his usually rather slovenly home, was furious. Like most blue-jackets, he hated the idea of charity in any form, and went straight off to see Tickle.

'Look 'ere, sir,' he said. 'With orl my doo respects to you, it ain't playin' the game!'

'Not playing the game!' answered the lieutenant, quite at a loss to understand what the man was driving at. 'What d' you mean?'

'Well, sir, it's like this 'ere. I goes 'ome an' finds my 'ouse rigged up like a bloomin' 'orspittle, an' the missus lyin' in bed with flowers, an' beef-tea, an' port wine, an' sich like. I finds another 'oman there a-lookin' arter 'er—dressed up like a 'orspittle nurse, she wus—an' w'en I arks 'er wot she done with the kids, she sez as 'ow they bin sent to the country. W'en I wants to know 'oo's done it, she sez Mrs Tickle. It ain't fair on a man, sir, doin' a thing like that, an' habductin' of 'is kids. S'welp me, it ain't!' Buttings paused for breath.

'I'm sorry you think that, Buttings,' said Tickle gently. 'Your wife has been very ill, and what she wants is good food and proper treatment. She's getting that now. The children, too, are out in the country having an excellent time. After all, my wife didn't do it without asking Mrs Buttings.'

'Yessir. That's all wery well; but I pays the rent o' the bally 'ouse.'

'Of course I understand that. But surely you don't grudge your wife a little comfort after she's been so ill?'

'No, sir, o' course not,' said the seaman, scratching his head. 'But 'oo's goin' to pay for orl this 'ere? Port wine an' chicken jelly ain't got for nothin'.'

Tickle felt half-inclined to tell him outright that he, or, rather, his wife, was prepared to pay for everything; but if he had, the able seaman would at once have been in open rebellion. The nurse alone came to two guineas a week, and the food and little luxuries for the invalid to as much again. 'Well, Buttings,' he said, pretending to consider, 'suppose it costs about seven-and-six a week. That's about it, I should imagine.'

Buttings seemed rather relieved. 'Seven an' a tanner,' he said, more happily. 'I kin manage that, sir. I ain't got much money to splosh abart, o' course,' he hastened to explain; 'but I don't like ter think as 'ow I ain't payin' for what my old 'oman's gettin'.'

And so, for the time being, the matter ended, and both parties were satisfied.

Mrs Buttings recovered in due course, and became her old buxom self, and then it was that she enlightened her husband as to what the Tickle had really done. Buttings was speechless with rage.

But Christmas came soon afterwards, and on the morning itself, as Tickle was having his bath, there came a knock at his cabin door. 'Hallo, what is it?' he asked, springing up and wrapping a towel round himself.

'It's Buttings, sir,' said the seaman, pulling aside the curtain. 'I've got this 'ere for you, sir, from my missus an' meself; an' this, sir, is for your lady. We both wishes you an' your lady a 'Appy Christmas, sir.' There was a suspicious huskiness in his voice; and, after pushing two small parcels into the astonished officer's hands, he fled before Tickle could say so much as 'Thank you.'

One package contained a highly ornamental silver cigarette-case, and the other a small gold brooch of impossible design. Accompanying each gift was a flamboyant card with a chaste design of clasped hands, wreaths and sprigs of

forget-me-nots, and true-lovers' knots. Below were the words: 'In friendship we are united.' Inside, in very laborious handwriting, came the inscription: 'With great gratitude from Able Seaman and Mrs Reuben Buttings.'

'Well, I'm damned!' muttered the lieutenant, gazing at the presents, deeply touched. The little gifts, which had cost Buttings and his wife many of their hard-earned shillings, were their way of showing that they had not forgotten.

Mrs Toby was so overcome when she received her brooch that she nearly wept with emotion. 'Dear, dear people!' she murmured gently; 'I love them!'

And still some folk have the effrontery to say that there is no bond of sympathy between the officers and men of the Royal Navy.

(Continued on page 423.)

FROM SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

MY DEAR . . .—There has been such an orgy of grumbling this year both at home and abroad, and we're all so full of our own imperfections, that it was quite a joy to see a show that seemed to be running really well, to be saving waste, and to be full of energy and go. The other day we were taken to see one of the great army workshops out here in France which make and mend—darn and stitch, I was going to say—for the army at the front. It was in a famous French town not unknown to English history in the past, and often in our minds to-day.

When war broke out, and our Government saw itself compelled by dire necessity to raise and train great armies, and send them to northern France, it leased a big site—a timber-yard—in this French town, and paid the owner a handsome rent for the use of his ground and buildings. They say he is a discontented man to-day, for if he still had the timber and the yard how much more he could get!

The beginnings were small, but to-day it would take you many hours to visit and really see the many activities that are centred there. We began on boots! They were particularly interesting, because boots are a subject always near the heart of an infantry officer. It is wonderful how quickly a private soldier will 'do in' a pair of the stoutest ammunition boots, wonderful how soon he finds a chance to 'treat' the toes before a good hot stove, and more wonderful still how long he will suffer a half-amputated sole before he can be induced to face the shoemaker's shop!

Flanders mud and *pavé* roads are hard on leather! And here in the repair-shops we found a shed stacked to the roof with old boots, most seemingly past repair, never two of a pair together, but nearly every one destined to be

remade, mated, soaked in oil, and sent out again; and, better still, welcomed by the troops to whom they are issued, for the remade boot won't need 'breaking in,' and how well we all know that painful process necessary with the new article! And here in the shops we saw workers from London, from the Midlands, Kettering and Northampton; skilled men working as I believe they never worked before. We've heard tales of workers who were slackers at home; never did work seem more strenuous than it did at this 'base' workshop. There was no fake about that. We were with no official party, with no 'important visitors.'

Then from boots to 'smoke helmets,' and here it was woman labour—girls from the countryside and neighbouring villages sewing, folding, packing, all leading up to the mysterious chemical baths which the helmets suffer before they go out in their special bags all stamped and numbered, to be carried over the shoulder and *never* left behind, lest haply the poison gas should catch our men unprotected. And the work goes on by shifts night and day, and the lady in charge told us proudly how the thousands of the output had run up and up.

After a visit to the dipping-rooms, where the odour of the 'preventives' did not invite one to linger, we went on to the 'arms hospital.' Hospital indeed! From an injured field-gun to the tap-screw of a water-cart, they were all there being mended; rifles old pattern, new pattern; limber wheels, limber couplings (often invalids, but now better devised than in early days), pumps, sprayers, machine-guns, Lewis guns—all the appliances of war, damaged and battered, often red with rust, often seeming past repair, but all destined to be put to some use. In this part, too, was a wonderful machine-shop, and

we were asked to admire the very latest thing in universal lathes. 'Yankee?' said somebody. 'No; Coventry, England. And the best at that.' This from the mechanic who was operating it, who was prepared to discuss the relative merits of the whole race of machine-tools, for had he not come from the Great Western Works at Swindon, and his next-door neighbour from Crewe! There were other subjects to discuss: the earnings of the gentry who had stayed at home and volunteered for nothing, for instance! But *that* is quite another story, and you know all about *that* at home.

Talking of grumbles reminds me of a subject of conversation among our men. We hear it on route marches, in billets, everywhere. That is the unexpected inequalities of service. It did not occur to them when they enlisted in those early enthusiastic days (not that it would have made a shade of difference) that the fellow-workmen who stayed behind were going to come into princely earnings largely through their absence. And now, when they read of the necessity of mobilising all able-bodied labour for war, warlike stores, or necessary trades, it seems a bit hard that those who are labouring farthest from danger should pick all the plums, and those who—well, didn't just rush to enlist should now pose as the champions of labour. Maybe there'll be some adjusting to be done when the lads come home at last!

But I've wandered away from the workshops. And there were many departments I haven't the

space to describe—from the rag depository to the furnaces for melting down spent ammunition-cases. In days of peace I've visited, as an interested (and no doubt tiresome) stranger, many a workshop—at home in Scotland, in England, in France too, and in America, where we all know they do things twice as quick and twice as well as anywhere else in the world! But I've never seen shops more strenuous or workers more obviously meaning business. And that day's visit cheered us up quite a lot!

By the by, we really found a Flemish town at last that pleased the eye. It clusters round the top of a steep hill, and is full of seventeenth century buildings, and girded about with picturesque gates. Incidentally the Bosches are reputed to have shelled it from Heaven alone knows how many miles away; but, like all our 'background,' it remains quite calm. And I was taken to a château, too, really worthy of the name, for we have casually called many a twopenny-halfpenny villa a 'château' since we came to visit Flanders! This one is real, though—early fifteenth century, with many patches since, but towers and gables and moat unmistakable and pleasant to look at. And in the courtyard are iron staples where a British regiment of hussars picketed their horses when they came with the army of occupation in 1815; and here we are back again in this cockpit of Europe. Will the generation of A.D. 2000 come back to war in Flanders? If they do, I hope they get the business over before they have a month of storms like March 1916!

THE JUDGE'S WATCH.

By A. FRASER ROBERTSON, Author of *Disillusioned*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

JUDGE SELWYN was trying to soothe the feelings of the pursuer, and it must be admitted the latter had grounds for being ruffled. The case was a peculiar one. Strictly speaking, it arose out of another case.

The pursuer and the defendant, personally unacquainted, had found themselves fellow-travellers in an otherwise empty railway carriage. Defendant had fallen asleep, and on waking had found himself minus his watch. Whereupon he had accused his companion of stealing it, and at their destination had had his indignant fellow-traveller arrested. On his return home he had been confronted by his watch reposing on the dressing-table! Dumbfounded and dismayed, he had started, hot of foot, to retrieve the mistake he had made, but too late to prevent the accused spending a night in the police-office. In retaliation, the outraged man had brought an action against his accuser for defamation of character and unlawful detention.

The case had provoked a considerable amount

of interest, and a number of counsel were present in court, as well as the general public.

Judge Selwyn, still pouring oil on the troubled waters, wound up facetiously, even faintly jocose. The mistake was, after all, a natural enough one. The court might be amused to learn—here he slipped his hand within the folds of his gown—that he had committed the identical mistake that very morning—started from home without his watch! In these days of cerebral activity certain actions became subconscious, such as winding one's watch or putting it in one's pocket.

The court smiled, as the world does when a great man elects to unbend so far as to class himself with frail fellow-mortals.

On that day, as it happened, the Judge was in high good humour. A lady had stopped him that morning to compliment him on his youthful appearance; and if there was one thing the Judge prided himself upon, it was on defying the years. And one catch-phrase he regarded

with a positive detestation, 'Too old at forty!' A second fact which contributed to his genial humour was that there were one or two guests expected to dinner that evening at The Laurels, promising young barristers for the most part. The Judge made a sort of cult of giving such 'a leg up.' It tickled his vanity to know himself the mighty ladder by which those youthful aspirants climbed. Sir Daniel and Lady Yates had been included in the party—the latter to lend moral support to Belinda, the Judge's daughter; Sir Daniel to act as a breakwater between the Judge and his younger guests, to render presumption or familiarity on the part of the young barristers impossible.

Incidentally the Judge noticed there were several of the evening's prospective guests in court. There was also an uninvited guest—a young barrister—a certain Desmond Dawkins. The young man had no interest for the old one further than that he had dared to lift presumptuous eyes to his only daughter. The sublime audacity of the thing! He was a handsome young ass; but looks with the Judge didn't count, he having none of his own. He vowed, also incidentally, he'd put his foot down on Dawkins, though Belinda, obstinate young monkey, most certainly encouraged him.

That afternoon the learned Judge took his way home on foot. As a rule he motored. When he went on foot he was liable to many halts. There is no more widely popular virtue than success. *'Men will praise thee when thou doest well to thyself.'* And success exuded from the Judge at every pore. The consequence was he got held up at the distance of every hundred yards or so. But he enjoyed it. He swelled himself out and strutted. And what man had a better right? Had he not created himself from the outset?

Eventually he inserted his latchkey in his own door. His abode was a blaze of vermilion paint and white enamel, of electric light and glowing fires and luxurious velvet carpets—all silent tributes to his genius!

There came to meet him at this juncture his only child, beautiful as Jephtha's daughter. She alone, perhaps, could pierce the crust of his self-complacent vanity. 'Holloa, dad!' she said, and brushed his cheek with her lips, and linked her hand in his arm. She too believed him to be the last word in embodied wisdom.

'Well, sweetheart?' he greeted her.

'Cyril Smart has fallen off!' she announced abruptly.

'Humph! And at the last moment—too late even for a fill-in!'

'I've got a stop-gap!' she answered. 'Desmond Dawkins!'

The Judge frowned. 'You should have got some one with brains!' he responded, hiding his annoyance. 'The rest are all "brainy." He'll be like a fish out of water.'

'Then he'll keep me company. Otherwise I'd have been out in the cold.'

The bewildered father, whose life-business it was to read his fellow-mortals' inmost thoughts, found himself vaguely groping after the workings of his daughter's mind as he followed her into the drawing-room.

She made his tea, gave him a cup, and handed him a muffin.

After which the Judge rose. Not even to Bridgeman would he relegate the solemn responsibility of decanting the port.

'By the way, dad,' Belinda addressed him as he neared the door, 'such an odd thing! No fewer than three messengers have called this afternoon for your watch! I fancy it's the confusion of war-time, but it seems a "footling" thing for Swayne & Gull to have done.'

But her hearer had crumpled up and collapsed in the nearest chair like a pricked balloon. His face had gone ghastly. One eye squinted ferociously, as it did when he was mightily moved, and his pendulous, clean-shaven lips twitched. 'My watch!' he gasped. 'What do you say, Bel?'

'What it is to have a suspicious legal mind!' she playfully rallied him. 'I know how you value your watch, dad. But, believe me, there's no harm done. I only meant it was stupid of Swayne & Gull to send so often. I dare say I'd never have known had Bridgeman been at home; but he wasn't, and Annette answered the bell.'

'And they all said they had come from Swayne & Gull?' stuttered the Judge, and covered his shaking lips with his hand.

'Dad dear!' Belinda reasoned with him, vaguely uneasy, 'from whom else could they have come? Annette asked them if they were from Swayne & Gull, and each one said he was. No harm can have come to your watch. Three messengers means over-zeal, not carelessness, take my word.' She jumped up as she finished, a dismayed eye on the ormolu clock ticking on the chimneypiece. 'We haven't too much time to dress!' she ejaculated, and left the room.

The Judge collected himself with an effort. He looked unaccountably white and shaken. 'Gave myself away that time,' he muttered to himself, 'by Jove, with a vengeance! The wonder is there weren't half-a-score of messengers instead of three! Tempting Providence! Court-ing robbery! That's about it,' he ruminated. 'And not a chance of recovering my watch without advertising myself a fool!' He moved heavily to the dining-room.

The immaculate Bridgeman was there awaiting instructions. Bridgeman had apparently accepted the fable of Swayne & Gull. His master daren't deceive him.

He superintended the solemn rite of decanting, after which he dragged himself heavily upstairs. His eyes travelled to his watch-stand,

empty, on a table by the bed. The watch itself was valuable—a presentation—and possessed a curious 'engine-turned' plate inside, unique in its way. Apart from its intrinsic worth, it had associations. But it was lost irrevocably, and he dared make neither moan nor effort to recover it. His sense of justice was outraged. The soul of the man was sore vexed within him. But he was helpless. Already he had advertised himself a fool. Let him not emphasise the fact of his folly. An infant could have foretold the consequences of that rash remark of his let drop in court. Good heavens! where had his wits been? He wondered drearily, as he tied his white tie before the mirror, whether perhaps his brain had lost its keen edge.

While the Judge was indulging in these dismal reflections, in the drawing-room his daughter, a bewildering apparition in ivory satin, with a flame-coloured bow at her waist, was in intimate confab with the 'stop-gap,' Desmond Dawkins, who had arrived early.

'Your father didn't kick up a shindy when you told him you'd invited me, Linda?'

She smiled bewitchingly up at him. 'He accepted you with philosophy.'

'Made the best of a bad bargain!' the young man whimsically paraphrased. 'I wish to heaven he'd accept me with philosophy as a son-in-law!' he sighed, his fingers closing over hers as they rested on the chimneypiece.

'Perhaps he will—some day! It's no good rushing dad.'

'If only I could tackle him to-night!' breathed the lover.

'Desmond!' she protested, shocked. 'It's as much as your life's worth. Dad's like a motor-car. He has moods. To-night isn't his best. Something's put him out.'

'I say, Linda,' complained the young man, 'I've got the confoundedly unpleasant feeling, when with your father, that he doesn't think much of me!'

'He doesn't think much of many people,' she consoled him.

'Except himself,' reflected her lover bitterly. 'Look here, Linda,' he proceeded, a certain edge on his tone, 'it's a funny thing how a man like your father—all brains, you know, and contemptuous of men with less than himself' (here his companion winced)—'can make the most glaring *faux pas* upon occasion, simply give himself away, blurt out a thing a kid might be trusted not to blab.'

'That doesn't sound to me like dad!'

'He gave us a specimen of it to-day in court, though,' pursued the young man with secret gusto. And he rehearsed the incident of the watch. 'Positively an invitation to the riff-raff of the city,' he wound up. 'The marvel is your house wasn't besieged.'

But his hearer had sunk on a chair. Her gray eyes stared stupefied; her breath came in

gasps. Every drop of blood had left her cheeks. 'The house *has* been besieged!' she breathed in an awed whisper. 'Bridgeman was out! The first man said he came from Swayne & Gull, or, rather, Annette asked him if he did, and he admitted it. So did the second, ditto the third.' She gazed affrightedly at her companion, who gazed back at her.

He spoke at last. 'You've told the Judge?'

She nodded.

'How did he take it?'

'Badly! Now I think of it—very badly!'

'Raised a hullabaloo, did he? No wonder!'

She smiled faintly at the word as describing her pompous parent. 'He looked as if he might have liked to.'

'Stopped short of giving himself away a second time,' reflected the young man. 'Realised he'd better save his face.'

'Look here, Linda.' He spoke again after a meditative pause. 'Tell you what, my dear girl, I'm rather afraid they mean to have your father "on toast" to-night.'

'Do speak English, Desmond!' Her nerves were on edge.

'Well, these fellows coming to-night, you know—they heard the Judge give himself away in court. You bet they'll want to "pull his leg" for it. And he won't like it.'

Belinda paled. 'But will they dare?'

'You see, he's so precious hoity-toity and patronising, your respected parent—if you'll excuse my saying so—and human nature simply pines to get its knife into that sort.'

The girl bit her lip in meditative gloom.

'I'm wondering whether perhaps I couldn't checkmate them,' mused the young man aloud.

She clasped her hands and stood up, her attitude one of passionate pleading. A rescuer! A saviour of her father from this unthinkable mortification! 'I'd give you anything in the world if you would, Desmond!'

'A kiss, for instance?'

For answer she put her two hands on his shoulders, stood on tiptoe, and touched her lips to his delicately. It was like the brush of a bird's wing.

He whispered, 'Trust me, sweetheart.'

CHAPTER II.

THE lovers had barely time to shoot apart on the entrance of the Judge. The guests succeeded in rapid rotation. When they were all present, Dawkins discovered he had left his handkerchief in his coat-pocket, and repaired to the cloak-room to recover it. The light was bad, and he tried three strange and unfamiliar coats before he lighted on his own. Eventually he discovered the missing article had been up his sleeve all the time. But, in spite of this, he tiptoed up to his host's bedroom before his second advent to the drawing-room. Altogether

his movements were mysterious, but luck favoured him, in so far as he met no one in his peregrinations. He managed to slip into the drawing-room unobserved, taking cover behind Bridgeman's stentorian 'Dinner is served!'

Not one of the guests but noticed that the host was not in his usual form. A depression seemed to weigh upon his spirits, from which he roused himself with a palpable effort.

Belinda, queening it at the head of the table, cast more than one anxious, furtive glance in the direction of her father's frowning brows. Her eyes then turned to her lover. The atmosphere was heavy with impending doom. A humiliation, a mortification of some description, was awaiting her parent! Desmond had promised to checkmate his tormentors; but, while her heart confided in her lover, her judgment hardly approved her faith. Her father wore a nervous, harassed look unfamiliar to her.

Sir Daniel Yates, on her right, commented on it. 'Judge not looking himself,' he observed. 'Been overdoing things of late. He and I aren't so young as we once were. Don't be offended, my dear young lady; but, as a case in point, your father hardly displayed his usual acumen in court to-day. By the way, he hasn't had his watch thieved this afternoon? Well, now, I'm afraid he deserved it,' as Belinda shook her head. (Her swift perception told her that through the table's talk Sir Daniel's words had caught her father's ear.) 'Pure good-nature,' pursued her partner. 'Soothing the ruffled feelings of a man who had spent the night undeservedly in a police cell, having been wrongly accused of robbing another man of his watch.' And he rehearsed the story for Belinda's benefit. 'A man of your father's shrewdness to give himself away like that!' he ended with a laugh. 'Well, well, the public is more dense or less dishonest than we give it credit for!'

But the guests near by had caught the gist of Sir Daniel's remarks, and looked conspiratorial, or so thought Belinda. Then—she never quite knew how it happened—the word 'watch' ran down the table. It seemed to her it was Kenneth M'Clure who set the wretched ball agoing. A wave of understanding seemed to ripple over the guests like a breeze across a cornfield. Belinda was sure that only Sir Daniel and Lady Yates were excluded from the conspiracy.

'A curiosity!' Vaguely the phrases penetrated to her. 'Unique of its kind!' She glanced at her father. He was like an animal being tortured.

Then M'Clure, with a fiendish inspiration, put the question: 'Got it on you now, Judge? Pass it round, won't you?' There was malice in the suggestion. M'Clure had always been jealous of his professional brother.

Again, Lady Yates: 'May I see this curiosity, Judge?'

Upon this the traditional silence in which a pin might be heard to fall. The entire table, to

Belinda's tortured senses, seemed to hang upon her father's lips.

'I never wear my watch in the evening!' At last the words were wrung from the Judge.

'Doesn't mean to gratify our curiosity!' M'Clure addressed Lady Yates, with assumed lightness.

'Do send for it!' urged the unconscious lady. 'My curiosity is immensely piqued.'

The servants had withdrawn.

The guests, one and all, seemed to focus their attention on their host. To Belinda's quivering senses it was conspiratorial the way in which all other topics were by common consent abandoned. To her agonised eyes her father *writhe*d. A sickly smile quivered at the corners of his lips. Like a creature that can find no cover, he temporised. He glanced round and murmured 'Bridgeman!' perfectly aware that no Bridgeman was within hail.

To Belinda's sharpened perceptions the conspiracy grew and swelled. Glances of mutual understanding flashed between the guests. They meant, as Desmond had graphically put it, to have the Judge 'on toast.'

Then, of a sudden, something unexpected happened. Desmond Dawkins leaned forward and addressed his host. 'Shall I ring the bell, sir?'

The Judge met his eye, squinting ferociously, as was his wont when powerfully moved, and the glance, to his daughter's eyes, was murderous. It gave tardy place to a conventional smile. The infatuated young man chose to take this for assent, and before he could be stopped had rung the bell.

Bridgeman answered; to whom said his master in accents of constraint, 'Bring my watch, Bridgeman!'

In that moment of torturing suspense Belinda accorded her parent a passionate admiration.

As the door closed on the butler a pregnant silence fell on the company. No one tried to speak except the unconscious Yateses, and no one replied to them when they did. The entire table, Belinda now perceived, was in a cabal against her father. They were all legal. They didn't love the Judge. It is never disagreeable to mete out punishment to our enemies, especially to our enemies in high places. It has a salutary quality about it rather seductive to the meters-out.

Belinda, feeling numb and paralysed, crushed a grape between her fingers as she listened for Bridgeman's return. What would her father do when he announced there was no watch? Feign astonishment? If he did, he'd only give himself further away! The guests would poke fun at him, or worse! However subtly veiled, they'd manage to insinuate they considered him a fool. Hadn't he proved himself the veriest simpleton in giving the public a lead to the catastrophe? Hadn't he practically invited the criminal world

to the theft? It might even leak out that there had been *three* attempts to get at the watch.

These reflections flashed lightning-quick through Belinda's mind while she waited. A cynical anticipation of enjoyment played about the lips of most of the guests. Her father looked like a criminal awaiting execution. Her eyes sought Desmond's, furious, withering. He *was* an owl! What had possessed him officiously to offer himself as her father's executioner, so to speak? Then she was suddenly arrested by an odd expression on his face.

Simultaneously the door opened. Enter the immaculate and unconscious Bridgeman, and laid the watch with precision by his master's plate!

The faces of the guests were a study! The jaws of half of them dropped. They exchanged mutual glances of consternation. Only Lady Yates and Sir Daniel preserved an expression of interest and innocence.

The Judge himself looked as if the watch had descended from heaven with manna-like directness. About Desmond Dawkins's lips there played an expression of quiet triumph. Belinda looked as she felt, dazed and dumbfounded.

Lady Yates interrupted the concentrated gaze of the Judge upon the familiar face of his time-keeper by lifting it. 'Very much like other watches—on the face of it,' she observed, scrutinising the disc with tortoise-shell *pince-nez*. 'So this is what is called "engine-turned"?' she proceeded, prising open the case, and regarding the inside.

Suddenly Belinda, realising that somehow a crisis had been tidied over, recollected her duty, caught her guest's eye, and swept her from the room.

When the ladies had gone, a profound silence settled on the company. The watch lay on the table, but those who had professed the keenest curiosity seemed to have lost interest in it. The company—with the exception of Sir Daniel and Dawkins—exchanged a sort of wireless telegraphy. It was evident that some piece of machinery had gone wrong, and it seemed to be held that a young barrister, a certain Sidney Cust, was mainly responsible.

During dessert the Judge's spirits seemed to rise in inverse ratio to the descent of gloom upon the company. Mr Cust broke away from the procession filing to the drawing-room, and made a mysterious *détour* by the cloak-room and his overcoat, whose pocket, judging from the invectives which flowed from his lips, he found most mystifyingly empty.

A traitor in the camp! But who? The others were as disconcerted as he. And they were all 'in it' except Sir Daniel and Dawkins. No good, the plotters had decided, to take Dawkins into their confidence, it being unlikely that a young man so patently 'gone' on Belinda would see the humour of 'pulling his

future father-in-law's leg,' no matter how beneficial the process might be to that gentleman's soul.

The guests were at their wits' end. In due course they departed, still at that perplexing mental extremity. Dawkins alone availed himself of the Judge's restored equanimity to linger. His host seemed to have forgotten him, for, having let drop the information 'that he would be back presently,' he repaired to the library, whither he summoned the butler.

The immediate advantage of his departure which Dawkins took was to take his hostess in his arms.

'Mind!' that young person admonished him; 'you're crushing my chiffon!'

But, instead of regarding the warning, he approached his face to hers till their lips met.

'Really, Desmond!' she remonstrated.

'Really, Linda!' he mimicked tenderly.

'What would dad say if he knew?'

'That a man who'd got him out of such an infernal hole as I had deserved anything he could name—to the half of his kingdom!'

'What *do* you mean, Desmond?'

'What I say,' responded that young man calmly. 'Those fellows had come meaning to give your father the worst "roasting" he'd ever had in his life! Saw their chance the instant the Judge gave them their cue in court. Sent and got the watch for the first time of asking. Your humble servant, perceiving likewise how the land lay, likewise sent—too late! A common or garden thief—the wonder is there weren't half-a-dozen of them—came in an easy third, likewise, providentially too late. As it happened, I got wind of the conspiracy by the merest off-chance. The programme they had sketched was on this wise. Knowing the Judge's habit was never to wear his watch in the evening, they arranged they would work the conversation at dinner round to it. Your father would then be asked to send for his watch. He would show blank dismay on finding it gone. Wounded *amour propre* would succeed to this when he realised that he, and none but he, was to blame for its defection. He, who prided himself on his astuteness, had walked into a pitfall the veriest tyro would have avoided!'

'Yes!' struck in Belinda, breathless. 'And how did you checkmate them?'

'I slipped out of the room before dinner, and explored their overcoats. I discovered the watch in Cust's. At the dramatic moment, when Bridgeman should be at the end of his resources, it was to be presented to the Judge, and so complete the tableau and his humiliation! I transferred it from the plotter's pocket to its accustomed watch-stand in your father's room.'

The young man paused, out of breath.

'Desmond,' exclaimed the girl admiringly, 'I had no idea you were so clever!'

'Geniuses are not generally appreciated till after death!' admitted Dawkins modestly.

'It's the sort of thing dad would have simply loathed, to be caught so patently tripping,' she reflected aloud; 'to be made a laughing-stock of! I wonder,' she proceeded, 'whether he has solved the mystery by this time. When he's enlightened he'll feel he can never sufficiently repay you!'

'He need have no delicacy on that score! It'll be the easiest thing in the world!' said Dawkins.

'You mean he'll be able to get you promotion? Well, of course, he has weight in legal circles.'

'That sort of promotion wouldn't content me.'

'Dear me! I'm making all sorts of discoveries about you. First, how cute you are, then how ambitious! Dad mayn't have anything to offer you worthy of your august consideration!' She was slightly ironical, because slightly nettled.

'Oh, yes, he has!'

'What, pray?' The adorable lift of her chin, the challenge in her gray eyes, was irresistible. 'What?' she reiterated.

'Can't you guess?'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

HYDRO-ELECTRIC DEVELOPMENTS IN CANADA.

ONE outcome of the war which is likely to prove of far-reaching economic effect to the Empire in general is the greater attention which is being devoted to the utilisation of water-power for the generation of electricity in connection with industry. As is well known, the Dominion of Canada is probably more lavishly endowed with possible water-power than any other country in the world. What can be achieved by harnessing this abundant energy for industrial purposes has been revealed at Niagara, and further developments are in prospect. A short time ago a contract was made for the construction of a huge barrage across the St Maurice River, two hundred and forty miles above its confluence with the St Lawrence. This barrage will be two thousand feet in length by eighty feet in height at its highest part, and will cost about three hundred thousand pounds to construct. It is stated that the reservoir which will thus be formed will exceed that produced on the river Nile by the huge barrage at Aswan. In this manner a flow adequate to drive the turbines which are to be laid down for the generation of the current will be obtained for three hundred days during the year. It is also intended to construct another barrage across the foot of Lake St Francis, an expansion of the St Lawrence River about thirty miles below Montreal. This work, which will control a part of the waterway, will cost about twenty thousand pounds, and its object is to secure greater regulation of the water-flow than is at present possible. As things are, the amount of water varies considerably, being much less during winter than in spring, when the snow and ice melt. By means of the reservoir which will be formed it will be possible to obtain a sufficient storage to equalise the supply, to the advantage of all the hydro-electric plants between Lake St Francis and Quebec. Serious attention is also being devoted to the fixation by electricity of atmospheric nitrogen and the production from the air of

synthetic ammonia, which is already being done in Germany. It is suggested that the enormous volume of water-power in Upper Quebec, formerly known as Ungava, should be used for this purpose. This power is at present running to waste, as the extreme coldness of the country prevents its agricultural and economic development. Some of the Ungava waterways are of considerable dimensions, and abound with big falls. Thus the Great Whale River, which flows almost due west about latitude fifty-five degrees to empty itself into Hudson Bay, has numerous falls ranging from sixty-five to three hundred and fifteen feet in height, two of the highest being within twenty miles of its estuary. At present this waterway is too remote from the settled portion of the province to be profitably harnessed for industrial purposes, although the settlement of the province along the Hudson Bay coast is quite likely to take place upon the completion of the Hudson Bay Railway and the opening of Hudson Bay to navigation. At the moment, however, the utilisation of the water-power available upon the Hamilton River, which flows eastward through Ungava to empty into the Atlantic, south of latitude fifty-five degrees, is attracting the greatest measure of attention. This stream has a waterfall three hundred and two feet in height, while the fall of the river itself through a distance of twelve miles is no less than four hundred and sixty feet. It is estimated that this total fall of seven hundred and sixty-two feet would furnish some three hundred thousand horsepower. It is proposed to erect, probably near Rigolet, plant which would serve a considerable portion of Labrador, and in addition to producing fertiliser from the atmosphere, no doubt other branches of manufacture connected with electrical development would be carried on, particularly as abundant reserves of limestone are to be found within easy reach of the proposed station. The fact that the authorities are keenly alive to the hydro-electric possibilities of northern Quebec is shown by the comprehensive manner in which they are surveying the available resources.

SABULITE, A SAFE MINING EXPLOSIVE.

Elaborate tests have been carried out at the Anaconda copper-mines in Montana with the Belgian explosive known as sabulite. It has been adopted for use in Australian and New Zealand mining operations with satisfactory results; but the Anaconda Copper-Mining Company's experiments were its first application in the States. This explosive is stated to be safer and more powerful than 45 per cent. dynamite, and to be almost free from noxious fumes. It is a simple mechanical mixture of nitrate of ammonia, trinitrotoluene, and calcium silicide, the last-named being a recently discovered product of the electric furnace. It is used as a substitute for the powdered aluminium which enters into the composition of certain ammonium nitrate explosive agents, and is not only cheaper than powdered aluminium, but has the great advantage of being stable under normal atmospheric conditions. An important feature of sabulite is that it will not explode unless a detonating-cap is used. At the American tests the cartridges were burned, bored with a white-hot iron, subjected to blows from a sledge-hammer upon an anvil, and fired at with a rifle. In every instance the contents failed to explode. But when the cartridges were fitted with a detonating-cap, and were used against hard granite, the blasting effect was most impressive, and compared favourably with that produced by dynamite. Unlike the latter agent, sabulite is frost-resisting, and does not deteriorate with age if it is kept dry. Apart from its safety in handling, it is advantageous in mining operations, because few injurious products of explosion are given off, so that work may be resumed upon a shattered rock-face immediately after the blast. In tests which were carried out in Australia in a closed experimental gallery, it was found that the atmosphere immediately after the explosion was contaminated by carbon dioxide to the extent of only .26 per cent., while there were no traces whatever of nitrous fumes or carbon monoxide.

WATER-MASSAGE FOR THE WOUNDED.

One of the latest and most ingenious appliances for the rapid restoration of wounded soldiers is the 'whirling' or 'whirlpool' bath. In reality this is a form of massage by water preparatory to manual massage. The bath is prepared in two forms, one for the legs and the other for the arms. The vessels are fitted with taps controlling the admission of hot and cold water, as well as an array of nozzles for the distribution of the water. The bath is filled with water at about eighty-six degrees Fahrenheit, and the limb is immersed for a time so as to accustom the patient to this temperature. The taps are then turned on, and the setting of the nozzles is so arranged that the water is induced to race round and round the injured limb, the water meantime being gradually in-

creased in temperature. The whirling action is somewhat remarkable in its effect, for whereas the skin could scarcely tolerate the water when still, it is readily able to bear far higher temperatures when the water is whirling. The skin assumes a healthy natural glow, testifying to the reaction which is taking place. The treatment lasts for about twenty minutes, and immediately upon withdrawal of the limb manual massage is practised. One result of the water treatment is that the patient is able to stand the manual massage without the slightest pain, although possibly before immersion in the bath he could not bear the injury to be touched. When the wound is above the thigh, instead of a bath being used, the patient is subjected to treatment from a hose, which is equally effective. The cures which have been wrought by water-massage have proved remarkable; it has triumphed when all other treatment has failed. It has been introduced into this country as an experiment; but doubtless the achievements recorded in France, where it is being used upon an extensive scale, will be repeated, when its more widespread application may be accepted as certain. In Paris, where the Grand Palais has been converted into a huge hospital, some two thousand five hundred wounded soldiers, the greater proportion of whom have been discharged from other establishments as incurable, are constantly under treatment.

FERTILISERS FROM BANANA-STALKS.

One result of the war has been the complete cessation of our supply of potash for fertilising purposes, for the whole of it came from Germany, where, it may be remembered, it constituted a powerful monopoly. Yet this chemical is indispensable for nourishing the soil. Under these circumstances it is incumbent upon us fully to avail ourselves of every source of supply, no matter how unlikely or unimportant it may at first sight appear. One such possible source was described recently by Mr R. H. Ellis before a Leeds meeting of the Yorkshire section of the Society of Chemical Industry, and the discovery was the direct outcome of a chance observation. Mr Edward E. Lawson inadvertently left some banana-stalks lying upon the polished seat of his office chair. Upon his return he was somewhat surprised to find that all the French polish had been removed at the places where the stalks had been in contact with the wood, pointing to the presence of some strong alkaline reagent. He communicated his observations to Mr Ellis, who thereupon investigated the economic possibilities of the discarded stalks, although his main line of examination was the suitability of the tough fibre for paper-making. While engaged in this work he noticed that the juice of the stalk, when it came in contact with the human skin, set up a decided irritation. Accordingly he probed the mystery more deeply, ultimately to discover that the stalk contained a high percentage of potash, and

practically no soda. This analysis was subsequently confirmed by Dr A. J. Hanley, of the Agricultural Department of Leeds University. As a matter of fact, it was ascertained that the dried matter of the stalk contained as large a percentage of potash as the German kainite. The investigations showed that a ton of the useless stalks would yield one hundred and eighty-eight pounds of dried matter containing 13·7 per cent. of potash, or fifty-four pounds of ash containing 47·5 per cent. of potash—that is, over twenty-five and a half pounds. The yield may not appear to be very great per ton; but, when the huge consumption of bananas is borne in mind, it should represent in the aggregate a considerable amount. For instance, it is computed that in Leeds alone the stalks of at least four thousand bunches of bananas are burned as useless every week. These weigh sixteen thousand pounds, and contain one thousand three hundred and forty pounds of dried matter as rich in potash as kainite. Probably other cities could point to a weekly consumption proportionately great. At present these stalks are regarded as refuse, and are disposed of in dust destructors; but if the whole available yield were scientifically treated, so as to secure the maximum yield of potash, an appreciable contribution would be made to our fertilising agents. It is quite possible that other vegetable matter, similarly destroyed, is proportionately rich in this essential, and it is suggested that all vegetable refuse should be collected separately and treated by itself. The collection of the banana-stalks should offer no insuperable difficulty. The markets, municipal and otherwise, where the fruit is sold should collect the stalks, or arrange with the purchasers for their return after the fruit has been detached. Similar arrangements are carried out in Germany in regard to other refuse of proved economic value, and what is feasible in that country is surely possible in these islands. Unfortunately we do not seem to realise that the most apparently useless material may have a distinct economic and commercial value when submitted to the prescribed scientific treatment. It is the recognition of this that has enabled the Germans to build up large and flourishing industries out of sawdust, to produce gas from blast-furnaces, and in other ways to turn to profitable use 'waste' substances which we, in our prodigality, consider fit only for summary destruction by fire.

A NOVEL SELF-PROPELLED INVALID-CHAIR.

A chair which should make a wide appeal, not only for the use of invalids at health-resorts, but also for wounded soldiers at convalescent homes, has made its appearance. It resembles the familiar four-wheeled Bath-chair; but at the front, under a small bonnet, is placed an electric motor developing about one-quarter horse-power, this power being transmitted through simple

vertical gearing to the front wheels. Beside the occupant is a small single-lever controller, the movement of which gives one of four speeds as desired; while, if moved to a fifth position, it applies a powerful band-brake capable of stopping the vehicle upon a steep hill. Near the controller is a small interlocked switch by means of which four speeds in the reverse direction may be obtained, together with the powerful braking effect. Steering is carried out in the usual manner by a tiller. The motor is fed from a battery weighing about sixty pounds placed beneath the seat, and this is of sufficient capacity to enable the chair to cover, upon a single charge, approximately twenty miles along a level road. Speeds up to about five miles an hour are possible. The chair weighs about two hundred and eighty pounds, of which the motor, the gearing, and the battery represent one hundred and forty pounds. It was submitted to one of the hospitals in the metropolitan area now devoted to military service, and the simplicity, ease, and perfection of its control aroused considerable interest. Nowadays, owing to the facility with which batteries can be charged at a small cost, this invalid-chair should meet with a successful future. The accumulator can be recharged during the night when the chair is not in use; and it enables the invalid to move about as he pleases, without physical effort or the need of an attendant.

THE URGENCY OF REAFFORESTATION.

Military activity has made considerable inroads upon our supplies of home-grown timber, and many valuable stretches of forest have been heavily depleted. But reafforestation should be carried out upon a scale at least equal to deforestation. Planting of young trees should be commenced without delay. Unfortunately, however, the nurseries which normally supply all our needs in this direction are not in a position to meet the situation. Shortage of labour is responsible for a diminution in the maintenance of the stocks of young trees, while the demand for greater quantities of home-grown food-stuffs is taxing the resources of the agriculturist to the utmost. The President of the Board of Agriculture, realising the gravity of the situation, is urging that one and all should participate in the cultivation of trees. Any contribution to the work, no matter how slender, will be of value. Certain trees, such as the larch, the common spruce, the sitka spruce, the Scottish pine, the Douglas fir, the silver fir, the Corsican pine, and the beech, are recommended as being in the most urgent demand. The Royal English Arboricultural Society is attacking the problem earnestly, and it is a task in which many can extend assistance. Possibly, after the war, we may follow the practice of extensive tree-planting which is in vogue in some other parts of the world, one day in the year

being set aside for a festival of this character. Another field of activity in which the amateur gardener can assist is the cultivation of herbs for pharmaceutical purposes, a dearth in the supply of which is threatened in the near future unless timely steps are taken. In order to stimulate public interest and to secure co-operation in this direction, Mr E. M. Holmes, of the Pharmaceutical Society, has delivered a lecture upon the growth, culture, and preparation of medicinal and domestic herbs before the Royal Horticultural Society, which deals with every phase of the problem. It is not generally known, but this branch of agriculture can be made highly lucrative, more especially as the demand is in excess of the supply.

A NOVEL LIGHT-DIMINISHING SCREEN.

The drastic lighting regulations which have been enforced for the defence of the community against aerial attacks have rendered the tasks of those responsible for public lighting extremely difficult. A certain proportion of lamps must be kept alight, especially at busy cross-roads and junctions. The general method of meeting the situation is to treat the light-shade with a red or blue opaque colouring medium, but the results are far from satisfactory. The manager of one of the electric lighting enterprises serving outlying London has devised an ingenious shade, the primary object of which is to cut off all the upward rays from the lamp, and at the same time to avoid the brilliantly lighted patch upon the ground immediately beneath the lamp which is produced when a reflector is used. The shade consists of a screen of circular laths or vanes, somewhat after the style of the venetian blind, and set at a similar angle one above the other. By this means the rays of light are deflected downwards, and yet may be seen from a considerable distance on the street-level. By frosting the incandescent electric lamp bulb, or running the lamp under its full power, a soft, reduced light is obtained. Although primarily designed for use with electric lamps, there is no reason why this screen should not prove equally applicable to inverted gas-lighting.

MUNITION-MAKING MALADIES.

The high pressure under which the production of munitions has had to be performed has produced what may be described as distinctive maladies. These are particularly noticeable in connection with the manufacture of high explosives. Thus, in handling trinitrotoluol, after a prolonged period one becomes drowsy, suffers from frontal headache, loss of appetite, and may even become afflicted with a distinctive eczema. Unless the operative takes a welcome rest in time, jaundice may supervene, with decided danger to life. In a few instances death has been directly traced even to the handling of

T.N.T. Tetryl throws off a slight dust, which, unless timely precautions are taken, leads to troublesome eczema. Another medium inimical to health is the varnish with which the wings and bodies of aeroplanes are treated. Tetrachlorethane enters largely into the preparation of this varnish, and this throws off a noxious vapour which produces drowsiness and loss of appetite, and, if work is persisted in, ultimately jaundice, liver complications, and coma. In this case, fortunately, an alternative varnish has been discovered which is free from the evil constituents; but it has not come into general use for the simple reason that there are insufficient supplies of the necessary ingredients to meet demands. Men and women who are engaged in any of these branches of munition-making should be healthy, and temperate, as well as regular, in their habits. It is also essential that adequate meals should be taken at regular intervals. An impoverished, ill-nourished, and weakened frame is readily acted upon by the dangerous fumes and dust. The danger is the more pronounced among women, who are not disposed to devote such careful attention to their meals and nourishing food-stuffs as men are. Neglect in this direction is certain to be attended with evil results, and that within a very short time. Milk and cocoa are recommended as suitable foods, while the necessity of plenty of sleep and rest is imperative.

TUNGSTEN.

One reflex influence which the war is having on commerce and industry is the better exploitation by ourselves of the resources of our Empire for many of the raw or manufactured products for which we have been beholden to Germany. Amongst these are tungsten for steel-making, monazite for the preparation of gas-mantles, synthetic indigo, and beet sugar. Tungsten, the metallic chemical element found in the mineral wolfram, is essential for hardening steel, and is used as an alloy of high-speed steel for machine-tools. Tungsten steels with self-hardening properties are also used for heavy guns and armour-plating. Tungsten ores occur in association with tin ores in Cornwall, mostly in small veins in hard rock. Experts say that the industry only requires organisation. From a statement in the *Times* it appears that a small district in Burma is capable of supplying more than half the world's annual requirements of tungsten. Deposits containing wolfram are found all down the coastal districts at the extreme of South Burma, but especially in the district of Tavoy. Before the war the output of ore went to Germany. Sir Harcourt Butler, the new Lieutenant-Governor of Burma, has now taken steps to get all the wolfram wanted by the British Government. Owing to lack of carrying-power, we are likewise threatened with a shortage of paper pulp. It appears that the bamboo areas in

Burma, with an economic range of river transport, could produce annually twelve million tons of pulp.

CONVERTIBLE BED FOR THE DISABLED.

What promises to be a useful invention is that made by a Midlothian lady of a piece of furniture convertible at will into a bed, a couch, or a Bath-chair for the use of persons disabled either by wounds or disease. Its construction is such that patients can be raised or lowered in bed, have their positions varied from the horizontal to the vertical or to any intermediate angle, be moved from room to room, carried upstairs or downstairs, or wheeled about outside, all without requiring the patient to be removed from his bed or dressed for going out. There are subsidiary devices for enabling the bed to be used as a trolley, so that a patient may be anaesthetised in his bed in a ward, wheeled to the operating theatre and back, and allowed to regain consciousness; for setting the bed at an angle for the benefit of patients who require to lie in an inclined position; for holding breakfast-trays, reading-boards, or work-boards in front of the patient; for enabling the patient to wheel himself about; and for giving him increased ease and comfort in other directions. The framework and machinery for doing all this is ingenious but simple. The conversion movements are operated by hand, and can be effected by one person and from either side of the bed; or electricity or other motor-power may be applied.

A NEW HEALING-LAMP.

The treatment of various skin diseases, such as lupus, by electric light has been in operation for several years with marked success. As is well known, dependence for therapeutic purposes is placed upon the ultra-violet rays, and the Finsen-Reyn lamp has proved the best means of utilising them. Recently, however, a new lamp has made its appearance, and is at present being tested in St Bartholomew's Hospital, London. This lamp is the invention of Mr Simpson, who for some time past has been engaged in making experiments with certain rare earths. During these researches he discovered, upon striking the electric arc between certain ores, that the light thus obtained was exceptionally rich in the essential ultra-violet rays. Accordingly he was prompted to ascertain the therapeutic properties of the light, and found it richer in these than the Finsen light generally employed. The lamp he devised as a result of his discovery is now being subjected to practical application, and the results so far achieved are stated to be satisfactory in every respect.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

THE FARM IN THE SAND-DUNES.

ACROSS the sandy lea
I drove the cattle home;
I turned my back upon the sea,
Where, redd'ning o'er the foam,
As loath as lovers are to go
The summer sun at last dipped low.

Slow-footed Kuni stopped,
A hurried mouthful snatched;
Brown Tessa paused awhile and cropped
Where the lean soil was patched
With softer grass of fresher green,
As though the pixies there had been.

I saw our lone farm stand,
Rough-hewn of granite gray,
Upon a rock amid the sand
That, on a windy day,
In many a spiral whirls, and falls
Like sea-spray on our lichened walls.

'Twas built, as I've heard tell,
A thousand years ago
Upon the flat rock, where a well
Sent forth, as now, a flow
Of sweet spring water o'er a plain
That bore a crop of golden grain.

A thousand years passed by,
And gone the corn-lands, gone
The flowers that bloomed amid the rye
And barley. On and on
The hungry sands have swept apace,
And gulfed their fragile life and grace.

A thousand years, and, lo!
The sands are at our door.
And near and nearer, soft and slow,
The sea creeps evermore.
Around our barns the conies breed,
From out our hands the seamews feed.

Another hundred years,
And buried all will lie
From all men's sight, and lost to tears
Or any memory.
'Twill seem an idle tale, I know,
That once we lived here long ago.

So musing, o'er the lea
I drove the cattle home,
Where spreading corn-lands used to be
Beneath the sky's blue dome;
And all the while it somehow seemed
To me as if I strangely dreamed.

MARY TREVORIAN.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

A SPRIG OF APPLERINGIE.

By JOSEPH LAING WAUGH, Author of *Betty Grier*, *Robbie Doo*, *Thornhill and its Worthies*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

IF any one had told me when I set out on my morning walk down town that in the busy thoroughfare of Princes Street I should meet Robert Broadfute and his wife from Glenhead I should have received the news without surprise. Indeed, for the past few days so much in thought and spirit had I been 'mong my old parishioners, and so near to them, so part-and-parcel of them, did I feel, that I think I should have been disappointed had the probability of my meeting in Edinburgh any representatives of my old charge in Shinnel Glen seemed remote.

Somehow a great deal had happened of late to remind me of the red sandstone manse in the bield of Birkhill Woods; the bare, featureless kirk on the braeface, surrounded by graves of many a slumbering generation of stalwart shepherds; the quiet glen adown which murmured the Water o' Shinnel; and the cottages here, the farmhouses there, whose doors were ever open to me at a time when the gates ajar and the smile of welcome meant more than words can convey. A week-end spent with a college chum in the Vale of Manor had turned up a bygone page of my life-history, and brought back to me all the langsyne recollections which a city's din had sought to stifle. Never before had I crossed the Tweed near Cademuir; I was a stranger to Manor; but somehow the glen was kenspeckle, and the glorious country which lay before me was not new. Its replica in feature and natural beauty lay north and south in the Birkhill uplands—the same gray-green, sheep-dotted hills, sloping gently and gradually towards thyme-scented knowes; a wandering, rippling stream, singing to its saughs in the meadows as Shinnel had often sung to me; the lay of the lark in the lift and the lintie in the thorn; the peace, the repose, the Sabbath-like stillness. Ah me, how vividly it all came back! And I returned to town refreshed, rejuvenated, with the glow of the caller air on my brow, the clean 'feel' smell of wind-tedded fleece and sweet meadow grass in my nostrils, and the heart prompting, strong within me, to take for the coming Sunday's text, 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.'

Then an old landscape photograph, which I

turned over in my desk when rummaging for sermon paper, made a final appeal. The print was brown and dim with age, but the eye of loving, lingering memory made clear every feature—the snug farmhouse of Glenhead, half-surrounded by silver birks, nestling in the lirk between high Powstane and rugged Torscaur; the long stretch of sheltered glen, showing here and there glimpses of a meandering burn on the banks of which, as a humble disciple of dear old Izaak, I had spent many a glorious hour. Here the meadow where, after doffing the black coat and ministerial collar, I had forked hay till my bones ached, and earned Glenhead's everlasting commendation; there the winding sheep-track athwart Powscour, with the sharp turn at the Bennan Boulder. It is marked on the photograph by the prick of a pin-point, and it is a memorable spot to me; for, as it is a turn in the sheep-track, so was it the turn in the tide of my spiritual affairs.

How well I remember that summer afternoon! I was standing there in the first blush of manhood and in the first month of my ministry, full of the joy of life and the pride of my new position. I felt qualified in every way to perform my duties, and confident in my powers to meet unaided all my difficulties. In my own strength and under my own auspices I would do this and undo that. At my feet, in the glimmering haze, lay my upland charge. Southward among the trees I saw the red gables of the old manse which was now my home, and a little to the east the gray roof of the auld kirk from whose pulpit I should weekly give my rural flock the benefit of much college lore. And the stipend—my word, it *was* considerable! I rubbed my hands together, and with a sigh of gratification and contentment I sat down on the boulder. For a time I looked vaguely into middle space, unimpressed and indifferent, seeing nothing of God's care and love either in the smiling heavens above or in the placid, fruitful strath stretching below. Then, somehow, slowly the eye of my understanding began to open, and the perfection and beauty of His handiwork were revealed; the glory and sacredness of my surroundings came to me; the majesty of the everlasting hills made me cower

my head, and I felt my brow undeserving of the sunshine glow. From the solitude of the glen a still, small voice spoke to me, and as I listened I became conscious of my littleness and unworthiness. All my vauntings and vainglory left me; and, stripped of all conceit and self-confidence, and humbled in His sight, I slipped down to my knees behind the boulder and called aloud, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' It was there, just where the pin-prick shows, that after much wrestling on that July afternoon, there came to me the full knowledge of the love of God and the peace which passeth all understanding.

That was twelve years ago; yet how vividly had the faded photograph brought all these memories back to me! I took it out from the docket in my desk, fixed it in a frame, and placed it on my study mantelpiece. Then I looked up the 121st Psalm, read it carefully, and straightway began my sermon.

The breath of early summer was in the air as I passed along the Middle Meadow Walk on my way to Princes Street. The trees were in bud, the birds in song; the joy of life and living was evidenced all around me; and my text, simmering in my mind, impelled me to look eastward to where on Arthur's Seat the tender grass in virgin green was marching and blending with the blue-red scaurs of Samson's Ribs. I knew, too, that the May dew was lying on every blade which had not yet made obeisance to May morning sun, and my thoughts went wandering back to those early mornings when, after 'brushing with hasty steps the dews away,' I had lured the manse breakfast from the quiet Shinnel pools beside the howms of Dalmakerran.

On reaching Princes Street I found even there something to remind me of the old glen. Pausing for a minute at the window of my favourite fishing-tackle maker, I saw displayed, as if by design, a cast of flies which I judged a certain lure for Shinnel in May—a top 'March Brown,' then a 'Butcher,' and last a 'Greenwell Glory.' A steel-centre trout-rod, with only the plate-glass between me and the handle, was provokingly tempting, as were also a hook-book with innumerable receptacles, an aluminium reel which, when I closed my eyes, I almost heard 'going out,' and other requisites dear to every angler's heart. The appeal was strong and insistent, but I pulled myself together and overcame. My library shelves required McConachie's *Lap of the Lammermoors* and Grant's *Rambles in Arcadia* more than I needed a new steel-centre rod or an aluminium reel, and it was when emerging half-an-hour later from my bookseller's, with these pastoral gems parcelled and tucked under my arm, that I came face to face with Robert Broadfute and his wife from Glenhead.

'Lovenanty, Maister Crosbie, is it really you?' the two exclaimed in unison and in pleased surprise; and as Glenhead seized one of my hands,

and his goodwife the other, I felt myself in the seventh heaven. We stood silent just for a minute, the while my eye wandered from the buirdly farmer with the tackety boots and the rough homespuns to the dear old mother in Israel beside him, with the scoop bonnet and the faded Paisley shawl.

Oh, how pleased I was to meet them! We shook hands twice, maybe three times; and as the delightful lilt of the Doric fell on my ears, and I felt 'touched' by that atmosphere which clean-living, clean-thinking people from a clean countryside carry about with them, the years of my sojourn in town one by one passed from my ken, and I heard once more the clang of the auld kirk bell stealing along the Shinnel howms in the hush of a Sabbath morning.

In a general way I am a slow thinker; in emergencies I sometimes cannot think at all; but for once I was equal to the occasion.

A chat such as we all wanted was impossible on the busy, crowded pavement, so I suggested an adjournment to an adjoining café for a cup of tea. As a refresher, tea was not, I well knew, much to Glenhead's liking; but Mrs Broadfute was with us, and I was glad my old friend in the homespuns took in the situation at a glance. All he said, and that resignedly, was, 'So be it, Maister Crosbie. It's the only coorse open in the circumstances.'

What a glorious half-hour we had living old times and fighting old battles over again! Mrs Broadfute, in her anxiety to give me all the family news, forgot about her tea till it was stone-cold; and Glenhead dumped his hazel staff on the oak parquered floor by way of emphasis as he proceeded with a thrilling account of the late spring snowstorm when 'hay was at its dearest, and haun'-feedin' a perfect ruination.' All the doings and deeds of the parish were told with gusto, the misdeeds mentioned in a whisper, and dismissed with a nod of the head and the usual 'Imphm! ay, ay!'

Few in the parish were forgotten. Even my successor was not omitted; but—tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon—Glenhead reckons him 'a costive preacher, a conscientious veesitor, a cauld cloot at a waddin', a bucker-up at a funeral; but as a curler he's no worth a—dash.' He hesitated on the last word, and it struck me that had he been airing his views to his neighbour Ha'scaur he would have used one which does not end with 'h.'

'Now, Glenhead,' I said, after we had exhausted all our local topics, 'is this a one-day trip, and can you come out to the manse and take pot-luck with me, or can you remain overnight?'

'Man, Maister Crosbie, I'm sorry we can dae neither.' He looked to his wife for confirmation. She nodded to him, then shook her head and flecked bun-crumbs from the lap of her gown. 'Ye see, I'm here the day on a dooble errant,'

he continued. 'I'm killin', as it were, twae birds wi' ae stane, and I ha'ena ower muckle time for the job. I've ca'd my wee black mear oot to the gress for guid. Man, man, but she's been a fell yin, anxious and willin'; but it cam' to be that I hadna the he'rt to work her ony langer. Ay! I bred her, and she's ta'en me up hill and doon brae for the feck o' five-and-twenty years, and I'm mair in her debt than she's in mine. So she's a pensioner noo—imphm! I maun fill her place, though, and I'm here to attend a horse sale this efternoon at three o'clock. Then, man, I'm on my gait to another ploy, oot o' my line in a wey, but I've ta'en it on haun', and I maun see it through. Ye'll mind, I daur say, o' yon wee white hoose on your left-haun' side as ye gang into the Toon o' Scaur frae the Shinnel side—The Knowe they ca' it? Weel, the wife's gran'faither and her faither had it on a ninety-nine years' lease. They were a' born there, and sae much o' hame was it that they never thocht or coonted on it gaun frae them. Three years last Martinmas the lease was up, but the wife's sister, Mrs Beck, Andra Beck's weeda—ye mind o' Andra, dootless; thowless sowl he was, but a weel-meanin' man—and, as I say, Mrs Beck was juist alloood to sit still as a yearly tenant at some nine pun' ten shillin' a year. Noo, aboot six months bygane or thereby, the factor telt her she wad ha'e to flit, and he backed it up wi' a letter to this effect: the new proprietor was gaun to pu' it doon and build what he ca'd a modern edifice wi' modern conveniences, and she bude to gang. I've plenty o' trachles o' my ain, and as a rule I'm no in the wey o' takin' on ither fouk's; but she's the wife's sister. She was, as I've said, born in the hoose. She's never kenned ony ither hame, for Andra, puir sowl, couldna gi'e her a new yin when they mairret, so they juist steyed on wi' the auld fouk, and someway her helplessness touched me. She's aulder than the wife here, and juist gey feckless. Of coorse, Maister Crosbie, we could eásy enech put her up, and will if the warst comes to the warst; but, man, it's the leavin' the auld hame. Puir body, she's ta'en to her bed ower the heid o't, and she telt me yesterday that she wad rather lie on the cauld doorstep o' The Knowe than in the veesitor's bedroom o' the Manse o' Shinnel.

'I've been argybargyin' back an' forrit wi' the factor, Weelum Frizzel the joiner, ca'in' an' writin'; but he telt me it's nae use and a' to nae purpose, an' a' that was left to dae was to see the proprietor himsel'. I understaun' he's a lawyer aboot George Street somewhere—I've the name and address a' richt here in my pocket-book, and I'm thinkin' yince I get sterted on him I'll work the oracle. I'm no easy put doon in a collieshangie argument, Maister Crosbie, and wi' a lawyer—even a toon's yin—I think I'll be able to haud my ain and mair, Maister Crosbie—*ay, and mair.*'

He took a long breath, struck his chest with his open hand, gave a croose cough, and looked knowingly towards me. Then he glanced at his wife.

'Mary here wanted to come wi' me,' he continued, 'dootless to back me up in her wey o't; an' though I consider womenfouk are juist in the road when it comes to a push o' this kind, I didna think it worth while to say her nay. Ye ken, Maister Crosbie, I haud that a woman's place is her ain fireside. Mary rules there her lane. She's what yin wad ca' absolute, Maister Crosbie—absolute's the word. I tak' nocht to dae wi' hoose affairs, as she hersel' will admit, an' yince I've steekit the door and got my twae feet on the lobby bass, I'm, as it were, under orders. But ootby—weel, I've aye been able to swing the tattie. Dod, Maister Crosbie, yin has to be able to dae that. Ay, and ye've to swing it wi' a birr too, for ootby-workers are no slow to tak' advantage o' ony dilly-dallyin'. Noo, there's ony ae tattie-swinger at Glenhead, an' that's me.

'This I've ta'en on haun' wi' aboot The Knowe is a man's job, as I've said—a real tattie-swingin' job, Maister Crosbie; no for a woman body to be mixed up wi'—no, no. When she insisted on comin' wi' me, I asked her if it was to see the shop windas, or the Castle, or Holyrood, and sic like; but she said "No;" a' she wanted was to see the new laird o' The Knowe. Mebbe it's juist as weel, though, that she should be wi' me, for when she sees hoo I'll work my wey roon this big lawyer's lug she'll grip my arm a bit tichter as we walk away frae his door. But this is no an interestin' crack to you, Maister Crosbie. I doot I'm deavin' ye.'

I assured him that I wasn't deaved; on the contrary, that I was very much interested indeed, and sincerely trusted he would be successful in advocating the cause of the widow. Then, after hastily reviewing all he had told me, I asked him if he felt quite sure of his ground, and if he had a line of argument thought out. 'You know, Glenhead,' I said, 'it would never do at all to go before this man with an indefinite, ramstam sort of pleading. So far as I can make out, you have no case at all. The present proprietor of The Knowe can do as he chooses with his own property. You don't question the legality or fairness of the transference, do you?'

'No, I've nae fault to find wi' that, Maister Crosbie.'

'Well, you're probably pitting yourself against a hard-headed man of business who knows his own mind and what his rights are, and who won't thank you for interfering in what is his own concern. Of coorse, if you can work on his feelings—excite his sympathy for Mrs Beck in her illness, and her love for the old home, and appeal to his sentiment'—

'Appeal to his sentiment! Humph! I'll appeal to his common-sense, Maister Crosbie, that's what I'll dae. Oh, you lippen to me noo.

A tattie-swinger for a job o' this kind! As for my line o' argument, as ye ca' it, that a' depends. We're no a' made in the same mould, and we've a' to be tackled in different ways. Whenever I clap my e'e on him I'll ken what to say, and hoo to say it. Man, Maister Crosbie, it's an eddication to ferm a place like Glenheid. It's baith hill an' arable, an' ye've to scrape a leevin' oot amang woolbrokers, soo-dealers, horse-coupers, and dairymen. Every yin's fechtin' against ye. Oh, ye've to keep your een skinned, I can tell ye, and ye've to golly here and wheedle there juist as the case needs it, ye understaun', and aye wi' an eye on the main chance. Noo, in this particular ploy I may be up against a cute man, or mebbe a dour man, which will be waur, and it may be that I ha'ena what yin wad ca' a case; but, Maister Crosbie, I've ser'ed a graun' apprenticeship, an' when it comes to a wee bit gi'e an' a big bit tak' I wad like to see the Embro' lawyer that'll ca' croose ower me.'

'Yes, yes, Glenhead, I admit your persuasive powers with a horse-couper and all that, but this man is a lawyer, and'—

'Weel, there's no muckle difference, only I dinna ken this yin, and in the circumstances I'll juist ca' canny at first till I find my wey, and then I'll grope cautiously alang. I may tell ye, though, Maister Crosbie, there's ae thing I'll no dae, and that's tell him o' my relationship wi' Mrs Beck; that wad gi'e pairt o' the show away. I'll no let that oot unless I canna help it. As for the rest o't, I'll juist talk ower things in a freendly—eh, in a cracky—yes, and a freendly wey, ye see, Maister Crosbie.'

'Yes, of course I see, Glenhead,' I said; though I didn't see at all. 'May I ask what is the name of this lawyer-laird of The Knowe?'

'Oh, it's Carstairs—Gavin Carstairs, W.S., o' Carstairs & Cranstoun. I'm telt he's a gey soople haud-by-the-heid kind o' a—— Lovenanty, Maister Crosbie, is there ocht wrang?'

I had started forward in my seat when I heard the name Gavin Carstairs, and in my agitation I had let my glasses drop to the floor.

'Oh, there's nothing wrong; you've surprised me, that's all. I happen to know Mr Carstairs. As a matter of fact, he's a member of my congregation;' and I vigorously polished my pincez to gain time for thought.

Much passed quickly in my mind, and Glenhead was watching me narrowly; but I felt my face was no index to my thoughts.

'If he's a member o' your congregation, then he'll—he'll be a freen' o' yours, Maister Crosbie?' Glenhead slowly and thoughtfully said. 'And I'm vexed if I've said ocht to his discredit. Mind you, I dinna ken the man frae Adam. I'm gaun by country report an' judgin' him by hard-he'rted treatment o' Mrs Beck, the wife's sister. That's a', Maister Crosbie—imphm!'

'Oh, that's all right, Glenhead,' I said reassuringly. 'I'm not thinking of that at all.

Knowing Mr Carstairs as I do, I am just wondering how best I can act in your interests.'

Then it dawned upon me that my recent recurring memories of Shinnel had been called up for a purpose, that there was a providence in our meeting in Princes Street, and all at once I accepted the rôle of the humble instrument.

'Glenhead,' I said, 'this is none of my business, and so far as I can see, apart from solicitous motives on Mrs Beck's account, it is none of yours either; but I am willing to give you any little service in my power, if'—

'Thank 'e, thank 'e, Maister Crosbie. As I said before, it's a tattie-swinger's job, is this; but a freen' at coort's worth havin', and I'll be real gled.'

'Well, that's settled, then. Now, Glenhead, I may tell you that this Mr Carstairs is reckoned one of the ablest lawyers in Edinburgh. He may be a hard man; I have never found him to be so, and I talk of people as I find them. He is an honourable man, but of fixed determination, and if he has decided to take possession of and rebuild The Knowe, then The Knowe will be rebuilt.'

'Phew! ay, ay, imphm! Then ye think it's nae use me'—

'I think nothing, Glenhead. Carry out your arrangement, and I'll come with you and pave the way for your reception. By the way, does he know you are calling to-day? Have you made an appointment with him?'

'No, no, he doesna ken I'm comin'. I'm juist lookin' in, as it were, on the bygaun.'

'But he's a busy man, and won't see you, I'm afraid, unless a meeting has been arranged beforehand.'

'If he's in, shairly he'll ha'e the decency to see me! I've aye an open door at Glenheid for a', gentle an' semple, an' what I alloo to ithers I expect ithers to alloo to me.'

Mrs Broadfute had been slowly sipping her second cup of tea during our conversation, listening intently and saying nothing. She put the empty cup on the table, and with a look of disappointment on her sweet old face she turned to me and smiled.

'I see, Maister Crosbie, hoo the land lies; but it wad be an awfu' peety if, efter comin' sae far, we werena to see Maister Carstairs. Could it no be arranged even though we had to stay in the toon a' nicht?'

'Mrs Broadfute, are you very, very anxious to see this man?'

'Well, yes, for Betty's sake. Somewey, I think if we could juist get a word wi' 'im she might get bidin' on at The Knowe till'—

She didn't finish the sentence, but I interpreted aright the silence which followed. I lifted my hat and parcel.

'Come away, then,' I said, 'and we'll see what can be done.'

(Continued on page 441.)

THE 'PILGRIMAGE RAILWAY.'

By A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

UNTIL comparatively recent years the country east of the Jordan was very little known to European travellers. Every year for centuries western Palestine had been visited by pilgrims and tourists; but their journey usually ended at the shores of the Dead Sea and the Jordan Valley, and until very lately few crossed the deep ravine which the river follows, for the highlands beyond it—the uplands of Gilead and the mountains of Moab—were regarded as a dangerous and inhospitable land, where there were few sights to attract the traveller from the West. It was not until the Palestine Exploration Fund carried out its survey of Palestine that the region was accurately mapped. But during all this period, when it was practically unknown to Europe, it was one of the familiar highways of the Mohammedan world. All over the East there are caravan tracks, most of them trade routes; but some derive their importance from the fact that they lead to Mecca, the centre of the Mohammedan world, the place to which it is the duty of every pious Moslem to make a pilgrimage at least once in his life. These roads to Mecca are known as the 'ways of the pilgrimage' (Darb-el-Hajj). One of the most important of them starts from Damascus, and runs southward for a thousand miles to Mecca. The northern part of this pilgrim way lies along the outer margin of the hills beyond the Jordan, following the eastern edge of the well-watered country, where it slopes towards the desert of western Asia. The southern part of the road runs east of the Gulf of Akaba and by the desert-land of Midian, along the eastern side of the Red Sea, through the Hedjaz to Medina and Mecca.

Damascus is one of the oldest cities in the world. All through its long history it has been one of the meeting-places of East and West, and a centre of many important trade routes converging from all parts of western Asia. During the thousand years that it has been a Mohammedan city it has thus been a convenient gathering-place for the annual pilgrimage to Mecca. The setting out of the pilgrimage used to be a remarkable sight. The city itself could not find room for the pilgrims, and they camped round it for miles. All the races of central and western Asia were represented—Turks and Circassians, Afghans and Turcomans, Kurds and Arabs. Thousands of men and camels were finally marshalled for the long march by the pilgrims' way—a journey of nearly three months.

In recent years the pilgrimage has become less picturesque and more expeditious, for the greater part of the journey is performed by a railway which starts from Damascus and extends as far as Medina. Only the last part of the

pilgrimage, that from Medina to Mecca, is now made on foot or on camel-back. The construction of this railway was a very remarkable enterprise. I think one may safely say that every other railway in the world is a commercial undertaking or a military line. The Damascus-Medina Railway was made for religious purposes. It has no shareholders, and the capital for its construction was found entirely by money subscribed by pious Moslems, or provided by the Turkish Government, in order to facilitate the pilgrimage.

The line is officially known as the Hedjaz Railway, but is sometimes called the 'Hajj Railway'—that is, the 'Pilgrimage Line.' The work of constructing it was begun in 1901. I have seen it stated that the construction was proposed under German influence at Constantinople, and the work carried out by German engineers. But I doubt if this is true. Indeed, I suspect that this theory of its origin is an afterthought, prompted by the fact that the line has lately proved useful for the movement of Turkish troops from Damascus to the eastern edge of the Sinai desert, in connection with the German projects for an invasion of Egypt. I believe that, as a matter of fact, the only foreign engineers employed in the construction of the railway were Italians. Military labour was largely used, detachments of the Damascus army corps being employed in making the cuttings and embankments, and generally preparing the road-bed for the track. This made the work very economical, as the soldiers were given only a small addition to their ordinary pay. It is very likely that this economic method of construction was suggested by the fact that, a few years before, Lord Kitchener had used the same method in the laying of the Soudan Railway. Indeed, it is not improbable that the successful construction of the Sirdar's railway across the deserts of the Upper Nile suggested the making of the Hedjaz line.

The funds for the work were provided by subscriptions throughout the Turkish Empire and most parts of the Mohammedan world beyond its frontiers. They were very largely the contributions of poor people, and money was even collected by the children in the schools. The Turkish Government assisted the work by requiring every official in its Civil Service, and every officer and soldier in the army, to contribute one-tenth of one month's pay, but this was the only forced contribution. The Sultan, at the outset, gave as his personal offering an amount equivalent to about fifty thousand pounds sterling, and subsequently made several smaller offerings. With the large sums thus collected, the cheapness of ordinary labour in the East, and the help of the large working-parties provided by the Damascus

army, the building of the railway line was carried through at a relatively small cost; and, wonderful to say, it is asserted that it was the only public work ever executed by the Turkish Empire in which there was no leakage of money into the pockets of officials and no question of baksheesh. It is said that contributions came from every part of the world, even from Mohammedan emigrants as far off as America, Australia, and the islands of the Eastern Archipelago. In all, it is estimated that about three millions of money was raised by these various means.

The work was begun at the Damascus end of the line in the summer of 1901. It did not make rapid progress, but it was carried through steadily year after year, and by the end of 1906 four hundred and fifty-two miles of railway had been laid. The line had then reached Tebouk, in the Hedjaz, to the east of the northern end of the Red Sea. As each section of the line was completed, traffic was carried to the railhead, and the journey of the pilgrims was thus shortened year after year. Extra rapid progress was made in 1907; two hundred and seventeen miles of railway were laid, and the line reached Bir-Jehid, six hundred and sixty-nine miles from Damascus. Beyond this point a considerable part of the road-bed was prepared over the remaining section of one hundred and fifty-six miles to Medina, one of the cities of the pilgrimage, for it contains the tomb of Mohammed.

Great efforts were made to complete the line to this place by 31st August 1908, the anniversary of the Sultan's accession. The programme was successfully carried out, and on that day the line was opened to Medina, eight hundred and twenty-five miles from Damascus. It was estimated that in another two years it would reach Mecca, two hundred and seventy-seven miles farther south; but Medina is still the terminus, for the troubles of the Turkish Empire prevented the original programme from being completed.

The railway is a single line, with sidings and passing-places for trains at the stations and at a few points between them. The gauge is three feet five and a quarter inches, to correspond with that of the railway from Beyrout to Damascus, over which the locomotives and rolling stock had to be brought.

Before the war a train left Damascus at seven-thirty A.M. every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, making the journey to Medina in a little over two days and nights, and arriving there at three P.M. on the Wednesday, Friday, and Monday. The return trains started from Medina on the Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings. Tickets for the through journey to Medina were issued only to Mohammedans, the country of the pilgrimage being closed to all but the Faithful. But tourists from Christian lands were allowed to use the railway as far as the station of Ma'an, a village on the line in the country east of the Sinai desert. Ma'an is described by Palgrave,

the well-known Eastern traveller, who from this point commenced his adventurous journey across Arabia in 1861. The line was useful to tourists, not only to this stage, but also to the junction at Deraa, east of Nazareth, whence a branch-line goes off to Haifa, near Mount Carmel, on the shores of the Mediterranean. This branch-line crosses the Jordan south of the Lake of Gennesaret, and traverses the country of Galilee. Ma'an was the starting-point for tourists who wished to visit the rock-built city of Petra. Before the Hedjaz Railway was opened this was a place seldom visited, as it could be reached only by a desert caravan journey. But as soon as the new railway reached Ma'an, Petra became comparatively easy of access, and before the war Messrs Cook used to organise a personally conducted excursion to the famous ruins once a week during the tourist season. Ma'an has become during the war a point of strategic importance. It is the nearest station to the tracks that lead across the Sinai desert to the Suez Canal, and is thus one of the Turkish bases of operations against Egypt. It is even said that German engineers have constructed a branch-line running from Ma'an westward into the desert.

The northern section of the Hedjaz Railway between Damascus and the junction at Deraa runs through a fairly well-watered country—the eastern margin of the wooded uplands of the Gilead of the Bible. South of Deraa, the line, still following the old pilgrim route, passes through a half-desert country. There is some cultivation where it follows for a few miles the upper valley of the river Zerka—the Jabbok of the Bible. Here the Turkish Government has, since the opening of the line, planted a colony of Circassian immigrants. The railway station at Amman keeps in a slightly altered form the old name of the country, Ammon, conquered by King David's captain, Joab, a district whose stronghold was the wild mountain plateau that rises around the upper gorge of the Jabbok. Half a mile from Amman station are the ruins of what was once the capital of the country, the city of Rabbath-Ammon; though the ruins of to-day are not those of the old Ammonite capital, but of a later Roman city built upon its site, as an outpost towards the desert.

South of Amman the desert character of the country becomes more pronounced, and water is very scanty. Ma'an is the next point of importance, and some fifty miles south of it there is a remarkable piece of engineering by which the line is carried across some very difficult country. Here all farther progress seems to be barred by a great inland hollow, some thirty miles across, and bounded on its northern side by an escarpment of almost cliff-like steepness. The place is known to the Arabs as the *Batn-el-Ghurl* ('the Hollow of the Genii'). The railway descends its steep northern side by a series of bold zig-zags close to the pass by which the old pilgrimage road reaches the plain below in the same way.

The line issues from the hollow on its southern side by a narrow sandy ravine. The next station is Tebouk, an oasis in the desert, with a village and about half a square mile of date-palms. Beyond Tebouk the line works its way for a while through a narrow stony valley, and then the country begins to open out and loses something of its desert character as the railway enters the Hedjaz province. Here it is in the land of the pilgrimage, which is barred to Europeans.

It will be gathered from this description that the line runs through a country on which there can never be a considerable industrial traffic. It exists only for the purposes of the pilgrimage, and a very moderate amount of traffic supplies all the needs of the pilgrims. For the moment it has become a military line of some local importance; but the pilgrim traffic is still kept up, though for the time being it is closed to Western tourists.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

A REALISTIC STORY OF THE INNER LIFE OF THE ROYAL NAVY.

By TAFFRAIL, Author of *The Bad Hat*, *The Decoy*, *An Eye for an Eye*, &c.

CHAPTER VI.—'THE 'ORRIBLE DEN.'

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FROM the quarterdeck one climbed down a steep ladder, walked aft along the maindeck past the wardroom, descended another ladder, and finally emerged into a large flat lit by electricity. To starboard was a bulkhead with rifles in racks, their blued barrels gleaming dully in the glare of the electric bulbs. Behind the rifle-racks came some of the officers' cabins, through the open doorways of which one was vouchsafed an occasional fleeting glimpse of sea and sky framed in the circular opening of a scuttle in the ship's side.

The small habitations seemed to reflect the personalities and tastes of their several occupants. Some were gay with pictures, photographs, brightly coloured bedspreads and curtains, and had easy-chairs, well-filled bookcases, and a glittering array of silver-backed brushes, photograph-frames, and ornaments on the chests of drawers serving as toilet-tables. In others there was little or no attempt at decoration, and they were furnished with almost Spartan simplicity, with nothing but what the Admiralty allowed. This consisted of a bunk with drawers underneath, a solid mahogany chest of drawers, a book-shelf, a folding washstand, a minute writing-table, a straight-backed cane-bottomed chair, a small strip of carpet, ugly maroon-coloured scuttle and door curtains, and, by way of decoration, the inevitable shallow circular tin bath suspended from the roof.

Amidships in the flat, in ordered rows, came the midshipmen's sea-chests. They were painted white, with black lids, and bore their owners' names on small brass plates. Each was exactly three feet six inches long, one foot eight and a half inches broad, and three feet seven and three-quarter inches high, neither more nor less. Admiralty regulations are explicit and precise, even on the subject of midshipmen's sea-chests. In these receptacles the snotties*

kept, or were supposed to keep, all their worldly belongings, and woe betide them if the first lieutenant discovered their clothes or boots lying about when he went his rounds twice a day! The garments were promptly impounded and placed in the scan-bag, which was opened only once a week. Moreover, one inch of soap—which went toward cleaning the ship—had to be paid for each article claimed.

On the opposite side of the flat were more rifle-racks and two curtained doorways. One of these gave access to a pantry, the other to what the commander called 'the 'Orrible Den,' otherwise the gunroom. It was the habitat of the junior officers, and provided accommodation for two sub-lieutenants, an assistant-paymaster, ten midshipmen, and Mr Hubert Green, the assistant-clerk.

Imagine an apartment about thirty feet long by twenty feet wide, with plenty of head-room. It ran fore and aft, and on the ship's side opposite to the door were four circular scuttles. They were about six feet above the waterline, and could be left open in harbour or in the calmest weather at sea. If it was blowing at all hard, however, they had to be kept tight shut to prevent the entry of the water. On these occasions the atmosphere, well impregnated with the smell of food from the pantry, could be cut with a knife. The sub-lieutenant, complaining bitterly of the 'fug' or 'frowst,' sometimes ordered a junior midshipman to carry out what was known as 'scuttle drill.' This meant that the unfortunate youth had to open the port gingerly to let in the air, but that he must bang it to again whenever a sea came rushing past. If he allowed water or spray to enter he was chastised. He generally was, but not really hard. Underneath the scuttles, and along the after bulkhead, were narrow cushioned settees serving as seats. Then came two long tables, with, outside them again, padded forms. Altogether there was seating accommodation for about twenty-four people at meals.

* 'Snotty' is the naval slang term for midshipman.

On the inner bulkhead near the door was a stove, and beyond this again a small piano. This instrument had been quite a good one once upon a time, but, owing to an accumulation of foreign matter in its interior, caused no doubt by a youthful officers' steward, who found it a convenient receptacle for dirty cotton-waste, polishing-paste, bathbrick, and emery-paper, was long past its palmy days. However, it still made a noise, and was useful for sing-songs.

On the foremost bulkhead was a small hatch with a sliding door communicating with the pantry, and underneath it a mahogany sideboard. The appointments were completed by three wicker arm-chairs, provided by the occupants themselves, a sofa, a rack for the midshipmen's dirks, a mahogany letter-rack and notice-board, and rows of small lockers, just under the ceiling, round two sides over the settees. In these the snotties kept their small personal belongings, books, and pots of jam or potted meat. But we have forgotten the beer-barrel. It occupied a conspicuous position near the sideboard.

Pictures and prints hung on the white enamelled walls, rugs were scattered about the floor, and the two long tables were covered with crimson cloths of the usual Admiralty pattern, and were adorned with palms in pots and vases of flowers. So, taking it all round, 'the 'Orrible Den' was not quite so bad as it was painted. In fact, it was quite a cheerful apartment.

Sub-Lieutenant Archibald Bertram Cook—commonly known as Alphabetical Cook—was the senior member of the mess and *ex officio* president. He was a lusty, riotous, red-faced fellow of twenty-two, and ruled the midshipmen with a rod of iron. The other sub was Roger More, six months junior to him. Wilfrid Shilling, the A.P.,* was a tall, anæmic-looking officer, with an incipient beard and rather long hair. He wore glasses, and was deeply in love with a young lady at Weymouth. He went by the name of Blinkers.

Next came the senior midshipmen, Antony Charles Trevelyan, Roderick MacDonald, William Augustus Trevor, and Henry Taut. They varied in age between eighteen and a half and nineteen and a half; and the first, on account of his rather blue chin and heavy growth of hair, went by the elegant name of Whiskers. MacDonald, who was short and had rather a barrel-like appearance, was nicknamed Shorty or Tubby; while Trevor, a small youth, sometimes answered to Winkle. Taut, the midshipman of Martin's division, was the Long Slab. He was tall and very thin, rather like a lighthouse.

Then came the six junior snotties, whose names do not really matter. They were all under eighteen, and had only just joined the ship from the training-cruiser. They were, in consequence, very small beer indeed—mere ex-

crescences on the face of the earth. Collectively they were referred to as the Warts, Crabs, or Dogs' Bodies, and had to do what everybody else chose to tell them.

The Wart of all the Warts was Mr Hubert Green, the assistant-clerk. He was a small, freckle-faced youth, with a squeaky voice and ginger hair, and had only just come to sea. He was only seventeen and a half, the baby of the gunroom, and on account of his youth and general ignorance of the navy and naval affairs, spent his life having his leg pulled by the midshipmen.

Both the subs and the A.P. had cabins of their own. The midshipmen 'lived in chests,' as the saying is; slept in hammocks in the gunroom flat; and performed their ablutions in a small tiled bathroom farther forward. Publicity was a thing they had no qualms about whatsoever, and between seven o'clock and seven-forty-five in the morning, when they were dressing or parading about with or without towels, waiting for their turns to wash, the flat was no fit place for the general public.

Except on Sundays, when they lay in till seven o'clock, the snotties turned out at six-fifteen, and from six-forty till seven were on deck at physical drill. At seven, therefore, came the rush for baths, the usual exaggerated tin saucers, of which there were only six. The bandsmen servants procured their respective masters' hot water beforehand; but it was always a case of first come first served, and nobody hesitated to use anybody else's belongings if he were big and strong enough to do so with impunity. Such things as hot water, sponges, soap, and nail-brushes were regarded as common property unless their owners chose to retain them by force. Towels and tooth-brushes alone were sacred to the individual.

The subs and the senior midshipmen bathed first, and woe betide any Crab who was discovered in the bathroom when they arrived! He was promptly hurled out. Then came the junior snotties, and lastly the assistant-clerk, who, poor wight, usually had to be content with cold water. But they were all quite happy, and made a great deal of noise.

Pay of one shilling and ninepence *per diem*, plus a compulsory allowance of fifty pounds a year from one's people, which was what the midshipmen received, is not great affluence, even in the navy, where living is comparatively cheap. It amounts in all to six pounds fifteen shillings and tenpence per month of thirty days.

Mr Tubbs, the long-suffering gunroom-messman, and a bit of a villain, undertook to provide breakfast, luncheon, and dinner for the sum of thirty shillings a month a head from each member; but in addition to this he also took the tenpence *per diem* allowed to each officer by the Government in lieu of rations. Afternoon tea, cake, bread-and-butter, tins of biscuits,

* Assistant-paymaster.

potted meat, jam, fruit, and other extraneous edibles were charged for as extras, in which category also came such things as soap, bootlaces, drawing-paper, pens, ink, pencils, &c. The sum of ten shillings *per mensem* was supposed, by Admiralty regulation, to suffice for the midshipmen's needs in the way of extras; but the most of them, with the connivance of the messman, ran what they called 'extra-extra bills.' It was on the profit made on these that Mr Tubbs was able to make two ends meet at all, for one and tenpence a day is not much wherewith to satisfy the food capacity of a young and lusty lad with a healthy appetite.

Snotties over eighteen were allowed to expend fifteen shillings a month on wine, and those under this age five shillings less; but nobody under twenty was permitted to touch spirits. The mess fund—for newspapers, breakages, washing, and other small incidental expenses—came to a nominal five shillings a month, but generally exceeded it; servant's wages were ten shillings; personal washing, say, ten shillings; and tobacco—if the officer was over eighteen, and allowed to smoke—to about seven shillings and sixpence or half-a-sovereign. The monthly balance-sheet, omitting all extravagances, therefore, worked out somewhat as follows:

RECEIPTS.

1s. 9d. a day for 30 days . . .	£2 12 6
One-twelfth of £50 . . .	4 3 4
Total . . .	<u>£6 15 10</u>

DEBITS.

30 days' messing at 1s. a day . . .	£1 10 0
Mess Fund . . .	0 5 0
Wine . . .	0 15 0
Tobacco . . .	0 7 6
Extras . . .	0 10 0
Servant . . .	0 10 0
Washing . . .	0 10 0
Total . . .	<u>£4 7 6</u>

This, omitting the 'extra-extra,' left a nominal credit balance of two pounds eight shillings and fourpence wherewith to last out the month. Only one or two of the snotties received anything extra in the way of allowances from their people, though their outfitters' bills for all necessities in the way of clothing were usually met by their parents. But even this did not improve matters to any great extent, and not one of the young officers was ever known to have much in the way of money unless parents or relations behaved handsomely on birthdays or at Christmas. Even then the gift dwindled rapidly, for if one of them did receive a windfall of an odd pound or two, he took care that his messmates shared his good fortune. The clothes they had, too, were in a perpetual state of being lost; and if one of them was asked out to dine in another ship, everybody contributed something towards his attire. One provided a shirt, and others handkerchief, collar, tie, and evening shoes; but

in spite of it all they somehow always managed to look smart and well-dressed.

This state of chronic hardupness is hereditary in midshipmen. History relates that a youth once came home from China and landed at Portsmouth with no soles to his boots, a hole in the crown of his straw hat—it had been eaten by cock-roaches—the seat of his trousers darned by himself with sailmaker's twine, and no tails to any of his shirts. With the ready resource of the sailor, he had removed these for use as pocket-handkerchiefs.

The Royal Navy is essentially a poor man's service, and comparatively few of its officers have anything considerable in the way of means over and beyond their pay. It is sometimes difficult to keep out of debt, for they are expected to go everywhere and do everything, while uniform is expensive, and the cost of living is always increasing. It seems to be part of a midshipman's job to be poor, and one would as soon expect to find a dustman with a gold-mounted shaving-set as a snotty with more than half-a-crown in his pocket on the 28th of the month.

The snotties of the *Belligerent* were no exception to the general rule. They were quite irrepressible, and were as happy and cheerful as they could be, though sometimes they did complain bitterly that they were half-starved. On occasions, to the accompaniment of spoons beaten on the table, they chanted a mournful dirge anent the iniquities of the messman. It was long and rather ribald, but the last two lines of the chorus ran:

We're starving! we're starving!

And the messman's name is Mr Tubbs!

They weren't really so famished as they pretended to be, but Tubbs certainly was an old rogue. One celebrated morning, when the senior sub-lieutenant was absent, he peered through the pantry hatch at breakfast-time.

'Now, gennelmen,' he said, 'wot we 'ave for breakfast is 'ot sardines an' 'am. Sardines is a bit orf, the 'am is tainted, an' fruit is extra. Wot'll you 'ave?'

The ship was half-way across the Bay of Biscay at the time, and had been at sea for several days, so perhaps there was some slight excuse for the inadequacies of the morning meal. But Tubbs had tried this game before; and, headed by Roger More, the junior sub-lieutenant, the members of the mess rose *en bloc* and hastily armed themselves with dirks.

The messman, scenting trouble, promptly fled from the pantry with his satellites after him, while the hungry officers rushed in, broke open various cupboards, and helped themselves liberally to Tubbs's private store of tinned kippers and haddock. He complained bitterly, but got no redress.

Another time the members of the mess were sitting round the table waiting impatiently for lunch. Noon was the proper time for the meal;

but at twelve-ten nothing had appeared on the table except the vegetables. The hungry officers commenced to bang on the table with eating implements, and started the inevitable dirge, and in the middle of it Tubbs's face appeared framed in the pantry hatch.

'I'm sorry, gennelmen,' he said when he could make himself heard in the uproar. 'The boy's fallen down the 'atch with the joint, an' it ain't fit to be seen. I've some very nice corned beef'——

A chorus of groans drowned his utterance. 'Let's see the joint,' some one demanded.

'It's bin thrown overboard, sir,' the messman explained glibly, disappearing from view.

Several of the junior midshipmen and the assistant-clerk were despatched to visit the scene of the alleged accident, and to report on what traces they found. There were none. There never had been any joint.

'Tubbs!' they yelled in unison when the spies came back.

The messman's head appeared, and the minute it bobbed up into sight it was greeted with a volley of vegetables. On the whole the shooting was good, and Tubbs made an excellent Aunt

Sally. Potatoes baked in their jackets spattered and burst all round the pantry hatch like a *rafale* of shrapnel-shell, while some, passing through, exploded on impact with the messman's head. The *pièce de résistance* was a cauliflower. It struck the ledge and detonated like a high-explosive projectile, and the messman received its disintegrated stickiness full in the face. He slammed the hatch up with a bang, and rushed into the mess with his face, beard, and hair dripping with vegetable products; while the culprits, wildly excited, shrieked with laughter. The bombardment would have continued, but the available ammunition was expended.

Tubbs was furious. 'I'll 'ave the law on yer!' he shouted wildly, waving his fists. 'I'll report yer to the commander, and 'ave yer court-martialled, see if I don't! It's disgraceful, that's wot it is, an' wot the navy's comin' to I don't know! Calls yerselves gennelmen, do yer?'

He went on for quite a long time; but nothing further ever came of it. He knew well enough that he had brought it on himself; but thereafter he became rather more particular over the matter of providing meals.

(Continued on page 435.)

THE RABBIT.

By H. A. STRONG.

THE rabbit is not indigenous to Great Britain, but was originally a native of Spain. The Romans acclimatised it from the Iberian Peninsula; it was unknown to the Greeks on the east of the Mediterranean Sea. Like the esparto grass and the cork-tree, it had its home in Spain, and its history is bound up with that of the Iberian race, with whom it probably passed into western Europe by way of Africa. The Romans knew this animal by the name of *cuniculus*, our coney; it seems probable that this word is itself of Iberian origin, and it is said by Baskish scholars to be represented by the Baskish word *unchi* at the present day. The Romans as early as the times of Cicero and Cæsar gave the appellation of *cuniculum* to an underground passage or a mine, and it was disputed among them whether the animal took its name from the mine or the mine from the animal. Modern scholars assume the latter alternative, an agreement with the express statement of Martial that 'the rabbit showed to its enemies the way to make undisturbed passages.'

The first mention of the rabbit in literature (for it must be remembered that the coney of the Scriptures was the jerboa) is found in the Romanised Greek Polybius, a writer who flourished about one hundred and fifty years before the Christian era. He spells the word *kuniklos*. 'In Corsica,' he says, 'there are no wild animals except foxes, rabbits, and wild sheep'

(*mouflons*). Athenæus uses the same word, as does Posidonius of Apamea in the first half of the first century before our era. Catullus speaks of Iberia as 'rabbit haunted'; Varro, Strabo, and Pliny the Elder describe the animal and its habits; and Varro tells us of the various methods employed for catching it.

The Iberians seem to have valued their native rabbits highly; we find that they had transported them to the Balearic Islands, as well as to Corsica. The Romans regarded young unweaned rabbits as a peculiar delicacy; they called these by the name of *laurices*, a word possibly of Baskish origin.

But the enormous rate at which rabbits multiply—as we have seen, unfortunately, in Australia—caused them to be looked upon as a plague, just as they are regarded in Australia at the present day. They spoilt whole agricultural districts with their workings, loosened the roots of the trees, and even undermined human habitations. The inhabitants of the Balearic Isles actually sent deputies to Rome with a request that a new dwelling-place might be allotted them, as the rabbits had fairly eaten them out. Pliny tells us that these same islanders sent a petition to the Emperor Augustus that he would send a detachment of soldiers to their aid against the rodent. The rabbit plague was felt along the seacoast as far as Marseilles.

It is interesting to learn that the Iberians, to

meet this unwelcome invasion, had discovered the services which might be rendered them by the kind of weasel indigenous to the north of Africa, known to us as the ferret (*viverra*). Numbers of these useful animals have been turned out in the rabbit-haunted parts of Australia to attempt to keep down the noxious animals, as they are there regarded. Herodotus expressly tells us that in his time ferrets were found in North Africa under the silphium shrubs. We know that the Romans used, instead of the domestic tabby—which was as yet unknown to them—some kind of tamed weasel, which may possibly have been this very *viverra*, though they commonly called it *mustela* or mouse-catcher. The Romans kept rabbits and hares in *leporaria* for the table. In one of the banquets described by Athenæus a speaker describes how, on a voyage from Pozzuoli to Naples, he had touched at a small island (Nisida), and found it occupied by few inhabitants, but by numerous rabbits; and to-day it holds good that there are few of these animals in Italy itself, but that many of the islands on the Italian coast can boast too many of them. The Romans regarded them as characteristic of the Iberian Peninsula, much as we regard the kangaroo as the totem of Australia. Gold and silver coins of the Emperor Hadrian are stamped with the legend 'Hispania,' under a recumbent female figure holding an olive-branch, and resting her elbow on Cape Calpe; on the obverse is stamped the outline of a rabbit.

These little animals must have spread over Europe through Roman influence at a very early date; for we find Gregory of Tours at the end of the sixth century A.D. stating that during the days of Lent young rabbits were a favourite dish (the *laurices* already described). A contemporary of Dante's, Crescentius, speaks of rabbits as abounding in Provence and Lombardy. They have now spread to the islands of the eastern as well as the western Mediterranean, and scored them with their burrows, though they are not found in Turkey. It is common in Scotland and in Ireland to hear the rabbit spoken of as a late introduction from England, but Mr Ritchie of Edinburgh has pointed out that this is a mistake. He affirms in *Notes and Queries* that the rabbit was mentioned as at Aberdeen in 1424, that it abounded in Orkney in the sixteenth century, and in Ireland is mentioned as early as the fifth century.

Our word 'rabbit' is supposed to be a diminutive form connected with the word *rabo*, the Spanish word for 'a tail.' The French word *lapin* is believed to be a shortened form for *clapin*, 'a skulker in holes.' The German *Kaninchen* is, of course, from *cuniculus*, as is the English word coney. The Russians call the rabbit *krolík*, or 'little king.'

The devastation caused by rabbits in Australia and in New Zealand may well make acclima-

tisers pause before proceeding to introduce new animals into new countries without due thought. The countless millions of these rodents whose ravages man is now endeavouring to counteract are the descendants of a few rabbits imported into Victoria some fifty years ago by a squatter for his own sport. They have now spread over a great part of the country, and laid upon Australia a heavy debt incurred in different attempts to exterminate them. In some places, like the stony ranges of western Victoria, they abound in such numbers that sometimes of an evening I have seen them in thousands; nor is there any hope of eradicating them from such strongholds. They have spread up into south Queensland in spite of the efforts made to fence them out; but I doubt whether they will thrive in the tropical north. Efforts have been made to exterminate them by digging them out and stopping the holes, by poison, and by the introduction into rabbit-infested districts of natural enemies of the rodents, such as weasels, foxes, and cats. From these, chickens and lambs have suffered, and many wish that foxes especially had never been introduced. Some landed proprietors offered a reward for each rabbit killed on their property. The proof was to be the tail of the animal; but it was shortly after observed that numerous tailless bunnies were running on the estate. The trappers had caught them and let them go again that they might breed as before! They are mostly caught nowadays by trappers.

The rabbit is as rarely eaten in Australia as in Ireland; but factories for preserving rabbits have been established on the island continent, and the rabbits so preserved fetch a good price in the English market. I saw lately a crate of rabbits which had been preserved in the cold chamber. They were larger than English rabbits, and were sold at a shilling each. In some parts of Victoria I have seen rabbits of different colours—black, white, and brindled. I do not know whether these are to be regarded as freaks, or whether the colouring depends on the soil.

The question has often been discussed as to whether the rabbit and the hare ever interbreed. Frank Buckland expressed his entire disbelief in the genuineness of any such alleged case, and I think most gamekeepers agree with him. The so-called Belgian hare is simply a well-developed rabbit, and has often been introduced into English warrens with the view of improving the breed.

It should be added that the plan of poisoning rabbits has been found in New Zealand to have had the effect of destroying some of the native birds, such as the pretty weka-weka hen, well known to bushmen, and of interest to naturalists from its peculiar habits. It is the most inquisitive creature alive, and fortunately for itself one of the most agile and restless of birds; otherwise it would fall an easy prey to all sorts of enemies,

thanks to its feminine failing. Mr Wakefield, in his interesting work on the fauna of New Zealand, remarks that 'it must always know what is going on, and will even enter boldly the tent of the encamped traveller, and steal his goods and chattels as he lies in his blanket. It is very common, when a coach stops to change horses in the unpeopled wilds, to see three or four of these queer birds emerge from the surrounding herbage, and bravely and minutely investigate the proceedings, walking almost under the horses' heels, and surveying the passengers as if they were old friends, yet ready at the first hostile attack to make themselves scarce as if by magic.' These birds are quite peculiar to New Zealand,

none like them being found in any other part of the world. It would be a pity for this interesting creature to become extinct; for the curious kakapo, or owl-parrot—which used to eat fruit, but since the advent of the whites has become a flesh-eating fowl—and the wingless kiwi are destined soon to disappear.

In Australia the last and most generally adopted method of getting rid of the rabbits is simply to fill up their holes with earth, and to continue this process until the bunnies are all suffocated. It may be imagined that this is an expensive process; but it has, so my Australian correspondents say, the advantage of being effectual.

IF THE CENSOR ONLY KNEW.

By ÆSCULAPIUS.

I.

STAFF-SURGEON MICHAEL O'BRIEN had a weakness for books with showy covers. In fact, he invariably judged a book by the cover. He was also inclined to impulsiveness. One morning he was making his rounds in the sick quarters of H.M.S. *Alcibiades*. He suddenly halted. A gurgling sound issued from his capacious throat. The sick-berth steward was alarmed. 'Are you ill, sir?' he asked with some concern.

No, the staff-surgeon was not ill. It was intended as a gurgle of delight. The dull-gray monotony of his daily existence had been transformed into something with colour in it. His diagnostic eye had spotted a book on the table. Glaring red letters beckoned to him. They were written at a rakish angle. They trailed across a yellow background. They made up the words of the title *Jaccuse*.

He pounced upon the volume. 'In the king's name,' he demanded, 'whose book is this?'

'It's Wireless Operator Morgan's, sir,' the sick-berth steward replied.

'Oh, you mean the bloke with belladonna in his eyes?'

'That's right, sir. He wants to go to hospital.'

'Well, you can tell him *ex cathedra*—mind you don't say "catheter"—that he isn't going. There's nothing wrong with his eyes. What's more to the point,' the staff-surgeon continued, 'he'll not be able to read for a week, so I'll borrow his book. You may also intimate to him that if he isn't careful I'll stop his rum.'

'That ought to shake him up a bit, sir,' the steward said with a grin.

II.

The staff-surgeon walked aft with his prize tucked under his arm. Carefully avoiding the snares of the wardroom, he made straight for his

cabin. He was determined to commune at once with *Jaccuse*.

Alas! man proposes, God disposes, especially in the navy.

The staff-surgeon was still gazing in rapture at the outrageous cover when the first lieutenant thrust his tousled head into the former's cabin.

'Will you come shooting with me, doc.?''

'Will a duck swim? Have you gone balmy? Here we are in the midst of the greatest war in history, and yet you ask'—

'Oh, dry up about the greatest war in history! I'm fed up on war. But, honest Injun, haven't you heard? Something has gone wrong below. It'll take two or three days to fix it.'

'Hosanna!' murmured the staff-surgeon.

'I have the captain's permission,' continued the first lieutenant, 'to take you with me on a couple of days' leave. Are you coming?'

'Yes, certainly, I should say so, with the greatest of pleasure,' replied the staff-surgeon, expressing his exhilaration of spirits in a crescendo of redundancies. 'When do we start?'

'A boat leaves for the beach at seven bells.'

'Right-o. I'll be ready.'

The staff-surgeon's servant appeared at this opportune moment. He bore the insignia of his office, a highly burnished copper kettle.

The staff-surgeon said, 'I shall need my hunting gear in a few minutes, Barlow. After that I'll not trouble you for two lovely days.'

'Very good, sir,' the marine rejoined.

The staff-surgeon accordingly went shooting, and forgot all about *Jaccuse*.

III.

The first lieutenant and Staff-Surgeon O'Brien were in the wardroom. Their messmates were smacking their lips in anticipation of a delightful bag of game which the lucky sportsmen had brought back with them.

A sick-berth attendant came up to the surgeon, and said, 'A prisoner for examination, sir.'

Staff-Surgeon O'Brien went forward immediately to the sick-quarters. Wireless Operator Morgan, half-stripped, was awaiting medical examination. The staff-surgeon had a sort of sneaking sympathy for offenders. He was a bit 'ag'in the Government' himself. That's where his Irish blood came in. It was, therefore, with a kindly look that he regarded Morgan. The dark-complexioned wireless operator stood shaking before him.

'Well, my lad,' the surgeon inquired heartily, 'what have you been up to?'

Morgan was silent. The master-at-arms answered glibly for him. 'He broke his leave, sir. He was discovered at the railway station taking a train for parts out of bounds, sir. The captain has given him ten days' cells, sir.'

Whether it be the fear of coming into close contact with an officer, or whether it be the stethoscope, a service man's heart beats rapidly when he is being medically examined.

Morgan was no exception to the rule. In fact, his heart beat so fast that Staff-Surgeon O'Brien exclaimed, 'I don't know how fast you can work your wireless key. What I do know is that you'd be working it mighty quickly if you kept up with your heart-beat at the present moment.'

The staff-surgeon studied the face before him. If ever a pair of eyes reflected fear, the dark-brown ones before him did. 'Buck-up, my lad,' he advised him. 'You're as nervous as a kitten. Ten days' cells never killed any man.'

There being nothing organically wrong with him, however, he reluctantly affixed his signature to the 'Medically Fit' declaration of the warrant.

'By the way, Morgan,' he said in his cheery way, 'I had forgotten all about your book. I'll return it to you in a few days.'

'There's no hurry now, sir,' the prisoner faltered. 'I wouldn't be allowed to read it, in any case,' he said in a choking kind of voice. Then, in a half-querulous, half-defiant way, he made a curious remark. 'I don't believe a German wrote the book. England caused the war,' Wireless Operator Morgan declared.

'Don't you give no more of your cheek, Morgan, or it'll be the yardarm for you,' the master-at-arms said to him menacingly, as he marched his prisoner away.

IV.

Staff-surgeon O'Brien lingered in his cabin, waiting for the tea-hour. Sixteen months of nearly continuous sea-life had accustomed him to the vagaries of sky and sea. Each alternately danced attendance on his line of vision through the porthole. Occasionally a big green wave hit his scuttle with a crash, obliterating everything, and then receded noisily. Somehow or other the pleasant interlude on shore had put

him in a reflective mood. Here he was racing through the water in a cruiser, going whither he did not know. What was more, he did not care. A super-Dreadnought appeared for a moment in all her stupendousness. What did it all mean? With a sigh his eyes wandered round and took in the different knick-knacks of a naval officer's cabin, until they fell on the gaudy cover of *J'accuse*. 'The very thing that may prove illuminating,' he murmured.

He seated himself luxuriously in his arm-chair, lit his pipe, and adjusted the electric heater at his feet. After reading a few chapters he began turning over the pages at random in a disgruntled sort of way.

'I don't agree with Morgan's sentiments. I shouldn't wonder, though, if he's right about the author not being a German,' the staff-surgeon mused.

A double-sheet of note-paper slipped out of the book and landed astride the rounded grating of his heater. Being in a lazy mood, he let it stay where it was till a curious phenomenon roused him from his sybaritical attitude, yet held him spell-bound for a few seconds. The sheet of note-paper had fallen from between the pages of *J'accuse* as white as the driven snow. Now it was being rapidly covered with writing before his very eyes. The scorching of the edges warned him that it was time to snatch it from its present position. He picked the thing up hastily. His sense of responsibility as a censor of letters in H.M.S. *Alcibiades* was thoroughly roused. There was dirty work going on somewhere. It was his duty to find out where. All letters written on board his Majesty's ships in a time of war are censored. No matter whether the scribe be an admiral or a seaman, his letters are submitted to the rigid scrutiny of the censor before being sent to the General Post-Office, London.

The heat of Staff-Surgeon O'Brien's radiator had rendered visible the following interesting communication:

'The ships of our squadron go out on the stunt mentioned a week from to-day (Tuesday) . . . speed probably . . . knots. After accompanying squadron to *point-d'appui* in latitude . . . , longitude . . . , we leave them and proceed to . . . for a refit. They are becoming very vigilant since last affair. I propose to try to get sent back immediately to depot hospital on account of imaginary eye-trouble.' ('I didn't do six months' eye-work in Vienna for nothing,' muttered O'Brien.) 'If cannot arrange this, will break leave before ship sails, and go . . . It's too risky staying on board. In any case, will meet you at usual rendezvous. Please have railway passes ready in case we may have to slip over to France in khaki. I have run out of special invisible fluid. I pinched some silver nitrate in dispensary, and am obliged to trust to it. *Au revoir*.'

The handwriting was quite small and regular, and each line was about an inch apart.

'The blighter adds insult to injury. He makes use of the medical department to execute his nefarious schemes,' exclaimed the staff-surgeon, in a towering rage. 'So that's the way he evades the censor. I suppose he writes such visible tosh as "Hope this will find you well, as it leaves me in the pink," with ink between his invisible treachery. The swine! I'll soon fix him.'

He was about to report the affair to the captain, when there was a deafening detonation; the ship trembled violently, and listed to port. At the same time the guns roared. Hoarse shouts were heard, and the tramping of many feet on deck. O'Brien paused long enough to slip on his inflatable waistcoat before going on deck. As he leapt up the gangway the bugler sounded the call to 'Collision Stations.'

Staff-Surgeon O'Brien attempted to make his way forward to the sick quarters.

The quartermaster, saluting him, said, 'Sorry,

sir. All the watertight doors are closed. We can't clear a passage for you yet.'

The gunnery-lieutenant came up to him and said excitedly, 'We've been torpedoed, doc. It's only a moderate explosion. The damage is pretty well confined to one bulkhead. We shall be able to limp back to port under our own steam. We've got the cursed submarine, too. She's one of their latest. Every shot told, and she sank in a few minutes, with no Huns to tell the tale.'

'Have we any casualties?' the staff-surgeon inquired.

'Only one killed. Curiously enough, the only prisoner we've had for months has been blown to smithereens.'

'Serves him damn well right, too,' the staff-surgeon said.

'You bloodthirsty Sawbones! What has the poor wireless operator done to you?'

'You'll hear later, my lad. Meanwhile I'm going to try to get in touch with my sick people,' the staff-surgeon said, as he left the gunnery-lieutenant.

OUR SCHOOLS AND THE TRENCHES.

By Sir JAMES YOXALL, M.P.

AT a spot where the opposing fronts lie unusually near each other, the Germans pushed above their parapet a board on which they had chalked the words

GOTT MIT UNS.

Presently a British board replied,

SO 'VE WE GOT MITTENS.

That was a natural rejoicing on a freezing day, and there was no irreverence implied in it. Nor was there any special piety meant in the other inscription, I am sure.

At night the Germans chanted Luther's *chorale*, by order, and the British sat whistling 'Here we are, here we are, here we are again!' or some other lyrical absurdity, of their own free cheery will. I applaud them for the difference, though 'Surely it is a very sad difference' some superficial observer is sure to think; and then, 'Our men cannot have been so well taught as theirs?' But that is the English paradox coming out again; for though the current idea about education in England is that anything can be taught to anybody by a mere course of lessons at school, yet a co-equal English idea is that education of any kind is next to no use in practical life.

Education is not coaching or drill; they can coach the typical German into anything, but can educate him into nothing. The 'sad difference' is essential, happily; it is the contrast inherent between a dull flockishness drilled and a lively individuality developed. No course of lessons could ever make Germans British-minded, and

no system of schooling could ever make British people German-like, thank Heaven! Both are patriotic, both are brave; but—the pious inscription and the *chorale* notwithstanding—the Germans are not the superiors either in reverence or any other form of good taste, and in effect their general training has been inferior to ours.

A trench is a kind of school itself, no doubt; a place of education in living, fighting, and—dying. But it is also a testing-station, a place of trial and assay, a stern touchstone of what previous training has educaed. I will be no excessive claimant for British schools, however; I know how much a teacher has to depend on the inherent quality of the human material placed in his care, and I feel that to compare the effect of German schools on German human material with the effect of British schools upon British human material would be a futile examination of unlikes. Yet let us consider a little what the 'wonderful German education,' and the pseudo-*Psychologie* which is its basis, have done for German soldiers in essentials.

In Bavaria I have visited excellent schools of all grades; to my own knowledge, the schools built in Munich during the last twenty years have been models in bricks and mortar, equipment, baths, maps, diagrams, and so on. Yet not even the Prussians can have behaved more brutally than the Bavarians during this war. What son of the smallest Highland school, or the poorest place of teaching on some fat English plain, would assault age, infancy, and womanhood in war or peace as the sons of those pretentious

school-shells at Munich have done? Or rejoice, at home, over hospital ships torpedoed and babies Zeppelined? *Gott mit uns* and the *chorale* are thus either automatic or blasphemous, and I think the former; there was no observant traveller in urban Germany before the war who did not perceive that little trace of true religious feeling was left. Even the forms of it less resembled sincerity than a rigid, goose-step drilling, which was no training for the heart or outlet for the soul.

Patriotism and loyalty have not been 'taught' in most British schools; in Germany they were school-subjects, coached in by systematic drill, as was nearly everything else. Battle-pictures of French defeats in 1870-71, and portraits of the Kaiser, the local minor monarch, Bismarck, and Moltke, hang in every German school; while the only battle-picture I remember seeing in a British school is the pathetic 'Roll Call,' which shows the misery, not the pomp and circumstance, of war. German teachers proudly exhibited maps of German colonies, absurdly distorted in scale; in English schools, except in the Navy League map which I suggested twenty years ago, the British red on the chart of the world has been given small special notice. Yet who will say that Hans has been schooled into being patriotic and Tommy has not?

By the use of reading-books even small German children were drilled in arrogance and international hatred or contempt, though no British reading-book has ever shown a trace of anything of the kind; result, fair-play and chivalrous pity in our trenches, foul-play and craven fear of capture in the others. Teachers here successfully resisted the ousting of Swedish and other systems of physical training in schools by Red-Book military drill; yonder quite little school children were coached for the army, just as adolescents were barracked in the army itself, and adults were drilled in everything, all through a drab and envious existence which no spark of individualistic joy or humour relieved. Yet millions of British volunteers have picked up army drill and skill with receptive quickness, and did not do it solemnly, priggishly, or despairingly to the point of suicide (as is often the German way), but merrily, though also duteously, and with patriotic fervour as well as fun.

Our schools have done much to draw out natural qualities of leadership, and to prepare recruits for becoming non-commissioned officers; this also applies to the higher grades, of course. 'Our officers are splendid!' the rank-and-file write home, but also 'The men are gentlemen' their officers say. I heard the same opinion from French Senators in Paris recently. Universities, colleges, and schools of various kinds here have supplied at least twenty-five thousand teachers to be officers or men since August 1914; and when it is remembered how small a class of the

nation teachers are, how many of them are women, and how many of the men are over military age, this contribution may be considered unusually large.

Religious teaching in schools has had its great and hallowing part in the preparation for the trenches. Hans does not seem to have profited thus, but Sandy has learned well from his dominie and the Shorter Catechism, and Tommy from the Bible-lessons in English schools. What drill in ethics or didactic moralisings could parallel the inspiring effect of the hymn, the prayer, and the simple Biblical discourse upon young hearts? And our men at the front show reverence for religion through all. From Gallipoli a French soldier wrote to a Swiss newspaper thus: 'I watched British soldiers at worship. While they sang their slow, grave psalms, Turkish shells were falling all around, and some burst alongside; but not a man in khaki turned his head, and when the explosion was over you heard again the singing mount to the skies.' The tendency of schools here is to deprecate fuss or any excited expression of feeling; perhaps too much so, for maybe enthusiasm is sometimes repressed. 'See Tommy watching a football match! Not a muscle quivers; you would think him bored,' this French observer wrote. But he added, 'Let a particularly good kick be given, however, and what a yell bursts from the apparently impassive Briton! It is a shout of hope, encouragement, or triumph, that suddenly unseals to you the passionate excitement which was hidden all the time.'

It was a commonly heard reproach that English schools made too much of games, and perhaps there was ground for that; but at least school cricket has trained the men for bombing, that feature of the offensive in these days. Ours are the quickest, hardest, and straightest throwers of hand-grenades, we learn; and also that football has prepared them for the team-play of attack. The public school tradition of keen but fair play, broadening down, has affected humbler places of study, and many a son of these had learned, as the lad in Sir Henry Newbolt's poem did at Clifton College—

To set the Cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize;
To honour, while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes.

Much of the reason why 'our officers are splendid' and 'the men are gentlemen' is that pluck was applauded, foul-play was repressed, and natural good-breeding was developed at school. As for the Prussians, the opinion of the late Premier of Luxemburg was that 'they are the worst of pigs'; they are *cochons enragés*, say the French—a kind of drilled wild boar. But what French soldiers say about their British comrades is almost the highest possible testimonial to the influence of British schools.

THE ENGLISH HERB INDUSTRY.

By MARY HOLDSWORTH.

IN order to meet the demand for medicinal herbs, the shortage of which is assuming serious proportions, there is an imperative need for the people of this country to take up their cultivation.

Time was when we grew all the medicinal herbs we needed for our own use. In the Middle Ages they were grown in the kitchen-gardens of the monastic orders and of the great country houses. In those days the mistress of the house not only knew the simples of the field and garden, but gathered and brewed them for the use of her household. But nowadays it is only the few who have knowledge of the lore of the fields and woods; and the herb industry has almost, though not quite, been taken out of our hands.

In pre-war days most of our supplies were obtained from central Europe (Germany, Austria, and the Balkans). Owing to the British blockade, these supplies have been cut off, and we are faced with a dearth of the herbs. So serious has been the rise in prices that certain drugs that could formerly be obtained for one shilling and sixpence halfpenny now fetch twenty-five shillings. Hospitals and private persons are feeling the heavy strain laid upon them by this enormous increase in price. Belladonna, to take one instance, has increased 600 per cent. in price.

Now there is no reason why we should not cultivate these medicinal herbs again, both for our urgent need and also to keep the supply in our own hands for the future. Spring is the time to begin planting. Wanted urgently are belladonna, henbane, dill, chamomile, valerian, dandelion, aconite, feverfew, foxglove, opium poppy, blessed thistle, common barberry, broom-tips, and others. Many of these much-needed plants are found in a wild state, and only require collecting—e.g. foxglove, colt's-foot, autumn crocus, male fern, &c. Many others will find a ready market if well grown and prepared. In drying herbs, an even and good colour is of great advantage; the better the colour the more saleable the drug. Therefore it is a good plan to pick and dry in small quantities. Roots, of course, require washing and drying.

It should be borne in mind that, while the price of some of the more important drugs has increased enormously, there is only a limited market for certain others, and it would be no difficult matter to overload the market with them. Thus a certain amount of co-operation is necessary to regulate the supply. Intending growers should seriously consider this point before embarking on the scheme to any great extent. A good plan is to arrange beforehand with wholesale drug-dealers, who will advise as to what is most likely to be in demand at any given time.

While, of course, it is possible for the supply of a drug to exceed the demand, it must be borne in mind that the quantity of dried herbs required is very great; they are needed in hundredweights and tons.

As it is probable that many people who could grow the herbs would find a difficulty in drying and preparing them, it may be remarked that there are several establishments in London and elsewhere which undertake the drying and preparing of medicinal roots and herbs; and that if fresh plants are forwarded to them by passenger train, carefully packed in wooden boxes in the same way as flowers are marketed, they could be dried at the drying-sheds.

The Board of Agriculture has issued a very instructive leaflet (No. 288) on the cultivation of medicinal herbs, which can be obtained post free. The Herb-Growing Association, 7 Queen Anne's Chambers, Westminster, London, S.W., has also been formed for helping forward this movement, and is prepared to give advice on the growth, preparation, and sale of medicinal herbs. Those desirous of taking up this work, which is of immediate and national importance, can become members of this association on payment of a small fee, which entitles them to receive all the help and advice they require. The association has issued a valuable leaflet, price sevenpence halfpenny, post free; and has established a drying-shed at Byfleet, where herbs may be sent to be dried. The association will sell as well as dry the herbs, a commission being charged for the work done. Members are requested to inform the association what they intend to grow or collect. This should be done as soon as possible, so that it can be known where anything can be procured if required at short notice.

REST.

At last the healing touch of eve descends;

The day was long, the sun's red splendours smote
The grassy pastures; and, as peace transcends

The pomp of war, our lips send forth a note
Of grateful praise for that red-barr'd west,

And the soft twirling of the burnt-up spray.

Athwart the brow cool breezes, on the breast

The healing touch of evening. O'er the brae

A mist is wrapped. The foxglove's bells, astir,

Greet the late bee; the roses throw a spell

Of scented sweetness, and from haunts of fir

Come resinous perfumes that cling and dwell.

Grayness enwraps the lonely tree that stands

Midway in yonder pastures, where, 'tis said,

The fairies tune their pipes at eve. The lands

Greet the deep dew. Far, winging overhead

A rook seeks some plantation in the dene.

Until another morn cool Rest has spread

Her sheltering tent, the shade of the Unseen.

WILLIAM J. GALLAGHER.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

ON THE TURKO-EGYPTIAN FRONT.

By NIMROD.

THE Sinai Peninsula, more particularly that part of it lying east of the Suez Canal, has assumed considerable prominence recently by reason of Turko-German designs on Egypt and the Canal with a view to cutting our line to the East. To obtain an insight into the situation in the Near East a brief review of German aspirations in Asiatic Turkey, both before and during the present war, may be given. For some years past Asiatic Turkey has been regarded as a fitting ground for German settlement. To the Teuton mind the area in question is one of great potential value and open to wide development under German direction. It is now some years since German colonies were established in Asiatic Turkey, the most important being that of Mount Carmel, which came into being under the special ægis of the Kaiser himself. In turning toward Asiatic Turkey as a profitable field for their energies, the Germans have had in constant view the potentialities of the Turkish Empire as a recruiting ground to back them up in their Pan-German ambitions. With a railway from Berlin to Constantinople, and its continuation thence by the Anatolian and Baghdad line, the whole under German domination, the best parts of Asiatic Turkey would be at their disposal, and enable supplies to be drawn from the pick of the Turkish provinces. It may be argued that the interposition of the Balkan States along the above line would constitute a serious drawback; but this is more apparent than real, since the commercial advantages to be derived by these States would ensure their adherence.

The light of after events has shown clearly the thoroughness of German preparations in the Near East. The men selected to do the work have been chosen because they were specialists, and adapted in every way to discharge the duties demanded of them. Money has been lavishly, yet wisely, spent, and nothing left undone that could in any way, however slight, contribute to the end in view. Germany was quick to recognise the value of Asiatic Turkey as a replenishing ground for her supplies of cotton, of which she stands in such daily increasing need to maintain the output of explosives; whilst the copper-mines offer a favourable field for exploitation. The great drawback to the scheme of a German-controlled line through Asiatic Turkey,

though nominally under Turkish management, is the Black Sea, which fringes the northern confines. With this sea under Turkish domination the constant menace of Russian interference is removed; but under present conditions, and with a Russian Black Sea fleet supreme there, the case assumes an entirely different aspect.

The aim and extent of the plans as outlined above indicate the Pan-Germanic ambition, and the efforts that have been put forth to create a continuous Germanic Empire, directly or under the cloak of spheres of influence and protectorates, from Berlin to the Persian Gulf.

We now arrive at a vital factor in the success or failure of the idea—the domination of Egypt and the Suez Canal. It is common knowledge that Turkey would like to recover Egypt, and it is only natural that Germany should aid her in the attempt, and so secure her acquiescence in German designs. It was not entirely for philanthropic purposes that the Hedjaz railway through Syria and down to the holy places of Mecca and Medina was built, as has been said, under German supervision. Its strategic value in any operations against Egypt is too apparent to need discussion.

Thus we see that the participation of Turkey in the war, and the developments in Asiatic Turkey, have turned especial attention to the Sinai Peninsula as a theatre of the world war, where great and far-reaching results may be forthcoming. It will, therefore, be of interest to give some account of the region in question from its several aspects.

The peninsula with which we are concerned in this article is bounded on the north by the Mediterranean; on the west by the Suez Canal and the Gulf of Suez, the latter being the northern end of the Red Sea; and on the south-east by the Gulf of Akaba, which runs up from the north-eastern part of the Red Sea proper.

Strategically the peninsula is an important one, for, as already indicated, it forms a dividing line between East and West, and has along its western limits that vital chord the Suez Canal, whilst its close proximity to Egypt gives it enhanced value.

Historical records show that from the earliest times a garrison from Egypt was maintained in

Sinai even at so remote a period as three thousand years B.C. It is, too, a land of sacred celebrity as the home of the Ishmaelites, and the wild and lawless nature of these tribes of Biblical renown is reflected in those to be found within the peninsula at the present day.

The hordes of Mohammed marched through Sinai to spread the Mussulman faith by means of the sword, whilst along the Gulf of Akaba sailed the fleets of Solomon and Jehoshaphat. Here, in this land of sandy deserts and granite ranges, the host of Israel wandered after leaving Egypt. Indeed, the country teems with traditional memorials of the exodus. Of the many we may take Mount Sinai, where Moses is said to have expounded the ten commandments. The summit has a monastery built during the reign of the Roman Emperor Justinian in the seventh century.

A few miles south of Suez, hard by the sea-shore, is the celebrated Moses' Well, which sacred records tell us was the spot where Moses produced water for the Israelites in their forty years' wandering in the wilderness. It is an oasis in the desert, with some two hundred palms giving welcome shade in the torrid summer days.

Another spot of Biblical fame is the Moses' Cleft, a deep ravine in the mountains which tradition has it was cut by the rod of the patriarch. This remarkable gorge ends in a cul-de-sac, and is the site of the ancient city of Petra, the capital of Idumæa. It is said that Petra was a thriving commercial centre seventeen centuries before the Christian era. Thither was directed the merchandise of Arabia, Egypt, and all the countries of the East; in fact, the city may be characterised as dating from the birth of commerce. It passed through stormy times, and was assailed by Romans, Saracens, and Crusaders in turn. Late in the Middle Ages its glory waned, and the once proud city fell away until all that remained were the ruins of its former glory, which the hostility of the tribes in its vicinity has so far prevented from being opened up to scientific and antiquarian research.

The northern part of Sinai is mainly level plain, with considerable cultivated areas. The southern consists of ranges of granite and limestone rock, intersected by narrow valleys and ravines, with no cultivation. Farther out, beyond the foothills, are stretches of desert and sand-dunes, forming extremely heavy going for any troops or animals except the hardened camel. The peninsula has no roads, properly speaking; rough tracks are the only ways and communications, although in view of possible operations the Turks are endeavouring to effect improvement herein. During the rainy seasons of the year, which are by no means regular, the rainfall varying with each season, the ravines often form spates and torrents, filling pools and wells therein, and so rendering movement correspondingly easier,

for here the water question is the predominant factor. Wells are to be found scattered about in the oases, but the water is brackish from the saline deposits in the ground. To facilitate Turkish operations, wells are being dug under German supervision, and it is probable that pipe-lines may be laid down as the Turkish forces advance.

With the water difficulty is linked the question of fuel, its paucity constituting another drawback to operations on any large scale. All wood must be imported, although the Arabs and nomadic tribes, whose requirements are limited, meet the difficulty by using camel-dung as fuel. There is a certain amount of scrub in parts of the peninsula, but it is quite inadequate for a large force.

As a means of transport the camel is used, large numbers being found in the eastern parts of Sinai and throughout Syria. An average riding-camel is capable of doing from seventy to eighty miles a day, and if carrying baggage can be loaded up to three hundred pounds weight and accomplish a march of twenty-five to thirty miles. They require watering as a rule once every four or five days, and can usually live on the country and the scanty grazing to be picked up.

Sinai possesses on the whole an equable climate. During the cold season from October to March it is never unduly hot, and one can move about in the daytime without the necessity of wearing a sun-proof hat. Rain falls intermittently from December to March, some years the fall being very abundant, and filling the wadis or nullahs and the wells at the various oases. The movement of troops is entirely dependent on the rainfall, and no accurate forecast of events can be made until the rains eventuate or otherwise. From April to September the climate is distinctly hot, and no operations could be carried out without the most elaborate preparations both as regards transport and water-supply.

The resources of the Sinai Peninsula are practically confined to camels, of which large numbers would be available. Along the northern shore barley is grown, but in quantities sufficient only to meet local requirements.

Throughout the peninsula a number of wandering tribes are found, presided over by sheikhs, or chiefs, but their authority is purely nominal. Perhaps the most interesting of these nomad races are the Bedouins, reputed to be descendants of the Ishmaelites, and their general independence and air of freedom, not unmixed with lawlessness, lends colour to the popular idea. Farther south, toward Medina and Mecca, the Bedouins live mainly by brigandage, as well as by supplying transport to the pilgrims landing at Jeddah on their way to the shrine of the Prophet. Caravans are often attacked by these marauding tribesmen, and they not infrequently

bring off some big coups. The Bedouins are splendid horsemen, and the breed of animal they rear is famed for its speed and staying powers. It may be said that a Bedouin is born in the saddle, and he constitutes a good type of irregular cavalry for use in the form of warfare for which he is adapted; but, placed under any restraint or discipline, he would not be a success, as his free-born nature and innate love of independence would render him of little value as a regular soldier.

An outline of the Sinai Peninsula, its characteristics, climate, and resources having been presented, it will be of interest to examine the subject from a military point of view, and observe what prospects there are of success in an invasion of Egypt, and, by cutting our line to India and the East, of harassing our trade in that direction. From the present Turkish boundary, and the points where Turkish troops are located in adequate numbers along the Sinai borders, to the Canal is a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles, over a sandy, and to a large extent waterless, country. In any operations undertaken with the Canal as the objective a very considerable force would have to be employed to allow a reasonable chance of success. This force would require a large amount of transport and supplies, the various impedimenta of modern armies, guns of heavy calibre, with plentiful supplies of ammunition, and so on. It must be borne in mind that the ruling factors are water and fuel; and, as we have already seen, both must be carried, or as far as the water is concerned pipe-lines laid down to meet the extensive needs of such a force. Metalled roads are essential to permit of heavy guns and transport being brought across the desert wastes, where the going is so heavy from the soft sand that for infantry to accomplish a march of even a few miles per day is a creditable performance. Any scheme of invasion would demand careful preparation. Bases would have to be established at selected

points along the boundary, stores accumulated, pipe-lines laid down, and roads suitable for the movement of large bodies made where the merest tracks through the sand are now the only communications.

As the situation presents itself at the moment the prospects of a successful issue are remote, to say the least of it, for the Turks are not in a position to initiate the scheme and push it with the requisite energy and vigour. All that has been done so far is entirely due to German supervision and initiation; and, with all the thoroughness which the latter undoubtedly possess, what they have accomplished is far from overcoming even the preliminary stages in their plans against Egypt and the Canal.

For the purposes of invasion there are three routes by which a hostile force could advance—a northern, central, and southern. The first lies along the Mediterranean shore, to which it is confined owing to the vast inundations lying immediately to the south. It is not an easy route, because of the exceptionally heavy sand and the existence of quicksands in places along it; whilst it is commanded from the sea, and could be rendered impracticable by the co-operation of warships. Along the central route the water-supply is the acute difficulty, in addition to the sand-dunes. Much the same may be said of the southern road.

In any case, a force adequate in numbers to operate against the Canal would require a vast supply of water unless the wells and oases *en route* had been filled by an abundant rainfall. This would mean a corresponding increase in transport camels, so that it will be readily appreciated how formidable are the difficulties confronting the invaders. On the other hand, it should be noted that British forethought and preparation have provided an admirable scheme of defence for our most vital line to the East, which places all fears as to its security outside the region of practical politics.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

CHAPTER VI.—*continued.*

IT must not be imagined that the inhabitants of the *Belligerent's* gunroom always behaved like this. On the contrary, they were an unusually well-conducted mess, and they broke out only when they were really exasperated, and their feelings got the better of them.

The sub, assisted by the senior 'snotties,' had drilled the Crabs into a high state of discipline and efficiency. He believed in using the terror of the stick as a deterrent rather than in employing the weapon itself, and as a consequence the junior midshipmen were never beaten really hard unless they misbehaved themselves. But as Cook himself once remarked, 'You can bet

your bottom dollar that for every sin they've been bowled out committing, there are fully fifty more that we haven't discovered;' and there was some truth in the remark.

One of the methods of smartening up the Crabs was an evolution known as 'fork in the beam.' This was a time-honoured custom which must have started in the days of wooden sailing-ships, since it is hardly possible to stick an ordinary table-fork into the steel beams of a modern vessel. It generally took place during dinner, when the younger members of the mess had been making too much noise.

The sub, standing up at his place at the end of

the table, would insinuate a fork into the electric wires overhead, and at this signal all the junior midshipmen and the assistant-clerk had to leave the mess, scamper twice round the boat-deck, and return in the shortest possible time. In the old-time evolution itself the 'snotties' used to run up the rigging and over the masthead, but Cook substituted the race round the boat-deck as being less dangerous. The last officer back had to repeat the performance; and, as the loser generally found that somebody had drunk his beer during his absence, there was always great competition to be away first. It usually started by a seething mass of seven Crabs being stuck in the doorway. After much struggling and pushing, they would eventually fall through into the flat amidst shrill yelps from the young gentlemen who happened to be underneath, and remarks of 'Get off my face!' 'Ow! let go my leg, you beast!' Then, sorting themselves out one by one, they would dart off, to return a few minutes later flushed and breathless after their exercise.

They were also organised as what were known as the 'dogs of war,' with the idea, as the sub explained, of instilling them with martial ardour and making them fierce. On the order, 'Dogs of war out—so and so!' they were expected to growl viciously, hurl themselves upon the person named, and cast him forth from the mess. Sometimes the assistant-clerk was the victim, sometimes one of the 'snotties' themselves; but, to make things really exciting, the 'dogs' were occasionally divided into two sides, Red and Blue, and each party endeavoured to expel the other. It always meant a frantic struggle, for the victim or victims resisted violently. They were none too gentle either, for clothes were torn, shirts and collars were destroyed, and bruises were by no means infrequent. Sometimes people's noses bled, and the fight waxed really furious; but cases of lost temper were comparatively rare, and the 'dogs' usually enjoyed the fun as much as any one else. Their parents, had they been present during the strife, might not have been quite so amused. They paid for the clothes.

The star turn, however, was the Crabs' *corps de ballet*, and it occasionally disported itself on guest nights for the amusement and edification of any strangers who happened to be present. Trevelyan, the senior midshipman, was the stage manager, and what the ballet lost through lack of histrionic power on the part of the performers it more than made up for by its originality. Their attire was sketchy, to say the least of it. It consisted mainly of bath-towels, sea-boots, and straw hats; and the songs and dances, to the strains of the elderly, asthmatic piano, and bag-pipes played by a Scots midshipman, MacDonald, usually brought the house down. If by any chance the performance fell at all flat through a lack of energy on the part of the performers,

they were promptly converted into 'dogs of war,' with the inevitable result. So, taking it all round, the occupants of 'the 'Orrible Den' managed to amuse themselves.

But because they sometimes became riotous and irresponsible in the gunroom, it must not be imagined that the younger officers were not learning their trade. Far from it; they worked really very hard, on deck, in the engine-room, and in pursuit of the wily and elusive *z*. Their day started at six-fifteen, and between six-forty and seven o'clock they were either away boat-pulling or at physical drill or rifle exercise. After this came baths, and from seven-forty-five till eight instruction in signals. Breakfast was at eight; and from nine till eleven-forty-five, and again in the afternoon from one-fifteen to three-fifteen, they were at instruction in seamanship, gunnery, torpedo, navigation, or engineering. Voluntary instruction in theoretical subjects took place for one and a half hours on three evenings of the week, and those more backward youths who did not volunteer were compelled to attend. Two nights a week, from eight-thirty till nine, there were signal exercises with the Morse lamp, and these had to be attended by all the midshipmen until they attained a certain standard of proficiency.

In addition to this, they had their regular watches to keep—day and night at sea, and from eight-thirty A.M. till eight P.M. in harbour; while no boat ever left the ship under steam or sail without a 'snotty' in charge. Their days, therefore, were pretty busy.

They generally managed to get ashore between three-thirty and seven P.M. about two days out of every four, and on Saturdays and Sundays from one-thirty; but no late leave was granted save in very exceptional circumstances. They amused themselves with hockey and football in the winter, and golf, tennis, and cricket in the summer; and at places where games could not be played, solaced their feelings by borrowing one of the ship's boats on Sunday afternoons, stocking her with great hampers containing provender of all kinds, and then sailing off for a picnic. There is an irresistible fascination in cooking sausages and boiling a kettle over a home-made fire on some unfrequented island or beach which appeals to the most sober-minded of us.

Your modern midshipmen are no longer the rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed little cherubs of fiction. Many of them are over six feet, some of them shave, and nobody but their aunts and female cousins refer to 'them as 'middies.' To call them by that diminutive term to their faces would make them squirm. They refer to themselves as 'snotties,' and 'snotties' they will remain till the end of the chapter. The name, rather inelegant perhaps, owes its origin to the three buttons on the cuffs of their full-dress short jackets, which ribald people used to say

were first placed there to prevent their sleeves being put to the use generally delegated to pocket-handkerchiefs. Any schoolboy will tell you what a 'snot rag' is; but I have never yet heard of a modern midshipman being without this rather important article of dress.

'Snotties' are a strange mixture. They possess all the love of fun and excitement of schoolboys, but once on duty are very much officers. They have to undertake responsibility very young, and at an age when their shore-going brothers are still at public schools their careers in the service have started.

Seamanship is not an exact science; it is an art. It comprises, amongst other things, experience, sound judgment, good nerve, a vast deal of common-sense, and a happy knack of knowing when risks are justifiable and when they are not. It is a subject which cannot be taught by rule of thumb after the first groundwork of elementary knowledge has been assimilated, and circumstances alter cases so greatly that no preceptor on this earth could lay down hard-and-fast rules for each of the thousand-and-fifty contingencies which may arise at sea, and which may one day have to be guarded against or overcome. The sea, moreover, is a fickle mistress. The navy is always on active service, in peace or in war, for its men and its ships are for ever pitting their skill and strength against the might of the most merciless of enemies—the elements. From the very moment that midshipmen join their first ship they are expected to take part in the great game, and sometimes it is a game of life and death. They start off by being placed in charge of boats in all weathers. They may be steam-boats, or boats under sail; but whichever they are, the 'snotties' are learning their trade. If they do something foolish they may do great damage to valuable property, may even be the cause of men losing their lives; but they generally succeed in getting out of scrapes and difficulties with some credit to themselves.

The strenuous training and habit of early responsibility may convert them into men before their time; but they still manage to retain their boyish instincts, and when they are off duty these generally appear uppermost. At times they are noisy, riotous, and altogether irrepressible; but when it comes to work they are very much all there.

II.

'Ain't got a fill o' bacca abart yer, 'ave yer?' asked Joshua Billings, A.B., producing an abbreviated, blackened, and very foul clay pipe from the lining of his cap and gazing at it pensively. It was twelve-forty-five P.M., the middle of the dinner-hour, and Joshua, having just assimilated his tot of navy rum, was at peace with himself and the world in general.

'Sorry,' Martin answered, 'I ain't got nothin' but fags.'

'Fags!' the able seaman growled. 'Why you young blokes smokes nothin' but them things I dunno. They tastes like smokin' 'ay. W'en I fu'st jined I takes up me pun' o' bacca regular, an' I done it ever since. It's got some taste abart it. Fags! S'welp me, I dunno wot th' blessed navy's comin' to!'

Martin looked rather sheepish.

Billings grinned. 'Seein' as 'ow you ain't got no bacca, then I s'pose I've got ter use me own,' he went on, producing a well-filled pouch from the waistband of his trousers, and proceeding to ram some coarse, dark tobacco into his pipe. 'I never believes in usin' me own s'long as I kin git a fill orf another bloke. Got a match?'

The ordinary seaman handed a box across, and his companion lit up.

'Comin' ashore along o' me this arternoon?' Joshua asked, puffing out a cloud of smoke with a satisfied grunt.

Martin thought for a moment. For an ordinary seaman to be asked to go ashore with a man of Billings's age was undoubtedly a great honour; but, at the same time, he was rather doubtful as to what might happen. Joshua, on his own statement, had an unquenchable thirst for malt liquor, and always felt 'dizzy like' outside public-houses, and Martin had no wish to join him in a carouse with the prospect of ending the afternoon under the supervision of the local constabulary.

'Goin' on th' razzle?''* he asked cautiously.

Billings laughed. 'Razzle!' he exclaimed. 'No, I ain't on that lay. I'll 'ave jist one pint when I gits ashore, but no more'n that. The fac' o' the matter is, Pincher, I'm in love.' He paused to give his words time to sink in.

'In love!' Martin echoed with some astonishment.

The A.B. nodded gravely. 'Yus,' he said; 'an' I want some one to come along an' 'old me 'and like, some bloke wot looks young an' innercent like you.' He endeavoured to look young and innocent himself, gazed heavenwards with a rapt expression on his homely face, contorted his mouth into what he considered was a sweet smile, and sighed deeply. 'I tell yer,' he added, resuming his normal appearance and winking solemnly, 'she's a bit o' orl right, an' I reckons she's took a fancy ter me. Leastways she 'inted that she'd come to th' pictures along o' me ter-night if I arsked 'er polite like, an' 'ave a bit o' somethin' t' eat arterwards.'

'You in love!' Martin gasped again, for to him it seemed impossible that any woman could succumb to the doubtful charms of the hoary-headed old reprobate. 'Garn! you're 'avin' me on.'

Joshua seemed rather annoyed. 'Oh no, I ain't,' he retorted testily. 'An' if yer gets

* Going on the 'razzle' = going on the spree.

talkin' like that me an' you'll part brassrags.* She ain't th' sort o' ooman ter take a fancy to a young bloke. Wot she wants is some one ter look arter 'er an' 'er property. A bloke wi' hexperience, the same as me.'

'Property! 'Oo is she, then?'

'You mustn't go tellin' the other blokes if I tells yer,' Billings said, sinking his voice to a whisper. 'Promise yer won't.'

'Orl right, I won't.'

'She's a widder 'ooman wot keeps a sweet an' bacca shop, an' sells noospapers. She's makin' a good thing out o' it, too—clearin' 'bout three pun' a week, she sez she is; an' as my time's comin' along for pension, it's abart time I started lookin' round fur somethin' ter do w'en I leaves the navy. She ain't no young an' flighty female neither, I gives yer my word. Got a growed-up darter, she 'as, seventeen year old, an' I reckons it's abart time th' poor gal 'ad another father ter look arter 'er. You see,' he added, 'if I gets married to th' old un orl the blokes wot knows me'll come to the shop to buy their fags an' noospapers, so it ain't as if I was bringin' nothin' to th' business. I'm a bloke wi' infloence, I am. 'Er larst 'usband drove a cab, 'e did, an' I reckons she's betterin' 'erself by marryin' a bloke wot's bin in the navy.'

'An' wot's this 'ere gal o' 'ers like?' Pincher wanted to know. 'Is she a cosy bit o' fluff too?'

'Cosy bit o' fluff!' exclaimed Joshua with some warmth. 'Wot d'yer mean, yer lopped tickler?† She ain't fur the likes o' you, any'ow.'

'Oh, ain't she?' Martin retorted. 'Well, I ain't comin' ashore along o' yer, then!'

'Ere, don't git yer dander up,' Billings interrupted, changing his tone. 'I didn't mean nothin'.' He was really very anxious that Martin should accompany him, for he had a vague idea in his head that the presence of a younger man would lend tone to the proceedings, and to him a certain air of respectability.

'Don't act so snappy, then,' the ordinary seaman returned. 'I'm as good as any other bloke.' He remembered that he was a member of the ship's football team, and this alone made him a person of some importance.

'Well, if yer really wants ter know, th' gal's name's Hemmeline, an' she's walkin' out wi' a ship's stooard's assistant bloke from the flagship.'

'Ship's stooards ain't no class!' Pincher snorted, expanding his chest to its full capacity.

* To 'part brassrags' is to sever friendly intercourse with a chum. Chums frequently use one another's rags in polishing the brasswork of the ship; when they quarrel they naturally cease to do this.

† 'Tickler' is a derogatory term for an ordinary seaman.

'They ain't fightin' blokes same as me an' you.'

'No, they ain't,' Billings agreed, puffing slowly at his pipe. 'They ain't got no prospex neither. Look 'ere, Pincher,' he added, 'she's only bin along wi' 'im fur a week, an' if yer fancies 'er, my infloence wi' 'er ma'—'

'Meanin' that I can take 'er out?' Martin queried.

Joshua nodded. 'That's the wheeze,' he said, expectorating with deadly precision into a spit-kid at least eight feet distant.

'But wot's she look like?' Pincher demanded with caution. Up to the present he had felt rather frightened of women; but to have a proper sweetheart in tow was one of the things he really longed for. It would complete his new-found manhood. But he had his own ideas of feminine beauty, and, whatever happened, the young lady must be pretty.

Billings grinned. 'She's orl right,' he explained. 'She ain't 'xactly tall, nor yet 'xactly short. Sort o' betwixt an' between like. She ain't too fat, nor yet too lean; she's sort o' plump. Yaller 'air, she 'as, an' blue eyes, an' plays th' pianner wonderful, 'er ma sez.'

This rather vague description of the fair Emmeline's charms seemed quite enough for Martin. 'She sounds orl right,' he said. 'I think I'll come along o' you.'

Joshua seemed rather pleased. 'That's th' ticket,' he said. 'We goes ashore in th' four o'clock boat, mind. Say, chum,' he added in a hoarse whisper, 'you ain't got 'arf-a-dollar to lend us, 'ave yer?'

Martin looked rather dubious. 'Arf-a-dollar!' he sniffed.

'Yus,' urged the A.B. 'I've only got three bob o' me own, an' I've got ter take th' lady to th' pictures, an' give 'er a bit o' supper arterwards. The show's orf 'less I kin raise some splosh some'ow. W'y don't yer come along too, an' bring the gal?'

'Carn't do it,' the ordinary seaman murmured. 'Me leaf's up at seven, an' I don't want to go gettin' in th' rattle fur breakin' it. But I'll lend yer a couple o' bob if yer promises faithful to pay me back. I'll give it yer afore we goes ashore.'

'Good on yer, chum,' said Billings effusively. 'I reckons yer knows 'ow to be'ave to blokes wot takes a hinterest in yer. You take my tip, though,' he added, wagging an admonitory forefinger. 'Don't yer go lendin' money to any other blokes wot ain't fit to be trusted.'

'I'll watch it,' Martin laughed.

And so it was arranged, and this was how Pincher Martin embarked on his first love affair.

(Continued on page 453.)

BRITISH INVENTOR WHO SPARED THE LIFE
OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

By HAYDEN CHURCH.

WAR has turned the thoughts of dwellers in the Pitfour region of Aberdeenshire, and particularly those descendants of his who still live there, to memories of Lieutenant-Colonel Patrick Ferguson, the inventor of the repeating rifle, one of the most famous sons of this part of Scotland. Accordingly there is renewed talk of a fitting memorial—there is none, in fact, in existence at present—to this clever inventor, brave soldier, and gallant man who fell in South Carolina in 1780, and not the least of whose many claims to renown is the fact that he once deliberately spared the life of George Washington.

Probably not one Briton in a thousand has ever heard of this gallant young officer—he was only thirty-six when killed by an American bullet—who fought so bravely in the service of King George III. His invention of the repeating rifle was the fruit of efforts on his part to find some means of discounting the effectiveness of American marksmanship, and it resulted, of course, in a revolution, though a belated one, in the making of small arms.

None of the encyclopædias and other works of reference to which the present writer has turned since learning of the memorial project gives more than the most meagre account of his exciting career, and for the following details regarding it I am indebted to a quaint but interesting memoir of Colonel Ferguson written by a relative. This has been placed at my disposal by one of Ferguson's descendants—namely, Colonel Ferguson, the present owner of the family estate at Pitfour, Aberdeenshire. A rather amusing circumstance, by the way, is the history of this brochure, published in 1817, and written by Adam Ferguson, LL.D., who already had a *History of the Roman Republic* and other profound works to his credit. This biographical sketch was written at the request of the then editors of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, who found it too long. The doctor, however, being, like many another author, reluctant to sacrifice aught that he had once set down, stoutly declined to shorten his work, with the result, as he tells us, that 'it was not inserted.' As a fact, the memoir is too long for an encyclopædia, but no whit for any one interested in an exceptionally fascinating career.

In his work the biographer lays special stress on the innate gentleness of character of this man who deliberately chose the profession of soldiering, and who afterwards invented so much deadlier a weapon than had previously existed. To this kindliness of disposition in one of the bravest of men it was that the first President of the United States owed his escape from an

untimely end, which might have changed the whole course of American history.

Patrick Ferguson was the second son of James Ferguson of Pitfour, one of the Senators of the College of Justice and Lords Commissioners of Justiciary in Scotland. His mother was Anne Murray, a daughter of Alexander, Lord Elibank, one of whose descendants is the Master of Elibank and the Lord Murray of to-day. Born in 1744, young Ferguson early chose the life of a soldier, and finished his education at a military academy in London, where he studied fortification, gunnery, and other details of military science.

It is interesting to be told, in these days when warring Powers are accusing each other of training 'mere boys' as soldiers, that Ferguson's first commission, in the Royal North British Dragoons, was purchased for him at the age of fourteen. Less than two years later he had begun distinguishing himself. The first time he did so was in Germany, when, being on horseback a few miles in front of the army, with another young officer of the same regiment, he fell in with a party of the enemy's hussars, and, finding it necessary to retire, was pursued. Ferguson, in passing a ditch, dropped one of his pistols; but, thinking it improper for an officer to return to camp with the loss of any of his arms, he leaped the ditch in face of the enemy, and recovered his pistol. They halted, probably imputing his confidence to some support which he saw at hand, and allowed him to repossess the ditch, join his companion, and regain the camp undisturbed.

A few years later the young fire-eater fought a duel with one of the best swordsmen in France, challenging this formidable antagonist who had spoken offensively of Britain before he was out of bed in the morning! They went to the boulevards together, Ferguson considering how he might deprive this swordsman of the advantage of his superior skill, and the other regarding with contempt so young an antagonist. As soon as they had drawn, Ferguson rushed within his adversary's point, seized the hilt of his sword, and in the scuffle was so fortunate as to get possession of it. 'You are a brave fellow,' said the other, 'and I shall certainly do you justice whenever our affair is mentioned.'

Later Ferguson played a brilliant part in putting down a negro insurrection in Tobago; and then came the American War of Independence, in which his share was destined to be historic. 'The boasted skill of the Americans in the use of the rifle,' says his biographer, 'was held out as an object of terror to the

British troops, whom it was said the American marksman could unoffice by lodging his ball from a distance within the compass of the smallest mark.'

These rumours set Ferguson's ingenuity to work on a new species of rifle which he could load at the breech without the use of a rammer, and in such quick repetition as to fire seven times in a minute. The first exhibition of this invention was made before Lord Townshend, then Master-General of the Ordnance. It was afterwards tested by some privates of the Guards at Windsor, that the king (George III.) might have an opportunity of seeing its effects. When the king gave orders for that purpose, a few men who had learned the use of the rifle were brought to perform in his presence; but, being overawed, in their first attempts they shot wide of the mark. 'They would not,' said the captain, 'be so embarrassed in the presence of your Majesty's enemies.'

Ferguson then took a rifle himself, and, of nine shots which he fired at a distance of a hundred yards, put five balls into the bull's-eye of the target and four within as many inches of it. Three of these shots were fired as he lay on his back, the other six standing erect.

Shortly after this he went to America, and at the battle of Brandywine gave a signal specimen of the services of his rifle; for, being advanced in front of the column commanded by General Knyphausen, and supported by the rangers under Colonel Wemyss, he 'scoured the ground so thoroughly that there was not a shot to annoy the column in its march.' It was while he lay with a detachment of his riflemen on the skirts of a wood, in the front of General Knyphausen's division, that the historic Washington episode happened, which Ferguson related, as follows, in a letter to a friend.

'We had not lain long,' he says, 'when a rebel officer, remarkable by a hussar dress, passed towards our army, within a hundred yards of my right flank, not perceiving us. He was followed by another dressed in dark green, or blue, mounted on a bay horse, with a remarkably large cocked hat. I ordered three good shots to steal near to them, and fire at them; but the idea disgusted me. I recalled the order. The hussar, in returning, made a circuit, but the other passed again within a hundred yards of us; upon which I advanced from the wood towards him. On my calling, he stopped; but, after looking at me, proceeded. I again drew his attention, and made signs to him to stop, levelling my piece at him, but he slowly continued his way. As I was within that distance at which, in the quickest firing, I could have lodged half-a-dozen of balls in or about him before he was out of reach, I had only to determine; but it was not pleasant to fire at the back of an unoffending individual who was acquitting himself very coolly of his

duty; so I let him alone. The day after I had been telling this story to some wounded officers who lay in the same room with me, when one of our surgeons, who had been dressing the wounded rebel officers, came in and told us they had been informing him that General Washington was all the morning with the light troops, and only attended by a French officer in a hussar dress, he himself dressed and mounted in every point as above described. I am not sorry that I did not know at the time who it was.'

Only a day or so after this, Ferguson himself received a ball in his right arm, rendering that member for ever useless. It was thought at first that it would have to be amputated. Notwithstanding this, as soon as he was fit again he resumed his duties in the army, having in the meanwhile, 'with a spirit peculiar to himself,' as his biographer says, 'practised the use of the sword and of the pen with his left hand so successfully that he scarcely seemed to have incurred any change but a difference in his handwriting.'

Having re-joined the army, he fought, if anything, with more brilliancy than before. He had the command of a detachment that embarked at New York, on board of a little squadron, with instructions to destroy a nest of privateers which was infesting the trade of New York (then in British hands), and was partially successful in so doing, though the 'rebels,' having been previously warned, got away with most of their larger vessels. Soon afterwards Ferguson, with a strong force, surprised a Polish commander named Pulaski, who had joined the American army, and succeeded in breaking up his force, killing several officers and about fifty privates.

Ferguson himself fell in October 1780, in a fight with 'a swarm of backwoodsmen, the wild and fierce inhabitants of Kentucky and other settlements westward of the mountains.' This battle took place about two hundred miles from Charlestown. Ferguson intended to attack in co-operation with another British commander, who, however, failed to turn up. The Kentuckians, who were superior to Ferguson's detachment, and also well acquainted with all the approaches to his position, proceeded to surround him and cut off his retreat. On their sudden appearance Ferguson's detachment was immediately in arms, and, rushing with the bayonet on the first body of the enemy that presented themselves, forced them to retire; but, while they gained this advantage in front, they were attacked on the flanks by a fresh enemy. To these also the regulars presented their bayonets, and repulsed the enemy in three several attacks. 'As often as one of the American parties was driven back,' says Ramsay the American historian, 'another returned to their station. Resistance on the part of Colonel Ferguson was in vain; but his unconquerable spirit refused to surrender. After having repulsed a succession of adversaries

pouring in their fire from new directions, this distinguished officer received a mortal wound.' He had two horses killed under him, while he remained untouched himself; but he afterwards

received a number of wounds, of which it is said any one was mortal, and, dropping from his horse, expired while his foot yet hung in the stirrup.

A SPRIG OF APPLERINGIE.

CHAPTER II.

I HAVE been acquainted with Mr Carstairs for nearly fourteen years, and, though he has been all that time a member of my congregation, and often closely associated with me in many of my schemes, I cannot say that I know him.

At one time the study of character, the analysis of the genus *homo*, was a never-failing source of pleasure and interest to me. To a certain extent it is so still; but soon after I was settled in my present charge I found that the stress and strain of city church work, affording me little meditative leisure, was not exactly conducive to the cultivation of a taste in this particular direction.

As a subject, Mr Carstairs had interested me from the first day I saw him, but the opportunities of having him on my dissecting-table were few, as he was very reserved and unapproachable; and, as a widower, he lived quietly and was socially unknown. Had he and I been thrown together in the solitudes of Shinnel Glen in those early days of my enthusiasm, I feel certain I could have got 'nearer' him in fourteen days than I had in the whole fourteen years I had known him in the city.

And so it was that I arrived at his door, accompanied by Mr and Mrs Broadfute, with no intimate understanding of him to enable me accurately to forecast what my reception would be.

After seeing my old friends comfortably seated in the waiting-room, I presented my card, and was at once admitted to his private sanctum.

He was sitting, as all lawyers love to sit, with his back to the light, and as he rose to receive me there was a query in his eye which I answered at once.

'No, no, Mr Carstairs,' I laughingly said, 'I am not on a cheque chase to-day, so please do not bring out your cheque-book.'

'Believe me, Mr Crosbie, I didn't say a word,' he said with a smile, and he motioned me to a seat.

'You didn't, but I saw it in your eye, and you know "A nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse;"' at which we both laughed. Having created an easy atmosphere, without more ado I told him of my old friends in the adjoining room, of our accidental meeting in Princes Street, and of the purpose of my call on him. 'I know what Glenhead intends to discuss with you, Mr Carstairs,' I said; 'but I assure you I have no idea what he wishes to

say to you. All I am here to ask is that you may receive my old friend graciously, and hear patiently the little he has to say.'

He ran his long fingers through his thin white hair as if in perplexity. Then he lifted a letter from his desk and glanced at the date.

'I am not surprised to know that these people have called, Mr Crosbie,' he said; 'but I must say I didn't expect you to accompany them as their champion. I had made up my mind not to see them; but for your sake I will. Only, I must stipulate that you remain with us during our interview. You will thus'—

'But, Mr Carstairs,' I interrupted, 'I didn't bargain for that, although, personally, I am quite agreeable; but Glenhead might object.'

'No, I don't think he will. If he does, then I must decline to see him. In fairness to me you should be present.' He hesitated for a moment. 'You tell me you know what he wishes to discuss with me,' he continued. 'I infer from that he has already acquainted you with the whole story of the "eviction," as they are calling it in Toon-o'-Scaur. In a sentence I can tell you the story from my standpoint; then, when you have heard both sides and attended our interview, you will, I trust, not consider me unreasonable in declining what your friends wish me to concede.

'This little property, The Knowe, came into my possession about three years ago, on the expiry of a ninety-nine years' lease. I had no particular use for it at the time, and was agreeable that the old occupiers should continue the tenancy on a half-yearly basis. A few months ago one of my little grandsons developed a chest complaint, and the doctors recommend outdoor life as much as possible, and good, free hill-air. Now, when I was a young growing lad of sixteen or seventeen I was similarly affected, and was sent off south to live with an old maiden aunt at Grennan, adjoining The Knowe in Toon-o'-Scaur. I lived there for nearly twelve months, and returned home completely cured and as strong as a young horse. That is just over fifty years ago.

'I haven't been back in the locality since, but I have never forgotten the tang of that hill-air, and it occurred to me that I might make The Knowe suitable to modern requirements, and send my son's family down there. I am seeing to this now. The tenant—a Mrs Beck, whom of course I have never met, and whom I don't

know—has been duly warned out, the work has been contracted for, and operations will begin on the 1st of June. As I tell you, it is over fifty years since I was in Toon-o'-Scaur. A local factor, William Frizzel, is carrying out my instructions, and he informs me that feeling is very strong against me. It must surely be a strange community, Mr Crosbie, which objects to a man doing as he wishes with his own property. Your friend from Glenhead is the instigator of much of the trouble, and I am at a loss to account for this, as The Knowe is in the parish of Toon-o'-Scaur, and his place, Glenhead, is in Shinnel. I forgot to ask Frizzel in my last letter why Glenhead was exerting himself so much in the matter; but I'll probably find out to-day for myself. Now, Mr Crosbie, that's all. Will you kindly tell your friends I will see them now, provided they are agreeable to your being present.'

As I anticipated, Glenhead demurred. 'I'm terribly vexed to trail you into this, Maister Crosbie. I can brawly look efter masel'; so can the auld chiel next door, I'se warrant. Mair than that, man, that white collar o' yours aye mak's me want to backswallow, an' you'll be sairly in the road if I tine my temper an' stert to tell him in hamely Shinnel speech what I think o' him.'

I assured him I didn't mind being brought into the matter, told him there was no alternative, and that he mustn't lose his temper. Then I gave Mrs Broadfute my arm, and, with Glenhead bringing up the rear, we walked into Mr Carstairs's room.

Mrs Broadfute and I sat down beside the window, but Glenhead took up a position in the middle of the floor, and at once took speech in hand.

'Pleased to mak' your acquaintance, Maister Carstairs,' he began; 'very pleased indeed. Graun' weather for the young gress—splendid; an' we're needin' it, for the lambin' was early, an' April by-ordinar' droothy. Imphm! ay! Weel, Maister Carstairs, the wife an' me happened to be in the toon, an'—'

'Yes, Mr Broadfute, I knew you were calling to-day. Mr Frizzel wrote me to that effect.'

Glenhead gave a look of surprise, and, hastily extracting from his coat-pocket a long corn-straw, he put it into his mouth and began to chew vigorously. 'The ca' on the bygaun'—a good point—was lost. But he quickly recovered.

'Ay!—imphm! Weel, he was quite richt. We had set oor mind on comin' the day, an' I'm gled we werena keepit back. We ha'e a sad time wi' funerals doon oor wey, Mr Carstairs, an' I was by-ordinar' fortunate in pickin' a clear day when I wad be rinnin' nae chance o' showin' disrespect through my absence—imphm! Ye see, it's a douth, clammy countryside where we bide—terribly sair on fouk bothered wi' bronchitis an' asthma an' sic-like complements. Ye're no fashed

wi' asthma, are ye, Mr Carstairs? Big-chested, short-necked men o' your build generally are.'

Mr Carstairs was watching him closely. 'No. Why?' he asked, and his lips scarcely moved.

'Ah,' and Glenhead laughed. 'A ready answer an' a sherp question baith in ae breath! My word, but you toon's-fouk are gleg! Ay, faith, you're gleg!' and he laughed again. 'Weel, it's like this. I asked ye if ye were fashed wi' asthma because—weel, because I didna want you to rin ony risk without bein' warned. If ye had been, or was likely to be—or likely to be, Maister Carstairs, an' was comin' doon to live at The Knowe, ye wad be rinnin' in the face o' Providence.'

'How do you make that out?'

'Oh, man, it's the douth and the damp—no sae bad on fouk born in the place, but wi' incomers—man, it grups them quick, sterts wi' a kittlin' in the thrapple, then a bit wheeze an' a clocher, an'—an' a tightness that gets tichter, an' ye get dwamy an' weak about the knees. Then, man, the he'rt gets ower muckle wark, an'—an' it stops, an' ye're in the kirkyard planted an' clappet afore ye weel ken what's been wrang wi' ye. Dod ay, man, it's quick wark, an' ye'll be weel advised no to come to stay at The Knowe.'

Judging from Mr Carstairs's unperturbed face, the appeal was lost.

'Who told you I was coming to The Knowe to live?' he quietly asked.

'Weel—eh!—weel, I can hardly gi'e chapter an' verse, name and surname, off-haun', as it were, but it's the common talk o' the place, an'—'

'Well, the common talk is wrong.'

'Oh!' and again Glenhead looked surprised—and relieved. 'Ye're no comin' to The Knowe! Imphm! Ay, man. Then—then, Maister Carstairs, mebbe ye'll no be gaun to rebuild it either?'

'Yes; the work will be begun immediately.'

'Juist so—imphm! As you're no gaun to occupy it yoursel' then, you'll be meanin' a lettin' spec.?'

'Well, yes, partly.'

'Then it'll no pay—never—never in this world. But hover a blink noo; mebbe I'm speakin' ower quick. It might pay, Maister Carstairs—it might pay, I say, if ye wait till stane an' buildin' material gets cheaper. Everything in that line's at a ransom price the noo; but in a year or twae it's bound to drap. Tak' my advice, an' dinna be in a hurry. He's a gey daft man that thinks o' settin' doon a mortar-tub in Toon-o'-Scaur the noo, I tell ye.'

'I'm much obliged for your advice, Mr Broadfute; but everything has been considered, and, as I have said, the work will proceed.'

'Weel, weel, Maister Carstairs, your wey be it. But it's a peety—a peety for you. Imphm! There's anither maitter, Maister Carstairs. Have ye ony experience o' watter?'

'Have I had any experience of water?' and

it was Mr Carstairs's turn to look surprised. 'What do you'—

'Oh, I dinna mean as a compliment, sir. What I want to ken is, are you acquaint wi' the weys o' watter? Ye see, ye'll need watter in the hoose—eh?'

'Surely.'

'Weel, man, as watter'll no rise abune its ain level, an' as The Knowe is higher than the reservoir, ye'll ha'e to cairry it in gangs frae the Grennan. That'll no be what yin wad ca' a convenience, I'm thinkin';' and Glenhead drew in a long breath, flung his head back, and looked at Mr Carstairs as much as to say, 'Take your change out of that.'

Mr Carstairs smiled. 'But water can be raised above its level,' he said. 'A suction-pump is a simple and inexpensive contrivance, and what I said about building materials I say about this—everything has been duly considered.'

Glenhead chewed in three inches of corn-straw in as many seconds, and began to dump the carpeted floor impatiently with his hazel. 'Implm! juist so—juist so,' seemed all he was capable of saying, and I wondered when the tattie-swinging was likely to commence.

Mr Carstairs eyed him intently for a minute.

'Now, Mr Broadfute,' he said, as he sat nearer to his desk, 'I think it is high time you and I understood each other. I may or I may not see the drift of all your contentions; but I have no time for further probings, and we must come to the point. You are not associated in any way with the building trade; consequently my contemplated operations at The Knowe do not affect you. If you have my interest at heart, I think I have proved to you that I can manage my own affairs. Now, Mr Broadfute, tell me what you really wish to be at.'

Glenhead began to pace the floor slowly, stopping now and then to screw the ferrule of his staff into the pile of the Axminster. Then he looked round about and out at the window.

'Man, man,' he said emphatically, 'I canna speak as I want to in a place like this. Thae awfu' broon, dingy wa's mak' me catch my breath, an' this carpet I'm staunin' on feels maist unnaitral. Everything about me seems fremit and unfreendly. Eh, if I but had ye oot in an open field, wi' the sky abune an' the gress to oor feet, by Jingo! I wad open my mooth to some purpose. Ye ask me what I wish to be at. Weel, it's like this. I want you to alloo Mrs Beck to stey on at The Knowe. She's my wife's auldest sister; that's hoo it comes about I'm her spokesman. She's a frail, feckless body, an' she'll mebbe no bother ye lang.'

'Well, Mr Broadfute, I'm sorry I can't oblige you,' Mr Carstairs said, not unkindly.

'Ye what? Ye canna obleege me! Thun'er an' lichtnin', why can ye no?'

'Well, that's my business.'

'Oh, it's your business, is it?—implm!' and

a queer look came over his face. 'An' ye'll no think the maitter ower an' let puir auld Mrs Beck bide on?'

'Certainly not.'

'Then, by'—

He pulled himself sharply up. Then he slowly looked in my direction. 'Oh, Maister Crosbie,' he said ruefully, 'I telt ye ye wad be in the road when it cam' to this stage, an' I'm just into splendid fettle. Damn me, if this is no awfu'—implm! Quirky M'Queen wasna far wrang in what he said to me yesterday in Toon-o'-Scaur. "Glenheid," said he, "I wish ye luck in your veesit; but I doot ye'll mak' little o' yon auld skinflint." Ay, Quirky kenned, clever auld sowl! He aye has the last word wi' a' in Toon-o'-Scaur.'

'Is this clever individual who holds me in such high esteem your local lawyer, Mr Broadfute?' asked Mr Carstairs with forced gaiety and scenting professional jealousy.

'A lawyer! Quirky M'Queen a lawyer! Weel, frae his name it's only naitral ye should think sae. No, Quirky's no a lawyer; he's a decent, honest man, and he's gravedigger in Toon-o'-Scaur. Mair than that, Maister Carstairs, noo that ye're a proprietor in the parish ye're entitled to a lair in the kirkyard, an' nocht wad gi'e Quirky greater plesure than to get happin' ye.—Hoo's that for a feenisher, Maister Crosbie?' he asked, as he sat down beside me and laid his hand on my knee.

There was a silence for a minute. Then Mrs Broadfute took off her gloves and raised her veil over her brow.

'Have ye feenished, Robert?' she asked in a quiet, reassuring voice that made me sit forward expectantly in my chair.

'Feenished, wife? Ay, I've feenished. Lovan, woman, I was feenished before I had weel begun;' and Glenhead snorted and turned his back to Mr Carstairs's desk.

'If that's a', we'll juist gang oor weys, then, Robert; but before we say guid-bye I wad juist like to gi'e this to Maister Carstairs.'

From the bosom of her black satin gown she took out a sprig of southernwood. Rising slowly to her feet, she crossed over to where he sat. 'It's only a wee bit o' appleringie, Maister Carstairs,' she said, 'that I pu'd this mornin'. I was thinkin' o' you when I pu'd it; no that that mak's ony difference, I daursay, but I juist want to tell ye. We left Glenheid early this mornin', and when we got to Toon-o'-Scaur I asked Robert to stop. I got oot o' the gig, gued into a gairden, an' pu'd this. Naebody saw me, binna Robert an' the wee bit birdies, for it was early, no a lum reekin' or a leevin' soul aboot. Eh! but it was quate—quater than you toon's-fouk ha'e ony idea o'. An' everything was sae fresh an' clean, an' the bonny early mornin' sun skinklin' in the dewdraps was like the smile o' the Almighty. It was a queer thing to dae.

Robert here thocht sae, but I couldna tell what airted me, only I thoct, in a far-away wey, that ye micht like to ha'e't. Will ye tak' it frae me?'

Mr Carstairs had risen to his feet when she approached his desk.

'With pleasure and with my thanks, Mrs Broadfute,' he said, and he bowed as he accepted the gift.

'Impm! it's no much o' a posy, Maister Carstairs, but it's gey an' hamely to the smell. Juist tak' a bit whiff o't, an' I'se warrant ye'll alloo that nae hothouse flooers ye ha'e have sae sweet a smell. Ay, the smell o' a bit flooer or the lilt o' an auld sang will often bring back memories which yin thinks are locket an' dooble locket an' laid away for ever. I dinna pretend to ken what's passin' in your mind when you've that in your haun', but I'll tell ye what a wee bit o' applingie aye brings afore me. I see a wee white hoosie on the tap o' a stey brae, wi' a bonny gairden lyin' to the sun. There's a box-bordered walk leadin' frae a wee swingle gate up the gairden to a laigh porch covered wi' roses. There's a bit lassie, wi' lang fair hair an' an auld sun-bonnet, staunin' at the heid o' the walk, an'—an' a bashfu', backward-lookin' boy doon on the road swingin' the gate back an' forrit wi' his haun'. Then he comes into the gairden, an' seems awfu' interested in the nancy-pretty an' sweet-william, an' he hings aboot an' hings aboot; then I see him comin' slowly up. He stops an' pu's a bit applingie, an' when he comes to the heid o' the walk he hauds oot to the lassie his wee bit token. Then he—he draws her heid to his shooder an'—an' kisses her. Ay, ay. Dearie me, that was lang, lang ago; but the smell o' applingie brings it a'

back to me. Ay, I often see that picter, for—for I was that lassie, an'—'

Mr Carstairs passed his hand across his eyes. 'And I was that boy,' he said; and he slipped down into his chair and buried his face in his hands. Then he rose, with features mellowed and transfigured, and walking over to Mrs Broadfute, he raised her hand and kissed it. 'Thank you, Ma—Mary,' he quietly said; 'thank you for all this! Ay, and—and Mrs Beck—Mrs Beck's your sister? Believe me, I didn't know; but will you please tell her from me that—that it's all right!'

What a moment! What an experience! I felt thrilled and bewildered. It was the resurrection of a love of long ago, the laying bare of a dented corner which many a heart could show. I know there is a dent on mine, and the 'Amen' I involuntarily muttered, if not audibly expressed, was felt, and lay in the silence of the room like a benediction.

I have a faint recollection of seeing Mr Carstairs look at his watch, and of hearing him say it was lunch-hour, and that we must all join him.

I didn't go, and I cannot tell on what grounds I declined, because my thoughts were coursing adown the years and the scene I had witnessed, and the part that applingie had played had brought a dimness to my eyes and a pain to my heart, and I wanted—oh how much!—to be back in a bachelor manse, alone in my room, and with my own Bible where, faded and flattened between the leaves of Isaiah, is a spray of that old-world plant which daily reminds me of a dear dead love of other days of which I never speak, and which no one shall ever know.

THE END.

DO ANIMALS MAKE MISTAKES?

By F. G. AFLALO.

MUCH has been written of late years on the intelligence of animals, but of their stupidity very little. It is difficult to take up a newspaper without finding some reference to the marvellous behaviour of the beasts and birds. Among the favourite aspects of their cleverness is the wonderful way in which cats and dogs, more particularly when removed many miles by train, find their way home again. Yet who thinks it worth while to publish a single case of dogs losing their way or of cats going astray, often stupidly?

The writer has for many years taken great interest in the weaker side of animal intellect, and has found that the mistakes made by animals offer problems as fascinating as their exhibitions of unusual cleverness, and teach lessons no less valuable.

Before setting down a few anecdotes in support of this view it will be necessary to formulate

some brief definition of instinct, more particularly as differentiated from reason. That the dividing line between the two is less sharp than it has been drawn heretofore is being demonstrated by modern psychologists, but it should be possible to distinguish between them sufficiently for present purposes. Let me suggest a very homely illustration of the difference. An angler fishing for trout finds a sudden change in the behaviour of the fish. They may have been rising madly, but are now glued to the bed of the stream; or they may have refused all his flies, but now rise at every cast. At any rate, something has happened. Looking up from the water, the man on the bank perceives that the wind is in the south-west, and is bringing up black clouds which must soon be overhead. He surmises that he is in for a wetting. He does not stop to reason out the logical sequence of black clouds coming up with the wind, but unconsciously he

does reason it out, and concludes that it is going to rain. But the fish under water, without noting the direction of the wind, without having any notion of the distant clouds, know it also. They know by instinct that which the man divines by reason, reaching the same conclusion by a wholly different process.

This is only a very simple illustration of an obvious contrast. The analogy will not bear pressing too closely. In one sense, animals can also reason. Eagles have been seen to drop stones on bushes with the object of driving out small birds which they were powerless to seize while these were under cover. Falcons have been known to accompany a train in eastern Europe that they might pounce on the coveys of partridges which, as they knew from experience, it would surely put up at a certain spot on its journey across the plains. If both methods of foraging do not involve some measure of reasoning, then the existing definition of reasoning goes for nothing. Let me cite two further cases of the reasoning powers of some animals. An African lizard, while laying her eggs in the sand of a compound, has often been seen by the occupant of a neighbouring bungalow to make a false nest, and even to pretend to guard it, with the object of diverting his attention from the true nest and eggs. A tame fox chained to a post was observed to push its food as far as its chain would permit, as ground bait for the chickens. Then, having retired the full length of the chain in the opposite direction, it pretended to be asleep, and was thus able to pounce among the deluded birds when they were fighting over the spoils. But these illustrations show reasoning powers of no mean order. Now and then, indeed, an animal may reason to the prejudice of its instinct, which might have been a truer guide. A dog which had repeatedly stolen hens' eggs was effectually cured by having a boiling-hot egg, straight out of the saucepan, flung into his open mouth. The animal could never again be persuaded to touch an egg, having falsely reasoned that henceforth every egg would necessarily burn him.

Professor Lloyd Morgan describes instinct as hereditary modes of behaviour, differing from reason, which is rather the faculty of drawing logical conclusions from observed facts, even in a strange environment for which heredity affords no preparation. This intimate relation of instinct to normal environment is of the first importance. Thus the fact of English cattle exported to the Argentine poisoning themselves by devouring unwholesome native plants unknown to their ancestors is not acceptable as a case of instinct at fault. Quite different from this is the case of the camel, a foolish animal with which the writer has camped and ridden for weeks together. Although it must have been acclimatised in Morocco for at least twelve centuries, it has not even now learnt to discriminate between the plants upon which it

may feed with impunity and those injurious to its system.

Again, very young animals are liable to error before instinct has properly asserted itself, and such cases also must be excluded from the argument. Even human babies will suck sugar of lead because it is sweet; and, since most sweet substances are also wholesome, they rarely come to harm by obeying their instinct. It is true that young chicks soon learn to distinguish between caterpillars that are good to eat and others that are not; but this discrimination is, as Professor Lloyd Morgan is careful to point out, a case of *perceptual*, rather than one of *conceptual*, thought. These same chicks, by the way, are terrified if, in the hen's absence, a pigeon should fly over the farmyard, as they readily mistake its shadow for that of their hereditary foe, the hawk. Any schoolboy who has kept silkworms knows the poverty of resource in the young grubs during the first few days after they emerge from the egg. Unless removed to fresh food, they will starve to death on the merest skeleton of a mulberry or lettuce leaf, and seem to have no notion of crawling on to the fresh leaf alongside. As, however, young caterpillars apparently find no difficulty in ravaging the shrubs in the orchard both day and night, it is possible that the artificial conditions of domestication have impaired the silkworm's instincts.

A very curious and interesting case of the momentary failure of the all-important instinct of self-preservation in young animals came under the writer's notice one evening in Canada, when he had camped on the bank of the Miramichi. It was just getting dark when a cow-moose, with two small calves, scrambled down the opposite bank and forded the stream obliquely, landing a hundred yards or so above the camp. Then, for the first time, she suddenly became aware of the presence of the enemy, and without another glance at the calves went crashing headlong into the timber. The little ones, deserted by their dam, were seized with panic, and did not follow her to safety until they had first turned back into the water, in which they floundered helplessly for several moments.

There are, besides these cases of very young creatures, others which must also be disregarded. These mostly come under what we may term the 'artificial' category. As a case in point, there are remote regions in which the reindeer, walrus, and other haunters of the silences show little fear of man, just as there are birds in rarely visited islands which are said to perch confidently on the barrels of the sportsman's gun; but since instinct is developed under normal conditions, and sounds its warning under no others, it cannot be blamed for not taking into account the sudden introduction of an unknown quantity like man the slayer. Similarly 'artificial' is the case of a valuable African monkey which, one morning when its master was called to the telephone

while shaving, snatched up the razor that he had left on the washstand, and cut its throat from ear to ear. It simply obeyed its natural impulse to imitate what it saw its master do with impunity, and there was nothing to apprise it that the razor had so keen an edge. Equally unacceptable is the story of the cow and stuffed calf related by the well-known Jesuit missionary, Père Huc, though it is perhaps sufficiently amusing to relate for its own sake. It seems that a cow and calf were kept in the camp. One night the calf died; and, fearing that the supply of milk would forthwith cease, one of the native servants skinned the little animal, and having stuffed its hide with hay, propped it in a lifelike attitude. So successful was the ruse in deceiving the mother that she at once proceeded to lick the effigy of the calf in her usual vigorous way, when the stitches burst and the hay came tumbling out. Then the tender-hearted Frenchman, who had been watching the proceedings with interest, turned his head away, unable to bear the sight of the grief with which, as he imagined, the cow would discover the cruel trick played on her; but he might have spared his feelings, for when he next looked round she was contentedly munching the hay.

Sudden eccentricities of behaviour are also without value. The writer once heard of a gun-dog in Belgium which, having pointed game during a great part of the afternoon, suddenly flew at its master, and then waltzed away in circles until out of sight. The animal, which had probably been bitten by an adder or stung by a wasp, returned home the same night in its normal mood. Nor must we take into account cases in which sudden panic overcomes all other instincts, as, when alarmed, mountain sheep have been known to leap over a precipice, one after the other, to be dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Another case of the kind was witnessed by the writer during a voyage in the Black Sea, when a fine retriever, an accomplished swimmer in still water, was taken to sea by its owner, a Turkish gentleman, and set adrift. Overcome with terror at the novel experience of sea-bathing, the animal swam aimlessly round and round the ship, which was anchored in the roads off Trebizond, and, deaf to its master's voice, continued swimming until, when all but exhausted, it was rescued by hand and hauled on board.

So far we have merely eliminated, and it remains to offer a few instances of actual failure of instinct in adult animals under normal conditions.

There is a species of wolf in Abyssinia that feeds on rats. This seems poor fare for so fierce an animal; but in the arid regions of Africa many wild creatures have to be content with modest food, and the wolf thrives well enough. Its ordinary method of hunting is to lie in wait at the mouth of a burrow and pounce on the rat the moment it emerges. This often succeeds,

but it sometimes happens that the rat is too quick for its enemy, and dives below unscathed. If the wolf had the cunning of most of its tribe it would merely wait patiently for another rat to come forth, and then snatch the rodent up. But it has not. It has no more sense, in fact, than an angry child thwarted of its plaything, since the next thing it does is to tear at the earth and throw it up in futile rage. Where the wolf's instinct plays it false is not so much in making an absurd spectacle of itself, as there is rarely any one to behold its wrath, but rather in warning every other rat in the burrow that it is high time to scamper off to safety along the underground tunnels that lead away from the front-door.

Perhaps the case of faulty instinct most frequently referred to in books is to be found in the time-honoured fable of the ostrich hiding its head in the sand and fondly believing itself 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot.' The origin of this hoary legend is apparently wrapped in mystery, for the writer has searched all manner of sources, including a monograph, without being able to trace it. Like the baby plover or a hare on her form, ostrich chicks squat close to the ground if suddenly discovered, hoping thus to evade detection, and this may have suggested to some careless observer the fable of hiding the head in the sand.

As dogs furnish so many of the popular anecdotes illustrating abnormal sagacity, it will perhaps be of interest to cite three or four cases in which, to their own undoing, they have made mistakes that can only be regarded as extremely silly; and these errors are the more instructive because, in contradistinction to the majority of domesticated animals, the dog is commonly cited as having gained in intelligence from his long and close association with man. But the fallibility of canine instinct is susceptible of easy demonstration. The shepherd's collie is as clever a breed as any trained to work for man, yet the Ettrick Shepherd gives a striking illustration of the limitations of intellect in a collie that had helped his master to fold some newly bought lambs, a business which lasted until darkness was falling. Tired out, the master at last returned to his cottage, but there was no sign of the dog, and it was all in vain that he repeatedly whistled and called the animal by name. Next morning the faithful but stupid brute was found, hungry and trembling from cold, shut in the fold with the lambs, over which he still mounted guard. It was a display of devotion, no doubt; but, as the dog's master adds, 'almost any other collie would have discovered that the lambs were safe enough in the fold, but honest Hector had not been able to see this. He had even refused to take my word for it, for he would not quit his watch though he heard me calling both night and morning.'

A similar case of wholly misplaced devotion was provided by the now historic bulldog which,

though her instinct should have warned her that the intentions of the search-party were friendly, would not allow the police to recover her dead master's body, and had in consequence to be poisoned. Another instance of erratic instinct in a dog was that of one which had a trick of diving after coot and other waterfowl, and bringing them to the bank. On one occasion, having jumped off a low bridge, it seized in its teeth the branch of a submerged tree and held on with such tenacity that its master was compelled to wade in and pull the animal off by main force. From the trouble he experienced in detaching the obstinate little brute from its supposed prey, he was convinced that, but for his intervention, it would have been drowned rather than loose its hold. A still more extraordinary example of instinct playing a dog false was that of a terrier which, while asleep on the hearthrug in a first-floor room, heard its master whistle from the garden, and deliberately walked out of the window, dropping twenty feet on to the grass beneath. There were, it is true, extenuating circumstances. In the first place, the animal was not wide awake; in the second, the bow windows of both ground-floor and first-floor rooms were identical. Yet, even so, it is strange that the dog's instinct did not warn it to run downstairs—the door of the room was open at the time—in the usual way, as it must have done many times before that day.

The Rev. J. G. Wood, a very popular writer on animal subjects twenty years ago, owned a dog which, with a stick crosswise in his mouth, wanted to get through a hedge. Instead of laying down the stick and pulling it through the hedge after him, the animal actually took the trouble to make a gap wide enough to admit him, stick and all. Foxhounds do not always recognise their masters unless they are in the familiar pink; and when the writer was a boy there was a dreadful story of a well-known pack devouring its own huntsman, the man having ventured at night into the kennels in his shirt-sleeves. That magnificent creature, the borzoi, is one of the least civilised of dogs, and retains much of the savagery of its native Russian plains. Many years ago, at the time when the Duchess of Newcastle first introduced the breed into this country, a neighbour of the writer owned one that could never accustom herself to the idea of the pups, after they were weaned, being able to eat food that she had not procured for them. Best of all she loved, as in the wild state, to go forth and catch a rabbit for them; but, failing this, she would first eat the food provided for them, and then bring it up for them to eat.

Where instinct is at fault, experience is found to teach the beasts and birds very little and very slowly. Partridges continue to dash themselves to death against the telegraph-wires, though these have been stretched across the country for half-a-century; and, in spite of the constant depreda-

tions of rats and weasels, they still lay their eggs on the ground. The case of a hen hatching duck's eggs and rearing the little aliens comes rather under the 'artificial' category previously objected to, because she has no instinct to warn her of the fraud. Even women have before now been tricked with changelings. A familiar instance of alleged failing of instinct is that of small birds mobbing a cuckoo in the belief that it is a hawk, a type to which, with its long tail and wheeling flight, it bears some superficial resemblance. Twenty-five years ago the writer, who then lived on the border of Dartford Heath, used to watch this little drama of the air almost daily in the summer months, and even then he had grave doubts whether the little birds were really guilty of the mistake ascribed to them in the natural history books. These doubts have been confirmed by the opinion of so sympathetic a bird-lover as Mr Edmund Selous, brother of the famous hunter. Mr Selous agrees with me that the small birds know the cuckoo perfectly well for what it is; but he takes the remarkable view that their pursuit of it is not actuated, as commonly supposed, by hostility, but rather by affection for their former protégée. It seems extraordinary that any one who has watched them as often as he must have done could be under that impression; and the writer prefers to believe that they are actually hostile, their one idea, mindful of how they were fooled before, being to drive the intruder elsewhere before it has time to billet any more of its offspring on their peaceful homes.

The suicidal behaviour of lemmings on migration is also commonly cited as an obvious case of perversion of instinct; indeed, it is an episode for which no explanation is forthcoming. These curious rodents are apparently obsessed only by the desire to push forward. They are indifferent to hunger, and to the owls and stoats which hang on the line of march and devour them wholesale; and eventually they drown themselves in thousands. This is the most striking instance of Nature, careless of the individual, endowing animals with the instinct of self-destruction as the only possible check on hordes which would otherwise work irreparable damage.

Moths flying to the candle, another interesting illustration of the subject, is variously explained, and their fatal instinct is regarded by Metchnikoff—an admirable translation of whose more important works has been published by Dr Chalmers Mitchell, F.R.S.—as a case of sexual excitement analogous to the attraction exercised over male glow-worms by the green luminosity of the female. This theory receives striking support from the fact that it is chiefly the male moths and beetles that die in the flame; and, as the females survive and lay their eggs, the night-fires lighted by the farmers in some countries to attract insects injurious to the crops must necessarily fail of their purpose. The case of migratory birds being attracted by the powerful rays of lighthouses, and

dashing themselves to pieces against the glass, must not be interpreted in the same way, as both sexes are killed indiscriminately, and theirs is merely an error of phototaxis. Other errors of birds call for passing mention. The sparrow and the starling, which, in spite of repeated warning and disaster, continue to nest in chimneys over lighted fires, and thus condemn their early broods to die of suffocation, come rather under the 'artificial' head; but the same excuse cannot be pleaded for the moorhen, which frequently makes her nest so close to the level of the river that the slightest rise in the water is certain to submerge the eggs. Gilbert White alludes to terrible battles among the rooks in consequence of the birds flying to the wrong nests, and Romanes mentions the case of a bird having sat for months on addled eggs until she was forcibly driven off them.

Insects, ordinarily intelligent creatures, make a number of curious mistakes when misled by their instincts. There is, for instance, a ladybird with an unconquerable taste for honey; but, as the creature lacks the bee's equipment for procuring its favourite delicacy, it fails miserably, falling to the ground again and again in its efforts to extract the nectar from the flowers, and never seems to learn of its own deficiencies. There are other insects that normally lay their eggs in putrescent flesh, so that the grubs may find food ready when they hatch out; and these are so easily deceived by the 'high' smell of *Stapelia* flowers that they lay their eggs on them, though without any good result, as the grubs necessarily die of starvation.

Of all the insect world, the busy bee is most commonly praised as a pattern of all the virtues, and its instincts are supposed by many to be above criticism, particularly as regards the sagacity with which, like the ant, it is popularly supposed to find its way back to its nest in spite of all manner of obstacles. Yet Lord Avebury, whose knowledge of both bees and ants was very intimate, was sceptical of this infallible homing instinct. In his interesting book, *The Senses of Animals*, a signed copy of which he presented to the present writer many years ago, he demolishes this agreeable superstition; and he was upheld in his doubts by Romanes. Here, then, is another of our cherished nursery beliefs shattered; but facts are stubborn. Wasps have much in common with bees, and some of them construct little nests of mud, each with a single egg, and stock them with spiders to provide food for the young. This provident instinct is very attractive, but unfortunately it is very erratic. Thus Fabre, the well-known French student of the *Hymenoptera*, removed the egg from one of the cells, yet the mother-wasp continued to stock it with spiders, though she must have realised that with the egg no longer there such provision could serve no useful purpose. In the *Globe* of 1st May 1911 there was a still more extraordinary instance of this stupidity. A mud-wasp, having taken posses-

sion of three little vials which stood upright in an open box, deliberately proceeded to stock the centre one with spiders, but laid her eggs in the other two, with the result that her unfortunate offspring were doomed by their silly parent to die of starvation in sight of plenty!

An attempt has here been made to offer a few authenticated instances in which animal instinct was absolutely at fault, as well as some others in which its failure was probably too hastily assumed as the result of inaccurate interpretation of motive. There are among those who read these disclosures some who will no doubt find the animals concerned less attractive in consequence. Why? To the writer's way of thinking, there is something far more sympathetic in a conception of 'our poor relations' that recognises such little foibles as we share with them. Dead perfection in sentient beings would be intolerable; and man, whose privilege it is to err, should find more in common with the other animals for the knowledge that they also can be stupid on occasion.

'NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSIT.'

SHE was dressed in blue when first I met her, with touches of mauve and soft gray green;
A reigning beauty 'mid desolate splendour, and the sweetest thing there that ever was seen.
She nodded her head as I passed her slowly—I was climbing the Rockies in mountain mist—
And she made me dream of home in a far-off country till I wondered—she had never been kissed.

Lovers she had, for dewdrops shyly caressed her, and night winds leant down whispering soft in her ear;
And the moonbeams loved her and wooed her gently lest her solitude grew to fear.
But the world passed by, and no man touched her—this beautiful thing in her own wild way;
And she gave many a lonely wanderer a heartache, but she soothed them down with 'Scots wha hae.'

I have met her since in lonely places, perhaps the one touch of colour in a desolate land;
On rock-bound coasts, 'neath Austral stars, shining by autumn maples and sea-girt strand.
For over the world she loves to wander, and wherever you meet her she'll whisper to you
Of placid loch 'mid the purple heather, in a land where men grow stalwart and true!

Often alone, for even wild flowers desert her, only the birds come and sing day by day;
For you see she was wayward, and apt to be wilful, and liked best the places out of the way.
Strong in her beauty of isolation, proud to stand by herself when others grew faint;
And the weaker blooms in the valley gazed upward to heights she had scaled, and thought her a saint.

She was so simple and strong and quiet, this fairy-like thing dressed in mauve and green!
No wonder the stars twinkle merrily o'er her in desolate places where she alone reigned queen.
But my camp-fire was smouldering, and in far-off country the heather was distant, as distant as you;
And I woke from a reverie to find the beauty beside me was a simple Scotch thistle asleep in the dew!

E. A. HENTY
(MRS EDWARD STARKEY).



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS.

VICTORIAN REMINISCENCES.

By C. L. G., Author of *The Life of Sir George Grove*, *The Hawarden Horace*, &c.

SOME people are born with blue blood in their veins. In mine I think there must have been a certain admixture of blue-black ink. Anyhow, the love of scribbling developed early, fostered, perhaps, by the desire to emulate the example of an elder brother, to say nothing of the fact of my Irish descent. For Irishmen are born journalists, as Bohemians are born fiddlers. At some coming-of-age festivities in the West of Ireland, the services of an itinerant musician were retained to speed the flying feet of the merry-makers, and in a local journal which chronicled the event he was described as 'Paganini's representative.' The 'art of elegant variation,' as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch calls it in his Cambridge Lectures, was surely never more beautifully illustrated by the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph* in the palmy days of periphrasis.

My first appearance in print was in the pages of my public school magazine, of which in time I became one of the editors. My contributions ranged from the crudest parody to the most distressful sentiment, and the memory of them strikes me pink forty odd years after. I remember in particular one long and dismal ballad, of which even then I was half-ashamed; and a travesty of 'Is this a dagger that I see before me?' which was enough to justify the censure of burlesque in *Theophrastus Such*. I competed unsuccessfully for the English Verse prize, and felt aggrieved by my failure, for the subject was 'Music,' and I fancied myself as a musician, while the winner of the prize was tune-deaf, though he could string verses on any theme with extraordinary facility. I remember how on one occasion, twenty minutes before going into school, we gave him a subject, and he turned out an excellent elegiac poem, of which I still recall the last two lines:

And Life's dark billow brighteneth,
Smit by the orient beam of Death.

His muse, in those days at least, was always somewhat 'Pagan, I regret to say,' in Mr Pecksniff's phrase; and a slight sensation was caused by the appearance in the school magazine

of a poem of his, frankly antinomian in sentiment, and winding up with the *cri de cœur*:

Down with the crumbling fabric of the ages,
Down with the Old Creed, and up with the New.

But the most exhilarating 'literary lapses' of my school-days are associated with the 'Poets' Corner' of the local journal. My greatest school friend had a pretty knack for verse; and one day, after reading an effusion in this paper, which began,

Silently, slowly, sadly,
Falleth the autumn leaves,

we resolved to enter into a competition of ineptitude, and see which of us could gain a hearing for the most idiotic verses. As well as I can remember, I was the victor in the contest; certainly I was capable of writing worse doggerel than my rival, some of whose humorous contributions to the school magazine were not unworthy of comparison with those of A. C. Hilton, of *Light Green* fame, author of the immortal *Octopus* and *The Heathen Pass-ee*, the best parody ever written of Swinburne in the 'Dolores' vein and stanza, and the greatest achievement in the difficult *genre* of rewriting a famous poem and equalling the wit and point of the original. Strange to say, neither of my poetic contemporaries justified the literary promise of his youth, though one had a distinguished official career in India, and the other prospered in South America. But I was sealed of the tribe of doggerel bards, and have not yet abandoned the practice of stringing rhymes. It has amused me all through my life; it has even brought me in a little pocket-money; and I am the more encouraged to persevere when I learn that at some public schools enlightened pedagogues employ it as an educational instrument, in supplement to, or as a substitute for, the composition of Greek and Latin verse.

The next eight years brought me very little nearer my destined goal. At the university I never seriously considered the question of a career; and, apart from my share in a college squib, my only appearance in print was a four-line epigram which appeared in *Punch*. When I missed a First in Greats, of which at best I

had a slender chance, it seemed a case of gerund-grinding or nothing. I stayed up for a term, advertised in the Union for pupils, but none came. I 'also ran' for a Fellowship, a truly forlorn hope in view of the distinction of many of the competitors; though the examiners played for safety, and elected a sound, well-read mediocrity. I also wrote a weekly Oxford letter for a periodical just started at another university. But the post was unpaid; and when, just before the end of term, the best of my don friends recommended me for a mastership, I gratefully accepted the offer. The work, in a great provincial city, was easy and decently paid; and towards the end of the four years I spent there, thanks to the friendly services of one of the staff, I was allowed to try my hand at book-reviewing for the principal local paper. Never shall I forget the thrill of pride and importance I felt as I cut the string of the parcel which contained *The Cruise of the Jeannette*, one of the most tragic of all Arctic records, and other volumes. But there was no prospect of regular work. Nothing came of this trial trip; and an article accepted and published in an educational journal brought a somewhat discouraging letter from the editor, who observed that, though my paper was nicely written, it showed a lack of imagination. The editor was right, so far, at least, as he gauged my capacity as a writer of romance. Except for one appalling attempt which was published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and for which I received the sum of ten shillings and sixpence—a not extravagant recompense—I have never deviated into fiction. I could neither invent a plot nor write a dialogue. *Il faut se borner*, as the great Napoleon said, and I have found no difficulty in restraining myself from further excursions into an overcrowded field. But when I look back upon my credentials and equipment, my resolve to give up school-mastering and seek my fortune as a journalist in London seems to me a counsel of insanity. True, my post was a shelf; but it was a certainty, and I could live upon it. I had qualified in a Civil Service Examination for a clerkship in the Inland Revenue, but declined to take it—another piece of madness. As for the qualifications for the higher and more lucrative walks of journalism, I had none. I was a fairly good classical scholar, but I knew little history and no law. I had not even been called to the Bar. Of science I was destitute. I could not even describe the mechanism of the common pump. Close reasoning always fatigued me; my logic was generally faulty, and if I had a genius it was for the irrelevant. Indeed, I am sometimes inclined to think that it has been my greatest asset—that and a love of nonsense. (By the way, has any one noted the philological affinity of Lear and *Leros*?) This was inherited from my father, though he kept it under strict control, and it was from him that I learned the bogus charade

composed by his brother, my uncle, which ran as follows:

My first is the slave who never had a master,
My second is the man who invented sticking-plaster,
My whole is a number, half of which is more
Than twice its double twice repeated o'er.

My father and uncle were both distinguished mathematicians; but my greatest achievement in this direction was in satisfying the Civil Service Examiners in correctly adding up long columns of pounds, shillings, and pence. For the rest, I could read French, and I had heard a great deal of music, mostly good, though I was no executant.

Thus equipped, but without any introductions, I made the plunge, and the more I think of it the more I marvel at my audacity. A week before I started I had despatched an article to the editor of a London weekly. I was already an expert in the art of throwing literary boomerangs, and this was one of the dingiest of my missiles. It had come back to me certainly half-a-dozen times, but with the courage of desperation I despatched it once more. The journal I chose to assail had given me an opening by inviting illustrations of the Hibernian habit of mind, and my paper was simply a budget of anecdotes. But this time it hit the mark, and was printed in the first issue I saw on reaching London. I followed up this initial success by obtaining an introduction to the editors, who welcomed me with a kindness and consideration which never wavered in their lifetime, and was continued by their successor. Well might I agree with Michael Finsbury's remark in *The Wrong Box*, 'There is nothing like a little judicious levity,' when one of these good friends said to me on my first visit, 'I think you may be of some use in lightening the incorrigible seriousness of our paper.'

I never failed in after years to recount my experience to 'journalists commencing' who came to me for advice or when they seemed daunted by frequent rejections. I wish that I could think I had given them a tithe of the encouragement and help which was bestowed on me by some of the leaders of the profession when I was at the bottom of the ladder. The editors I have spoken of promised me work, and were as good as their word. As an article-writer I was not a success; but they gave me a good deal of miscellaneous reviewing, and Tuesday was always a red-letter day for me, for I was allowed to call in at the office and rummage in the book-shelves. Their patience was inexhaustible, and they were always ready to discuss suggestions. Often they indulged in reminiscences, and no name was oftener on their lips than that of Walter Bagehot; it was from them that I heard his famous definition of Socialism as a state of affairs in which 'every man would have one boot.' Some of my contributions were 'turned down;' but the editors had a peculiarly

generous way of recognising work on which extra pains had been taken, and more than once paid me at double rates. I had plenty of time on my hands, and a long review occasionally meant a solid fortnight's work. I assiduously frequented the British Museum reading-room; became familiar with the strange collection of students, researchers, and unemployables gathered under its dome; and, ignorant of the neighbouring attractions of Viennese bakeries, frequented the Museum restaurant and partook of its unforgettable haricots. One day I recognised, to my surprise, a dashing young man renowned a few years earlier in the world of pastime, whose applause of a lucky stroke of mine in a game of lawn tennis had almost turned my head. It was as though a village cricketer had been publicly acclaimed by W. G. Grace. I noted that he seemed embarrassed by my recognition, and only learned some time afterwards that he was lying *perdu* from his creditors. He vanished from my ken only to emerge twenty-five years afterwards in a squalid murder trial on the Continent, and died miserably in prison.

But man cannot live by reviewing alone, and I was lucky in fitting more strings to my bow, thanks chiefly to introductions furnished by my brother, a modern *Proculeius*, *notus in fratres animi paterni*. By his good offices, and on the strength of my connection with one paper of good repute, I gradually got a foothold elsewhere. It began with more reviewing, this time of novels, a dubious privilege, though it was my good fortune to be one of the first to pay homage to the genius of Mr Joseph Conrad. But music proved a better stand-by. Schumann once lamented the paucity of musicians who had the gift of literary expression, and of literary men who knew anything about music. In the musical world, as it was constituted in the eighties, a man like myself, who, though lacking a professional or scientific training, was genuinely fond of music, had gained a sufficient mastery of the ordinary jargon, and possessed a fairly good general education, enjoyed an unfair advantage when compared with most of the regular musical critics. Behold me, therefore, accepted as a regular contributor to a musical magazine, where I contrived to cover up my technical ignorance with a proper display of literary upholstery; and, a little later, on the recommendation of 'G.' (the late Sir George Grove, the most generous and appreciative of patrons), appointed as salaried musical critic to a new morning paper. It was always somewhat of an egg-dance; but I contrived so successfully to avoid detection that a few years later I narrowly missed promotion to a more exalted post, a failure which was indeed a blessing in disguise, and for which I have never ceased to be grateful. The appointment would have been practically a 'whole time' one; it would have restricted the expansion of my income, and it would sooner or later have led to

a resounding exposure of my shortcomings. As things were, being neither an obscurantist nor a revolutionary, and combining an adoration for the three 'B.'s, with a delight in the later Verdi, Wagner, Berlioz, and Bizet, I enjoyed my opportunities without greatly abusing them—at least I never used the word 'rendition,' or spoke of Beethoven as 'the Bonn master,' or of Telford as 'the unfortunate Brabantian nobleman'—heard an immense amount of music, and made many lifelong friendships with musicians. Meanwhile I had been extending my activities in other directions. When I heard that H. D. Traill had accepted the editorship of a Sunday paper I boldly applied to him for work, simply on the strength of the feeling that he was likely to be a kindred spirit. The confidence was happily justified, and led to an association, which lasted as long as he remained in charge of the paper, with one of the most versatile, gifted, and sympathetic of Victorian literary journalists. I wrote light leaders, and he allowed me to kick up my heels, except on one occasion when I was bidden to produce half a column on a Royal wedding. He apologised for asking me to undertake the task, but explained that he had always found himself simply incapable of striking the proper ceremonial note. It was my only effort in this style, and the Saturday afternoon spent in its composition is the only black spot in my memories of a delightful and stimulating chief. I never wrote for his successor. One brief interview made it abundantly clear that he did not want me, and that I could not without humiliation have taken orders from him. Traill's talk was always pointed and often witty. When I once told him of an Irish piano-tuner who used to steal the notepaper at the great houses where he was professionally employed, he said, 'Yes, like "the wanton lapwing," which, in the spring, "gets itself another crest."' How seldom it is that one is privileged to hear a witty comment or retort at first hand! The only other example that I can recall at the moment is the remark of an American lady who, when I told her of an actor who had changed his name of Sampson when he went on the stage, promptly observed, 'Well, that was silly of him, when Samson was the one man who could bring down a house.' It was always a puzzle to me how Traill, with his fine literary sense, his gift of satire which found vent in his famous *Plagues of Egypt*, and his contributions to the *Saturday Review* in its great days, managed to accommodate himself to the requirements of the *Daily Telegraph* in the years when Sala 'wielded his flamboyant quill.' It would be an exaggeration to say of Traill that he proved the truth of the saying that 'Journalism is the grave of literary ambition,' for he found time to write some excellent books; but it is none the less true that his newspaper work, while it increased his output, lessened his claim to remembrance as a man of letters.

Meanwhile I had begun again to meditate the doggerel Muse. Home Rule was the burning question in politics, and I found a hearing for sundry squibs and satires in the weekly and daily Unionist press. These not only brought me in a few welcome pounds, but led to the offer of regular employment on the editorial staff of an evening paper. I was in bed with influenza when the editor called to make the proposal; but he made his way to my sick-chamber, and after a brief and satisfactory interview left me practically convalescent. My luck in editors had not deserted me. My new chief was a handsome, attractive, accomplished, meteoric person, and, but for the lack of the spur of necessity, for he had means of his own, might have done great things. One did not associate him with orthodox views, and yet he had been private secretary to an archbishop, and, I have no doubt, filled the post to admiration. At the office he was highly efficient and critical, but always helpful and courteous. Away from it he was a man about town, somewhat Bohemian in his habits and haunts, but, so it seemed to me, more from a curious interest in humanity than from any vulgar love of excess. He would come back to his rooms at midnight or later, sit down to finish an article for the morrow, and turn up punctually at nine next morning. To put it plainly, he burned the candle at both ends; and when, to the great regret of the staff, he resigned the editorship a few years later, his health had already begun to fail. He lived for a while in America—he married an American wife—travelled widely, paid occasional visits to London, when he never failed to seek out and entertain royally his old colleagues, dying suddenly abroad while still a young man; a lovable, restless figure, whose achievements were far below his abilities, who spent his energies on trifles, never took care of himself until it was too late, and never forgot a friend.

My duties consisted in editing a column of light comments on current events, and providing a daily leaderette, which on alternate days had to be written overnight. For the column I could rely on a certain amount of assistance from some of my colleagues when they had done their appointed tasks; but for the leaderette I had to depend on my own resources. The result was that I had always to lengthen my leaderette in proof, whether I wrote it overnight or in the morning. I was always a slow and infertile producer, and when I left the paper one of my colleagues, in a farewell poem, described me, only too truly, as constantly engaged in 'patching' my 'meagre overnighter.' I never had too much to say, but rather the reverse; and the mornings on which I had to write a leaderette before setting to work on my column were often a mild nightmare. The time limit for sending in 'copy' was frequently extended, and, if it had not been for my good-natured and more nimble colleagues,

I should infallibly have let the paper down more than once. But it was not always like this. Some mornings the papers were rich in subjects, and paragraphs flowed easily from the pen. My post was not a sinecure, but it was decently paid when the hours of work are taken into account, for I was free at twelve noon. Good-fellowship prevailed in the room where I worked, though the atmosphere was somewhat thick, tobacco-smoke being blended with the odours of bacon and eggs, for one of my colleagues frequently arrived breakfastless, and had to send out for refreshment. We were most of us university men, young or youngish, some birds of passage, while others remained harnessed to the pen. One was a famous international rifle-shot; another, the most elegant of our group, was familiar with the men and cities of the Near East, had ranched in the Argentine, and subsequently served with distinction as correspondent for a great daily in two Continental capitals. A third, after an expensive youth, had settled down to a life of sheer drudgery, combining night work as a leader-writer on the *Morning Post* with the functions of 'general utility' on our staff. Small blame to him if his natural geniality was clouded by overwork and lack of sleep. Yet another, the youngest and most brilliant and most helpful of all my room-mates, soon shook himself free from the fetters of daily journalism, and found a more congenial scope for his varied and original talents in the domain of *belles lettres*. My immediate predecessor had gone to edit a weekly illustrated journal, returning to succeed my meteoric friend as chief, and then moving on to take charge of a leading daily. For a while the original editor and founder of my column, after several years' service on the Press in India, re-joined the staff of his old paper, and others came and went, so that I saw many changes in the seven years in which I spent my mornings in the Strand. The two chief leader-writers, who wrote on alternate days, occupied another room, and presented a striking contrast in personality. One was a bluff old soldier who kept a supply of biscuits in his writing-table, which he munched at intervals during his labours. The other was a gentle, reserved, accomplished visionary, who had written some graceful fantastic novels, and—if I remember aright—was a votary of the White Rose. But both faithfully expressed the traditions of the paper with little difference of style, though there was always more of the 'big bow-wow' of Toryism in the captain's articles. The sub-editorial staff, mainly concerned with the news department, were housed in another part of the building, and we saw little of them. Indeed, I gained my most vivid insight into the sub-editorial mind by overhearing a conversation between the chief of that department and the proprietor. Cardinal Manning had died the night before; the death of the Duke of Clarence

was announced early in the morning, and the sub-editor in bringing the news to the proprietor observed in his usual harassed manner, 'Cardinal Manning is simply wasted this morning, sir.'

Journalists, like barristers, have generally too little or too much work. Even in those days, when security of tenure was firmer than it is to-day, a writer for the Press, unless he was an editor or high on the staff of one of the great dailies, could not often afford to keep all his eggs in one basket. At one time I was a regular contributor to two dailies, three weeklies, and two monthly magazines. I passed the greater part of my afternoons and evenings in concert-halls or at the opera, and spent Sunday in clearing off arrears. I am glad to think that only one of the papers and magazines I then worked for failed to survive my co-operation, though I feel that I may have temporarily imperilled the prestige of the *Economist*, for which I once wrote political leaders for a whole month. But there were others that were less fortunate, and some day I may write a chapter on the 'Papers I Have Helped to Kill.' One, edited by an Oxford friend and contemporary, was financed by an eccentric nobleman who had previously

run a Universal Information Bureau. It was really quite a serious venture; but the design on its cover gave it the appearance of a society journal, and dualism is fatal in a newspaper. Another was the hobby of a generous patron of the arts and the drama, and during its brief career provided lucrative employment for quite a number of his friends. A third was the *Reflector*, founded and edited by the unique and ever-to-be-lamented 'J. K. S.'

It was a busy, diversified, but somewhat distracting life, and I was not sorry when, towards the end of the nineties, the offer of editorial work under an old friend enabled me to break away from daily journalism and its irksome drudgery, and to transfer my allegiance for what it was worth to the most appreciative, stimulating, and considerate of all the editors I have ever known. The time was singularly fortunate for such a change, for the star of the new Alfred the Great was already in the ascendant, and 1896 had witnessed the foundation of the *Daily Mail*—*grande et conspicuum nostro quoque tempore monstrum*. At this point, which virtually marks the close of Victorian journalism, these reminiscences may suitably conclude.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

CHAPTER VII.—AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART.

L

MISS EMMELINE FIGGINS was a well-built, capable-looking young lady of seventeen. She wore her hair neatly coiled in a golden aureole on the top of her head. Her blue eyes were attractive and full of mirth, her mouth was well-shaped, and she possessed a pair of very red lips and twin rows of even white teeth. She seemed literally bursting with health, and her rosy, slightly sunburnt cheeks somehow reminded Pincher of the girls at home in his own village. She was dressed in a white blouse and plain dark-blue skirt, and a small gold locket hung round her neck.

The first time Martin saw her standing behind the counter in the little sweet and tobacco shop he thought her quite adorable. He experienced a vague feeling of jealousy when he saw the locket, though, for he thought it probable that it contained the photograph of the ship's steward's assistant from the flagship.

Billings, strangely redolent of violets—he had purchased a pennyworth of cachous subsequent to absorbing one pint of beer immediately on getting ashore—advanced with a sheepish grin. Martin followed close behind.

'Good-evenin', miss,' the former remarked, touching his forelock. 'I 'ope I finds yer well!'

The girl laughed. 'Thank you, Mister Billings,' she said. 'I am enjoying the best of

health, and I hope you are the same.' She regarded Pincher out of the corner of her eye; and that youth, very ill at ease, shuffled nervously and began to get red in the face. He was always rather frightened of women.

'I'm quite fit, miss,' said Joshua. 'This 'ere's Mr Martin—Pincher Martin we calls 'im. Friend o' mine, 'e is. Brought 'im along o' me ter be interjooiced.' He pushed the ordinary seaman forward by the arm.

'Pleased ter meet yer, miss,' said Pincher awkwardly, advancing and shaking hands over a row of glass bottles filled with sweets. 'I've 'eard a lot abart yer from my frien' Mister Billings.'

The A.B. warned him of his indiscretion by a violent nudge in the side.

'I'm glad I'm a celebrity,' the girl remarked, a trifle suspiciously. 'And what did Mr Billings say about me? I hope it was something nice.'

'Where's yer ma, miss?' Joshua himself interrupted, hastily changing the subject.

'She's out now, Mr Billings, but she'll be back home to tea at half-past five. She's expecting you then, I believe; and if this gentleman would join us I'm sure he'd be very welcome.' She looked at Martin.

'Wot say, Pincher?' asked Joshua with a wink. 'Like ter 'ave a cup o' tea wi' th' ladies?'

'Don't mind if I does,' said the youth shyly.

'Needn't come if you don't want to, mister,' the girl retorted sarcastically, tossing her head. 'There are plenty who'd be glad to be asked.'

Pincher felt more awkward and sheepish than ever. 'I should like ter come, miss, thankin' yer for yer kindness in arskin' me,' he managed to stammer. 'No offence meant, I'm sure, miss. 'Fraid I said it a bit awk'ard like.'

'No offence taken,' laughed Emmeline, moving off to attend to three customers.

'Now, Mister Billings,' she said, coming back in a few minutes, 'I can't stand gossiping here all the afternoon. This is our busy time, and the shop will be filling up soon, and I sha'n't know whether I'm standing on my head or my heels. What with mother being out, and that plaguy boy having a holiday, I don't know how I shall be able to manage. If you drop in again at half-past five, mother will be in then. Is there anything I can serve you with before you go?'

'I'll 'ave two packets o' woodbines, miss,' Joshua had to reply, quite forgetting that he did not smoke cigarettes, but unable to ignore the hint. He put down twopence.—'Wot abart you, Pincher?'

Martin looked blankly round the shop.

'A penn'orth of bullseyes or almond rock?' suggested the girl, with a malicious twinkle in her eyes. 'Or perhaps you'd fancy some jujubes or acid drops, fresh in to-day?'

'Thank you, miss, I don't fancy sweets,' the ordinary seaman returned, painfully aware that he was being made fun of. 'I'll 'ave one o' them there packets o' Egyptian fags. The six-penny ones.'

'We generally call them cigarettes,' Emmeline remarked.

'Lor!' Billings ejaculated, 'we ain't 'arf goin' a bu'st!'

'Let the boy have what he wants, mister,' retorted Miss Figgins tartly, her business instinct uppermost, and a little anxious lest Pincher should change his mind and choose something cheaper. 'They're very good cigarettes, I'm sure, and excellent value for the money. Don't know what he wants to go smoking for, though,' she added sweetly, gazing at Pincher with an innocent smile. 'I'm sure sweets are more in his line.'

Joshua laughed, but Martin felt he had never been so insulted in his life. 'Boy,' indeed! She had called him a boy, and had offered him sweets!

More prospective customers arrived; and, paying for their purchases, the two bluejackets started to leave the establishment, when Billings, remembering something rather important, turned back. 'Say, miss,' he queried in an anxious, confidential whisper in the young lady's ear, 'did yer ma say anythin' abart comin' ter the pictures along o' me ter-night?'

Emmeline paused in the act of weighing out

half-an-ounce of shag tobacco and laughed merrily. 'Go on with you!' she exclaimed roguishly. 'You're a proper caution, Mister Billings!'

'Did she say nothin' abart it?'

'I'm not my mother's keeper. She said nothing to me.'

'Sure?' queried the lovesick one, rather disappointed.

The girl winked twice and pointed to the door. 'Hop it!' she giggled. 'Don't come worrying round me when I'm busy with customers. Take your Mister—er—Martin with you; and if I were you I should buy him'—she sank her voice to a whisper and glanced in Pincher's direction—'a nice rattle! Ta-ta; see you both later.'

'Wot did she say yer wus ter buy me?' Martin wanted to know when they got outside.

'Didn't 'ear, chum,' Joshua answered hastily, unwilling to hurt the other's feelings. 'Wot d'yer think o' 'er? Bit o' orl right—wot?'

'She looks orl right,' Martin agreed, rather depressed. 'But she seems a bit 'orty-like for a kid o' seventeen. Tryin' ter 'ave me on, she was, abart them there sweets.'

'Garn! That's only 'er way. She don't mean nothin'. Yer can't expect a gal ter take a fancy ter a bloke orl of a sudden like. Don't get rattled abart wot she said. Come on,' Joshua added, glancing at a clock in a jeweller's window. 'It's only a quarter ter five, plenty o' time ter go an' 'ave a wet afore we goes back there ter tea.' He made off across the road in the direction of a public-house.

'No, yer bloomin' well don't!' Pincher exclaimed, overtaking him, seizing him by the arm, and swinging him round in the opposite direction. 'Yer said yer was only goin' ter 'ave one pint. S'welp me, yer did.'

'Don't act so barmy, Pincher,' Joshua expostulated, bitterly aggrieved. 'W'en I sez a pint I only means a pint directly I gits ashore. I didn't say 'ow much I'd 'ave arterwards.'

'Well, yer ain't goin' ter 'ave one now, any'ow,' Martin retorted. 'If you goes drinkin' now, I sha'n't come ter tea along o' yer an' Missis Figgins; an' I wants me two bob back, strite, I do.'

'Wot d'yer want ter go spoilin' a chap's bit o' sport fur?' Billings grumbled feelingly. 'I'm that dry I could jist do wi' a pint. No more'n a pint, I promises yer.'

But Pincher was adamant. 'If yer feels dry yer kin go and buy yerself some lemonade. Yer don't git no beer while yer along o' me.'

'Lemonade! 'Oo wants lemonade, 'orrible pisenous stuff full o' hacida an' sich like! Only fit fur kids ter swaffle!'

'Yer won't git no beer, so it ain't no use yer talkin'.'

'Oh, ain't it bloomin' well?' the A.B. ex-

claimed, beginning to get angry. 'Yer ain't lookin' arter me, yer knows. It's me wot's lookin' arter you.'

Pincher held out his hand. 'Orl right, then,' he said quietly. 'Give me back me two bob wot yer borrowed.'

Joshua glared at him in speechless astonishment. 'Give it back to yer?' he almost shouted. 'Not 'arf I don't!'

'Orl right. S'long; then; I'm not comin' along ter tea wi' Missis Figgins. Yer knows werry well yer can't go takin' ladies along ter th' pictures if yer starts drinkin' now.' Martin pretended to move off.

There was some truth in the remark, and Billings felt rather foolish. 'Ere, 'arf a mo'!' he expostulated. 'Don't shove off. Look 'ere, chum. She 'as a drop 'erself now an' then. Allus 'as a bottle o' stout along wi' 'er dinner, an' another along o' 'er supper. Told me so 'erself.' He looked hopefully to see if this information would have the desired effect, but Martin merely shook his head.

It took at least five minutes further argument, and much backing and filling between the two pavements, before Billings could be drawn off from the glaring portals of the 'Rose and Crown.' He seemed attracted to the place like a steel filing to a magnet; and it was all Martin could do to entice him away. But he succeeded eventually, and, with Joshua still complaining bitterly, the two adventurers entered a barber's shop to have their hair cut.

At five-thirty precisely they both returned to the shop to find Mrs Figgins there. She was a short, bulbous little woman of uncertain age, with her dark hair, slightly streaked with gray, drawn tightly over her head and tied in a knob behind. Except for her blue eyes, which twinkled through her spectacles as she talked, she bore little resemblance to her daughter, but, for all that, possessed a certain vivacity of manner and speech which more than made up for lack of good looks. She greeted them with cordiality.

'It's pleased I am to see you an' your friend, Mister Billings,' she said, when Pincher had been solemnly introduced. 'Such a day I 'ave 'ad you never would believe. Went to see my poor John's brother's wife at Dorchester. 'Er youngest, Halfred; 'im that was born last Easter, 'as come out all over in red spots, an' the doctor doesn't know wot to make of 'em. 'E's a fraud, I think,' she went on—speaking with great rapidity, and nodding her head to emphasise the point—'a reg'lar fraud, same as all doctors. I don't 'old wi' them an' their speriments. I said to Jane that the boy was sickenin' for measles, 'cause the spots are the same as wot Hemmeline 'ad when she was a baby; but the doctor'—

'Measles!' Joshua ejaculated, with vague visions of being put in quarantine. 'Infectious, ain't it?'

'Don't be scared,' the lady laughed. 'It's all right so long as you've 'ad it before.—Hemmeline!'

'Yes, mother?' came the girl's answer from the sitting-room at the back of the shop.

'Is that kettle boilin' yet? 'Ere's Mister Billings an' 'is friend ready for their teas.'

'All ready, mother. Look out you shut the outer door in case of customers coming.'

Mrs Figgins shut the door, and then ushered her guests into the sitting-room. It was a bright little apartment, with a cheerful fire blazing in an old-fashioned grate, before which, judging from the smell, Emmeline had been making hot buttered toast. The room was crammed with furniture, and was decorated with china ornaments, velvet hangings, and pictures, conspicuous among these being a large photographic enlargement of the late Mr John Figgins. It hung in a massive gilt frame, and the defunct gentleman was shown in black cut-away coat, dark trousers, high choker collar, white tie, and a very shiny top-hat. He gripped a walking-stick and a pair of gloves in one hand, while the other rested in *négligé* fashion upon a large marble column bearing a very palpable imitation palm. He had side whiskers and rather a fierce expression. There were also three large, highly coloured oleographs. One depicted the late Queen Victoria at the time of her 1887 Jubilee; another, entitled 'Lead, Kindly Light,' showed a sailing-ship in dangerous proximity to the Eddystone Lighthouse during a terrible storm; and the third, some immaculate soldiers in tight red tunics saying good-bye to a number of lachrymose, slim-waisted ladies on the platform at Waterloo Station. They were, it would appear, about to sail for South Africa—the soldiers, I mean, not the ladies.

On the mantelpiece stood a cabinet photograph of Joshua Billings in an ornate aluminium frame painted with forget-me-nots. The original glanced at it with a self-conscious smirk. It had been his last present to Mrs Figgins, and he felt it augured well for his prospects to see it in the place of honour.

But Pincher was not so much interested in the appearance of the room as in that of the round table in the centre of the apartment. It was spread for tea; and such a tea! There was a fine crusty cottage loaf and a generous plate of sliced ham; a mountain of shrimps lay cheek by jowl with an enormous pot of jam; while rounds of hot buttered toast, a large currant-cake, and a pile of mixed pastry stood on the outskirts of the more substantial comestibles. Martin sucked his teeth appreciatively. There were only four places laid, he was glad to see. The ship's steward's assistant from the flagship was evidently not coming:

Mrs Figgins settled herself in front of the teapot, and began pouring out, keeping up a rapid flow of conversation the while. 'Mister

Billings,' she said, motioning with her head to the place on her right, 'will you sit 'ere? an' you, Mister Martin, 'ere? Hemmeline will be opposite me. I 'ope you will 'elp yourselves to anything you fancy, and if hanybody likes heggs, I've got some werry nice ones fresh in from the country to-day. My poor John was foud of a hegg to 'is tea,' she added, gazing sadly at the representation of her late husband.

'I reckons we kin do werry well wi' wot we 'ave 'ere,' remarked Billings, glancing round the table with an approving smile, and helping himself to ham and hot buttered toast. 'Thank yer, Missis Figgins,' he continued, 'two lumps for me.' He took the proffered cup with a coy smile, put it down, and began to masticate noisily.

Pincher fancied shrimps to start with; but Emmeline, who had her own ideas as to how a lady should behave, scorned the more substantial eatables, and nibbled daintily at a piece of thin bread and jam.

'Ave a bit of 'am, my gal,' said her mother, helping herself to that delicacy, and handing the plate across.

'No, thanks, mother. I'll spoil my supper if I do.'

'Quite right, miss,' murmured Billings, with his mouth rather full. 'I never could under-

stan' 'ow folks wot 'as a reg'lar supper kin stow their kites full at tea-time. 'Orrible 'abit, I calls it. On board, ye sec,' he hastened to explain, lest he himself should be thought a glutton, 'we 'as a sort o' 'igh tea, an' a bit o' biscuit or sich like fur our suppers. It ain't wot you'd call a proper meal.'

Martin gasped. He knew that on board the *Belligerent* Joshua frequently had kippers for his tea, while six rashers of bacon and six fried eggs often formed his evening meal at seven o'clock.

Emmeline raised her eyebrows. 'Kites?' she asked, rather surprised. 'What's kites?'

'Stummick, 'e means, miss,' put in Pincher, anxious to air his knowledge. 'Mister Billings'—— He heard a horrified gasp, looked up, saw Emmeline frowning at him fiercely, thought better of what he was going to say, and then stared at his plate, with his face getting redder and redder. He had evidently put his foot into it rather badly.

But the girl did not intend to let him off. 'We don't mention those things in polite society,' she pointed out acidly. 'It's not nice.'

Pincher said nothing, but wished that the floor might open and swallow him whole.

(Continued on page 468.)

WITH A RED CROSS UNIT IN BELGRADE.

By a HOSPITAL ORDERLY.

DESPITE the lurking dangers from submarines and all the unknown terrors that might await us in Serbia, we were a cheerful little party which boarded the s.s. *Saideh*, bound from Liverpool to Salonica. But the first few hours proved decidedly anxious. No sooner were we at sea than all lights were extinguished. Orders were given that no one was to undress. Lifebelts were donned, lifeboat drill was practised in thorough fashion, and then we lay down to get what sleep we could.

The voyage, however, from first to last proved uneventful; but we doctors, nurses, and orderlies found plenty to occupy us. There were vaccinations and inoculations to be performed or undergone; there were lessons in Serbian and lectures on typhus twice a day; and, for the rest, there were the usual deck games.

On the 15th April, in gloriously hot sunshine, with sea like glass, we glided past the famous Mount Olympus, all snow-capped, into the harbour of Salonica. With a companion I leant over the deck-rail and watched our approach to land. We wondered whether the bay looked the same to St Paul when he sailed over this spot nearly two thousand years ago. But when within sight of the town, we found picture palaces rearing their gaudy façades here and there on the front, and electric trams clanging their way to and fro;

so we decided that the appearance of the city from the sea must have changed considerably since St Paul's visit.

After some delay, owing to the belated arrival of our stores, we started on our two days' journey to Belgrade—a journey I shall never forget. Close beside the course of the Vardar River, through mountain passes, our train ambled for mile upon mile between avenues of acacias in full bloom. So slowly did we travel, so luxuriant were the blossoms, that some Russian soldiers with us pulled off huge boughs with which to decorate the carriages. Soon we resembled some carnival car at a battle of flowers, for at nearly every station—and we stopped at every one—we were presented with large bunches of wild flowers by the peasants.

At times, as our train went rumbling along, we saw tortoises scrambling up the railway-banks; and once or twice an eagle devouring a sheep, perched on a rocky islet in the river, a sure refuge from disturbance. Once, for close on fifty miles, we passed through a continuous cloud of dragon-flies.

After travelling some twenty-four hours we arrived at Nish, one of the dirtiest, muddiest, and most uninteresting places in Serbia. Here we heard many tales of the terrible epidemic of typhus, which was by this time nearly over—how

people had fallen down and died in the streets, and how thirty thousand out of sixty thousand Austrian prisoners had succumbed to the disease. So many prisoners were taken during the Austrian retreat that the Serbians, when sending them to the rear, found it impossible to spare sufficient troops for their guard. In one instance nine thousand prisoners had to be sent to Kraguievatz. How to get them safely there was a problem. Not more than two or three men could be spared for escort. But the Austrians, after days of heavy fighting, were in a half-starved condition. They were, therefore, told to follow the telegraph-wires until they reached a certain town, where they could have a good meal and a rest. Thence they must again follow the wires until they arrived at Kraguievatz, where another meal would be awaiting them. All this they did implicitly, the whole nine thousand being in a very short space of time lodged in camp at Kraguievatz.

During our stay in Serbia we talked to many Austrian prisoners. Several had been waiters in London, and spoke perfect English. They were tired of the war, and, in fact, had never wanted to fight. All agreed that they were very well treated, as indeed they were. They were to be found everywhere—working on the railway, driving motors, acting as postmen, &c.; and except for their Austrian uniforms, one would not have known that they were prisoners.

After an enforced stay of some eight hours in Nish, we set out for Belgrade. All the trains stopped at Topsheda, as beyond that point the line was within range of Austrian guns. The rest of our party proceeded to drive to our hospital in Belgrade, distant about four miles; whilst I and a companion stayed behind to see to the removal of the four or five vanloads of luggage to a convoy of bullock-wagons. After hours of toiling in a blazing sun, with nothing to eat or drink, we managed to get the wagons loaded up and ready to start. Suddenly I heard the rumble of a train coming from the direction of Belgrade. Wondering how it had got on to the forbidden part of the line, I ran on to the track to have a look. At that moment a big shell burst thirty yards away, and feeling instinctively safer in company, I ran back as quickly as I could to the convoy. The Austrians had started bombarding the route along which we had to pass.

No one else seemed to worry much about this little episode, so we two novices plucked up courage and started off. Some of the shells fell very close to us, but we managed to maintain an outward appearance of perfect indifference, though I own my hand was not quite steady when I endeavoured to light a cigarette. We arrived, however, at Belgrade without mishap.

Life in a city subject to bombardment is full of side-shows. On our first morning we were quite excited at seeing a French aeroplane shelled by the enemy. As this proved to be

practically an everyday occurrence, we took scant notice of it after the first few days. At times we witnessed duels in the air; once, indeed, the airmen fought with revolvers, and in that, as in every other, encounter the Frenchman was the victor. On anniversaries, such as that of the assassination of the Austrian Crown Prince, and on the name-day of King Peter, we were deluged with souvenirs from enemy aeroplanes.

On one occasion we saw thirteen bombs dropped on the town, several of these being dummies with the attached announcement: 'Citizens of Belgrade, we are dropping thirteen bombs to-day in retaliation for your dropping thirteen bombs on —' (a town beyond Semlin which had been raided a short time before). These bombs resembled huge balls, and were surmounted with what looked like great waving ends of ribbon, which shone in the sun, and were quite two feet long and nearly six inches wide. Contrary to our expectations, they fell very slowly, taking more than a minute to reach the ground. On this occasion two aeroplanes simultaneously dropped a bomb each. We watched them fall side by side until they disappeared behind some houses in the next street. There were two loud reports, followed by clouds of smoke and dust rising slowly upwards.

Another excitement to which we soon became accustomed was bombardment by the enemy's guns. In nearly every case they hopelessly outranged our guns. However, our British batteries were very lucky; and although on one occasion twelve-inch shells fell thick around our battery, neither guns nor gunners (who retreated to a safe distance) sustained damage. On one occasion eleven shells burst in the heart of the town, happily doing little injury. For every shot received we gave as good, Semlin, the Austrian town on the other side of the Danube, being the chief sufferer.

One night we were startled to hear heavy gun-firing. Rushing up on to the roof, we saw the whole sky lit by the rays of searchlights, the flash of the guns, and the sudden blaze of exploding shells. The noise was terrific, and the spectacle most awe-inspiring; and yet one could not help likening it to a glorified fireworks display. As we afterwards learned, the cause of all this outburst was an Austrian patrol-boat endeavouring to come down the river from Semlin. Our batteries had opened fire, and the enemy on the farther bank responding, a general engagement ensued, which lasted some hours. The enemy boat was, I believe, finally sunk by shots from the Russian battery. The next morning a number of naked men were seen scrambling across the mud toward the Austrian shore. These were, no doubt, the survivors of the crew of the patrol-boat. The British officers were very much pleased over this affray, as they

managed to salvage from the sunken boat a fine gramophone and fifteen records, which were the means of giving us a delightful concert a few days later.

On Whitsunday several of us attended service at the church, where lie the remains of King Alexander and Queen Draga—a quaint little edifice standing in a picturesque churchyard. At the west end two wooden crosses leaning against the wall mark the graves of the unfortunate royal couple. Separating them is the grave of a pauper. Queen Draga's brother is also buried here, on the north side of the church.

Below our hospital stood the remains of the bridge, which was the main line of communication between Belgrade and Semlin. During the retreat of the Austrians last winter this bridge was the scene of a terrible catastrophe. When the news of the Serbian successes was made known in Semlin, engineers were at once sent to mine the bridge, and prevent the Serbs from following the retreating army into Austrian territory; but, a panic prevailing, the bridge was blown up too soon. It was appalling, an eye-witness told me, to see the artillery go galloping up the bridge and plunge in mid-stream into the swirling waters. Hundreds of soldiers, fleeing across the bridge, discovered too late their mistake, and, unable, in the terrible crush, to turn back, were slowly pushed forward until, slipping off the severed end of the bridge, they were carried downstream and drowned. Many, it is said, attempted to swim across, but the current of the flooded river was swift, and only a few—the strongest swimmers—were able to reach the other side.

We were never long in Belgrade without some fresh excitement. Once it was the attempt of six Austrian would-be deserters to cross the Danube. Five, succeeding in reaching our shore (the sixth was drowned), told pitiable tales of semi-starvation in Austria on rations of one pound of bread a day and nothing else. Another occasion of excitement was a *ruse* on the part of the enemy, a big raft rigged like a boat being sent down the river by night. Several of our batteries opened fire, sinking the raft, and by so doing disclosed their positions to the enemy. The latter, having a monitor at hand round the point at Semlin, promptly proceeded to bombard our artillery positions, without, however, inflicting any damage.

As autumn drew on, rumours increased and excitement grew apace. On the 25th September it was generally believed that two German and three Austrian divisions were assembled near Semlin. This created something like a panic, thousands of people leaving that night for Nish. However, as nothing happened, most of them returned in the course of a few days. On the 29th there was more excitement, crowds gathering to look across the river to Semlin, where, they

declared, large white flags were flying on the railway stations and on other important buildings. On all sides it was said that the Austrians were prepared for peace. Although I went up to our roof, I failed, even with the aid of field-glasses, to see anything in the nature of a white flag; but when I mentioned this to some Serbs they were very indignant.

During the last days of September and the first days of October the tide of events ran swiftly. Several German army corps appeared on the far side of the river; the railways on our side were closed to civilians, and the trains given over to the carrying of troops—presumably to the Bulgarian frontier, for the situation in the neighbouring kingdom was said to be very threatening. Even so, we continued to look upon events with perfect calmness. The French and British, it was rumoured, were landing at Salonica; and the newly arrived enemy formations at Semlin were to be moved on to the Italian front.

About this time a fresh batch of enemy aeroplanes appeared, and daily pestered us with their attentions, a courtesy we were unable to return, as our French aviation corps had been transferred to the Bulgarian frontier. On the 5th October a large 'albatross' flew continuously all day to and fro over the city, notwithstanding the shelling to which it was subjected. It was evidently taking observations of the batteries from which it drew fire. All that night there was leisurely but systematic firing—quite enough to make continuous sleep impossible.

On the morning of the 6th October the firing increased on both sides, for the 'albatross' was preparing to spend another day over Belgrade. Our Serbian out-patients began to grow uneasy, the more so when the first victims of the shelling appeared. There was a man with a shrapnel-bullet in his cheek, and three, as we subsequently found, in his coat-collar; there were also the less seriously injured members of a family whose house had been demolished around them. So we hurriedly got through with our out-patients, who numbered a hundred or more, and advised them to make their way quickly home.

At midday orders arrived that we were to be prepared to evacuate, if necessary, without delay. That afternoon, fearing that our big baggage would have to be abandoned, we packed our necessities in small bags. I also filled a big tin trunk with compressed foods, chocolates, &c.; for, if the Austro-Germans did cross the river, and the Bulgars cut the railway farther south, there was no telling how long we might have to wander about the country before we could find a safe exit.

Amongst many other things to do on that eventful day, I had to arrange for a room in the basement of the hospital, to which our staff could, if necessary, retire; and also make similar arrangements for the Serbian *voinicks*, as our

soldier servants were called. Choosing the best room, near the kitchen, for ourselves, I ordered it to be disinfected, whitewashed, and provisioned. On going downstairs, later on, to see how the work had been done, I found sixty refugees in possession of our nicely chosen retreat. This would never do; so the matron and I held a council, and finally decided to clear the coal-cellar as far as possible. To this retreat we then transferred the poor creatures. It was pathetic to see the children and the old women and a few old men huddled together on sacks, with one smoky lamp casting weird shadows over the grimy walls. But we could do no more than give them shelter, and two or three hot meals a day, all of which was willingly undertaken by our sorely tried but kind-hearted matron.

About tea-time there was a heavy bombardment of the town, and the air seemed filled with the shrieks and roars of the bursting shells. Three shrapnel-shells burst close to the door leading into the courtyard, where a Sister and I were standing. Fortunately we heard the approach of the shells, and had time to move indoors; but our escape was a narrow one.

All that afternoon and evening we were busy attending to the wounded, mostly gendarmes and civilians. From the thigh of one poor fellow, who had his leg broken, we extracted a yard of trousers and other clothing, which had been driven upward by the force of the explosion of the shell.

During the course of the evening the firing grew lighter, but the news we heard was far from encouraging. Seventy thousand shells, it was said, had fallen in and around the city—a statement which we, who had experienced it, could fully credit. The enemy had concentrated one hundred howitzers against our ten batteries of light guns; and though the latter had withheld fire, waiting until an attempt should be made to cross the river, it seemed unlikely that they would be able to hold the enemy for any length of time.

At 1.30 A.M., our work having slackened considerably, most of the staff retired to rest. At 2 A.M. the firing suddenly ceased, and for two or three minutes there was a dead silence, the precursor of an attempt on the part of the enemy to cross the river. Although, after the racket we had endured, the quiet was, in a sense, blissful, yet those few minutes were some of the most terrible I have ever spent—waiting for the renewal of battle, in trepidation lest the brave Serbs should not be able to stop the advance of the enemy.

Later I learned that during this first attempt two thousand Germans reached Serbian soil, but were unable to penetrate beyond the electric-light station, close to the river. An hour or so after the initial crossing took place several ladies and gentlemen arrived at the hospital. Fighting was going on within a hundred yards or so of

the street in which they lived, rendering that quarter of the town unsafe. After hot tea and biscuits all worked at making swabs, except those of us who were told off to attend to the wounded. At 7 A.M. the firing grew lighter. The matron and I ventured into the market, and found three stalls open. Not knowing what time might elapse before we could again replenish our larder, we purchased all we could get.

Whilst in the market we saw a continual procession of wounded being carried in hand manure-carts, stretchers and ambulances having given out. After breakfast so many wounded arrived at the hospital that we could do no more for them than remove their overcoats and boots, dress their wounds, and put them into bed. The hospital was like an armoury, littered with swords, rifles, and bombs belonging to our patients. Fearing that shells might fall on the building and hit the bombs and explode them, I picked up as many as possible and carried them to a place of safety.

That night I was on duty in charge of the wards, having under me several Serbian orderlies. From time to time rifle-bullets and pieces of shell came whizzing through the window and embedded themselves in the walls, frightening terribly a poor woman in one of the wards who had been severely wounded. All night I sat by her side holding her hand; and when I left her to make my half-hourly round, she called without ceasing until I returned.

In the early hours of the morning (8th October) I was relieved from duty. Throwing myself on my bed, I slept soundly for five hours in spite of the din. All that morning we were kept busy, for the wounded were pouring in to the hospital. Fighting was going on in the streets of Belgrade, the Serbs contesting every inch. Nearer and nearer came the battle, and once, in its ebb and flow, it reached the street next to the hospital.

It was at this period of the contest that I was called downstairs to help a poor fellow who had crawled from the fighting-line to our steps, and could get no farther. There I found him sitting on the steps, wounded beyond all hope. He died in the act of being lifted on to a stretcher.

At 10.30 A.M. we received an order from the authorities to send all patients who could possibly walk to Torlak, seven or eight miles distant, and to transfer the cot cases to the military hospital. Redoubling our energies, we helped the less seriously wounded to dress, packed them off on their journey, and sent the cot cases on stretchers, or in our own cart, to the military hospital, not far away. At one hospital at the farther end of the town an order was received that every man, however bad, able to get out of bed was to go at once to man the trenches, and this though rain was pouring in torrents.

The wounded were still crowding in upon us, but we only applied dressings to the new arrivals, and sent them on at once to the military hospital.

That afternoon we discussed the advisability of evacuating the hospital, and decided to do so. No sooner, however, had we commenced the evacuation than a mounted officer galloped up and handed in an order for us to remain. The situation, we learned, was rapidly improving, and reinforcements in large numbers were arriving.

The hospital, therefore, was reopened; and, whilst the Sisters were preparing beds, several of us went into the main street to collect wounded. Never shall I forget the sight that met our eyes. It was still raining with unceasing vigour. From the farther end of the street, where fighting was in progress, came a stream of wounded, some walking steadily enough, some limping or being helped by less wounded comrades, some dragging themselves on hands and knees, and some lying helpless and moaning on the pavement or the road. Before long our wards were again nearly half-full, and our dressing-room crowded with cases of less serious injury.

I was standing in the hall some time later, when I was surprised to see a troop of soldiers enter and march straight up to the main ward. Following them upstairs, I found they had orders to move all our patients from the hospital. After we had superintended their removal, our work as a hospital was limited to dressing minor injuries; but even this was done with difficulty, as we had no longer any supply of water, and but few candles and lamps to work by.

About 7 p.m. Dr Ryan arrived from the American hospital. After a brief review of the situation, he gave us orders to evacuate before it was too late. The greater portion of our belongings was locked in our rooms, in the hope that in a few days' time we should be able to return. So we packed a few hand-bags, and piled them in our pony-cart. Then, carrying what we could, we stepped out into the rain, and started on our journey to Torlak.

One of our party had a lamp to guide us on our way; but we had hardly got going before two gendarmes came running up, and ordered the light to be extinguished. This did not, however, trouble us, as a great part of the city was already in flames, and the flare and blaze of the burning town lit up our way. We had not gone far before we found the road well-nigh blocked with traffic. On the one side were strings of bullock-wagons, serving as field kitchens and ambulances, or for the removal of the household effects of farms; on the other was an endless stream of refugees plodding doggedly onward, the halt and the lame helped by the strong and merciful, and the children crying pitifully. Many had had no food all day, nor would have, in all likelihood, for some days to come. Others were resting on the grass or lying asleep in the roadside ditches of running water.

Before leaving the hospital I had filled my pockets with cigarettes and matches, and these I gave to all the wounded men who were travel-

ling on the road with us. One man made no answer to my repeated offer, so I lit a match, and found that his face had been shattered by a shell.

Twice, as we ascended to the summit of a hill, we turned back to take a sad farewell look at Belgrade. Poor Belgrade! Her streets and houses torn by shot and shell, and now aflame in every quarter of the city! Above the glare, as though to mock her, a stream of rockets burst, so that all might see her misery. This was our last view of the 'White City,' the pride of Serbia.

For hours we tramped on through mud and rain, in pitchy darkness, save for the occasional glimmer of a lantern, which gave us a momentary view of our surroundings. At times we stood in a water-logged ditch, waiting for our cart, which had been held up in the slow-moving jumble of confused traffic.

At last we arrived at Torlak. There we were lucky enough to meet some of our battery officers, who offered us a lift in a motor-lorry. Although our cart, colliding with a military bullock-wagon, had been thrust over a twenty-foot bank, and was now lying at the bottom, our hosts would not let us stop to extricate it. One half of the Serbian artillery had already retired; the retreat of the other half was to be expected. In this contingency it was desirable to start before the artillery could overtake us on the road. So, giving instructions to the servants to meet us when and where they could, we started off on our sixty-mile journey. A few days later they overtook us—servants, cart, and what remained of our luggage. We were very lucky ever to have met; for the morning after we left Torlak the artillery, retiring to positions on the hills behind the town, had galloped at full speed along the road filled with refugees, who, unable to move out of the way, were mown down by the onrushing guns.

Continuing our journey in an open railway truck, we reached a small town some hundred miles to the south of Torlak. Here we spent a few days, if not in comfort, at least in peace and far away from the awful din of battle. Yet for many of us, even now, continuous sleep was impossible, owing to the imaginary sounds that assailed our nerve-racked ears. At our next stopping-place, Nish, we found the streets gaily decorated to welcome the long-expected arrival of the French troops, who, alas! never came.

After a short stay in Nish we were sent on to Skoplje (Uskub) by train. A section of the line was blown up by the Bulgars three minutes after our train had passed, thus cutting off all railway communication between Skoplje and the north of Serbia. In due course we arrived at Salonica, where we secured passages in a transport to Lemnos. Thence we worked our passage home in a hospital ship.

GOD'S COWARD.

By Mrs STANLEY WRENCH.

CHAPTER I.

'OH! he'll be killed! He'll be killed!'

A woman's voice shrieked the words. There was a clatter of pails, a loud bellow from the farmyard, and a shout of terror from the man. 'Help! help!' he cried.

The frightened maid-servants screamed in chorus, again came that savage bellow, and Honor Wilmoth hurried to the window. What she saw there caused her to fling up the sash and leap out 'as lithe an' lissom as a maid o' sixteen,' said one of the scared maids afterwards; but, though the momentary shock had driven every vestige of colour from her face, she did not hesitate.

That morning they had taken Daisy's calf from her. During the forenoon the disconsolate creature had lowed incessantly, the plaintive crying proving most distressing to the ears of all within reach. In the afternoon they had tethered the cow to a post in the yard near the milking-shed, so that when her former companions were driven home at dusk she would be within reach of their company.

Maddened by her loss, Daisy had sulked in silence; but old Thomas, the cowherd, who understood animals, complained and begged for her removal.

'Twon't do no good, missis,' he said stubbornly. 'Tis agen natur'. The cow 'ave got no business there. 'Er'll do somebody a mischief afore long.'

Honor Wilmoth looked at the old man, a peculiar expression in her blue eyes. 'Master has her put there, I suppose, Thomas?' she asked.

'E 'as,' he assented gruffly. 'E 'as; 'e said 'twould be company like fur 'er; but master don't understand cows. 'Is books don't learn 'im 'ow to deal wi' sick critters.'

For a second she had hesitated, then pride came to her aid. 'Let the cow remain, Thomas,' she said. 'Master must be obeyed.'

But even as she spoke Honor Wilmoth fancied there was the flicker of a sneer on the old retainer's face; she caught the ghost of a giggle from the kitchen where the serving-maids listened; and as she went back to the long, low room where David Wilmoth sat, a book of poetry before him, she found herself fretfully wondering why she had married this man, this poetaster, this dabbler in rhymes, with a temperament as widely diverse from her own as the hardy purple heather is from the most exotic orchid-bloom. He, 'star-brother' and 'sun-brother' to wandering tribes of gipsies, a man to whom romance was as necessary as daily bread, who talked of the beckoning blue hills

as though they were spirits, and who saw the poignant beauty of upland, woodland, and sea, wholly lacked a practical side, though at the same time he persisted in thrusting his whimsical ideas upon a workaday world. Honor Wilmoth had come of a yeoman stock for generations, understood to a fraction the value of each farming operation, owned the land she farmed, and farmed well; but when she married David Wilmoth she made the mistake of insisting that he should share her responsibilities. His fanciful theories sometimes cost her dear.

This one threatened to do so. Even in the moment of jeopardy she remembered that old Thomas had a large family of young children by his second wife, none of them old enough to be bread-winners, and old Thomas was in very grave peril.

Daisy had broken loose, and as Honor Wilmoth threw up the sash it seemed as though a tragedy would be played before her very eyes. Across the yard, his eyes big with fright, the old man sprang backward and forward, shouting breathlessly, yet every moment more and more at the mercy of the infuriated animal, who, having driven him into a corner, pawed the ground, and with head lowered made rush after rush towards him. In spite of his age, old Thomas was agile enough just to escape the horns; but this could not last long. At each rush she gave him shorter shrift, and the screaming maids sobbed that he would be 'hornched to death by that mad critter.'

Honor Wilmoth took in the whole scene. Upon the granary-steps, safely out of reach of the cow, her husband stood, his face terror-stricken and devoid of colour. It was this, as much as the danger, that drove her forward. Catching up a sheet which lay upon the grass-plot bleaching in the sun, she wrenched open the wicket gate, and flew across the heaps of rotting manure. With a dexterous twist of the wrist she flung the sheet full over the charging creature's head, and, leaping forward, dragged up the corners so that for a second or two the cow was blindfold.

The sudden onslaught took the creature by surprise, and the momentary pause gave the cowherd opportunity to quit his corner.

'Quick, Thomas!' she panted.

Thomas was quick, but the cow was quicker. Even as the old man hobbled forward to secure the rope, she tossed her head, and half-freed herself from its encumbrance, and the danger seemed redoubled, for, on her seeing two antagonists, her fury grew apace.

Then old Thomas did a thing of which in

saner moments he would never have dreamed. Lying beside him on the heap of straw and manure was a pitchfork, and, seizing this, in desperation he prodded the creature to drive her back.

'Out o' way, missis,' he panted. 'Out o' way. I'll drive 'er in barn.'

Bellowing in pain and anger, Daisy was forced towards the open doors; they swung to with a bang; there was a scuffle and intermittent lowing; and the two, mistress and man, panting fast, stared at each other.

'A near go, missis,' said old Thomas, wiping the sweat from his brow. 'A near go that.'

She nodded. Her heart was beating fast.

'Never 'ad a cow goa fur me like that afore,' said the cowman. 'Lor' bless me! if you 'adn't 'ave come when you did, missis, I dunno what 'u'd ha' 'appened. 'Er 'orns were wi'in an inch o' my shoulder more nor once.'

'What a nerve 'er've got, to be sure!' he cried, a quarter of an hour later, drinking his cider, and explaining to the two maids who had watched the affair exactly what had been his feelings. 'What a nerve 'er've got! Never seemed to turn a 'air. As cool as a cucumber 'er were.'

'Er ought to ha' bin a man,' said one of the women. 'Queer how God do mix up things, b'ain't it? There's master now, allus moonin' about, wi' 'is 'ands lily-white, messin' about wi' books an' rhymin', an' she, the best farmer in county, never content 'cept 'er be up an' doin'. Master ain't got no nerve neither. See what a way 'e were in.'

'Reckon missis 'll gi'e 'im a talkin' to,' giggled the other maid. 'Er eyes were like fire when 'er see 'im there never offerin' to 'elp. Law, 'ow white 'e did go, to be sure, when 'e see that mossal o' blood on Daisy!'

'Poor critter!' sighed old Thomas; but his thoughts were with the cow. 'Never ha' I 'urt a critter in all my born days, but a man's life be 'is life,' he ended solemnly; 'an' 'twere touch-an-go wi' me just then. I 'u'dn't ha' 'urt Daisy, though, 'cept I were druv'. I'd as soon ha' 'it one o' the chillern.'

'Why didn't master come down to 'elp 'e?' asked one of the women. 'There 'a were, starin' like a stuck pig—gre't gowk! No patience wi' 'im, I ha'. Menfolk 'aven't no business to ha' nerves like wimmin. Nought but a coward 'e be, arter all.'

Old Thomas set down his tankard, wiped his mouth, and carefully stowed away his red pocket-handkerchief. 'I dunno, I dunno,' he muttered. 'Master be a queer man, 'tis true; but 'e be different to you an' me, my wenches. I dunno whether I should call 'im a coward, I dunno. Maybe 'e be one; but if so, 'tis God's coward 'e be.'

'Law, Thomas, what queer things you do say!'

said the elder of the two women. 'Whatever do you mean?'

He scratched his gray head. 'I dunno,' he said. 'Master 'mazes me. 'E do seem to be womanish by whiles, an' yet 'e b'ain't neither. 'E'm just one o' God's cowards, I reckon.'

They waited for him to explain.

'It be no good blamin' a man fur what 'e ain't got,' he said, 'ner fur what 'e've never 'ad. 'Tis like loutin' a looney fur not doin' work same as t' other folks. Us calls short-witted folks God's soft-bakes; an' if Providence sees fit to send one man into the world short o' brains, 'tis as like 'E'll see fit to send another short o' pluck. Some folk can't abear the sight o' blood, an' some be feared o' the dark, but 'tis no manner o' use blamin' 'em for't. 'Tis God's cowards they be, that's all.'

It was, perhaps, a pity that Honor Wilmoth could not hear her servant speaking. She and her husband walked together from the farmyard, she with heightened colour and gleaming eyes, eyes that shone like two points of fire; he with white face, his deep-blue eyes like twin pansies dew-bedimmed, his hands clenched as was his custom when under deep emotion. Not a word did either speak until they reached the low-ceiled room with its oak rafters running across. It was a step down into the room, and she stumbled slightly. The man put out his hand involuntarily, but she snatched herself from him. The heavy oak door closed.

'Coward!' she cried. 'Coward!'

Such scorn lay in the word that it lifted him out of his dreams.

'Honor!' he cried. 'Honor!'

But the sound of her own name stung her to madness.

'I thought I had married a man,' she cried tauntingly. 'Oh, I can assure you it was a pretty picture for the world to see this afternoon—a pretty picture indeed. An old man and a woman at the mercy of a mad cow, and what should have been a man fainting at sight of a pin-prick.'

Against his will, he shuddered. Some devil seemed to urge her on. All the surging crowd of bitter thoughts, all the repressed emotion of months past, all the half-formed regrets, the restlessness that had encompassed her, all the vague and fretful longings, all the dissatisfaction at not being able to understand this man whose name she bore, these, in their live form, came pouring forth, and David Wilmoth stood back amazed.

It was a man who faced her, pale at her accusations. But he throbbed beneath the sting of the lash, and something beat fast, hurt, and grew numb within him. He had always looked on Honor as different, he knew her to be different, from himself; she, a radiant being, a thing of splendour and flame, but—his woman still.

For poetaster and peasant are the same beneath their different masks, and primeval man scarcely differs a jot.

His deep-blue eyes grew black with suffering, and, seeing the hurt that lay there, she joyed in her cruelty, for a woman stung in her secret soul recked little—nay, revels in bringing pain to the author of her own sorrow. All the gamut of emotion in the artist soul of him responded, thrilled, and quivered beneath her touch of scorn. Yet even when his chance for speech came he had no words.

But one word of hers remained. Coward!

There was a long silence in the low-ceiled, oak-timbered room, the wood fire leapt, and the scent from the fir-cones drifted out like incense. He and she had gathered the cones the day before; and now, as he remembered that walk, their talk, the nearness and dearness of her, something hurt him all at once, and brackish tears stood in his eyes. How little he understood a woman, after all! He had thought her wholly his, and she could say these terrible things to him. Coward! coward! coward! The words seemed written in the fire, leapt into life in the lurking shadows, and shouted themselves in the wind as it wound past, gathering up all the little breezes of the way as they shivered and shrank in the twilight.

A daffodil sky lit up the west, and at any other moment he would have thrilled at the sunset; through the open window came the dull booming of the breakers on the shore, and a pearly mist hovered over the sea. Framed in black oak, smoked by centuries, the lattice window made a picture, but the man stared at it with eyes that saw nothing save the one ugly word, and his brain seemed a whispering-gallery tossing the taunt backward and forward.

The light faded; the waiting woman sat up and choked back a sigh. She was restless and unhappy, for already shame began to stir. Who was she to judge a creature of wholly different calibre from herself, perhaps of finer senses, who could tell?—a man who found in trees and brooks and meadows nature spirits, denizens of other worlds; who had an inner life, and a curious power of vision, with the psychic side so intimately a part of himself that it could not be dissociated? Who was she, peasant daughter of the soil, to call him to judgment?

She halted, wavered, half-turned to touch his hand; then pride stepped in. He should speak the first word.

Presently he rose, and without speaking made for the door. Even then she waited, expecting him to give some sign. But the heavy door swung to behind him, leaving her alone. Honor Wilmoth's lips tightened.

She rang for lights and tea, and dallied over the teacups. But he did not return, and as she ate buttered toast she turned over the tragedy of her life and shivered.

David Wilmoth had been tramping the coast, sketching, dreaming, indulging in visions called up by romantic scenery and his inner consciousness, when he met his fate in the woman he had married. Their courtship was short, passionate; but even now, as she remembered and gave herself up to the wonder of it all, Honor Wilmoth thrilled. She had loved him, this creature from another world than hers, and he—he adored her. Nay, more, she knew he worshipped her still. But like all the women whose bleeding feet have trudged the path before her, she tore that worship to shreds and cast it from her, flung the mantle of self-pity over herself, and let Ego loom large. Like the rest of women, she waited only for a finger out of the dark to wrest that pitiful mantle away.

The door opened. She turned eagerly. Oh, how eagerly she held out her hands! But it was only the evening post come in. She took up the letters wearily. Seed and provender catalogues she thrust aside. There was one letter, addressed in thin spidery characters on pale-gray paper, a foreign stamp and post-mark in one corner. His mother. David had told her she was an invalid, and always lived abroad. They had already settled to go out to Capri next year to see her. She wrote seldom, but her letters were packed with kindness. She had welcomed Honor as a daughter; and Honor, who had met with scant love in her life, leaned toward the frail old lady who yearned toward England, yet must needs remain an exile. She lingered over the letter, but one passage sent the blood flaming to her face, and her heart beat fast. It was strange this message should come now!

'My thoughts and prayers are always with you, my dear,' she wrote. 'One day, Honor dearest, when you have a little one of your own, you will understand. Day after day I bless God and am thankful he met you, the woman who could understand him. My boy's letters are so happy, and I, who have trembled for the time when I should be forced to divide his love, bless you for his happiness. He was such a delicate child, such a wisp, I sometimes feared the wind would blow him away, and his big blue eyes would stare up at mine like great pansies. It hurts me to see pansies now. His father died, as you know, before he was born; and all those months before I bore him I lived on the Borderland of Life and Death, my soul filled with vague longings. Was it small wonder my boy was born a frail, tender spirit, shrinking from everything that seemed terrible and likely to hurt, and as full of the wonder-spirit as though he had been a true Celt? No Viking he, but Gaelic in heart and mind, and the old Highland nurse I had whilst he was a "tiny" sowed seeds of make-believe in his baby mind, so that sometimes

I have watched him and believed in dual personalities.' . . .

There was more, just the tender, happy reminiscences one woman pours out to another; but Honor Wilmoth shuddered. She laid the letter down, and thrust her fingers in her ears as though to shut out the sound of her own words.

'Coward!' she had cried.

Yet only the day before, when she had whispered her hopes to him beneath the fir, she had thrust her fingers in his hand, twining them round his passionately, caressingly, her whole soul in her shining eyes.

'Pray God he will be like you, David,' she had whispered then. 'There have been enough of peasant boors; let our son be a poet.'

Pagan spirit that he was, David had loosed a ring he always wore, and flung it into the sea before he turned to take her in his arms.

'Propitiation to the sea-gods,' he said; and, smiling at his quaint fatalism, she had gathered the fir-cones, and that night they had solemnly burnt them in the fire.

'Incense to the wood-gods,' he murmured, and to-day, with more fir-cones burning, she was hurt at the remembrance. How she had failed to understand the mystic in him! How she had fallen short of his demands! Now, a woman's letter had lifted the veil from her eyes. Now she understood his dread of ugly and hurtful things, his fatalism, his sense of the Infinite, and she had called him—coward!

She started up, hearing the cry of a dog. On the twilight air it seemed pitiful, strange, and wrapped with ill omen. She listened. The creature keened again, and to her overstrained nerves the cry struck dim terror to her senses. Yet she knew it was only Dan the sheepdog shut in an outhouse by old Thomas as he went home.

Hardly knowing what she did, she went out, unlatched the hovel door, and let the great shaggy beast escape. It rushed out, ran round and round as though seeking some one, then headed straight for the orchard, from whence a path went down to the sea. Again, without knowing why, she followed.

The last daffodil gleams had faded from the sky, a pearly mist lay across the sea, and a low muttering in the caves below told of the turn of the tide. The sibilant swish mingling with the screech of the gulls was eerie and strange; but all at once, straining her eyes, she became aware of something oddly different. The very atmosphere seemed to have changed as she sat there. A gray mist had come down, blotting out the island away to westward; the low ridges of shark-tooth rocks in the bay below were lost in silver smoke-like masses of drifting haze; but away to the right, where the mist curtain had not yet dropped, a curious pillar of gray haze hung 'twixt sky and sea. She rose, scrambling to her feet quickly.

'A waterspout,' she said, for Honor Wilmoth was learned in weather lore. 'We shall have the mill-stream swollen again.'

Swiftly she hurried homewards. The lamp was lighted in the parlour, its beams lighting up the flagged path. She could see her husband within, his curly head bowed over a book. For full five minutes she stood back, unseen, among the shadows and gazed, a struggle going on within her.

She wanted, all that was womanly within her wanted, to rush forward, fling herself at his feet, and beg for forgiveness; she wanted the feel of his arms around her, his voice in her ear as he whispered it was hers for the asking; and yet—something held her back.

In after years, as she went over this scene again, she knew it was pride, the cursed yeoman pride that was her heritage. Of a stiff-necked people of the soil she came, stubborn, resisting even in the face of a knowledge of right.

There was something besides, although she could not fathom its mystery. Like every woman, mated or free, let screaming propagandists prate as they will, she wanted to feel her master; had he commanded at that instant she would have obeyed, laid herself meekly at his feet, listened for his every behest. Woman still plays with emotion as did Eve in the Garden of Eden.

(Continued on page 472.)

CURFEW.

1096.

ADOWN the centuries, o'er land and sea,
There wakes an echo of the curfew bell
To ghostly tolling of the dead years' knell.
Erst, by the Norman despot's wise decree,
It rang to lessen murder, robbery,
Chance fires, and arson; rang, by gloom to quell
Seditious plots, which to rebellion swell
Where lately conquered foes strain to be free.
Alike within the peasant's hut of wood
And baron's lordly keep swift died the light
Of quickly covered fire, of feeble rush
And candle, lamp and torch. In kindly mood,
Toward those whom cockcrow woke to toil, fair
night
Gifted sound sleep, deepened by winds' low hush.

1916.

SINCE Rufus reigned, eight centuries have wrought
A transformation strange. Churchman and sage,
Bard, scientist, and monarch, on his age
Have each left mark ere passing. Time has brought
New lands to form our Empire. Near and far,
In pride of place, we basked beneath the sun,
Unwitting that the friendly-seeming Hun
In secret wove 'the crimson web of war.'*
Now swings a noiseless curfew bell to shield
Our armies, homes, and ships from terrors grim
That fly by night, strike upward from the wave,
Rain fire, and spout destruction. So we yield
Obedience loyal, and to twilight dim
Reduce the brilliance years of science gave.

JANE LEISHMAN.

* Gray's *The Fatal Sisters*.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

IT is difficult to realise that till the end of the nineteenth century there was no German navy to speak of; that the grandiose scheme of challenging British might upon the water had not then entered the exalted mind of Berlin. In a secluded corner of remembrance I have just encountered the most attractive and veracious story of the genesis of the navy of our enemies, a piquant tale which, for its historical value, should be accorded the fullest means of circulation. Mr Poultney Bigelow is one of the higher Americans, a man of the culture and tastes of the best Europeans, one of wide outlook and human sympathy, a lover of his own country, a warm friend of the Allies. Americans, as I know them, are of many types and consciences and minds; those I have called the higher Americans—who will be recognised as a distinct class, an aristocracy of mind and heart, by all who have studied them in their own country—are splendid men. Now the father of Poultney Bigelow was United States Minister to France; and the boy, being sent to school in Germany, was favoured with the opportunity of associating as playfellow with the present Kaiser, then the young Prince William, who showed a distinct partiality for him. This early association has been renewed many times since then, and one esteems Mr Bigelow in that—fiercely as his love and admiration for the Allies are burning, and his hatred of German methods and ideals is increasing—he will say no unkind word of him with whom he played as a boy in the new palace grounds at Potsdam. Toward the Kaiser as a man he confesses gratitude, and for his talents much respect. Nor is he conscious of having ever uttered in word or print anything that could not be repeated in the Emperor's hearing, and with profit to the listener.

* * *

It is becoming so hard to understand the development from simple boyhood to that peculiar mental and temperamental state the Kaiser has reached that it seems to many of us that, when all is over, these tales of the Prince William, with omen and suggestion embraced in them, will have an enduring and increasing attraction. The fearful tragedy of the Prince, self-harnessed to an appalling Fate, may have a morbid interest

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for those who thousands of years hence consider the possibilities and destinies of human beings. Those happy boys, the Hohenzollern and young Bigelow, used to kick a football about in the palace on wet days until broken panes of glass attracted the tutor's attention. One time the Prince led his young American friend by a mysterious staircase into the theatre where Voltaire had acted in his own plays during the famous Potsdam days, and there they amused themselves hauling scenery up and down, and strutting about in imaginary rôles. To this day the Kaiser is essentially a showman, an actor. He is just a gigantic poser, which is less than an actor, since in the posing there must be continual self-consciousness, while the spirit of the good actor is transmuted, and he becomes for the hour in a peculiar measure in body and mind the figure he represents. To a varying extent all of us are actors. We assume manners; we lead our dispositions and temperaments upon carefully arranged paths; we say and do things in particular ways according to a considered scheme; continually we study effects and how they may be improved; and rarely are we our own plain selves until our daytime trappings have given place to the thin garment of the night, and the pose of form and features lapses to plain naturalness in the darkness through which we sleep and rest for the better and more successful acting of a following day. But, to most of us, this acting in our early years soon becomes a second nature; the ways of action and the thoughts that go with them become a settled system; they are no longer affairs of full consciousness; they are purely natural; they are the character. Yes, it seems that this character is made by acting; and when character is made, when the habit has become the settled system, working subconsciously from the mind, the acting is ended. It is a fair and honest development. But with a few the character does not fasten, the acting continues beyond the proper period, the practice of posing develops, and hateful hypocrisy, cunning, and almost every human ugliness supervene. The absurdity of the comparisons that some still make between Napoleon and William of Hohenzollern is proved in one of a hundred ways on this very point. Napoleon was a vain man. He had a great regard for appearances; the

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JUNE 24, 1916.

glamour of fine and imperial display appealed to him as it does to most men who have the opportunity of exhibiting power, and he had a keen sense of drama and staging. He, also, would ride on a white horse. But Napoleon was only subconsciously an actor; he played always from his own perfected character, and in the great moments he was himself, and neither poser nor hypocrite. So in Napoleon, with his natural nobility, there was a true greatness, and there was little that was mean. On the contrary, the Kaiser is a poser always. We have had continual proof of it ever since the war began. He is acutely conscious and careful of every movement of limb and muscle, every uttered phrase, every effect produced. We who remember his riding the white horse through Hyde Park at the funeral of Queen Victoria on that icy morning of January, and saw the posing then, have considered Kaiser William in a way of suspicion since.

* * *

But William has already discovered, and is destined to discover more, that while acting and posing may serve a useful purpose in minor and individual life, they go not well with emperors. Heaven is teaching a tremendous, a terrible, lesson in sincerity to the world at the present time. Insincerity is the cardinal fault of all mankind. Few are free from it. In sincerity we Britons have advanced greatly since the beginning of the cataclysm, and in sincerity we shall gain most from the war. But ours is an insincerity, hardly conscious and culpable, of a very different degree from that of the Kaiser and his associates. At worst it has been no matter of posing. The insincerity of the leaders of Germany, and particularly that of its ruler, admits of no extenuation; it is insincerity at its worst, devoid of all honourable and decent purpose, completely conscious, insidious, crafty. It is the shoddiest of play-acting. The Germans have nearly raised hypocrisy to an art, but it has lacked the essential virtue of concealment. And the Kaiser has found also that acting and posing go not well with militarism either. Mr Bigelow suggests to us that the Prussian stage can produce no great actor merely because none such could survive the barrack-room methods of a Prussian *Hof* intendant. He says the Emperor is the impresario in chief, and under him are lieutenants who conceive of Shakespeare as a product of Prussian *Kultur*, and consequently amenable to military discipline. Every Prussian actor makes love at exactly the same angle; and when the hero dies, or fights, or commits murder, the Prussian has the supreme satisfaction of reflecting that death, murder, love-making, and the other stock features of the drama are perpetrated on every stage in Prussia in exactly the same manner, according to paragraphs prepared by the Minister of War or his dramatic lieutenant. A departure from

orthodox dying and declamation on the Prussian stage would render the impresario of that particular theatre suspect on the ground of incomplete patriotic education. The Prussian aristocracy would resent an innovation in this field as promptly as they would the failure to click the heels together when bowing. And the Kaiser is looked upon as being perhaps too much of an impresario, because he not only manifests personal interest in all the theatres under his control, but by a shrug or a movement of the lips can discourage a play of great merit. If he were a ruler over British or French subjects, says our thoughtful American, he would do little harm by his intervention in details of architecture, painting, sculpture, singing societies, theatrical representations, and the whole circle of the humanities. But as he has under him a people so docile intellectually as that over which he rules as a demigod, he can give a character to the literature and the art of his day that is wholly Prussian and patriotic, yet bad artistically. So, with the horrid incongruity of militarism and acting, war and hypocrisy, patriotism and posing, the Kaiser makes a sad picture. History, when she comes to take account long years hence of the figures of this upheaval, will surely sicken at the handling of this mean and miserable thing; the prince of posers, the boy-actor who never did grow up and lose his consciousness of posing.

* * *

With only a little imagination and arrangement of facts and sequences, we may attribute the origin of the German navy to William's inborn and persistent love and practice of posing and pretence. Anyhow, if in this suggestion we go too far, we have Mr Bigelow with us to share the fault. It was in the days when the Prince and the American schoolboy arranged the scenery and played their parts in the theatre at Potsdam that the German navy had its first cause. It was in this way, as Mr Bigelow informs us. One of the chief amusements of these boys was to sail on a toy frigate which had been presented to the husband of Queen Louise by our King William IV. It was a perfect model of a full-rigged three-master British man-of-war before the days of steam, and at a distance revived memories of battles under Rodney and Nelson. But when the observer approached nearer it was seen to be merely a plaything about the size of a man-of-war's launch, though the yards and sails and halyards were complete in all their details. The boys cruised on this toy frigate after imaginary buccaneers; and, under the direction of an experienced petty officer of the navy, they trimmed the little yards, flattened in the sheets of the headsails, and manipulated the baby pieces of artillery with all the enthusiasm of children playing at real war. 'William,' says Mr Bigelow, 'delighted in this work, and it

would not be much of an exaggeration to call this little British plaything the parent ship of his latter-day navy.' Here is the authority for the suggestion made some lines above, and it is peculiarly interesting. One parts from it with the reflection that when the Prince acted the high admiral as a boy, and scoured the Potsdam lake in search of pirates, his navy of one toy ship was a braver and more honourable thing than the mass of iron which has cost his people thousands of millions of marks, and now lies in idle hiding, while its underwater auxiliaries sneak through the depths to play the part of pirate and murderer against the innocent trading-ships not merely of their enemy, but of friendly peoples, and send to their deaths the women and children who are aboard.

* * *

And here I am reminded that I have a tale to tell that has not yet been presented to British readers, preoccupied as they have been with their own cares and sorrows. It is a tale of one of the achievements of the German navy that sprang from the little ship the boys sailed at Potsdam when their ideal seemed to be the chasing and punishment of foul buccaneers. When in Spain I have listened with pleasure and admiration to the music of some of the Spanish composers who are too little recognised out of their own country. Foremost among these composers—and a great performer on the pianoforte too—was Enrique Granados. In his music there were the colour and the softness and the vivacity of Spain; he gave us the tone of the country; his Spanish dances are charming things. He, a gentle, soulful, happy creature, was one of the great spirits of modern Spain, one of those with whom the nation was reaching forward to her new and better life. Among his people he was loved. He gave them delight, and they saw that in him, with his ideals and his genius, the value of Spain would be better represented to the peoples of foreign lands. Granados, real Spaniard, had had his genius developed and trained in Paris, where he was popular. When he returned to Spain he had great ambitions, and one of them was to be the first Spanish composer to give a Spanish opera to other countries, to tell through it some of the spiritual qualities, some of the soul, of the country that gave him life. No Spanish opera had been presented at any of the great musical centres of the world. Spanish opera was thought to be a thing that did not and could not exist. Even in Spain they were sometimes apt to consider it in that way; and so at the Opera House at Madrid there were continually and uninterruptedly presented the works of German, French, and Italian composers, and Spanish musicians writhed under the performance of *Carmen* by a French composer, showing Spain as she was not and could not be. It was through Granados chiefly that it was hoped that much, if not all,

of this would be changed. He set himself to compose an opera in which Spain would be heard and felt. When in his land I was told of his work upon it—how he had taken the great Spanish painter Goya for his *motif*, and with the title of *Goyescas* was shaping scenes in the life of the artist, slender scenes that by the subtle suggestion of the music would be made to sing of Spain. It was an opera in which the music should wholly and completely make the atmosphere, as music had never better done before. It was a vast ambition, but it succeeded. The opera was completed. Granados, a few months before the war began, took it to Paris, and there it was listened to in semi-private with admiration and enthusiasm. He achieved the first stage of his grand ambition—the high authorities of the Opera House there accepted the work, and set themselves to prepare for its production. Such an honour had never been achieved by Spanish composer before. It would have been produced in the autumn of 1914; but there came the war, and this plan, with a million others that were good, fell at the first crash of gunfire.

* * *

It was a disappointment; but Enrique Granados was courageous and resourceful, and there are other lovers of music in the world besides those of Paris. New York had heard and envied; it gave Granados the invitation to let it see and hear what Paris had to go without. A fine offer was made to him, and was accepted. The honour of having a Spanish opera produced in the greatest style in a great foreign city was still to be that of Granados. All arrangements were made, and with loud acclamation Granados sailed from Spain to a sure conquest of North America. Spanish scene-painters made the setting for it; Spanish singers played the parts. The production took place brilliantly at the end of last January. It was received with joy, this fine development of the piano sketches that Granados had previously composed into splendid pictures suggested by the imagination of the extraordinary painter whose life reads not as romance but as a fairy tale. *Goyescas*; or, *The Rival Lovers*, was a great success. Granados was very happy. Spain was delighted. On the following morning a New York critic wrote: 'Like Charpentier and Moussorgsky and Borodin, Señor Granados is a democrat. He sings not of two or three characters or one love affair, but of the cumulative feelings of the masses; and this does not make for clarity of spirit or incisiveness of outline. But it does make for power and a broad sense of humanity, and in his choruses and dances we do feel that Spain is before us; not the Spain of Philip II., but the Spain of the toreador, and perhaps of the philosophic anarchist. And this is probably what Señor Granados wished. So let us state here that in his wish he has been successful.' Following upon

the production the New York papers were full of comments on the new opera and pictures of it. A little later Señor Granados, the señora with him, set out on the return voyage to Spain, to receive the great welcome and the congratulation that were being prepared by all his fellow-countrymen from Don Alfonso downwards. The journey was made, as was most convenient, by way of England. . . . Señor and Señora Granados were sent to the bottom of the sea by a German torpedo that blew up part of the *Sussex*. I need not tell you what they thought, and will for ever think, in Spain about this murder of one of the nation's greatest children returning to his native land. Letters from my Spanish friends and the Spanish newspapers have given me the story in its full poignancy, and with the raging feelings of scorn and hatred that it has aroused. Oh great German navy that was said to be born when the Prince William sailed his little ship on the pool at Potsdam, and dreamed of a mighty empire!

* * *

The more we examine, with the assistance of Mr Bigelow, the makings of this imperial poser, the more pathetically interesting does the subject become. The American gentleman tells us that no game much interested the Prince that did not suggest war. Master Bigelow, being fresh from America, was credited, if not with Indian blood, at least with intimate knowledge of Red-skin tactics. Consequently the boys talked much of Fenimore Cooper, the Deerslayer, and Chingachgook at their first meeting, and at the second little Bigelow gave his friend an Indian bow with gaudy tassels at each end and a bunch of arrows with blunt heads. These warlike

reminders of America's first families had been a present to the giver from his mother, purchased probably from an alleged Mohawk chief who invariably presided in those days over the souvenir-shops at Niagara Falls. As soon as the Prince had these precious implements in his possession he radiantly suggested a war game on the Iroquois plan, and victims were not far to seek. The boys elected themselves exclusive members of the Ancient and Honourable Order of Red Men, and declared all others to be Palefaces; and as the outcasts were mainly of the much-drilled and very correct Prussian aristocracy, they took youthful pleasure in chasing them through the bushes of the great park, seizing them by the hair, lashing them to trees, and then metaphorically shooting them full of arrows. They gave out blood-curdling war-whoops and did war-dances that might have surprised Sitting Bull. The juvenile mind of Bigelow was heavily taxed to supply information regarding aboriginal custom on the Upper Missouri and the Rio Grande; but, having once been placed in the chair of Redmanology, he had, as he says, to speak *ex cathedra*, because to have confessed that he had never seen an American Indian would have prejudiced his palace prestige. Such were the earliest efforts of Prince William in posing and pretence. Since then he has been continually posing and lying. But if it was play in those far-off days at Potsdam, it has been posing in deadly earnest all too often since. Soon, however, if all goes well, the posing of William will be at an end. Out from war's cruel din and flame the truth ascends.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

CHAPTER VII.—continued.

'YER promised ye'd come along o' me ter th' pictures ter-night, Missis Figgins,' remarked Joshua, finishing his ham and looking round the table. 'Thought we'd go an' ave a bit o' supper at a restorong arterwards.'

'Promised you, did I?' the widow returned, handing him a plate of jam-puffs with a sweet smile. 'Ave one o' these? Or do you fancy a piece o' cake? It's 'ome-made.'

Joshua helped himself to the pastry. 'Yus,' he said, 'yer promised ye'd come.'

'Oh, did I?' the lady said archly, determined to keep him on tenter-hooks. 'Think I've got nothin' to do but to go to them silly pictures? 'Oo's goin' to mind the shop, I should like to know?'

'I don't want to go out, mother,' Emmeline put in.

'Course you don't, my gal,' said her mother. 'It's not respectable for gals to be hout after dark unless they're hescorted.'

'No,' Billings agreed, pausing in the act of biting a large chunk off his jam-puff; 'it ain't fit an' proper fur gals o' your age to go abart unpertected like.'

Emmeline glared at him. 'Oh, isn't it?' she retorted. 'And who asked you to put your oar in, Mister Billings? I'll have you know I'm quite capable of looking after myself, and I wouldn't go along of you if you were the last man on earth. You'd best take mother along to the pictures, and not worry your head about what I'm going to do.' She tossed her head.

Billings, covered with confusion, retired from the contest and resumed his meal.

Mrs Figgins, anxious to keep the peace, looked up apprehensively. 'No need to let your tongue run away wi' you, Hemmeline,' she chided. 'Mister Billings agrees wi' what I think about it, an' there's no call for you to get snappy.—All right, Josh—Mister Billings,' she added; 'I'll come with you. What about your friend?'

Joshua, insinuating a massive fist under the tablecloth, squeezed his loved one affectionately by the hand. 'That's orl right,' he murmured, greatly relieved and very happy.

'But what about Mister Martin?'

'Is leaf's up at seven,' Joshua explained. 'E can't come.'

'Thank goodness for that!' Emmeline remarked with a loud sniff. What she meant exactly Pincher could not imagine, but it was quite obvious that she meant to hurt his feelings. She succeeded, for he felt more of a fool than ever; and it was just as well, perhaps, that at that moment the shop door opened with a clang to admit a customer, and the girl left the room.

From a purely gastronomic point of view, though Martin did not do full justice to it, the meal was undoubtedly a success; but he returned to the ship that evening in a very saddened frame of mind. He was bitterly disappointed with Emmeline. She was pretty and attractive, he felt bound to admit; but it was only too evident that she was not the least taken with him, and, moreover, had no hesitation in showing it. She had a nasty, snappy way of saying things, too. Billings had wilfully misled him, and had borrowed two shillings under false pretences. He had led Pincher to believe that he would be received with open arms; but all that Joshua really cared about, apparently, was the feathering of his own downy nest, ungrateful old sinner that he was! Drat Billings! Drat Emme—No; drat the ship's steward's assistant from the flag-ship!

II.

Wilfrid Parkin, the ship's steward's assistant from the *Tremendous*, was a gay young dog. He was a tall youth of about Pincher's own age, with sleek, well-greased black hair. His clothes were always immaculate and well brushed; he affected a crease down the legs of his trousers; and, when he was ashore, the odour of scent and pomatum generally emanated from his person. With his peaked cap set jauntily on the side of his head, a cigarette pendulous from his lower lip, and his double-breasted coat, white linen collar, and black tie, he imagined himself to be vastly superior in breeding and deportment to any man clad in the uniform of a bluejacket. Sometimes he even wore brown kid gloves, hoping that this would cause ignorant people to take him for an officer.

He was not beautiful to gaze upon, but downright ugly, in fact, for his putty-coloured face was covered with pimples, which he vainly endeavoured to eradicate with somebody's patent ointment. But in spite of this, and other blemishes, he had female admirers by the score; and even the level-headed Emmeline, for some inscrutable reason, had fallen a victim to his charms. She would not have admitted it if she had been asked, of course; but the giddy

Wilfrid had shown a preference for her society, and Emmeline had not objected.

Men disliked Parkin for his affectation and conceit. On board his ship he had a very poor time; but ashore he was absolutely it, so far as the ladies were concerned. He was a shining light at the local skating-rink, where, in company with one or other of his girl friends, he waltzed and two-stepped to his heart's content. When he could obtain the necessary leave he always attended dances—'Entrance fee, one shilling; evening dress optional'—and was never averse to singing 'They all love Jack,' or some other very nautical song, at a tea-party at which ladies were present.

Now it came to pass that one wet afternoon, when there was no football, Pincher, feeling the want of exercise, was forced to take refuge in the skating-rink, and almost the first person he saw was Emmeline Figgins gliding round with the immaculate Wilfrid. They both skated well; but whereas the girl did it with a really natural grace, her companion, desperately anxious to create an impression, put in sundry little kicks and twirls of his own invention which made his performance border on the ridiculous. He was showing off, in fact.

Now Pincher could barely skate at all, much less dance, pirouette on one leg, or hurtle round backwards; and, seeing Emmeline, he became rather nervous, and wished to seek safety in flight. But he had paid sixpence to come in, and could not very well demand his money back; so, with a pair of skates in his hand, he stood sheepishly by the edge of the rink watching the others. Emmeline spotted him the next time she came round, smiled cheerily over her shoulder, and said something to her companion, who shook his head. She was evidently in a good temper, and Martin smiled back at her.

The next time she drew near, it was more slowly. Checking her speed, she came gracefully to rest by the padded balustrade immediately opposite where Pincher stood. She was flushed with the exercise, and looked quite adorable. Parkin hovered in the background.

'Well,' she asked gaily, extending her hand, 'aren't you going to say, "How d'you do?" Mister Martin?'

'How d'ye do, miss?' said Pincher, shaking it, but half-suspecting she was about to make a fool of him.

'This is Mister Parkin,' Emmeline went on, presenting the spotty-faced one. 'Mister Parkin—Mister Martin of the *Belligerent*.'

'Ow do, Parkin?' remarked Pincher with a nod.

'Pleased to meet yer,' murmured the other, with a low bow and a lofty expression. 'What terrible weather we are 'avin for the time of year, are we not?'

The ordinary seaman stared at him in astonishment; while Emmeline, unable to restrain herself, burst out into a little chuckle of amusement.

'What's the matter now, Miss Figgins?' Parkin asked, rather aggrieved.

'I'm amused at your polite talk,' she said, laughing openly. 'You do put on such airs sometimes, Mister Parkin. I can't help laughing.'

'Oh, can't you?' retorted the pimply gentleman. 'You needn't go saying them things in front of—er—he was going to say 'ordinary seamen,' but noticed Martin was looking at him, and substituted 'other people.'

'I'll say exactly what I please, Mister Parkin,' she returned with asperity, deliberately turning her back upon him.—'Can you skate well?' she asked Martin.

'I kin jest git round, miss, but can do none o' them there fancy touches.'

'Well, be quick, and get your skates on,' she said. 'I'll help you. Mister Parkin is tired of my company, I think.—You'd better go and look for some one else to skate with,' she added to Wilfrid over her shoulder.

'You said you was going to skate with me the 'ole afternoon,' he protested angrily.

'Can't help what I said,' Emmeline retorted, tossing her head. 'I've changed my mind. Run away, like a good boy, or I shall get angry with you.'

Parkin, after further useless expostulation, eventually skated off, greatly annoyed. To think that Emmeline, his Emmeline, as he chose to consider her, should dare to throw herself at the head of an ordinary seaman, while he, Wilfrid Parkin, admittedly one of the best skaters in the place, should be sent packing! It was insufferable—absolutely insufferable! Assuredly he must teach this young woman that it was an honour for her to be seen in his company at all.

Martin himself hardly knew what to make of it. The last time he had met the girl she had been deliberately rude, and had done her best to hurt his feelings and to make him feel awkward. But now she was all smiles, and was looking at him in quite a friendly way. He half-suspected a trap of some kind, and that she intended to make a fool of him, after all; but, murmuring his thanks, he strapped on his skates, removed his cap, and stepped gingerly on to the floor. He got on better than he expected, though he took good care not to try any rash experiments, and rather enjoyed it. He was skating with quite the prettiest girl on the rink, for one thing, and he was pleased to see Parkin's sullen scowl of jealousy every time he flashed by with another lady on his arm.

'Look at that horrid little thing, Jane Crawley!' Emmeline whispered in Martin's ear. 'Stuck-up little minx! Giggling and laughing with Mister Parkin, she is. Thinks it'll annoy me, I suppose.'

'She don't look up ter much,' Pincher agreed, glancing at Wilfrid's companion as they went past.

Emmeline sniffed. 'She's not. She's in

Skeets the draper's. Early closing day to-day; that's why she's out. Never could stand them shoppies; they give themselves such airs. Can't think what he sees in her.'

'Can't think why you likes Mister Parkin,' murmured Pincher, blurring out his thoughts without really meaning to.

To his great surprise, Emmeline laughed. 'I don't like him,' she said. 'I thought I did at first, but I'm beginning to find him out now. He's that conceited, you've no idea. Thinks he can order me about, too; and I won't stick that.'

'I don't think 'e's much class,' Martin observed, holding her hand tighter. 'Puts on a lot o' swank fur a bloomin' dusty boy.'*

Emmeline nodded. 'I'm fair sick o' him. He's—Hullo! Hold up!' But it was too late, for Pincher stumbled heavily and sat down with a thump. His partner released him just in time to save herself.

Parkin, passing with Jane Crawley, had just touched Pincher's outer skate. Whether it had been done intentionally or by accident Martin never really knew; but if it was deliberate, the result far exceeded Wilfrid's expectations. Pincher merely sat down on the floor rather too hard to be pleasant; but Parkin, letting go his partner, pitched forward, and came into violent contact with the wooden flooring with a resounding bump.

The two girls went to the rescue of their respective men, and a crowd soon collected. Pincher, little damaged, picked himself up with a laugh; but Parkin's injuries, though not really serious, were far more spectacular. The front of his coat was thick with dirt, both the knees of his trousers were badly torn, and he applied a handkerchief to his dirty face to stanch a copious flow of blood from his damaged nose.

'Look 'ere!' he exclaimed, quivering with passion and advancing on Pincher with his fists clenched. 'You did that a purpose!'

'He did nothing of the kind!' Emmeline burst out. 'And well you know it. It was your own fault. You and your showing off!'

'It was 'is fault!' shrilled Jane Crawley, pointing an accusing finger at Martin. 'I saw 'im stick 'is foot out!'

'No, I didn't,' Pincher protested. 'Never see'd yer eomin'!'

'Course he didn't,' Emmeline corroborated. 'How could he see you if you were behind him?'

'I tell you 'e did!' shouted Jane, becoming excited.

'I didn't,' Martin expostulated.

The crowd peered over each other's shoulders and laughed, for there seemed every prospect of a fight on skates between Emmeline Figgins and Jane Crawley, and another between Pincher Martin and Wilfrid Parkin. The situation was most exciting.

* A ship's steward's assistant is always known as a 'dusty boy.'

'You'll 'ave to pay for my trousers, any'ow!' Wilfrid blustered, looking down at his torn garments.

The onlookers tittered. 'That's it,' some one said jocularly; 'you 'ave the law on 'im, my son.'

'Sha'n't pay a penny!' Pincher said.

'That's right, little un!' came a voice from the crowd. 'Don't you be put upon!'

'I'll bloomin' well make you!' shouted Parkin, squaring up. 'I'll give you a thick ear if you don't!'

'I ain't afraid o' you!' Pincher retorted, glaring at him. 'You 'it me an' see wot you gits!'

'Go on, Will. Give 'im one,' advised the pugnacious Jane.

'You'll do nothing of the sort,' said Emmeline quietly, stepping between the two men. 'If you want to kick up a shindy, Mister Parkin, you'd best do it outside.'

'I say it was the sailor's fault!' reiterated the other lady shrilly. 'I saw 'im'—

'Now then, what's all the fuss about?' asked the rink manager severely, pushing his way through the throng. 'We can't 'ave these sort of goings-on 'ere. You've 'eld up the 'ole proceedings. Somebody fallen down—what?'

'E tried ter knock me down a purpose,' said Pincher, indicating his adversary.

'You're a liar!' retorted Parkin. 'It's like this,' he went on, trying to explain the situation. 'I was skatin' parst this man, w'en all of a sudden 'e puts out 'is foot an'—

'He did nothing of the kind,' Emmeline inter-

rupted. 'It's him who's telling lies, and well he knows it.'

'Well, I can't 'ave these goin's-on 'ere,' the manager returned, glaring at them all in turn. 'I must ask the ladies and gentlemen concerned to step outside and settle their differences elsewhere. Come on, please.'

'Come on, Mister Martin. We'd best go. I hate all this fuss,' Emmeline whispered. She moved off.

Pincher, nothing loath, unstrapped his other skate—one had already come off in his tumble—and followed her, but not before Parkin had hurled a final remark.

'Orl right, Mister Martin!' he said very venomously. 'I'll be even wi' you over this 'ere!'

'I'll take you on any day you likes!' Pincher threw back. 'I ain't 'afraid o' you, you great skinny lamplighter!'

'And I'll never speak to you again, Wilfrid Parkin,' Emmeline put in. 'Call yourself a gentleman! I don't think!' She snorted loudly to show her contempt.

'Come on, come on! Don't let's 'ave any more o' this, please!' from the manager.

'Orl right, old puddin'-face. Keep yer 'air on!' Pincher observed with a smile.

The lookers-on laughed loudly, for the manager was rather unpopular, and his face really was too fat to be pleasant.

'Pudding-face!' he gasped. 'Who are you calling pudding-face?'

But Pincher was out of earshot.

(Continued on page 485.)

THE PASSING OF THE 'HOHENZOLLERNS.'

By DEREK INGRAM.

THE pages of *Chambers's Journal* have frequently been employed for extended reference to the passing of some great institution or custom, and it is hoped that occasion will soon arrive for recording the absolute disappearance of the world's most hideous blot—the *Kultur* of our enemies. In the meantime, however, the 'Passing of the Hohenzollerns' is already an accomplished fact, this phrase signifying the end of Germany's postal stamps for her vanished and vanishing colonies—the postage-stamps showing the Kaiser's yacht, the *Hohenzollern*.

It is significant that the apostles of *Kultur* should have chosen something representative of 'blood and iron' for their colonial postage-stamps; it serves to remind us of the doctrine which Dr Bönn, of Munich, expounded when he said they 'solved the native problem by smashing tribal life.' Behind German colonisation, as Mr Gordon Le Sueur points out, lies no record of great accomplishments inspired by lofty ideals and high aspirations; the history conjures up no pageant of romantic enterprise or vista of perilous

undertakings in unexplored parts of the globe by the spirit of daring and adventure; it holds no pulse-stirring stories of the blazing of new trails; and scattered over its pages we do not find imprints of the steps of pioneers of true civilisation, nor are its leaves ear-marked with splendid memories.

The 'leaves' of this lost colonial empire are, to the philatelist, the postage-stamps which mark the epoch of Germany's 'mailed fist' policy in Africa, in China, and in the Pacific Islands. These tiny scraps of paper are a living memorial of the 'Passing of the Hohenzollern,' for all stocks of them found in the captured colonies have (unless destroyed) been overprinted by the Anglo-French authorities, signifying their conversion to postal use under a more enlightened régime.

War-stamps have always held a peculiar fascination of their own. The philatelist sees something more in the stamps of war than in the less historic issues of peace-times. The war-stamps issued during this world-wide conflict in which we are still engaged, however, are entirely

different from all their predecessors—different because they are not stamps reminiscent of a war, but lasting memories of THE war.

The provisional stamps which signify the 'Passing of the Hohenzollern' show the full meaning of the *Entente cordiale*, and will remain an everlasting reminder of the first signs of decay of the much-advertised German colonial empire. Imagination cannot grasp the great historical and sentimental associations that will ever hang round these stamps—'scraps of paper' that will mark a new era in the history of the world.

In addition, the collector of war-stamps learns of many significant incidents which are often deserving of a wider publicity. A case in point is the following. Toward the end of August 1914 a force under Lieutenant-Colonel Bryant reached Kamina, well over a hundred miles inland from Lome, the capital of Togoland; and there a stock of stamps and some thirty thousand pounds in gold were discovered. The secret of the hiding-place was revealed by native looters, who had themselves dug up specie to the value of five thousand pounds or more. The severest military measures were at once taken, with the result that practically the entire amount was recovered within forty-eight hours. The stamps were buried in the earth in strong metal boxes, and after they had been dug up one of the soldiers is reported to have remarked that 'the Germans teach everything to entrench'!

The British ensign was hoisted in Samoa on Sunday, 30th August 1914, and thousands of the Hohenzollern stamps were overprinted with the letters 'G.R.I.' and their new value in British currency. Sixty sets of all denominations were sent to the Admiral on board the flagship *Australia* for distribution amongst the officers of the Australian fleet.

The reign of the Hohenzollern in Tsingtao (Kiau-chau) was a very short-lived affair; the stamps in question were received there from Berlin late in 1900, and had been destroyed by the Japanese before the end of 1914.

The 'ship type' of postage-stamp for Germany's second oldest colony, New Guinea, or New Britain, as it is now, also dated only from 1900, and was replaced in September 1914 by some of the most interesting of the 'occupation' stamps issued by the British authorities. The name German New Guinea was somewhat of a

misnomer, the more so as the seat of Government was situated at Herbertshohe, on Gazelle Island, in the Bismarck Archipelago. At one time the *Kultur*-ites had aspirations of altering the name to German Australia, but it didn't come off.

The Cameroons, too, were not blessed with their Hohenzollern postage-stamps until the end of 1900, and the extinction of this unhappy type has been accomplished by the overprinting of the surplus stocks with the initials 'C.E.F.' (Cameroons Expeditionary Force) by the British authorities, and quite recently by wording in French signifying our gallant ally's part in the administration of this territory. The native policy in the Cameroons under the German rule was one of frightful oppression, as indeed was the case in all her foreign possessions, and there is no doubt that the 'Passing of the Hohenzollern' has been hailed with real delight.

Botha's triumph in South-West Africa was marked by the immediate extinction of the 'rusty ship' stamps; but this great event was unaccompanied by any provisional postal issues, for the territory in question was placed under the administration of the Union of South Africa, and therefore makes use of the stamps of that Dominion, bearing a portrait of King George.

The 'Hohenzollerns' have yet to be effectively removed from East Africa, where German post-offices were established on 4th October 1890 (at Dar-es-Salaam and at Bagamoyo), although no special stamps were issued until 1893. The lover of 'things collectable' certainly has no leaning toward German methods. In the story of Berlin's intrigue in East Africa it is recorded that it was under the pretence of 'autograph collecting' that the signatures of Arab and native chiefs were obtained to various treaties, artfully presented by the German conspirators, who hurried back to Berlin early in 1885 and founded a company to exploit their 'concessions.'

In conclusion, let the enemy's 'scraps of paper' be regarded with the same respect as the German Imperial Chancellor accorded to a more serious document. Our own war-stamps are splendid evidence—though they be but 'scraps of paper'—of the ascendancy of the more civilised races over their Hunnish adversaries, and of the sequence of events which has brought us—philatelists and others—the greatest blessing of our time, the 'Passing of the Hohenzollerns.'

GOD'S COWARD.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN she entered the parlour he looked up from his book with a quiet smile.

'Listen to this, Honor,' he cried, with crooked forefinger, and he read:

'Full well he knew that in a soundless place
His own wraith stood, and, with a moon-white face,

Watched its own shadow laugh and shake its spear
Far in a phantom dell against a phantom deer.'

The woman shuddered. It seemed as though with her a shadow had entered the room. But he did not appear to notice her mood, and to all intents and purposes had forgotten the episode

of the afternoon. So the moment for speech passed.

'The mill-stream is rising, ma'am,' said one of the maids who brought fresh logs. 'They do be sayin' a waterspout have burst, an' the Reddle be risen.' She knelt to put the logs she carried upon the fire, which was now burning low.

Honor Wilmoth wrung her hands. 'Oh, what will happen?' she cried. 'What will happen? The old mill-house is not safe. Last time when the floods came I warned Tamar of the risk she ran by staying there. I told the old mother too.'

'Tis the old mother, ma'am, as 'u'd stay,' volunteered the girl. 'Tamar was for gettin' away long since, but old Mrs Merry wouldn't stir. Said the house had allus done for her an' hern, an' 'twould last her time yet. Tamar couldn't get her to come away.'

'Some one must go down,' said Honor firmly. 'They must not stay there to-night. Tell them I say so.'

The girl flushed. 'I don't see how they can move, ma'am,' she said. 'Tamar were brought to bed wi' her babe yesterday. Old Thomas said so. 'Sides, if anybody went the old woman 'u'd sauce 'em, and 'u'd never come. Terrible old creature Mrs Merry be.'

The Merrys were the ne'er-do-wells of the place. Old Mrs Merry was accounted a witch by the rest of the villagers. When the fisher-folk failed to get a good catch they laid it to her spells; when anything went awry on the farm the labourers said Mother Merry had laid her eye on the thing and bewitched it; and only the day before old Thomas had declared that the reason Daisy was so upset was that Mother Merry had 'looked her over.' A woman with the evil eye was shunned by every one.

Her daughter was a light o' love; and even Honor Wilmoth, charitable as she was, and disposed to regard the folk on her land in the light of children for whom she was responsible, hesitated about letting the Merrys have the old mill-house for shelter when they were turned out of the village and refused shelter anywhere within reach. She had impressed upon them that the lodging could be but temporary; but old Mrs Merry had lived in the house during the early part of her married years, had been born within sight and sound of the mill-waters, and restoration to recollected things turned the poor old creature's brain; she became fierce and vindictive towards anybody who approached, and the mill-house was shunned by every one save Honor, who attempted in vain to persuade her to quit the crazy building.

When the maid left the room Honor turned to David. He was looking toward the window, a far-away light in his eyes. This fretted her. How could he be so regardless of everything that concerned her and her affairs? These folk, living in one of her houses—she was

responsible for them—for Honor had the feeling of *grande dame* toward her farm and the fishing-village.

'If the dam bursts,' she said coldly, 'the house will be swept away.'

'Some one must go,' he said. 'You told Hannah some one must go and get them away.'

But she wrung her hands.

'The villagers hate them,' she said stonily. 'Not one of them would put out a finger to save the witch, as they call her; and as for Tamar and her baby'—— She shrugged her shoulders. 'Our village prides itself upon its morals,' she said, a curious note in her voice.

It was then he looked at her, and she would never forget the light in his eyes. Reproach, mingled with bewilderment, lay there. For a second a vague irritation touched her, and with a tightening of the lips she turned to gaze into the heart of the fire. Without understanding why, against her will, for she kept her lips compressed, a haze of tears blinded her to the ruddy glow. When she turned with a soft word on her lips, and her hands outstretched, he was gone. The door had closed quietly; she had heard no sound. She was alone.

The devil that was in her returned—inherited instinct, perhaps, though woman is ever emotion-tossed. Her lips curled scornfully.

'He hates even to think—to speak of danger,' she whispered; and she went out to the kitchen, sending one of the maids to the mill, and bidding her take the dog with her. She had forgotten that she herself had freed the beast an hour before.

Then back she went with a book to the fire. But she could not rest. From time to time she crossed to the window and looked out, a dull premonition of disaster holding her. The wind moaned fitfully, and all at once from the chimney-top an owl shrieked.

'I wonder where David went,' she said. 'He ought not to be out on such a night.'

But she knew that he joyed in the wind and the rain, despite his apparent delicacy; and when, after a little lull in the moaning, the wind sprang up, rattling the casement and hurling sheets of rain against the panes, she guessed that his weather sense had whispered to him a storm was brooding, and that he had gone forth to meet it. The great drops hissed in the fire, falling down the wide chimney, and again Honor thought of the trio in the old and unsafe mill-house—the old woman, the mother, and the little child.

It was a wet and wind-tossed Hannah who came in, panting, with her news.

'I couldn't get across, ma'am,' she cried. 'Reddle be like a ragin' mill-pond, an' the bridge be swept away. There's no way o' gettin' there 'cept by swimmin'. Mill-stream have overflowed. I reckon the old house 'll ha' to go.'

Honor Wilmoth rose, pale, determined, and put on a cloak and hood.

'We must get the men,' she said. 'They must take a boat.'

'No boat 'u'd stand such a current, ma'am,' said the maid. 'La! 'tis so high you've no idea.'

'Tell Mary to get hot blankets ready,' said Honor. 'We may want them.'

Mary set her lips as she listened to the message.

'If she's goin' to bring that—woman—here, you an' me 'll quit, Hannah,' she said.

But she got the blankets in readiness. Honor Wilmoth's domestics were not wont to disobey.

The hot blankets were not needed for Mrs Merry or her daughter, after all. Midway to the village Honor met old Thomas and half-a-dozen others carrying ropes and dragging a boat from the beach below.

'Best go back, missis,' said the old man. 'Best go back. Us be a-goin' to see what can be done. Maister ha' got 'cross all right. 'Tis the comin' back as matters. Mill-stream be ragin' like Lucifer.'

Honor caught his arm. 'Master!' she cried. 'Where has the master gone?'

'To mill-house,' he answered, trudging on uphill. 'Told us to get boat an' come on. 'E've gone to fetch them wimmin out; but, law sakes! afore he gets there I reckon mill-house 'll be down.'

She caught her breath. David gone! David the head of proceedings! She was bewildered, but listened to the men as now and again they muttered of what had happened. It seemed as though they were no willing helpers, but plainly they dared not disobey. Still—David in command! She could not understand it. Danger, too—grave danger, if what the men said was true. How dared David do this thing, he who shrank from danger at any time?

'Meadows be all flooded,' said Thomas. 'I never mind sich doin's since I were a boy. Mill-stream bu'st then. It were that there waterspout as caused it to-night, though. I did say'——

A tremendous crash broke on their ears, followed by such a tumult that the little procession paused, staring at each other with pale, frightened faces.

'Mill-house be down,' muttered Thomas, breaking the silence. 'I said as 'ow them old timbers 'u'd never last. Law sakes! 'e'd never 'ave time to get there an' across to low meadow.'

Honor caught her breath for a second, then urged them onward. 'Oh, let us hurry, let us hurry!' she panted. 'Perhaps he got there before the house was down. He might manage to get them across the low meadow then.'

But in her heart there lurked a terrible fear. The old mill-house lay in the valley through which the mill-stream rushed, a tumultuous little

stream even in fair weather, but when swollen by rains and fed by a score of smaller brooks a raging torrent. The Reddle was another river that ran downwards to the sea, and sometimes overflowed its banks, spreading to the smaller mill-stream, when the two in company would wash the low-lying meadows, turning the mill-house into a water-swept island home.

There was one spot where a ford had been made, and Honor guessed they were making for this. But she was racked with fear, a fear that every moment grew into despair. A dark, whirling mass of waters met the eye. Nothing else was to be seen; not a light was visible. The place where the mill-house had stood was empty.

The men lighted lanterns, and proceeded to launch the boat, shouting encouragement across the watery waste. But no answering cry came, though they rowed across and about for a quarter of an hour.

'Best get 'ome, missis,' said old Thomas. 'Best get 'ome. If us finds 'im'—— He paused, and laid a shaking hand on her arm. 'Missis,' he said in a quavering voice—'missis—I—I see'd this arternoon. Ay, I knowed what you thought; so did 'e. But, missis, 'twere God's coward 'e were; the sight o' blood'—— He stopped, and a queer sob broke from him. 'E were a brave man, all the same,' he said, and turned away.

How long she waited and watched Honor never knew. Drenched to the skin, her long black hair down, regardless of time or circumstance, she stood there, straining tearless eyes across the water-washed meadows, watching the progress of the boat as it wound its slow way along the river. They dared not journey too quickly, so they were swept with the current, pausing now and again, as they were whirled to the shallows.

But the gray dawn was creeping up in the eastern sky when at last they dragged her back, hopelessness writ in every face.

It was old Thomas who took Honor's hands in his own rough, horny palm. 'It were God's will, missis,' he said. 'E were a brave man, 'e were.'

She heard the maid sobbing beside her as they slowly climbed the hill, but her own eyes were dry. The wind had sunk to rest; the pearly dawn grew brighter.

What was it they had said? Swept out to sea? Bodies back on the ninth day?

And he—her man—the man she had thought a coward, had died a man's death, after all.

Sparrows were cheeping beneath the eaves; through the lattice-panes the dawn was red, sign of more rain to come. She knelt beside the dead ashes of the fire, and stared dully at the fantastic shapes the charred cones and wood wrought in the grayness. Yesterday he and she

had gathered those same cones beneath the fir-trees; yesterday he had flung his ring into the sea. 'Propitiation to the sea-gods,' he had said. Now the sea had him. 'Incense to the wood-gods,' he had cried as he flung the cones into the fire. He would want a wooden coffin. On the ninth day he would return—God's coward, but a brave man. A tiny moan broke from her lips.

The big oaken door swung open; there was the sound of dripping garments. She turned. Had his ghost already come to mock her?

No ghost—warm, living flesh and blood, though oilskins dropped upon the carpet, making a pool as he stood. But his deep-blue eyes were radiant with a great joy.

'Oh Honor,' he cried, 'such fun. Talk about Leander and the Hellespont'—

It was then she broke down and sobbed piteously, and in spite of his dripping form he had her in his arms. Very woman was she at last, and he, man, the master.

'Why, Honor,' he cried, 'you're wet through! Where have you been? Yes, they're all safe—Tamar, the old woman, and the baby. You'd never guess how I did it. Old Dan the sheep-dog came with me. He was out yonder—broke loose, I suppose. Anyhow, he came. You remember the other dog, his mother, the one that worried the sheep? Old Mother Merry had her. Well, those two dogs swam like blazes. I strapped the baby to Dan, and we let the others pull us to

Lower Mill. They're safe enough, in the dry, but I thought I'd come and let you know.'

She clung to him and told her story. Why had they not thought of Lower Mill, a strong building farther down the valley, with an easy way of approach from the mill-house above?

'Such a night!' he cried again. 'Such a night! And, oh, Honor! the blueness and mystery of the dawn, changing to a sky like—like'— He hesitated, and she knew he was about to say 'blood.' The hateful word never escaped him. 'The dawn came up like flame,' he said. 'I shall write a poem on it.'

She shuddered.

'Come along,' he cried. 'You'll just get off those wet clothes. There's a fire in the kitchen, and blankets hanging before the fire. You'll do as you're told, Honor—strip and get into those blankets. I'm going to get a mustard bath.'

So Honor Wilmoth got the hot blankets, after all. Next week the *Arcady* published a wonderful word-poem, 'The Dawn,' signed D. W. Such are the whimsicalities of life.

'Ay, the maister be a won'erful man, missis,' said old Thomas—'a won'erful man. Who'd ha' thought o' usin' dogs to tow 'em in to safety?' He bent his gray head slightly to one side, regarding her with a puzzled air. 'Maybe, in a manner o' speakin', it be they books o' 'is'n as put notion in 'is yead,' he said. 'Law! I called 'im God's coward, but 'tis a brave man 'e be.'

THE END.

THE Y.

By I. I. BRANTS.

FREQUENTLY of late this queer monosyllable, or, rather, single letter, shortest of all geographical appellations, has appeared in our newspaper columns when information is given or comment is made on the great floods which have destroyed the wealthiest districts of Holland. Every schoolboy knows that 'Amsterdam on the Y' is the capital of the Netherlands. But every schoolboy does not know what this Y is, or what it means, or how to pronounce it, or, curious to say, how to spell it. Some people say 'Ee' with unconvincing boldness. Others look up from their paper with more becoming hesitation, and venture a questioning 'Why?' And a third and numerous set, whose atlases spell the word Ij, pronounce it accordingly.

Everything about this Y is upside-down. In the first place, what people, even Amsterdam people, call the Y is not the Y at all. A modern Amsterdam boy will tell you he has had a bathe in the Y, when, in fact, he has been swimming in the Zuyder Zee near Amsterdam. About the middle of last century things were different. At that time Amsterdam really was situated on the Y, a gulf of the Zuyder Zee,

north and west of that city. A series of floods which, between the years 1170 and 1410, ate more and more deeply into the North Sea coast gradually formed the Zuyder Zee. Even after that date this process continued eastward and westward on a minor scale. Thus, in the bight of Amsterdam, the Y pierced ever farther into the defenceless fenlands, until the city of Amsterdam came to be threatened by what the Dutch appropriately call the Waterwolf.

After endless deliberations, the situation became so critical that it was decided to make an end of the flooding danger, just as the recent Zuyder Zee floods threatened to make an end of the endless Zuyder Zee deliberations, and of the Zuyder Zee itself to boot. The Y was changed into a polder—that is to say, into a piece of land below the level of the sea or the nearest river. Originally a morass or a lake, it has been drained and brought under cultivation. All that remains is the estuary of the river Zaan, which used to connect the south-west arm of the Zuyder Zee with the Y. The Y itself is land, good solid meadow-land, not even imperilled by the present floods.

Now, as for the spelling, it is Y, or in Dutch IJ, with a capital I and a capital J, the one after the other. In old Dutch orthography the pronunciation of a vowel was prolonged by writing after it an *i* or an *e*. The sound *a* as in 'craft' became *ah* on being written *ai* or *ae*. The name of the famous cartoonist Raemaekers should therefore be pronounced Rahmahkers, and Maeterlinck should be pronounced Mahterlinck. The sound *i* as in 'pit' became long as in 'pier' on being spelled *ii* with two *i*'s, or, in order to avoid confusion, with one ordinary *i* and one tailed *i* or *j*—*ij*. Later on it became customary to represent a prolonged vowel by doubling the spelling, as in Maarten Maartens. At the same time the long *i* or *ij* came to be pronounced, just as in English, *î*, as in 'spite.' It was therefore necessary to invent a new spelling for the prolonged *i* sound as in 'pier.' This was represented by placing an *e* after the *i*—*ie*. Now the Dutch alphabet does not contain the letter *y*. Through confusion with foreign alphabets, the *y* was put in the place of the *y* between the *x* and the *z*, and was consequently considered to be one single letter. As a capital it is therefore written IJ, with capital I and capital J. The spelling Ij for the land (or water) round Amsterdam, therefore, must be condemned. The pronunciation of the name Y or IJ is like the English I, but rather more nasal.

The original meaning of the word Y is 'water.' It is from an ancient root common to most European languages. In Dutch it is lost, except in geographical names. In the north of Holland, in Friesland, it occurs as Ee (pronounced *ay* as in 'pray') in the Ee Canal of Dokkum, the Dokkumer Ee. In the south, in Brabant, it occurs as Aa in the river Aa of Breda (pronounced Brudd-Ah, with the emphasis on the last syllable). Aa's likewise are to be found all over north Germany, and even in Russia, where the holy river of Livonia bears this name. In Denmark, aa is the common name for a small

brook. Our old English ancestors knew it as *éa*, and have left traces of it in such names as Angles-ea, Guerns-ey, Jers-ey, Aldern-ey, Orkn-ey, and in the word 'island.' The *s* in 'island' was introduced through confusion with the word 'isle' from the Latin *insula*. In Middle English it was spelt 'iland,' and in Old English 'igland,' *ig* meaning both 'water' and 'water-land' or 'island,' just as does the Scandinavian *oe*, which we find in the Faroe Islands—literally the 'sheep island' islands!

Still farther afield it is interesting to follow the Y into the Old German *aha*, the Gothic *ahwa*, and the Latin *aqua*, all meaning 'water,' which may be rediscovered in such names as the French Aix-les-Bains, Aix-la-Chapelle, or Aken (Dutch), or Aachen (German), in Alp-ach, in Tann-ich, and of course in the French *eau*. Many Latin geographical names in *-acum* or *-iacum* have the same origin, especially in Keltic lands. This ending seems as much connected with the Latin *aqua* as with the Keltic root *agh*, which again means 'water.' Thus arose French names, such as Annecy from Anne-acum, Cognac from Cognacum, strange though it may seem that the latter should have anything to do with water! Thus also arose the Dutch Gulik (Juliers) from Juli-acum, and the English York from Ebor-acum. The Latin name for the Northern Peninsula, Sca(n)din-avia, seems to be from the same root.

This leads us to the old Indian *apas*, 'water,' modern *ab* as in Panjab, the 'land of the five waters,' and to the *abh*, 'water,' of our Keltic-speaking ancestors, as in Aboyne and Avon; also to (*a*)*gwy*, as in Wycombe, and to *aisne*, *uisge*, *uis*, as in Wisby, the capital of Gothland, the Usk, the Ouse, the Oise, the Aisne, Touraine, Isère, and the Parisian fortress of Issy.

For all its queer spelling and pronunciation, and general upside-downness, the IJ or Y, therefore, is quite a simple, quite a normal, quite a common feature in European geography. It is just water which is land, or land which is water—as you like it.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

STUDYING METALS BY X-RAYS.

THE Röntgen rays have come to be regarded as essential to the operating theatre. Will they become as indispensable to the laboratory of the metallurgist? Recent experiments which have been carried out by Professor W. H. Bragg, D.Sc., F.R.S., in collaboration with his son, Lieutenant Bragg, certainly point to such a conclusion. These two investigators—recipients of the Nobel Prize—have been utilising the rays in the study of the structure of metals and other substances, and the results of their researches were recently communicated to the

Institute of Metals. The method of research, as Professor Bragg points out, depends upon a principle which is already well known—namely, that when a regular train of waves falls upon a surface separating two media, part of the train is reflected and part goes on. If the part which goes on meets another separating surface, a second portion is reflected, and some of this emerges from the second medium in the same direction as the beam reflected from the first surface. It will happen in general that the two reflected beams are out of phase, and to that extent destroy one another. Whether they do or do not depends upon the relation between

the wave-length, the angle of the inclination of the beam to the reflecting surfaces, and the distance between the surfaces. This principle explains the colours of the soap film, of the thin layer of oil upon the surface of water, and of steel when being tempered. If the reflecting surfaces are many in number, the effect is made more intense, and at the same time more precise. This is clearly seen in the beautiful colours of potassium chlorate crystals, as shown long ago by Lord Rayleigh. These crystals are formed of alternating layers, twinned on their surfaces of separation; and for some obscure reason the thickness of all layers is the same in the same sample. When white light, containing all wave-lengths, falls upon such a crystal at a certain angle, then only that wave-length is reflected for which the proper relation between the wave-length, the angle of incidence, and the spacing holds good. If the angle is altered the wave-length which is reflected is no longer the same. Hence the beautiful play of colours which the crystal shows. X-rays consist of waves which are something like ten thousand times shorter than the wave-length of light. To obtain the parallel effect we must look for reflecting surfaces which are ten thousand times closer together than the twinning surfaces of the chlorate of potash crystals, which are only about one forty-thousandth part of an inch, or thereabouts, from one another. These reflecting surfaces nature has also provided in the layers of atoms in the crystal. It may seem curious that a layer of atoms should act as a reflecting surface; but, after all, it is not necessary that such a surface should be continuous. No doubt, a natural face of a crystal contains a layer of atoms arranged regularly; and behind the natural face are other layers all similar, and placed at regular distances. Thus all the necessary conditions for this peculiar reflection experiment are present; and, as Professor Bragg shows, when a pencil of X-rays of a definite wave-length is allowed to fall upon the face of a crystal which is turned round gradually so as to alter the angle of incidence, the reflection of the beam as a whole is non-existent except when the angle is correct; then it flashes out strongly. When this angle is observed, the relation of the wave-length to the spacing is known. The instrument used by the investigators is described as the X-ray spectrometer. In place of the telescope is a chamber containing gas, which is ionised by the X-rays, and the resulting electrical effect is observed in an electroscope. It is important to note that the measurement of the result is quantitative, in which respect the new instrument has an advantage over the old. It may be mentioned that the X-rays are already being employed for the purpose of discovering 'blowholes' and other faults in castings, thereby saving considerable time in subsequent

machining operations; but other fields for service will doubtless be discovered very quickly.

A SAFETY TRAM-GUARD.

Passengers alighting from a tramcar and passing behind it occasionally come in contact with vehicles going in the opposite direction. In order to prevent mishaps of this character, a Sheffield inventor has devised a simple and highly effective guard. This consists of an arm which projects from the rear of the vehicle at right angles, forming a slight barrier. On the arm is written the word 'Danger.' At night the sign is illuminated to attract the pedestrian's notice, the source of the illumination being the same as that of the car. The sign can be hinged either at a point immediately above the truck-beam or at any other convenient spot at the back of the car. When not in use, as, for instance, when the vehicle has been reversed, it can be folded across the front of the car, or it can be removed and attached to the other end, which now becomes the dangerous rear. If desired, a bell can be attached and connected to the driver's platform, so that by pressing a button additional warning may be given of pending danger. The device is inexpensive, can be readily attached, and is so designed and built as to be free from the risk of breakdown.

NOVEL METHOD OF SOWING SEEDS.

No one will gainsay the ingenuity of the American in inventing time and labour saving devices. The latest illustration of this is a novel means of sowing seeds. Making drills and sowing seed by hand in the usual manner are not only tedious and back-breaking operations, but they are also wasteful, because far more seeds than are necessary are planted, involving thinning out at a later date, when the seedlings have attained a certain growth. In the latest American idea the seed is sold already spaced and embedded in a tape. This tape is composed of a special fertilising material which, decomposing and associating with the soil immediately contiguous to the seed, assists its germination and growth. The tape is sold in coils up to forty or fifty feet long; but it can, of course, be cut to the length required. All that it is necessary to do is to plant the tape in accordance with the directions given. Sowing in this manner can be carried out rapidly and with the minimum of physical exertion. Provided that each seed is fertile, and that the ravages of birds and other pests are overcome, the seedlings will appear in due course a regular distance apart. Not only is thinning-out avoided, but economical use of seed is assured, no more being sown than is actually required.

EXPLOSIVES FROM THE AIR.

The great war is giving a decided impetus to one branch of applied science which under

normal conditions would have progressed somewhat slowly. Chile is the universal provider of nitrates, which are generally used for fertilising purposes, but which also furnish the necessary ingredients for certain explosives. Science, by the extraction of nitrogen from the atmosphere with the aid of the electric current, has shown how to supplement these natural deposits. Two methods of fixing the free nitrogen are generally practised. The one consists in passing air through the flame produced by the electric arc, which is caused to spread out over a wide field by the aid of magnets. The nitrogen thus becomes oxidised to form nitric oxide, and the fumes being brought into contact with water, nitric acid is formed. The acid thus obtained may be used for various purposes, or may be transformed into nitrates for fertilising purposes by treatment with caustic lime. In the second process the atmosphere is blown over red-hot calcium carbide, which absorbs the free nitrogen, thereby forming what is known as calcium cyanamide. The simplicity of the processes has not failed to impress every nation, since the war has revealed the danger of depending upon imported supplies of natural nitrates. Should a country be cut off from the outside world, as is the case with the Central European Empires to-day, a condition of grave national peril naturally results. Germany and Austria have discovered this fact, although they have been free to purchase extensive quantities of nitrates from Norway, where the extraction of nitrogen from the air is being practised upon a growing scale. These resources are also being supplemented by the laying down of huge plants upon the extensive lignite-fields of the German Empire, this cheap fuel serving for the generation of the electricity in lieu of the water-power which is available in Scandinavia. It has now been announced that an English inventor resident in the United States of America has discovered a third process for the cheap exploitation of atmospheric nitrogen, whereby synthetic ammonia, which forms the basis of all nitrates employed in the production of explosives, is obtainable upon a cheap and extensive scale. Incidentally the process is equally applicable to the cheap production of fertiliser. Particulars concerning the process are not vouchsafed; but apparently the United States, which, like the European Powers, has been largely dependent upon Chile for her nitrate-supplies, intends to exploit the process. Fortunately in that vast country ample water-power abounds for the cheap generation of the electricity which is vital to the process. Great Britain is also dependent upon Chile for the natural product, and upon Scandinavia for the atmospheric product. The danger of this is not appreciated at the moment, but under certain circumstances it might become critical. While we have few waterfalls suitable for generating the electricity, the more economical utilisation of our coal resources might be profit-

ably taken in hand. Our collieries are surrounded by unsightly dumps of poor coal which would prove an excellent fuel if large generating stations were erected upon the sites, thereby saving fuel transit charges. In this manner the current could be generated at a figure comparable with that obtained by harnessing water-power. While such huge stations would meet our requirements during the present crisis, their future success would be assured by their production of fertiliser, for which the demand is certain to assume large dimensions.

A NEW ANTI-VERMIN BODY-BELT.

One of the penalties of war and of life in the tropics is the ravages of insects, which never fail to establish their domicile upon the human body if the opportunity is provided. Soldiers on active service are especially exposed to such a plague. Not only are vermin a source of intolerable torment, but they are extremely dangerous, inasmuch as it has been conclusively established that body lice are carriers of typhus and relapsing fever. In our issue of February, page 141, there was a description of a body-cord for subjugating the trench plague. Another means of counteracting this pestilence is the Kergold anti-vermin belt, which has proved its value as an efficient protection against the attacks of all germ-carrying vermin. The belt is made of soft material, is about three inches in width, and of sufficient length to pass round the waist, being secured in position by tapes which are fastened in front. The medicament permeating the substance of the belt comprises eight insecticides and antiseptics, prepared according to the formula drawn up by one of the foremost analytical chemists in this country. The belt not only protects the wearer around the waist, which is the section of the human body for which these uninviting insects evince a distinct predilection, but secures him immunity from head to foot. Although worn next to the skin, the belt offers no inconvenience, owing to the soft character of the material employed, and as it is secured tightly in position no chafing or irritation can arise. Although the medicament is destructive to the pest, it is perfectly harmless to the wearer. The medical properties of the belt last for approximately six months. Though it has been introduced especially for soldiers, it may be worn by those who are compelled to live in tropical countries where other insect pests abound which not only render life trying, but are actually dangerous. It should also appeal to those who are compelled to toil on the high seas, where under certain conditions the pest is likely to secure a foothold and prove dangerous to health.

ALCOHOL OR FOOD.

The Germans, in common with the other protagonists, have severely curtailed the consumption of alcohol. Indeed, at the moment

a determined agitation against any manufacture of alcoholic liquors is assuming formidable proportions, the matter being considered not as affecting the *moral* of the fighting-men, but in the interests of feeding the people. According to the investigations which have been conducted by eminent scientists, as much beer is being consumed in the Teuton Empire every day as would supply sufficient grain to feed eleven million men. From the economic point of view the country is suffering a loss of one-seventeenth of its food-supply through grain being turned into spirituous liquors. These authorities point out that to make a pint of beer the equivalent of one-half of the present daily allowance of flour to the civilian population is used in the form of barley, and that the flour which is thus wasted would be sufficient to make five and a quarter ounces of bread. In the year previous to the outbreak of war two million seven hundred thousand tons of potatoes—about one-sixteenth of the total production—were used, together with sixty-six thousand tons of barley and a round two million bushels of fruit and turnips, to produce the spirituous liquors consumed by the country. The economic waste arising from this misuse of food products, especially in such strenuous times, has roused the more energetic propagandists to agitate for the total extinction of the liquor traffic. So far as the army is concerned, every effort is being made to limit the consumption of spirits to medicinal doses—tots of rum, arrack, and cognac to the men in the wet and cold trenches being generally favoured. The German military authorities have discovered, as an experience of the war, that it is the temperate soldier who is best able to withstand the rigours and hardships of campaigning. But among the Germans beer-drinking has become a tradition, and at the moment enormous quantities are supplied to many of the troops, under the plea that as the drinking-water available is likely to be contaminated, beer must be supplied as a substitute. But the outbreak of war afforded some of the total abstinence advocates among the General Staff the opportunity to enforce their desires, notably General von Bissing, who reduced the quantity of alcohol to be issued to the troops under his command to a very small amount, and absolutely forbade its distribution to the wounded except upon prescription by the doctor. While there is very little likelihood of Germany becoming a 'dry' country even under the exigencies of war, it is stated that the Germany of the future will differ very pronouncedly from the Germany of the past in regard to its beer-drinking habits. The total prohibition of alcoholic liquor, which so many people desire at the present moment, in order to release greater quantities of foodstuffs for the civilian population, has encountered strenuous opposition from certain prominent members of the medical fraternity, who have declared that nothing could be done on the

battlefield without alcohol. The result is that at present the Empire is divided against itself upon this momentous question; but it would seem as if a *via media* had been found in the limitation of the supply of grain available for the manufacture of alcohol to the amount which is not needed for use as food. This compromise is to some extent a sop to the German society which has been formed to wage war against the misuse of spirituous liquors.

THE LONGEST RAILWAY TUNNEL IN AMERICA.

One of the most notable railway engineering feats of the moment is in active progress in Western Canada. This is the boring of a tunnel twenty-six thousand four hundred feet in length, which, when completed, will rank as the longest and most important work of its kind upon the American continent. For some years past the Canadian Pacific Railway has been occupied with the question of reducing the working expenses of its line through the Selkirk Range. The country is exceedingly rugged; while, owing to the line being exposed to the ravages of snow-slides and rock-slides, it has been necessary to construct long lengths of timber snow-sheds, the maintenance of which involves a heavy expenditure per annum. The tunnel will avoid the greatest natural obstacles upon the most formidable section of the line—that through Rogers's Pass. The new line will burrow through the Sir Donald Range, and it will reduce the summit-level of the section from four thousand three hundred and thirty feet to three thousand seven hundred and ninety-one feet; while the length of maximum grade, which is 2·2 per cent., will be reduced from 22·15 to 6·6 miles. Furthermore, there will be a saving of four and a half miles in distance. The outstanding feature of the work, apart from its magnitude, is the system of tunnelling which has been adopted. The specifications called for a double-track bore, and in order to expedite the work it was decided to drive a small 'pioneer bore' from end to end parallel with the centre line of the main work. This smaller bore was taken in hand from each end. Simultaneously the excavation of the main tunnel was begun, although, of course, the two operations were not being prosecuted at the same rate, the main object being to complete the 'pioneer bore' with all possible speed. At intervals of about one thousand five hundred feet along the pioneer bore cross-cuts are made into the alignment of the main tunnel, and at each of these points side-drifts are being driven, the débris being removed and carried outside through the smaller tunnel. Thus the main work is really being attacked from several points at once. The cost of the enterprise is provisionally estimated at two and a half million pounds. In addition to the construction of the long tunnel, heavy work in connection with the approaches must be under-

taken, the most notable being an embankment in the Illecillewaet River valley, which will require a round nine hundred million cubic yards, and a cutting which will necessitate the removal of approximately three hundred thousand cubic yards of earth and rock. Owing to the speed with which the novel method of boring has enabled the work to be prosecuted, and the absence of such unexpected developments as characterised the driving of similar works through the Swiss Alps, it is anticipated that the two headings will meet about September next. If this is achieved the contractor will anticipate the contract date by several months. Seeing that a premium is being paid for every day saved upon the contract time the contractor will reap a handsome bonus, which he concludes will offset the cost of driving the preliminary drift. The work is being followed with keen interest by railway engineers, and in the event of the method proving a distinct success there is no doubt that a similar practice will be largely followed in future.

NEW ROOF AND WEATHER TILE.

There has recently been devised a new variety of tile, which appears to have distinct merit. By a novel feature in its construction, the Surrey tile, as it is called, is much more economical in use than the ordinary variety, three hundred and seventy of the former, it is claimed, doing the work of five hundred and fifty-four of the latter, and thus effecting a saving in the cost of material, labour, and carriage. The new covering, besides being warm and artistic in appearance, is almost as light and cheap as slate. There are several patterns available, and a new unit in roofing called a spacer allows of ordinary plain tiles or slates being laid wider apart than usual, thus promoting economy in the use of older roof-coverings. Gables, angles, and other parts of roofs can be finished off with the usual tiling methods, and a satisfactory and artistic roof is obtained throughout.

THE EXHAUSTION OF THE GALICIAN OILFIELDS.

According to statistics which have been recently published, the Galician oilfields, which have contributed so much to the world's supply of liquid fuel, are becoming exhausted. Since the year 1909 the annual rate of decrease has averaged approximately two million barrels per annum, though in 1913 it was only one million barrels. The decline is experienced at Tustanovice, the most important centre in the territory. One result of this pronounced and steady diminution in the supply was the partial abandonment of oil-fuel upon certain sections of the Austro-Hungarian railways, where coal was reverted to. A few years ago hand-dug wells were common in the country, the peasants deriving from this method of raising the oil a sufficient income to meet their needs. But this practice

has ceased. Some idea of the speculative nature of the oil-industry even in a proved region is readily grasped when we learn that in 1913 no fewer than eight hundred and sixty-one of the Galician wells were unproductive. The constant necessity to drive to greater depths for the valuable liquid is shown by the fact that two hundred and fifty-two wells in the Boryslav-Tustanovice district now reach a depth exceeding four thousand feet, the deepest being five thousand four hundred feet, or more than a mile. It may be observed that the decrease in the yield is not attributable to devastation caused by war, inasmuch as the foregoing statistics refer to the year preceding the outbreak of hostilities.

REMOVING RUST FROM NICKEL.

Nickel is a metal which is particularly liable to rust, but the rust may be removed in a simple manner. A little grease should be well rubbed into the affected part, and this alone will remove some of the oxide. The remainder may usually be got rid of by allowing the grease to remain for several hours, and then rubbing it off with a rag dipped in ammonia. Should this prove ineffective, a few drops of very dilute hydrochloric acid should be used. It is, however, essential that this agent should be wiped off very quickly after being applied, otherwise the acid will remove the nickel as well as the rust, and the remedy will prove worse than the disease. After all rust has been removed, the surface should be well washed with clean water and wiped dry, when the usual metal polish may be safely applied, and the affected part restored to something approaching its original appearance.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

THE FLOWER-WALK IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

A FRAGMENT.

THE spring-tide snows of cherry-trees abloom,
And glades of wind-swept bluebells, leave no room
Within my heart for aught but still delight.
While here I linger, breaks upon the sight
An unexpected colour. 'Tis the blue—
Poignant and iridescent, matchless hue—
That clothes the neck of Juno's regal bird.
Behold him proudly sweep! As if he heard
My murmured pleasure, straightway he outspreads
His mighty fan; a coppery radiance sheds
Its varied lustre over all the space
Where jewelled ovals lend their brilliant grace.
Ah, hear! For, on a branch hard by, the dove
In throbbing accents breathes her note of love!
Magnolia-buds to waxen cups unclose,
And, behind all, the shimmering water flows.

CELIA HANSEN BAY.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE KING-MAKERS.

By W. E. CULE.

CHAPTER I.—THE BOY.

'YOU are a fool!' cried the King.

Rudeness is often more disconcerting than truth, and the silence that followed was heavy with dismay.

It was the insulted Premier himself who hastened to retrieve the situation. His tone was mild, apologetic, soothing; he even forced himself to be playful. 'I am not in a position to dispute the verdict,' he said, smiling. 'I am afraid my colleagues of the Executive would heartily endorse it. But our business for to-day is really concluded, and your Majesty need not be detained longer.'

The King was already conscious of his folly. He could not but feel a resentful gratitude for the tact which had been brought so quickly to the rescue. He had the impression that he had been deliberately provoked to his outburst, but that impression did not harmonise with the provoker's good-humour afterwards. Leaning back in his chair, he drummed pettishly upon the elbow-cushions, half-shamed, half-puzzled. 'I have had more than enough,' he muttered sullenly.

'And so have I, your Majesty. Yes, that is all for the present.'

Again the King fumed inwardly. It was the schoolmaster's dismissal of a troublesome pupil. The other two men at the table did not venture to look into his face. He knew that they disapproved emphatically. So his Majesty rose, and the councillors rose also. They remained standing until he reached the door, and his last glance saw them still there, respectful, but mutely reproachful. In the corridor a tall figure in steel and scarlet saluted mechanically, and he passed up the broad old staircase to his suite of rooms.

The Premier slowly collected his unappreciated papers. There was nothing in his powerful face to suggest resentment, yet surely he had enormous reason. 'It has been a very trying day,' he said urbanely; and the remark was almost a benediction upon the youth who had just left them. Yet his next words had a note of acerbity in them, most excusable under the circumstances. 'It is unfortunate that such tiresome details should have to be discussed,' he said, 'but they

are matters of State! And the King remains—what he was! We must hope for the best! I shall be ready for departure in half-an-hour, Berten. Will you travel in my car? The Secretary, of course, will remain in attendance.'

'With pleasure,' said Berten, the Foreign Minister, who had never before admired his colleague as he did at that moment; and accordingly they parted, each proceeding to the room assigned for his use while the King was in residence at the château.

In a few moments the Premier laid his papers down in his circular chamber in the south-west tower. He was a well-built man of sixty, with a cast of feature that suggested his far-off Hebrew ancestry. His smile was charming, his gaze peculiarly swift and direct. He did not seem to carry too heavily the burden of the recent scene. Once in his room with the door closed, his manner was even cheerful as he sat down on a lounge in the circular window to enjoy a cigar. The window was open, and he had a pleasant view of the cliffs and the sea. To the left, fading away in the blue haze, ran the long ridge which ended with the clump of rocks known as the Broken Tooth, and its indistinguishable lighthouse. Farther still, in the mouth of the bay, must lie the Orphan Rock; but this was beyond the range of sight.

Perhaps he did not observe these things at all, but kept his thoughts strictly to problems of statecraft. Presently, however, he heard a footstep on the gravel below his window. He did not change his position, and the steps passed rapidly on; but soon he saw a figure come into sight near the edge of the cliff, a youthful figure, which immediately vanished over the verge by some invisible path. Still the Premier sat deep in thought; but three minutes afterwards he was disturbed by the ash of his neglected cigar falling upon his vest. Taking up the handkerchief which lay beside him, he carefully collected the powder and discharged it through the open casement, shaking the handkerchief two or three times. Then he gathered up his papers and went down to meet his travelling companion.

The figure he had seen on the verge of the cliff was that of the King. After leaving the

council, his Majesty had gone to his rooms, to find his valet waiting.

'Your Majesty will change?'

'Yes. At once,' said the King irritably. 'I must get away. I must get away at once!'

Felix saw that something had occurred, and strove to please. 'The new costume—the tourist costume—has arrived,' he said eagerly. 'Perhaps your Majesty will try it?'

It lay, indeed, upon a chair, ready for use—a well-cut suit of tourist flannels, similar in all respects but that of cost to a thousand others which were flitting through the kingdom of Zorne at that moment. The King looked at it, and was not displeased. For a little while, instead of being one wretched youth on a pinnacle, he would be a humble unit of a multitude innumerable. In these garments he would go down to the Pavilion to obtain a little volume of poems, and then he would take a walk—anywhere.

In ten minutes the transformation was complete, and the King of Zorne made a very passable tourist in knickerbockers. Even the Senate would have had to look twice to recognise him.

'It is excellent,' murmured Felix, sensitive to the relieved atmosphere. 'Your Majesty finds it comfortable?'

'It will do,' said the King; and then, 'I am going to the Pavilion. But I must not be disturbed.'

'I will remember.'

Conrad descended the staircase, and rejoiced inwardly when the guard in the corridor hesitated for an instant to perform his automatic salute. Walking to the southern end of the château, he passed into the shrubbery. He met nobody, and, with something of the sensations of a truant, kept to the leafy gardens as long as he could, only leaving their shelter when it became necessary to make for the cliff and the Pavilion. It was then that he was seen by the Premier.

The Pavilion was a delightful wooden structure nestling in an elbow of the cliff. Invisible from the château, it looked straight out over the Adriatic, and a rugged cliff-pathway passed its threshold to the beach beneath. When the Government of Zorne had bought the château as a convenient royal retreat—it was only ten miles by road from the capital—the King had decided that this was the choicest corner of the whole estate. Hence he kept it jealously to himself and his ease.

Lately there had been little ease, owing to the unceasing antagonism of a force against which he struggled in vain, and the summer-house had seen him in bitter moments. He sighed now as he approached the building, and immediately afterwards flushed as only the thought of the Premier could make him flush. Then he pushed open the door—the place had been

cleaned and prepared for him in the morning—and went in.

Not far in, however, for he had not taken two steps before he discovered an intruder. In his own easiest chair lay a young man asleep. He had opened the window to enjoy the breeze, which cooled pleasantly a face and brow which bore signs of recent heat and fatigue. He was quite young—only a few years older than the King himself, apparently—with the fair hair and skin that suggested a Teutonic nationality. His boots were stretched at glorious length across the floor.

The King was in no mood to be pleased by such an adventure. Imagine his sensations, then, when he saw that the stranger, in addition to his chair and his cushions, had actually appropriated some of his clothing! Before settling down he had taken off his coat, and in its place had donned a loose yachting jacket of his Majesty's, which he had evidently recognised as an agreeable substitute for his own heated garment. It was only a trifle small, and it gave an irritating suggestion of ease to his whole attitude.

The King did not pause to consider his course of action. He stepped heavily on the boarded floor, and at once the intruder opened his eyes. But he was neither bewildered nor abashed, and the eyes he opened so calmly took only an instant to comprehend the situation. He did not even move his head, but surveyed the King steadily. And steadily the royal anger rose.

'You are trespassing, sir,' the King began as courteously as his wrath would permit. 'These grounds are private.'

The intruder yawned. Otherwise he did not move. 'Indeed!' he said.

'Yes. And, confound you, sir, you are wearing my coat!'

The young man's lazy blue eyes examined the King's features with considerable care. He was not impressed; he seemed, in fact, amused. When he spoke it was with indescribable effrontery. 'Ah,' he said calmly, 'they certainly did tell me that this old house was the Château Rombard. You must be—the Little King!'

It was indeed a day of humiliation for his Majesty of Zorne. In spite of his effort at self-control, he started perceptibly, and a flush that was as much of shame as of anger rose to his cheeks.

The intruder watched these effects with a certain indolent enjoyment. 'Your Majesty must not be annoyed,' he said as calmly as before. 'I used a term which is common enough in Zorne, as you may know.'

'Indeed!' stammered the King, in angry bewilderment.

'Decidedly. And your Majesty will doubtless understand my use of it when I say that I am something of a Socialist, and therefore no respecter of kings.'

This was the first Socialist the King had met in personal contact, and he was unlikely to forget the occasion. But the fellow's audacity was bound to have a cooling effect upon him.

'You are?' he asked, with growing self-control.

And the intruder went on. He combined impudence and audacity with a sincere admiration for his own cleverness and a genuine regard for the sound of his own voice. 'It is exactly so. Kings, in my view, are at the best frightfully expensive symbols of an absurd social order. Or we may regard them as persons who appropriate an undue share of the pleasant things of life, seldom through any virtues of their own. Such were my thoughts when I heard that this was the Château Rombard. I reflected that in strict justice it was probably as much mine as your Majesty's; and when I saw this summer-house I decided to enjoy a share of my property for an hour or two. So I took the liberty of making myself at home.'

'And—and my coat?' asked the King grimly.

'As much mine as yours, your Majesty. And you have had much more use of it hitherto.'

The King considered. He was a little amused; indeed, he might by this time have lost his anger altogether had it not been for that one phrase, 'the Little King.' Not even the keenest sense of humour could erase that insult from the victim's memory. Yet he was now so far master of himself that he could almost hold his own.

'Knowing so much of kings,' he said, 'you must be aware that they like to be obeyed. I regret to seem inhospitable; but there are several guards at the château. They will come when I call them; and, since you declare yourself a Socialist, they may be excused if they mistake you for an Anarchist, and throw you over the cliff. Such distinctions are a little difficult to them!'

The intruder was interested at last. 'Your Majesty improves on acquaintance,' he said. 'If you spoke more frequently in that tone things might be—different. But for the present I have given my answer, and I beg that you will not disturb me further.' And with sublime impudence he closed his eyes, appearing to glide off at once into a pleasant slumber.

Conrad showed now that he had fully recovered his equilibrium. 'Oblige me,' he said smoothly, 'by accepting my hospitality for ten minutes more. After that, if my servants prove objectionable, you will, I am sure, excuse their zeal. They are under the impression that these grounds are more mine than yours.' With this remark he strode out of the Pavilion and on to the path which passed the door.

An appeal to the servants, however, was not at all to his taste. Not more than fifty yards away grew a clump of low bushes, and when he reached these he quietly threw himself down on the grass behind them. Having found there

a point of vantage, he lay with his eyes fixed upon the Pavilion, confident that in a few minutes his enemy would emerge in prudent and timely flight. And that would close a somewhat remarkable incident in as satisfactory a way as could be hoped for.

For two, three, four minutes he lay still and expectant. Then his calculations were thrown into irrevocable disorder. Suddenly and mysteriously—for there had not been the slightest sound of any kind—a man's head came into view on the rugged pathway which led up from the beach to the cliff-brow. Instead of passing in front of the Pavilion window, however, the owner of the head kept well down, creeping silently and swiftly around the corner of the building and on to the head of the path. There he paused, and the interested observer saw that he was a powerful man in fisher costume, who rested motionless for a while, alert, watching, listening, in sinister silence. Then he made some sign with his hand, and immediately two other men crept to his side with the same mystery and precaution. One of these bore a coil of rope, and the other carried what appeared to be a sack.

The King lay as motionless as a log.

The three men stood for a moment at the entrance to the Pavilion. All were breathlessly still. Then the leader gave another silent signal, and the frail door was dashed wide as the two subordinates hurled themselves into the interior. For a brief space there was some confusion, but except for one stifled exclamation all was done with remarkably little noise. In his pretended slumber the unfortunate jester had rendered himself an easy prey for the abductors. Indeed, he had no opportunity of seeing their faces, the man with the sack having accomplished his share of the capture with faultless celerity and skill.

The King was intensely interested, but his excitement did not incline him to interfere. He did not imagine for a moment that any life was in peril. The noise was over almost at once, and for a very short time he waited and watched in vain. Then out from the still open door came the first fisherman, to sweep the neighbourhood with another keen, searching, and suspicious glance. For fully half-a-minute he stood, a mute sentinel; then he raised his hand again, moving cautiously towards the cliff-path as he did so.

Immediately the other two men came out after him, bearing between them a fourth. This fourth had been neatly bound in the sack, gagged, and rolled in a rug; and, as he was no great weight, they handled him almost with ease. They commenced the descent, and vanished after their leader.

The King's natural desire to help the helpless—it was only a faint desire in this case—was easily overcome by the counsels of prudence.

He lay still until he felt that all peril had passed. Then he sped lightly to the Pavilion, where he found everything in a surprising state of order. The fishermen were evidently persons of method and discretion, with a capacity for details. Indeed, the whole affair betrayed prearrangement and organisation to an almost startling degree.

After a careful and admiring examination, he closed the door behind him and left the building. During all these movements he had been thinking swiftly, every faculty spurred to its utmost. Without hesitation now, he ran along the cliff-top, sheltering himself as much as possible until he was among the shrubs that screened the entrance-gate of the park. And here, as he had anticipated, he found a bicycle hidden, dusty indeed, but evidently of excellent quality. A small travelling-case was strapped to the saddle.

When this adventure is charged against his Majesty's reputation, let his youth be remembered—a youth cramped for three years in the iron bands of royal etiquette, with the inflexible Rubin as mentor. It had been, too, a day of mingled rebellion, trial, and bitterness; but it was also a day of early summer, with the world's returning youth in every breath from the sea. Last, but not least, there was this adventure,

in which he had witnessed an abominable outrage clearly directed against his own person. It was so bold as to suggest some strong force in the state which would dare all things to injure him; and while it did not give him any sensation of fear, it roused his resentment to an extreme degree. Surely these influences were well calculated to overwhelm for the time all sense of responsibility, and to lead him to take with a light heart a path of which he could not see the end.

In a moment he had run the cycle out to the road, where he walked it some fifty yards or so to a commanding point. There he stood, his face turned seaward, until a small boat shot out from under the cliff bearing three men. There was probably an inert figure lying in the bottom, but it was quite invisible from such a distance. As soon as the shelter of the cliff was passed a sail was run up, and the little craft went steadily out to sea.

Conrad turned to the cycle and gave it a friendly smile. 'The adventure was as much his as mine,' he said. 'May he not tire of his share in it! As for you, you're as much mine as his, and hitherto he alone has had the use of you! Let us correct that injustice!'

(Continued on page 507.)

WAR, WINE, AND WALNUT.

By Sir JAMES YOXALL, M.P.

WARS affect wine-importing, of course; it is easily evident that too much '*Hoch der Kaiser!*' has been bad business for hock. Our quarrels with France kept claret and burgundy out of Britain for ten and twenty years at a time, and our friendship with Portugal let port and the gout come in. But what about walnut? I do not mean walnuts, but *walnut*. It is partly a matter of tables—dining-tables, upon which wine came, and under which, after four or five bottles apiece, men went. It is partly a matter of muskets, too; muskets, which in war—But there, I have proved the link.

This triple subject came to me by chance. A project for a war-tax on wines set me searching the House of Commons Library, that graveyard of projects. I wished to study the statistics of wine-taxing in the past, and did so; but I found the mere figures as dry as corks. What lay behind them, however? Patriotism. It was not taxed prices but patriotism which changed our national taste in wine-tippling. 'Give me a bottle which doesn't come from the French or the Spaniards,' the Georgian gentry used to cry.

In the year 1702 those few bibulous forebears of ours consumed no less than two thousand and fifty-one tuns of French wine; and a tun was four hogsheads, mind you, two hundred and fifty-

two gallons—in all, a matter of four million pints! Then we fiercely went to war with France, and our consumption of French wine dropped to one hundred and thirty tuns. Twenty-seven and a half million pints of sherry were being drunk here the same year, too; but Spain also joined our enemies, so straightway the tuns of Spanish wine brought to London fell from thirteen thousand to one thousand five hundred. I use figures as round as the casks.

As for walnut, walnut timber, it also for a war reason ceased to be used here. Oak, heart-of-oak, had been the only timber used for British dining-tables right up to the end of the reign of James II. But walnut furniture, beginning to be fashionable under William and Mary, became the rage under Queen Anne. Walnut dining-tables of that period are excessively rare, however; slabs of walnut-wood had become scarce, apparently. Why?

It is known that under George I., who succeeded Queen Anne, mahogany furniture became general, and remained so for a century, until walnut came in again for a time when Queen Victoria was young. It was around 'the mahogany-tree,' as Thackeray called the dining-table, that the three-bottle men swigged, and under it that they snored. Most people know

that, of course; but hardly anybody knows why walnut, the beautiful and durable English walnut timber, should have gone out of use so quickly. The 'reign of walnut' in furniture was brief, from about 1689 to 1720 only. Why?

I used to think that a whim of fashion accounted for this quick change from walnut to mahogany. But, like many of the things which one used to think, that was wrong. A friend of mine who is a biographer of the great Duke of Marlborough lit up the matter for me by a casual remark the other day; he said that the Duke commandeered all the walnut in England for military purposes. English walnut had become nationally registered, so to speak; all the trees were cut down, and all the timber was cut up. And why? To make butts or stocks for the muskets which Marlborough's soldiers carried to victory at Blenheim, Ramillies, Malplaquet, and Oudenarde.

History repeats itself, they say. She does; she even plagiarises herself. For news came from Brussels a year ago that all the walnut-trees and walnut timber in Belgium had been looted; the wood had been commandeered, and carried away to Aix and Essen to be made into rifle-stocks for German recruits. So that now again there must be, as there was in the eighteenth century, a dearth of this beautiful timber, for walnut-trees grow very slowly; during a century to come there can be no dining-tables made of Belgian walnut, just as none could be made of English walnut between the reigns

of George I. and Victoria. Even minor history repeats itself, therefore, and the lesser Clio sings the same song over and over again; yet who could have thought that this particular connection could be related 'over the walnuts and the wine'?

But what of port and the gout? Well, Portugal stood our constant ally, and her vine-growers profited by that. Port, 'rich, fruity port,' as it was in those days—port, the very life-blood of gout—was drunk with patriotic gusto all over the United Kingdom, by Irish squires, Highland lairds, and English fox-hunters; in port wine they drank damnation to France, '*France tant jolie*,' that realm of beauty and delight, the 'sweet enemy' which is our gallant ally now. Therefore I sometimes get in a toe a twinge of the self-same pain that racked my great-great-grandfather's foot; therefore those Chippendale mahogany leg-rests which one sees in old-fashioned clubs still have occasional use.

Will German-grown wine ever get back into large patronage in this country? There was little of it imported during the eighteenth century, even when 'Germany' stood for peace; Rhenish wine mounted up to one thousand four hundred and thirty tuns during our French and Spanish quarrels; but in peace-time it dropped, all through the century, down as low as eighty-eight. Perhaps 'German' was then thought to stand for 'sour'? It certainly stands for that, and for worse, with the whole world now.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

A REALISTIC STORY OF THE INNER LIFE OF THE ROYAL NAVY.

By TAFFRAIL, Author of *The Bad Hat*, *The Decoy*, *An Eye for an Eye*, &c.

CHAPTER VII.—continued.

III.

'REQUEST-MEN an' defaulters—'shun!' bawled the master-at-arms, as the commander passed aft along the quarterdeck and took his stand behind a small scrubbed table upon which were a pile of papers and several ponderous-looking books.

'Petty Officer Weatherly!'

The petty officer left the line, stepped smartly forward to the table, clicked his heels, and saluted.

'Petty Officer William Weatherley,' the M.A.A.* went on, 'requests hextension o' leaf till two P.M. on Monday.'

The commander looked up. 'Can he be spared?' was his first question.

'Request's signed by the torpedo lieutenant, sir,' the M.A.A. explained; for Weatherley,

being a torpedo gunner's mate by calling, was one of Hatherley's myrmidons.

'Why d'you want this extension?' the commander asked, playing with a pencil.

'Urgent private affairs, sir.'

'Yes, quite so. But what are the private affairs, and why are they urgent? Week-end leave expires at nine o'clock on Monday, you know.'

'I can't very well say, sir,' the petty officer said, glancing at the crowd of ship's corporals round the table. 'My reasons are rather private, sir.'

'Oh, I see. Can you tell me?'

'Yes, sir.'

The commander left the table, beckoned the man after him, and walked aft out of earshot of every one else. For quite a minute they talked together, and then the officer nodded, and

* M.A.A., master-at-arms.

Weatherley, with a pleased grin, saluted and marched off.

'Request granted, master-at-arms,' the commander observed, coming back to the table. 'Next man.'

The M.A.A. made a note in his book. 'Able Seaman Billings!' he called.

Joshua ambled aft at a jog-trot, halted in front of the table, and, from sheer force of habit, removed his cap.

'Keep yer 'at on!' growled one of the ship's corporals in an undertone. 'You ain't a defaulter!'

The commander turned his face away to hide a smile, and Billings, covered with confusion and rather redder in the face than usual, resumed his headgear.

'Able Seaman Joshua Billings. Requests a turn o' week-end leaf out o' watch.'

'Has he got a substitute?'

'Yessir.'

'Why d'you want leave out of your turn?' the commander asked, eyeing the A.B. with a half-smile hovering round his mouth. 'You've been ashore a good bit lately, haven't you?'

'Yessir, I 'as,' Joshua answered, fidgeting. 'But ye see, sir, it's like this 'ere. I've got werry himportant business ashore 'ere, sir, an' I wants to git it fixed up.'

'What sort of business? Money, or something of that kind?'

'No, sir. 'Ardly that. It's ter do wi' a lady, sir—lady wot lives ashore 'ere an' keeps a sweet an' bacca shop wot sells noospapers. I'm—I'm——' Joshua paused, licked his lips, and shifted his feet nervously.

The commander smiled. 'Are you—er—in love with the lady?' he asked.

The master-at-arms and one of the ship's corporals cleared their throats noisily.

'Yessir, that's abart it. Yer see, sir,' Billings went on, in a sudden burst of confidence, 'I sez ter meself that it's abart time I started lookin' round fur somethin' ter do w'en I leaves the service, seein' as 'ow I'm close on me pension, an' I sez ter meself'——

'Yes, I quite understand,' the commander interposed kindly. 'Time is short, and you needn't go into details as to how it happened. You've behaved yourself well for the last couple of months, so I'll grant your request. You mustn't make a habit of it, that's all. Look out, too, you don't get into trouble, and, above all'—he looked up with a smile—'beware of evil companions. I wish you luck in your affair, Billings.'

'Thank you, sir. Same to you, sir.'

'Request granted. 'Bout turn, double march!' broke in the M.A.A.

Joshua saluted and trotted off, very much pleased with himself.

Several other requests were dealt with, and then came the turn of the defaulters.

'Ord'nary Seaman Martin!' shouted the M.A.A.

Pincher, arrayed in his best serge suit, in the hope that his smart appearance might mitigate his offence, ran nervously forward and halted in front of the table.

'Orf cap! Ord'nary Seaman William Martin. First, did remain habsent over leaf two an' a narf hours, an' was happehended an' brought aboard by the naval patrol. Second, did create a disturbance in St John's Street, Weymouth, at 'arf-parst nine p.m. hon th' night o' the eleventh hinstant.'

The commander rubbed his chin thoughtfully and gazed at the buff charge-sheet on the table in front of him. 'Where's the petty officer of the patrol?' he asked, without looking up.

'Petty Officer Bartlett!'

The petty officer hurried forward, and halted with a salute.

'Make your report,' said the commander.

'The night before last, sir, at 'arf-parst nine, I was in St John's Street with the patrol, w'en I sees a bit o' a crowd collected, an' some one tells me that two sailors was fightin'. I 'urries forward, sir, disperses the people with the hassistance o' a policeman, an' finds this 'ere man, sir'—he indicated Martin with his thumb—'fightin' with hanother man.'

'Who was the other man?'

'Ship's stooard's hassistant from the flagship, sir. I've forgot 'is exac' name.'

'Well, go on.'

'Well, sir, I happehends 'em both, an' takes 'em off an' keeps 'em under harrest, at the same time informin' the orficer o' the picket wot I done.'

'Who was the officer of the picket?'

'I was, sir,' said Lieutenant English, coming forward.

'Did you see those men fighting?' asked the commander.

'No, sir, not actually fighting. I saw them both immediately afterwards.'

'Were they drunk?'

'No, sir. They were excited, and the ship's steward's assistant's nose was bleeding badly.' There was no necessity for the officer to describe Pincher's injuries, for that youth had a remarkably fine specimen of a black eye.

'Did they resist the patrol?' the commander asked, turning to Petty Officer Bartlett.

'Not this man, sir. 'E came along quite quiet. The other man kicked up a bit o' a dust.'

'H'm! I see,' the commander observed with his lips twitching.—'What have you got to say?' he added, addressing Martin. 'First, why did you break your leave?'

'Please, sir,' Pincher explained with the air of an injured innocent, 'I 'adn't no intention o' doin' it. I comes down ter th' pier at seven o'clock an' finds the boat jest shoved orf. The

clocks wus all wrong, sir. I sez ter meself I'll come orf by the late oficers' boat at arf-parst ten; so I goes back, sir, 'as a bit o' supper, an' then, at 'bout arf-parst nine, I meets Parkin'—

'Who's Parkin?'

'Im wot I was fightin' wi', sir.'

'Go on.'

'I meets 'im in the street, sir. We ain't the best o' friends, 'cos me an' 'im 'ad a bit o' a shimozzle'—

'Shimozzle!' echoed the commander, looking rather puzzled. 'What on earth 's that?'

'Bit o' a dust-up, sir,' Pincher explained.

'Well, go on.'

'Well, sir,' the culprit resumed, 'we 'ad a bit o' a hargument at th' skatin'-rink abart a week ago. 'E was walkin' in the street along o' a lady, sir; but as soon as 'e sees me 'e leaves 'er an' comes across ter me. "You dirty little 'ound!" 'e sez, usin' 'orrible langwidge, "I've got yer now!" "You keep a civil tongue in yer 'ead, Mister Parkin," I sez, polite like. 'E don't wait fur no more, sir, but ups an' 'its me on th' 'ead. I couldn't stand that, sir, so I 'its 'im back. We 'adn't bin at it no more'n five minutes,' he added regretfully, 'w'en the patrol comes along, sir.' Martin, who had been carefully drilled as to what he had to say by Billings, himself a past-master at the art of inventing excuses, reeled off his tale glibly enough, and then paused for breath.

The commander seemed rather perplexed. 'Why is it that Parkin and yourself are such bitter enemies?' he asked, looking up with a frown. 'Why can't you behave yourselves like ordinary people?'

'It's like this 'ere, sir,' Pincher said, going off into a long-winded and very complicated explanation, which brought in Emmeline, the affair at the skating-rink, and how it had all happened.

'Oh, I see,' the commander observed. 'A girl's really at the bottom of it—what?'

Martin hung his head and made no reply.

'You've got a very good black eye, I see, and a swollen mouth. Did you do him any other damage besides making his nose bleed?'

'Yessir,' said Pincher hopefully, looking up with the ghost of a smile. 'I thinks one o' 'is eyes is bunged up too.'

'Indeed! Well, so far as I can see, it's a question of six of one and half-a-dozen of the other.—Where's his record?' the commander asked, turning to a ship's corporal, who was holding an enormous conduct-book open against his bosom. 'H'm! No entries. Clean sheet. What division's he in?'

'Mine, sir,' said Lieutenant Tickle, coming forward.

'What sort of a man is he? Had any trouble with him?'

'None at all, sir. Does his work quite well.'

The commander turned to the misdemeanant.

'Well,' he said, speaking quite kindly and quietly, 'you haven't been in the service very long, my lad; but the sooner you realise we can't have this sort of thing going on the better. I don't object to fighting—we're all paid to do that when the time comes; but if you want to take on one of your squadron-mates, you'd better do it somewhere where you won't be seen. Brawling in the streets only gets the navy into disrepute, so bear it in mind.' He paused.

Pincher hung his head.

'I can't say which of you was to blame,' the commander went on, 'but I can't overlook your offence. However, it's the first time you've been up before me, so I'll let you off lightly. You'll have seven days No. 10;* and next time you want to fight anybody, or anybody wants to fight you, you let me know, and we'll provide you with boxing-gloves, and let you hammer each other on board during the dog watches. This man was bigger than you, eh?'

'Yessir.'

'Well, I'm glad to see you've got pluck, and I'm glad you gave him more than he gave you. That's all. Don't come up before me again, mind.'

'Seven days No. 10! 'Bout turn! Double march!' ordered the master-at-arms.

Pincher ran off, rather pleased with himself. It was the first time he had been a defaulter, and he had dreaded the ordeal; but he found the commander was quite human, after all. Moreover, he had expected to be punished far more severely for the affray; while the leave-breaking offence, for which he was liable to a mulct of one day's pay and stoppage of one day's leave, had been completely ignored. The fact of the matter was that the commander, though he took good care not to say so, sympathised with Pincher in his heart of hearts. He liked a man who stood up for himself, and when he had interviewed the other defaulters he called Tickle to his side.

'That fellow Martin of yours,' he said; 'he seems a plucky young devil for his age?'

'He is, sir,' the lieutenant agreed; 'quite a promising lad. I've had my eye on him for some time. He's got plenty of—er—guts too, sir. English tells me that fellow who went for him was double his size.'

'So much the better,' the senior officer grinned. 'I wish he had knocked him out.'

For the next week Pincher was undergoing the rigours of No. 10 punishment. He didn't like it at all. To start with, he had to turn out of his warm hammock at four-thirty A.M., had his meal-times cut down to the barest minimum, while all his spare time was taken up in rifle exercise, physical drill, or extra work of some kind. It was far too strenuous to be pleasant,

* No. 10 = a particular form of punishment.

particularly as his leave was stopped, and he could not go ashore. However, with Billings's assistance, he found time to write a letter to Emmeline, which the A.B. delivered.

'DERE MISS FIGGINS'—it ran—'i am in trubble, having got in the rattle for fighting Mister Parkin larst thursday night in Weymouth. i made his nose bleed agen, and bunged up one of his eyes. i got a black eye and a swollen mouth, and seven days No. 10 for my trubble; but i hopes to come ashore agen next friday. i'm glad he got the wurst of it. Hoping this finds You as it leaves me—[It is to be hoped that Emmeline, also, had not got a black eye and a swollen mouth]—I remains, miss, your obedient servant,
WM. MARTIN.'

The missive elicited a reply.

'DEAR MR MARTIN'—it said—'I am sorry to hear that you have been punished, but Mr Billings says it is not serious. I am glad to hear that Mr Parkin got the worst of it. I do not like him. The shindy at the skating-rink was all of his making, and he deserves what he got and more. Mother will be pleased if you will come to tea on next Friday at five o'clock P.M. I will be in, and you can tell us all about it. I hope your face will soon be all right. My Mother says Zambuk ointment cured Father's face when he fell off a cab once, and I have asked Mr Billings to get you some. With compliments, I am yours sincerely,

'EMMELINE FIGGINS.'

For several nights Pincher slept with Emmeline's note beneath his pillow.

(Continued on page 500.)

EXAMINATION OF WITNESSES.

THE HUMOUR AND THE PATHOS OF IT.

By 'BARRISTER-AT-LAW.'

IT is an impressive fact to remember that thousands of people every year are compelled, in the interests of justice, to be examined and cross-examined in our courts of law. They represent every type of character, and are drawn from all classes of society. There is the flippant witness, always ready with a pert answer; the dogged witness, generally a very ignorant individual; that unfortunate person, the nervous witness, who says 'yes' when he or she means 'no;' the humorous witness, the *bête noire* of young barristers; the cunning, canting, positive, perjured witness; and many other kinds which I need not enumerate. Most go through the ordeal of examination without suffering any material damage; on the other hand, many receive injuries of a more or less serious nature, whilst some leave the courts with their reputations absolutely ruined. A few suffer the unhappy fate of being taken straight from the witness-box and placed in custody on account of the self-incriminating evidence which their examination has revealed. The witness-box is, indeed, the scene of many dramas, comedies, and pathetic incidents. It is my purpose in this brief article to illustrate this by a few cases which have come within my own experience, or of which I have heard from reliable sources.

The perjurer is probably responsible for more dramatic surprises in the courts than any other type of witness. The reasons for his false swearing are, of course, varied. Sometimes his conduct results from a desire to get a friend cleared of a criminal charge. The most amusing instance of this kind of perjurer I have ever heard of occurred in a case at Warwick. A certain

man was charged with burglary. The prisoner's defence was an alibi. He swore that at the time when the burglary took place he was with some friends at a public-house several miles away from the scene of the crime. These friends turned up at the court to support the prisoner's statement. The first of them to be put in the witness-box was an Irishman. He told the court that at the time the burglary was committed the prisoner was with him. He was very emphatic as to the time it was in the evening when the prisoner was with him. The reason he was so positive was, so he alleged, because he had particularly noted the time by the public-house clock.

On rising to cross-examine him, the prosecuting counsel made one request to the witness which completely shattered the man's evidence. He asked the Irishman to look at the clock in the court, and tell him the time. The man at once became confused, and, after looking at the clock for some time, at last muttered, 'Such a rum un!' He couldn't tell.

'Can't you tell a clock?' asked the counsel.

'Shure, sir, I can't tell un,' was the reply.

The extraordinary thing was that only one out of the six witnesses was able to tell the time from the clock. It was simply a case of a well-planned alibi, which would have certainly been successful had not the prosecuting counsel chanced to reveal the men's inability to read the dial of a clock.

Undoubtedly the most despicable miscreant is the witness who goes into the box and falsely swears against a prisoner either from motives of hate, revenge, or any other cause. Probably one of the most dramatic exposures of such a witness

ever known was achieved by Abraham Lincoln, the famous American President, when he was a young man. A young fellow named Grayson was charged with murdering another young man called Lockwood by shooting him. The evidence against Grayson was very black, the chief witness for the prosecution being a French-American named Sovine, who was with Lockwood at the time he was murdered. This man swore that he saw Grayson fire the fatal shot.

Now Mrs Grayson, the mother of the prisoner, after vainly trying to get one or other of the well-known lawyers in her district to defend her son, was fortunately driven to entrust the task to the then unknown and untried Lincoln. This was his first case. Few lawyers on such an occasion have so ably and brilliantly acquitted themselves as did Abraham Lincoln in his defence of Grayson.

To the amazement of everybody in the court, the young lawyer never uttered a word or cross-examined any of the witnesses at the trial until Sovine appeared in the box. His cross-examination of this man was a masterpiece, and as it is so short and dramatic I give it in full.

Lincoln—‘And you were with Lockwood just before, and saw the shooting?’ *Sovine*—‘Yes.’

Lincoln—‘And you stood very near to them?’ *Sovine*—‘No; almost twenty feet away.’

Lincoln—‘May it not have been ten feet?’ *Sovine*—‘No; it was twenty feet away.’

Lincoln—‘In the open field?’ *Sovine*—‘No; in the timber.’

Lincoln—‘What kind of timber?’ *Sovine*—‘Beech timber.’

Lincoln—‘Leaves on it are rather thick in August?’ *Sovine*—‘Rather.’

Lincoln—‘And you think this pistol is the one used?’ *Sovine*—‘It looks like it.’

Lincoln—‘You could see the defendant shoot, see how the barrel hung, and all about it?’ *Sovine*—‘Yes.’

Lincoln—‘How near was this to the meeting-place?’ A revival meeting was being held, to which Lockwood was going at the time of his death. *Sovine*—‘Three-quarters of a mile off.’

Lincoln—‘Where were the lights?’ *Sovine*—‘Up by the minister’s stand.’

Lincoln—‘Three-quarters of a mile away?’ *Sovine*—‘Yes, I answered ye twice.’

Lincoln—‘Did you not see a candle there, with Lockwood or Grayson?’ *Sovine*—‘No. What would we want a candle for?’

Lincoln—‘How, then, did you see the shooting?’ *Sovine*—‘By moonlight,’ defiantly.

Lincoln—‘You saw this shooting at ten at night, in beech timber, three-quarters of a mile from the lights, saw the pistol-barrel, saw the man fire, saw it twenty feet away, saw it all by moonlight? Saw it nearly a mile from the camp lights?’ *Sovine*—‘Yes. I told you so before.’

On getting this answer, Lincoln put his hand into a side pocket and drew forth a blue-covered

book. By this time the people in the court had been worked up to a high pitch of excitement, and were watching the gaunt young advocate with breathless interest. The book turned out to be a well-known almanac. Having got the permission of the court to put it in as evidence, Lincoln soon proved that on the night of the crime the moon was unseen, and in fact did not rise until one the next morning. Then, with dramatic suddenness, he turned to the judge and asked that Sovine should at once be arrested and charged with the murder of Lockwood, saying that ‘nothing but a motive to clear himself could have induced him to swear away so falsely the life of one who never did him harm.’

The wretched Sovine at once collapsed, and there and then confessed that he had killed Lockwood accidentally.

Though we all abhor the deliberate perjurer, yet all of us must feel deep sympathy for one who, imagining that he is speaking the truth, swears falsely, and leaves the witness-box with the black stain of perjury impressed upon his character. The best and most famous instance of this type of witness that I know of was a Catholic priest who was a witness for the Claimant in the Tichborne case. Writing of him, Mr Serjeant Ballantine said: ‘This gentleman gave his evidence in favour of the claim with great firmness and evident honesty of intention. He was subjected to a severe cross-examination, and suffered greatly under it. He was one of those men, of not an uncommon type, whose feelings had been reached without a sufficient aid from reason; who did not dissect sufficiently from materials before him what he really knew from what had been impressed upon his mind from other sources. Witnesses of this kind cut but an awkward figure in the hands of a skilful counsel; the more so that they feel that they may have been misled and have conveyed erroneous ideas. Such a feeling is very trying to a conscientious man, and it was evident that this gentleman suffered greatly.’ Indeed, the poor man suffered such mental anguish that soon afterwards he went out of his mind, and ended his days in a lunatic asylum.

Clergymen make, as a general rule, bad witnesses. One of the reasons is that they so often use such exaggerated epithets in describing incidents and impressions as to lay themselves open to ridicule. The following true incident admirably illustrates my meaning. A middle-aged and eminently respectable clergyman of the Anglican Church, in the course of giving evidence, described the conduct of a young man and woman as debased and disgusting. The reason he gave for his severe judgment was that he had seen the man kiss the girl and hold her hand. In his cross-examination he was asked whether he had ever kissed a girl and held her hand. The worthy man frankly admitted he had. ‘But,’ he naively explained, ‘she was a Sunday school

teacher.' This answer, of course, convulsed the whole court, and gave the impression that he was a canting humbug.

Medical witnesses are a fruitful source of 'sport,' the main reason being that often doctors engaged in the same case will give, quite honestly, diametrically opposed views and opinions on the matter before the court. Their weakness for using highly technical and scientific words quite needlessly is often amusing. A good instance in point is the case of a young medico who, asked to describe the injury of a man he had examined, said, 'I discovered considerable ecchymosis under the left orbit, caused by extravasation of blood beneath the cuticle.' In answer to the judge, he admitted that he meant the man had a black eye. Medical witnesses are often guilty of giving unnecessary and foolish details in the course of their evidence. I was present in court at Quarter Sessions quite recently when a very self-complacent doctor was describing the condition in which he found a prisoner, who was charged with attempting to kill himself by cutting his throat with a razor, soon after the wretched man had made the attempt. Having carefully described how he found the man, and the nature of the self-inflicted wound, he concluded his evidence by gravely stating, 'The man was living.' The chairman of the bench, humorously looking at the doctor, and then at the prisoner in the dock, very much alive indeed, said in a dry tone, 'I can well believe it, doctor.' The court tittered, and the unfortunate witness blushed exceedingly.

The following cross-examination of a doctor, though very amusing to read, is full of pathos, for it unjustifiably branded a quite able practitioner with the stamp of professional incompetency. It forcibly illustrates how a clever and astute counsel may bluff a nervous witness into giving opinions and making statements contrary to his true judgment. The cross-examination occurred in a case where the knowledge of the doctor as to whether certain bones belonged to the skeleton of a woman or a man was of considerable importance. The object of the cross-examiner was to show that the doctor's opinion was unreliable.

Counsel (handing up to the doctor the two lower bones of a leg)—'Will you please take these, doctor, and tell the jury whether in life they constituted the bones of a woman's leg or a man's leg?' *Doctor*—'It is difficult to tell, sir.'

Counsel—'What! can't you tell the skeleton of a woman's leg from that of a man's?' *Doctor*—'Oh, yes. I should say it was a woman's leg.'

Counsel (smiling and looking pleased)—'So, in your opinion, doctor, this was a woman's leg?' It was a woman's leg. *Doctor* (observing counsel's face, and thinking he had made a mistake)—'Oh, I beg your pardon, it is a man's leg, of course. I had not examined it carefully.'

Counsel—'Is it the right or left leg?' It is very difficult for the inexperienced to distinguish right from left. *Doctor*—'It is the right leg.'

Counsel (with a great show of surprise)—'What! the right leg?' It was the right. *Doctor*—'Pardon me, it is the left.'

Counsel—'Were you not right the first time, doctor? Is it not, in fact, the right leg?' *Doctor*—'I don't think so. No; it is the left leg.'

Counsel—'Please put the skeleton of the foot into the ankle-joint of the bones you already have in your hand, and then tell me whether it is the right or left leg.'

By this time everybody was highly amused by the contradictory answers of the unfortunate doctor, who nervously proceeded to adjust the bones. Having done so, he turned to his tormentor and said, 'Yes, it is the left leg, as I said before.'

Counsel (uproariously)—'But, doctor, don't you see you have inserted the foot into the knee-joint? Is that the way it is in life?'

At this strange climax the court simply rocked with laughter. The counsel sat down, having achieved his end by making the wretched doctor appear an incompetent fool.

Sometimes, but very rarely, I am glad to say, counsel are needlessly cruel. One case in particular I remember in which counsel brutally abused his power by unjustly and needlessly forcing a witness to reveal a dark incident in his past for which he had fully atoned. In his youth he had committed a felony for which he had been punished by the law. After he had come out of prison he had moved to a part where he was not known, and by years of honest industry and high endeavour had become greatly respected and honoured among his fellow-citizens. The first question he was asked on cross-examination was whether he had ever been convicted of felony. It was pitiful to see the effect the question had upon him. Obviously labouring under deep emotion, he admitted that he had twenty-nine years previously. The judge then interfered, saying in a kindly voice, 'You were only a boy?' 'Yes, my lord,' answered the distressed man in a low voice. I am pleased to say that judge, jury, and all present felt nothing but pity for the witness and disgust for the man who had caused him such unnecessary torture.

With this last sad story I will conclude my brief sketch of the humour and pathos which often arise from the examination of witnesses. Of course, in so short an article it is only possible to touch the fringe of the subject, and convey some slight idea of the wealth of human tragedy and comedy to be found in our courts. Before I write 'finis,' allow me, as counsel, to give all my readers one piece of advice gratis—avoid litigation as you would the devil.

A BLOOD-FRENZY.

By L. B. THOBURN-CLARKE.

WE three girls had always been chums, and when the youngest of the trio married the manager of the new 'run' that had just been 'opened up' on the Maungakawa Ranges, we were naturally the first guests that she asked to stay with her.

It was a lovely autumn evening, very bright and clear, when Alice St Maur and I arrived at the station, and were greeted by Winifred with enthusiasm. We had enjoyed the twelve miles' ride through the bush that covered the slopes of the Ranges, and admired the wonderful ferns that concealed the ground or else towered in tall trees far over our heads; but we were not impressed with the station. Winifred was intensely proud of her new home; but as it was our first experience of a newly 'opened up' station, the four-roomed weather-board house, long thatched stables, and tiny roust-about's cottage appeared rather miserable affairs, set in a wide green slope that stretched down towards the plains. We were, however, immensely impressed with the strong fences that surrounded the stockyards and home paddocks.

The 'run' had once been a Maori settlement, but had been deserted by its original inhabitants for many years, although the tiny burying-ground was still intact, and carefully surrounded by a high fence; for the Maoris are very jealous of their burial-places being desecrated by the whites. The view was magnificent, and from the front of the house one could look down the hills over the wide plains to the Thames Ranges, blue and misty in the distance. Behind the house, however, the primeval forest reached close up to the paddocks, while immense trees extended on either side like huge wings.

So far, the manager had been too busy fencing and building his house to attend to the 'falling' of the bush. Besides, it offered good sport, as the great trees were crowded with pigeons, and no station-hand is averse to varying the eternal diet of mutton. So the bush was practically intact, and extended for miles on the summit of the Ranges.

The life at the station did not turn out equal to our expectations. Winifred had not been married very long, and she and her husband appeared quite happy without any help from outsiders. The 'rouse-about's' wife did all the cooking, and consequently we were thrown upon our own resources. There were no books to read, only the stockmen to talk to, and naturally they didn't want to be bothered with two girls straight from town. We were unutterably dull. We longed to go home, but were afraid to hurt Winifred's feelings by suggesting such a thing. Fortunately we were rather adaptable girls, and

developed a fancy for sketching and collecting ferns. These pursuits occupied the greater part of the day, and in seeking the ferns we explored the bush for perhaps two miles at the back of the house and on each side of the station.

The bush was composed of immense trees matted together with creepers, and numerous parasitic plants as well as ferns grew in profusion on the trunks and branches. In fact, we could not have penetrated the forest at all if it had not been for the cattle-tracks that led in every direction. These had been made by the wild cattle, large numbers of which were said to haunt the forests of the Ranges; but for some time we did not see any, and were inclined to think that the stockmen were romancing about these animals. They were said to be the descendants of some cattle that had escaped from the early settlers. They were very wild and ferocious, especially in stormy weather, when the herds, with their leading bull, ranged through the forest attacking every one they met. The particular bull that led the mobs in the Ranges was a big red-black brute, whom the stockmen had nicknamed Black Bill. The high barred fences around the home paddocks had been built especially to keep him out, as he would descend upon the tame cattle, kill the steers, and carry off the heifers in a mad stampede to his hiding-place among the gullies and forests of the Ranges.

One morning there was an unusual commotion in the yards. The stockmen were riding backward and forward, yelling and shouting to each other; while we could hear the roust-about rolling barrels into the kitchen.

'What is the matter?' I asked, as we sat down to an extremely early breakfast.

'We are going to kill a beast and salt its flesh down,' replied the manager. 'Winifred is about tired of mutton. You'll see your first "kill," young women.'

'Oh!' shuddered Alice; 'I'd run a mile rather than see an animal killed!'

'You needn't stay,' said Winifred with a laugh. 'I knew you wouldn't like to see it; so I have packed a luncheon-basket with scones and sandwiches, and you can spend a day picnicking in the bush. When you come back this evening the beast will be cut up and the worst part of the "kill" will be over.'

'I'm jolly glad she didn't want us to help with the salting,' observed Alice, as we strolled across the home paddocks.

'So am I,' I replied. 'I hate rubbing salt into raw meat.'

'We'll have a good time sketching. What do you say to our climbing into a tree? We

could see the rounding up of the cattle, and then walk through the bush and eat our lunch on the Lion Rocks. Then, if Winifred alters her mind, we shall be too far away to be called back.'

We both laughed, and scrambled over the high five-barred fence. Then we turned and looked back.

The stockmen were bunched near the stables, and as we gazed in their direction one spurred his horse and galloped towards us. 'Don't go far,' he yelled when some yards away.

'Why?'

'Well, it's the first "kill" we've had on these Ranges, and there's no knowing how the station cattle will behave; and if the wild brutes scent blood there'll be a nice how-de-do. Better stay close at hand.'

'You're a croaker, Slim,' the manager called out.—'He's only trying to frighten you, Harrie.'

'He's new,' observed the stockman, jerking a thumb contemptuously in the direction of the manager. 'When he's lived on the Ranges as long as I have he'll have learnt a little sense. Take my tip, and don't go too far into the bush.' He turned and whirled off after the rest of the stockmen, who were galloping down the slopes towards the plains.

'There's one thing, we'll be safe enough if we stick to the rocks and the trees. The cleverest wild cow could not reach us,' observed Alice.

'But a blood-frenzy!' I said, feeling just a little bit nervous.

'Pooh!' cried Alice contemptuously. 'Do you believe all the old tales you hear? I don't.'

Alice seemed quite certain, so I meekly followed her to the mass of dead and living trees, from the branches of which we were to watch the rounding up of the station cattle. These trees had died and fallen; but, held by the mass of creepers, they had lodged against an immense living tree, forming a sort of triangle, up one side of which it was possible to climb and thus reach the lower branches of the upright giant. In a few minutes we were sitting on our perch about seventy feet from the ground, looking eagerly down to the plains where the stockmen were rounding up the cattle.

It was all very exciting, for the cattle were half-wild, and objected to the whole proceeding; but in a very short time they had been driven into the home paddocks, and the victim, a beautiful red steer, was being 'cut out.'

It was no easy task, for the steer dodged in and out of the herd, which bunched in a mob, or else galloped furiously up and down the paddocks. But at last he was separated from the herd and driven into the stockyard; while the rest of the mob, urged by stock-whips and yells, rushed madly through the slip-bars and down the slopes back to the plains.

'Shut the slip-bars,' yelled Slim to the stockmen, 'or else the beasts will come back again.'

The stockmen apparently paid no heed to

Slim's command; for, after driving the cattle on to the plain, they returned, leaving all the slip-bars down. We could see the cattle galloping up the Ranges; while, far below, the angry herd bunched together, evidently far from pleased with their treatment, and resenting the absence of the red steer.

'Why,' exclaimed Alice, 'the silly creatures are coming back!'

The cattle, with tossing heads and short, sharp bellows, were moving back towards the nearest slip-bars. Just at that minute we heard the sharp crack of a rifle, which meant that the steer was killed.

'Come along, Alice,' I said; 'let us go on to the rocks. I don't want to see the steer cut up.'

'Very well,' she replied reluctantly; 'but we must hurry. The cattle are really coming back. They look very angry.—Slim,' she called to the stockman, who was walking across the paddock, 'the slip-bars are down, and the station cattle are coming back.'

'Good Lord!' yelled Slim as he dashed back, and in a few minutes he was galloping off to shut the slip-bars; but the cattle were too furious to be stopped, and we could hear them bellowing and apparently rushing backward and forward as if seeking an opening in the fence.

'Come along, Harrie,' cried Alice; 'we'd better make a move. Winifred will be calling us in just when things are getting interesting.'

'But we cannot see the station from the rocks,' I objected.

'Of course we can't; but there is another of these forest monuments a few hundred yards away, and from that we can see the fun, and yet be far enough from unpleasant sights.'

We scrambled down, and ran hurriedly along a cattle track until we reached a wide opening in the forest, in the centre of which stood another forest giant with a group of dead ones leaning against it. The middle tree was so tall that the view from the summit commanded the whole of the station and a stretch of sloping country at the side. By this time the station cattle were bellowing madly, and the crash of their hoofs in the undergrowth of the forest made us hurriedly seek a perch at the top of the tree.

The scene in the home paddocks was exciting. Some men were busy skinning and cutting up the steer, while the rest were putting up the slip-bars that shut in the stable. Every one was working at lightning speed. They had hardly cut the steer into quarters and carried it into the house when a herd of cattle dashed madly for the slip-bars of the home paddocks, and broke them down with the mere force of numbers. Immediately every living thing vanished like magic, leaving the paddocks in the possession of the herd. The furious animals paused in a great circle, suddenly silent, their heads raised as they sniffed the air. Before they had been enraged at the loss of their com-

panion, but now they had caught the blood-scent. With a wild bellow they rushed across the paddocks straight to the place where the steer had been killed. With lowered heads they dug their horns into the earth, tossing the turf in clouds over their companions, stamping and trampling until not a blade of green grass was left. The triangle was knocked down, while the unfortunate steer's skin was torn into a hundred shreds as the infuriated cattle charged and galloped madly about the place.

'I never believed in a blood-frenzy before,' observed Alice; 'but it is true enough. What a noise they are making! Come along, we'd better be getting to the Lion Rocks; these cattle are safe behind the fences, and by the time we want to go home again they will be quiet enough.'

'Hadn't we better stay here?' I remarked. 'Why, there's Slim on the stable roof! What is he saying?'

We listened, but could not hear a word, the cattle were making such a row. He yelled and yelled, and then vanished apparently through the thatch of the stable roof. Still we didn't feel very much alarmed at not hearing what he had said, but descended the tree and made our way toward the Lion Rocks—a great mass of boulders in the heart of the forest, and about half a mile from the station.

We were walking quietly along, when we heard cattle bellowing in a different direction. Then came the crashing of undergrowth as some cattle forced their way through the forest. Bellow answered bellow, echoing horribly among the gullies and mountains.

'The wild cattle!' I cried, as I dashed madly for the rocks, which loomed up near at hand. Alice followed me closely; but we had only scrambled half-way up the steep sides of the rocks when a big red-black bull broke cover hardly three yards away. Alice screamed, but I was too frightened to utter a word. Fortunately the rocks were too steep for the wild cattle to attempt to climb, but they circled round and round, bellowing furiously. Then, answering the bellows of the herd in the home-paddocks, they dashed off to join in the blood-frenzy.

'Thank goodness they've gone!' cried Alice, as she sat down on the top of the rocks. 'I wish we hadn't come.'

I wished most heartily that I had stayed and salted meat. Even the reddest and rawest meat would have been preferable to sitting on a tall rock besieged by wild cattle. Alice was inclined to return to the tree-top, but I had too vivid a recollection of Black Bill's expressive countenance to risk meeting him on foot. The bellowing from the direction of the paddocks was terrific. Evidently the two mobs were holding a mass meeting on both sides of the fence.

We ate part of our lunch, and watched the sun reach the zenith and then decline. The frantic bellowing was not so insistent, and both

Alice and I decided that we would make a dash for the tree.

We crept very softly down the rocks, and were just about to run, when an angry bellow not far away sent us scampering back to the top of the tall boulders. The sun set and the moon came up gloriously bright, and the cattle were very quiet. We could not hear a sound.

'It's now or never,' observed Alice, slipping softly down the face of the rocks. 'The wind has changed, and perhaps the brutes will not smell us.'

I followed silently, and together we ran as fast as we could to the nearest clump of dead and living trees, and climbed up to our former perch on the branch. We gave a sigh of relief when we found ourselves safe. It was comparatively close to the next stronghold, which we intended reaching as soon as we found out if all the cattle were at a safe distance. We could not hear a sound, and apparently the cattle had gone away.

'It's all right,' said Alice.

'Are you sure?' I asked. But I was just as anxious as Alice not to spend the night in the tree-top, so I meekly climbed down in her wake, and again we dashed through the forest. Once more we gained our objective; but unfortunately the sound of our running awoke the sleeping herd, and in a moment they were crowding around the foot of the tree, tearing at the dead bark and ferns with their horns, and making us tremble with the added fright that the dead trees might fall away, and leave us stranded seventy feet above the ground, with not a single branch to help us to descend.

A sudden thunder-shower came down and drenched us, but sent the wild cattle stampeding through the woods, and quieted the home herd. We were wet to the skin in a few minutes, and although the night was fairly warm, we were very miserable. We felt that we must make a final dash this time to the fence, along which we hoped to crawl to the house. Then, to our horror, we saw, when the moon came out, that the wild cattle had broken down the fence, and that we were prisoners, for both of us were afraid to face the home herd on foot.

Alice groaned, and sat huddled up on the branch, while I dangled my feet over the edge and calculated how long it took to die of cold and misery. Suddenly we heard a loud 'Coo-ee!'

'Yes!' we screamed, both together.

'Where are you?'

'In the tree.'

'Sit tight, and when I dash up be ready to get on my horse.' Never before had any voice sounded so sweet as Slim's did. 'One at a time, mind.'

Alice scrambled down the dead trees, clinging to the creepers. Slim galloped up, caught her, and dashed off; while the night resounded with the bellows of the returning wild cattle. I was

certain Slim would not be able to return for me, for I knew how dangerous it was even to venture on horseback among the cattle when they were filled with blood-madness.

'Are you frightened to wait until the cattle are quiet again?' yelled Slim.

'No!' I screeched in response. I was in deadly fear, but I wouldn't own it for worlds, and sat shivering and miserable on my branch. The wild cattle were very uneasy, snorting and bellowing beneath me; but at last they quietened down, and I could hear them chewing the cud softly. I was sure I was quite forgotten; but suddenly I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, and, peering down, I saw Slim waving to me from the side of the fence. He had apparently ridden round by the plains so as not to attract the wild cattle's attention. I climbed quietly down and waited breathlessly, as he dashed forward at a gallop and dragged me on to his horse before the wild cattle could charge. He

galloped off, with the wild cattle in mad pursuit, making a wide detour to the plains, so that the maddened herd grew tired and returned to the station, while we made our way cautiously to the front of the house and safety. Never shall I forget that mad ride through the vivid moonlight, and the snorting, furious beasts behind.

But even then we were not free of the wild cattle. For three days they held up the station, bellowing and stampeding, and tearing up the turf until there was not a green patch left even on the hillsides. It was useless to attempt to drive them away; it was even dangerous to endeavour to do it, so they were left alone. Then one morning they suddenly stampeded through the forest, carrying off the home cattle with them, bellowing furiously as they crashed madly away; but that was the last the station saw of either the tame or the wild cattle for many months. As long as I live I shall never forget the blood-frenzy of the wild cattle of the Ranges.

A GREAT SOLDIER'S HOLIDAYS.

By W. H. BERNARD SAUNDERS.

NIGHT was closing in—and a winter night, too, with a driving rain and a southing wind—when I arrived at the little roadside station of Addington, in Northamptonshire, where I was in the heart of the holiday district of General Gordon. In the gathering gloom, a mile or so away on the right bank of the Nene, a light or two glimmered, and that was Addington. A footpath by a ruined water-mill across the valley, now flooded, led to it. Whether there is a highway I cannot say. I do not think there is, for the stationmaster was very precise in directing me to the footpath.

I found the ruined mill all right, and might have regarded the large pool, the boundaries of which were now lost in the gloom, with more interest if I had then heard of its evil reputation. A quaint old footbridge crossed the river, the waters of which were swirling along from Naseby battlefield to the North Sea with a rush that became hushed as they eddied into the gloomy depths of the mill-pool. Over the bridge the path descended into the meadows. It was not yet too dark to see the footpath, and it led straight to the edge of the flood-water, into which it disappeared.

Surely I must have mistaken the station-master's directions, for this was no sort of a path-way to carry a stranger to Addington! Looking across the great waste of water, I saw something move upon the surface in the distance. It came upon the face of the waters, and was approaching me, and speedily assumed the form of a slender girl of about eleven or twelve, with a scarlet cloak over her shoulders, and she came tripping across the flood on large stepping-stones.

The dark and ominous ruined mill behind me, with its deep and gloomy pool, the moaning of the wind through the mill, the hissing of the rain as it fell into the flood, the wildness of the whole scene, made the child's presence a startling incongruity. The great square stepping-stones extended into the flood, and she skipped from one to another. A false step, and she would have fallen into the water. It was not a mere crossing of a stream, but the stones peeped out of the flood across the meadow for half a mile, with a wide waste of flood-water all around.

As the red-cloaked figure skipped off the last great stone on to the path where I stood, I asked if that was the way to Addington. She told me it was, and that I 'couldn't miss it.' I was not so sure about that myself; but before making the trial I asked the child what she was doing in such wild, stormy, and dangerous surroundings in the darkness. She was running to the station, she told me, for the evening papers, which she fetched every evening, and then delivered them in Addington village. No, her father could not fetch them, because he was ill, and had been for a long time, and she had no brothers. The money she earned helped to keep them.

The rain-laden wind blew keenly down the Nene valley; but to attempt to negotiate the stepping-stones with an umbrella up was impossible. However, here I was in the Gordon holiday country, and he had no doubt crossed these stones many times under very similar circumstances; so, keeping the lights of the village in front, I struck out across the flood, and realised the truth of the old proverb that difficulties overcome become blessings.

I am not going to describe the old-world village which opened before me, and the beautiful woodland country that I beheld from my bedroom window next morning. The valley of the Nene in the county of squires and spires has, like Devonshire, a charm of its own; but it is not grandeur—it is a soft, rich sweetness that thrills the heart and consoles; and, knowing the character of General Gordon, I did not find it difficult to see why it was that this little corner of rural England had been for years the holiday-resort of one of Britain's greatest heroes.

I quickly found that Addington, and the neighbouring village of Twywell even more than Addington, is steeped in golden memories of Gordon. A question about the parish churches, and Gordon appeared in the replies. What about those iron-furnaces in the distance? and Gordon was in the answer. I half-suspected that the great stepping-stones I had crossed were placed there by Gordon; but I found that they had been the original sleepers used when the railway was made half-a-century ago, and some benefactor in the district, on the advent of wooden sleepers, had secured the stone blocks and placed them where they now are to provide communication across the valley in times of flood.

Yet it is strange that it is only or chiefly in the villages of Twywell and Addington that these memories of Gordon may be found. Neighbouring villages have perhaps heard that General Gordon spent his holidays at Twywell or the immediate vicinity; but it is in a very narrow circle that these memories can be found. Strange as this may at first seem, yet to those who knew the General it is not difficult to understand. He loved to be unknown, little thought of, little esteemed, from a genuine and natural conviction of his own unworthiness. The slight, blue-eyed man, whom the villagers might pass without taking a second look at, if they were not told about him, lived for long periods at Twywell, known and loved by every man, woman, and child—especially by the children—in that and the adjoining villages. He was known to them as the 'little blue-eyed Colonel' when he first began to spend his holidays in the district. He romped with the village boys, knew every child in the village personally, and was the friend of every man in the place.

Yet beyond this magic circle little was known in the county concerning his association with the district. While the newspapers of England, and of the world, were filling their columns with the heroism of the General who laid down his life for his country, Twywell knew that he was theirs, that he belonged to them almost more than to any other part of England, that Twywell was in his thoughts almost always, that Twywell people were in his mind in the dark days of his imprisonment in Khartoum. Twywell people knew that the praise, the glory, the heroism of a great

life were reflected on their own village; that the rector of Twywell and the schoolmaster of Twywell and the people of Twywell were his friends—his holiday friends.

In General Gordon's *Journal* he speaks of going to Twywell 'to take a lodging.' But the rector of Twywell, the Rev. Horace Waller, F.Z.S., was his lifelong friend; and after the General's death the rector gave a lecture in the neighbouring little market town of Thrapston on his friend's life, and in this lecture he said: 'The General knew Thrapston well, although Thrapston might not have known anything about him at that period, for his retiring temperament was such that he hated anything like popularity. Had it been otherwise, they might perhaps have hoped to get him to give some details of his wondrous work publicly; but he never knew him to summon up courage sufficient to mount a platform or to take part in a conversation at a dinner-party. There was something in the man that made him tentatively shrink from anything which would tend to draw out from him any account of his deeds, or to express his opinions in public. It had been in times gone by the speaker's peculiar privilege to know General Gordon very well indeed. He did not know that any one had a much more copious correspondence with him than he had during some of the most eventful years of his life, and it was a special pleasure to him to receive these letters in the General's small handwriting.'

The country around Twywell had a fascination for General Gordon. He loved the countryside all around, and the ironstone works in the villages of Twywell and Slipton interested him immensely. There was no rush or turmoil or excitement in the General's holidays. It was his delight to mix and talk with the ironstone labourers; and even at Khartoum he had his humble holiday friends in his mind, and would send to the rector of the parish kindly inquiries about the ironstone workers, mentioning many of them by name, and referring to events or circumstances which had occurred in his vacations amongst them.

It was on one of his holiday visits to Twywell that Gordon made his first Holy Communion. He was a man, as every one knows, of deep religious convictions; but although the friend and sometimes the visitor of the rector, he would never sit in the rector's pew in the church, but would invariably take his seat amongst the ironstone workers, sitting as one of them.

The Twywell schoolmaster's daughter, Miss Gray, mentions how the soldier and hero of great campaigns would help at the Easter or Christmas decorations in the parish church. He would set himself amongst the workers, and would make wreaths of ivy-leaves. He could sew them together very skilfully, but found it rather difficult to thread his needles, so he got the schoolmaster's little daughter to do this for

him, while he made the wreaths. Every Sunday during his holidays the blue-eyed officer would be seen at each of the services, and always sitting amongst the working men of the congregation.

His lodgings during his holidays were in an unpretentious little house covered with a creeper, which is very much to-day as it was when he had his rooms there for his holidays. On one occasion a handsome present of game was sent by some of the neighbouring gentry to his landlord and landlady, Mr and Mrs Fowler, for the General. Mrs Fowler asked him for his instructions or wishes regarding the game. He replied, 'Do what you like with the game; but don't forget my little loaf, basin, and teapot.' That well represented the General's simple life and frugal fare.

His Christmas holidays were frequently spent at Twywell, as the children of the village, now grown up, have good reason to remember. He made them all happy with a great Christmas-tree in the schools, brilliantly lighted and laden with everything that could delight the heart of village maid or lad. He made devices, too, for the decorations of the walls of the church at Christmas-time, and even years after his death these devices were used. He was never happier than while taking part in the boys' village games, and going into the cottages of the villagers. Many a matron in Twywell and the neighbouring villages still speaks of the General calling in to talk with her father and mother, and taking the little ones on his knee, and bringing out dolls or toys, of which he had a stock like a Santa Claus. The organ in Twywell church bears the inscription: 'To the glory of God, and in memory of Beatrix Waller and Charles George Gordon of Khartoum, this organ was erected.' Miss Beatrix Waller was the young daughter of the rector; and, being threatened with consumption, she made her first Holy Communion at a very early age, kneeling beside her father's friend the General at the time, and died shortly afterwards.

Some curious stones surround the base of the cross on the Communion-table of Twywell church. These stones were picked up on Mount Calvary by the General; and concerning this little incident the old schoolmaster of Twywell, who is now living in retirement in Addington, and who had the privilege of being admitted to the personal friendship of the General during his holiday visits to the district, says, 'Wherever Gordon went it is recorded of him that he not only proved himself a great man, but also that he was a humble Christian.'

Many interesting stories are told at Twywell and Addington concerning the General. The schoolmaster, Mr Gray, has a varied stock of them. He relates that while Gordon as a young man was engaged in the Crimean war, a sergeant who had saved a little money asked him to send

this money to his wife in England. Gordon consented to do so, and the sergeant handed him seven pounds. Gordon added three pounds to this sum, and sent the woman ten pounds. It was not until the troops returned home that the sergeant learned that his seven pounds had grown to ten in transit.

One day while staying at Twywell a letter reached Gordon, and it had reference to an incident that speaks loudly concerning the General's character. While the forces were before Soochou, General Gordon noticed a little Chinese boy struggling in the mud, the top of his head and a pigtail alone being visible. This was a particularly barbarous method of Chinese punishment. Probably all the regiments in China might have passed by without noticing the lad; but little escaped the eye of the General. He stopped, pulled the boy out of the mud-hole, and told a soldier to take him to the rear, wash him, and look after him. Afterwards the General made the rescued lad his especial care, and had him educated at his own expense. One can imagine the pleasure of the General, during one of his holiday visits to Twywell, on receiving a letter from this boy containing portraits of himself, his wife, children, and his mother. He had been appointed an interpreter attached to Her Majesty's Embassy at Hong-kong. The letter also contained valuable information as to political affairs in China, was written most intelligently, and added that the advice given him in various letters by General Gordon had been published in the form of a pamphlet, and had been circulated all over China.

The impression created in Twywell, and still held at Addington, is that General Gordon had little idea of the value of money except as an agency for relieving other people's necessities. It not infrequently happened that while staying at Twywell it would be found he had been compelled to walk considerable distances, sometimes ten or twelve miles, because in rambling about he had met with cases of distress, and had given away every penny in his pocket, not reserving to himself even the price of his railway fare home.

THE CRUCIBLE OF GOD.

INTO the crucible of God is cast
The labouring earth and all that dwell therein—
Groaning and travelling in pain and sin,
Weighed down by heavy burden of the past—
There to be cleansed by sorrow's bitter tears,
Tried in the fire, purged of all the dross,
Humanity itself nailed to the cross
Until—regenerate—man reappears.

That Love Divine who maketh all things new,
Who out of winter's death unfolds the spring,
Can bring His children—broken, sorrowing—
Out of the crucible, with life endue,
Here in this new-made world new dawns to see,
And taste again life's joy and ecstasy.

FRANCIS ANNESLEY.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

A TOUR IN THE BALKAN COUNTRIES.

By Professor E. H. PARKER.

IN the autumn of 1882 I hastened to Constantinople in order to gaze upon that bewitching capital before the Turkish Empire should disappear altogether, as the quidnuncs of the day asserted it would. Lord Dufferin was then holding the fort in Pera. The news of Tel-el-Kebir was subsequently conveyed to me by an affable Spaniard as I sat, *rusticus expectans*, on one of the benches near Zaragoza Cathedral, contemplating the stone bridge over the gliding Ebro; and a few weeks later I had the pleasure of inspecting the battle-ground, the destroyed forts, and a little later again of visiting Arabi himself at Colombo. But Turkey did not collapse, after all, and Abdul Hamid the Second, who had 'Amurath succeeded,' seems still to be 'cabinet'-making somewhere in Asia Minor.

Whilst the Italian war about Tripoli was going on in 1912, another uncontrollable desire to see the whole Balkan arrangements took possession of me; and, after some preliminary canters in Germany and Austria, I found myself driving up to the higher town of Agram, in order to inspect the headquarters of the Ban, or Governor, who was just then causing ructions amongst the southern Slavs by his summary, not to say tyrannical, treatment of them. The Croats call themselves *Hrvat* (one syllable), and their capital Zagreb. Their Ban, appointed by the Crown of St Stephen—that is, by the King of Hungary and not the Kaiser at Vienna—is locally styled the Banus, and at the time was, strange to say, himself a Croat or *Hrvat* named Cuvaj (pronounced Tsuvai). Without entering into the now ancient history of the quarrel about suspending the constitution, &c., I may mention that Slav students of all kinds filled the streets as they shook the dust of the Agram university from their feet and returned to their native places in protest. Some of these students were genuine Slavs—Serbians and Bosnians; others were Bulgarians and even Rumanians, whose Slav sympathies were much stronger than any strain of Slav blood they may have had in them. At all events, there was great excitement, and plenty of muffled talk about acclaiming King Peter of Serbia as the coming monarch of all the southern Slavs. This was in the middle of April, as I was on my way by easy stages to Belgrade; but there was so much electricity in

the air that I decided to go out of my way a little to Sarajevo, and see how things looked there.

Whatever may be thought of Austrian policy since the Treaty of Berlin in 1878, and, above all, since Count Aehrenthal's bold annexation of eight years ago, it cannot be denied that economically the country has been wonderfully developed within the last generation. There were plenty of opportunities for observing this, and for conversing with Austrian military officers, with Turkish, Bosnian, and other local passengers, railway officials, and others, as the train carried us along. Especially is this the case with Sarajevo itself, which is now quite a smart, orderly, and prosperous town. Under the Turks, Bosnia seems to have been an obscure province, with a ramshackle capital *sans* inns, *sans* roads (*not sans* smell), *sans* everything. Our hotel, the 'Europe,' was being cleaned up for the coming season, and was therefore not looking its best; but it was sufficiently good, and, moreover, clean. The bazaar quarter of the old town is still quite Turkish, and the neighbouring Husref Beg Mosque is particularly interesting, with its spacious courtyard and magnificent tree under which the Mussulman population spends a good portion of its time in performing ablutions. I made the interesting discovery in the train that Croatian and Bosnian are as much the same language as are Dutch and Flemish, or Danish and Norwegian; the only difference is that Croatian is printed in Roman letters, whilst Bosnian is expressed in very slightly modified Russian letters; the public notices seemed to me to be absolutely identical not only word for word, but letter by letter. I drove over every part of the town, old and new; up Castle Hill, over the bridges of the river (Miljacka), walking through those parts of the Moslem quarter where there was no space for a carriage. For all I know, the place may have been seething with suppressed political emotion; but, if it was, I did not see or hear the slightest trace of it; peace, perfect peace, reigned everywhere; and yet it was here that the Austrian Archduke and his consort were murdered less than two years afterwards.

From Semlin to Belgrade you cross by the enormously long but somewhat tortuous iron railway bridge, partly blown up by the Serbians when war was declared. The Agram

students were just then engaged in demonstrating before King Peter's palace, the New Konak, which is quite close to the Hotel Moscow, practically the fashionable centre of the city, where all visitors, politicians, and military men congregate to dine, sup, play cards, or drink coffee, as the case may be. The 'lower orders' of the Serbians certainly seem to be a manly and independent race; social and political equality comes to them as to the manner born. It was interesting to observe how a big peasant, with his feet encased in awkward-looking bast shoes, wearing his sheepskin or blanket attire, with or without his wife or friends, would stalk into Belgrade's most fashionable restaurant, take possession of a table, and in a quiet but firm voice order the swallow-tailed waiter to bring the desired refreshments.

There is nothing of the metropolis about Belgrade. At that date only one short stretch of street in the whole town was asphalted. Nearly all the execrably cobbled chief streets were 'up' for repairs, waiting for money which was not there, and we were nearly shaken to pieces in plunging and bumping all over the place inside and outside the city, into ruts, over fields (to avoid the roads), helter-skelter, in a really effective two-horsed carriage, which the toothless but hilarious old jarvey recklessly drove through and over everything at breakneck speed. He had not much German, so we had to make the best shift we could with Russian. The waiter who served us with an excellent dinner was an advanced republican and a Rumanian; he confided to us—whilst detailing the latest news about Galician, Carinthian, Dalmatian, Bosnian, Herzegovinian, Bohemian, Slavonian, Ruthenian, Serbian, and other southern Slav aspirations—his own private sentiments that all the Balkan kings and princes should be incessantly hanged.

There are not many things to see in Belgrade: the old fortress, now presumably in ruins, with a splendid view over the Danube; the Toptschider Park (*toptschi* means 'cannon,' and *dere* 'vale'); and—perhaps the most interesting and pathetic of all—the obscure little chapel where lie buried without ceremony or record the remains of the murdered King Alexander and his Queen Draga. How long will it be before the Karagevitch dynasty plucks up courage to erect a suitable memorial?

Sofia is another unfinished capital, with vast empty spaces unbuilt upon. They were just beginning the new cathedral when I was there. King Ferdinand is much better housed than King Peter; but the real centre of affairs, here again, appears to be the Hotel Bulgaria close by. The courageous lady who accompanies me upon my otherwise solitary travels called my attention to a party of eight 'statesmen' who suddenly entered and took possession of a prepared table

next to us. The conversation was partly in French; but what with Bulgarian, Greek, Serbian, Russian—everything but German—the other languages were my despair. However, I remarked, 'I'm sure these fellows are concocting something about a Balkan alliance.' Just at that time MM. Deschanel and Roussel were going the rounds of the Balkan States, and possibly I may have gained some imperfect political notions from local newspapers I could not read or understand very well. Of course, we saw the Alexander mausoleum, the statue to the Czar Liberator, Prince Boris's garden, &c. The impression left upon me was that the man in the street was full of gratitude to Russia, and that the Czarlet Ferdinand was considered 'too much a friend and admirer of Hungary;' but these are questions of high politics upon which I am an incompetent judge.

'And so on to Constantinople.' The genuine Turk in his panoply of power first appeared at Mustapha Pasha, where I busied myself with the passports, putting up my capable companion to superintend the examination of our baggage. But the gallant old Turk, with a magnificent wave of the hand, would not think of even opening a single trunk of the five. However, he asked in French, '*Pourquoi est-ce que vous allez à Tzarigrad?*' The reply was, '*Naturellement pour voir les Turcs; j'admire beaucoup les Turcs, et je ne les ai pas vus dans leur propre pays.*' This was conclusive.

There was a wild scene at the Constantinople railway station, where the porters rushed upon passengers like a pack of wolves. The language question being hopeless, we simply stood over our five trunks with folded arms and forced calm until all the other passengers had left. Then I selected a fine old Turk nearly seven feet high, and pointed to the trunks, all of which he gathered up like so many parcels. We marched with him to the Customs' inspection, and here again I kept in the background with success. Immediately the brawny Turk with the five trunks showed his face at the door there was a rush of carriages, all the drivers pushing and shrieking. Glancing hastily round at the respective horses' knees, I pointed in silence to a two-horsed vehicle. The brawny Turk was slapped on the back and solemnly presented with a franc; not a word had been spoken from first to last; and we drove off pell-mell along the narrow street to the Old Bridge, the new one being under repair—this latter the one our submarines blew up last year. In old Japan the foreign visitor, in the absence of specific instructions, was always taken by the jinricksha-man straight to one definite place; so in Constantinople the European wight who is speechless is straightway conveyed to Pera, and in a few moments we were in the 'Palast,' one of the best hotels in Europe.

The next day we had a fine view of the Sultan 'going to Selamlık,' and heard rumours of a review

of twenty-five thousand men the following day at Chichli, a few miles beyond Constantinople. Any one could go, but the point was to get a good place and see everything. An obliging personage of high status (non-European, of course) was kind enough to transfer to me his invitation card from the Sultan's Household, but with the remark that it was only for one person. A polite *effendi* belonging to the Foreign Office, whose duty apparently was to watch interesting foreigners at the 'Palast,' afterwards translated this card for me, and I observed with alarm that there were inconvenient stipulations about dress. Out of gratitude to the *effendi*, I endeavoured to make myself interesting by explaining how the Turks hailed from China, and were really the old Huns in disguise. However, the next morning we secured a carriage, and off we careered over roads (fortunately mostly unpaved) almost as bad as those of Belgrade. It was for all the world like a drive to the Derby, 'swells' and humble folk tumbling over each other in their haste to see the Sultan.

Arrived at a certain aceldama, where there were signs of battle array, we had to descend and show our ticket. Again a bewitching smile had its effect upon the uxorious Turk in charge, whilst another conducted us with great deference to a spacious tent immediately adjoining one of red silk. These were the Sultan's and the ambassadors' tents; and as we were the first arrivals, we had ample time to take bearings. In due course the various carriages drew up. There was the good old Sultan, who manifestly had very little say in the administration of Turkish affairs. He was a short, stout man, thicker from 'aft forrard' than from port to starboard, with a congested face and watery eye, like the general in the *Kleine Garnison*—perhaps the only witty book any German has ever written. The heir-apparent, wearing spectacles, was also there; he had rather a 'fell' expression of face. Shevket Pasha plainly ruled the roast; but the amount of bowing and scraping he did whenever he addressed the Sultan reminded one of the Russian devotees crossing themselves in front of an icon. Most of the other prominent Turks of the day were also there, and for two long hours, under a blazing sun, the patient Sultan stood 'taking the salute' as one of the finest armies in the world filed past. If these are the men who fought us in Gallipoli, I can understand our difficulties; but I suspect they are reserved for Constantinople. At first the Sultan sat on a blue satin chair; but, as none of his Ministers had the sense or the decency to do anything for his relief, he humbly got up, turned his own chair round, and stood behind it, desperately endeavouring to keep his watery eyes out of the sun. A French lady, apparently an ambassadress, said, '*Mais, le pauvre Sultan, on doit faire quelque chose pour lui!*'

Yes, there they were, all the European

ambassadors, some of them with their ladies, but none of them aware who the two innocuous but mysterious strangers in their midst were, or how they got there. There was ample opportunity to study each diplomat in detail; all that was necessary was, when a pair rose for a chat or to stretch their legs, to go and occupy their chairs. The Persian ambassador and his staff were seedy-looking individuals clad in most unpicturesque black, with no linen showing. The minor 'Powers' alone figured in uniform. The Austrian ambassador was a fine-looking old gentleman with white hair, who hobnobbed chiefly with the portly Baron Marschall von Bieberstein—rather a *sans gêne* personage, who, however, when he spoke to ladies, was 'as polite as the Lord-Liftenant.' The most 'correct' men of the 'crowd,' in morning costume, seemed to be the British and American ambassadors, the latter a fine, shapely, tall man, who alone appeared popular with everybody, possibly because he had no 'business' to speak of in Constantinople at all. I did not identify the French or Russian representatives very clearly; but as the review was coming to an end the Sultan gave it to be understood that he wished to greet all the ambassadors. Accordingly they stepped over to his tent, and shook hands one by one, I think the ambassadresses included. It reminded me of a function in which I once took part at Washington, when I (similarly losing myself in a 'crowd') had the honour of shaking hands with President Cleveland. But we ourselves did not on this later occasion presume to shake hands with the Commander of the Faithful.

Though a ferocious war with Italy was going on, and the Dardanelles were closed, Constantinople was perfectly calm; and, except that Pera was enlarged, improved, and provided with electric trams, and that parts had been destroyed by fires, it was just as I left it in 1882. I had several penny cups of excellent coffee under the trees opposite the grand mosque just as thirty years before, and visited all the old scenes, including drives on the Haidar Pasha and Scutari side, through the great cemetery, &c. The excellently administered new Museum is a real novelty, and the sarcophagus of Alexander the Great therein, genuine or not, certainly one of the art wonders of the world. The only sign of 'the war,' barring the great review, was an occasional rough picture hoisted on the new bridge (opened formally whilst we were there) depicting Italian (and British!) super-Dreadnoughts going down *à pic* under the merciless blows of Turkish fowling-pieces.

Thence by steamer to Constanza and rail to Bucharest, the only city of any real pretensions in the Balkan States, chiefly remarkable for its plentiful and excellent two-horsed carriages. MM. Deschanel and Roussel were there again, and Bucharest newspaper opinion was very hostile to King Ferdinand of Bulgaria. It was

said that he had sold his country for a mess of pottage, and had abetted Count Aehrenthal's policy of smashing the nascent inter-Slav *entente*. Some of the dailies even gave details of a plot to get rid of Ferdinand altogether. It must be remembered that the Balkan League was not yet on the *tapis*, and that no one but those manœuvring to bring it about had the least idea that a joint attack was on the point of being made upon Turkey, so that, in a way, we saw the beginning of things without quite understanding what it was all about.

Our way back lay through Hungary. When, some years previously, travelling in the reverse direction from Vienna, we had already noticed the intense hostility to everything German; even on the frontier, at Pressburg, the railway officials pretended not to understand our German questions. In Budapest, where there are one hundred thousand Germans, no Hungarian will speak German if he can avoid it, and all place-names, street-names, and (where possible) even postal addresses are in Hungarian; in fact, we had to buy a handbook and learn a little Hungarian for ourselves. It was amusing to find the very first word was *Kaffé-ház* ('coffee-house'). This universal hatred of Germans being such but a few years ago, it is difficult to understand with what object the leading Hungarians are attaching themselves to the German leading-strings now. Many years ago, when we admired the elder Kossuth and the struggles of 'the Hungarian people' for liberty, we probably did not know that 95 per cent. of the nine million Magyars were serfs, ground down, as they are now, by a merciless aristocracy.

As we passed through the rich plains of Hungary in 1912, the railway attendant, a pure Hungarian, in long political conversations emphasised this *sic vos non vobis* position of the cultivator in general and his own family in particular. The Crown of St Stephen has five million Slavs, three million Rumanians, and one million Jews and Gypsies under it, not to mention over two million hated Germans. If it had conciliated the Slavs and Rumanians and extended the same political rights to its own Magyar people it might have become a real power, possessing the sympathy of Great Britain and Russia, capable at the same time of maintaining itself against Germany and German-Austria. But, like Ferdinand of Bulgaria, its admirer, it seems to have been fascinated by the snake-like advances of *Kultur*, and is apparently playing deliberately into the hands of Germany, and thus courting disaster. Count Khuen Héderváry's monstrous inciting of the Banus Cuvaj, in 1912, was disapproved openly and publicly even by the Vienna Premier, Stürgck; Khuen Héderváry had to resign, and Lukacs (pronounced Lukatsch) was appointed in his stead to try to patch matters up. Khuen Héderváry's foolish policy could not have been accidental or the fruit of ignorance, for he had once been Ban himself, and perfectly understood local conditions. I have some Hungarian friends of my own, whom I have assisted in searching for the place 'somewhere in Asia' whence they came; even the younger Kossuth, who died recently, sent me an occasional message on the subject; but I have never had the opportunity to discuss Hungarian policy with any Magyar.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

CHAPTER VIII.—A FAIR SKY.

I.

'LEAF!' sniffed Pincher disconsolately. 'Wot's the good o' seven days' leaf ter a bloke wot ain't got no money?'

'No money!' exclaimed Billings, rather surprised. 'Why ain't yer got none? Thought yer wus one o' these 'ere chaps wot counted every penny.'

'I've bin spendin' a good bit lately one way an' another,' Martin explained, removing a half-used cigarette from the interior of his cap and lighting it.

Joshua grinned. He knew well enough that an ordinary seaman's pay of one shilling and threepence *per diem*, less various necessary personal expenses, did not go far when one was 'walking out' with a young lady.

Pincher loved his Emmeline very dearly, and Emmeline, she said, had come to love him; but he was bound to admit she was rather an expensive luxury. Moreover, he was far too proud to allow her to pay her share of their

amusements when he was with her, which was pretty often. So, what with picture-palaces and visits to confectioners' shops, his eight-and-ninepence a week went nowhere. He had even been forced to borrow from his shipmates—always a difficult matter.

Then there had been the affair of the locket, over which Pincher felt he had been badly done. He had had his photograph taken, and had had it mounted in a rolled-gold ornament of chaste design for which he had paid the sum of seven shillings and sixpence, and this he had presented to Emmeline to be worn round her neck in place of the one which already hung there. He had imagined that this nine-carat gold case hid the features of some other admirer. It did nothing of the kind. Its interior, when he was allowed to investigate it personally, contained nothing but a faithful likeness of the girl's father—top-hat, side-whiskers, and all. Emmeline seemed rather amused. Pincher never quite got over it.

'Carn't yer get a hadvance o' money from th' paybob?*' Joshua suggested. 'E ain't a bad old bloke so long as yer goes ter 'im wi' a yarn o' bein' desperate 'ard up, an' yer pore ole farther's 'ome bein' sold up, an' 'im an' yer ma an' the kids goin' ter th' work'ouse.'

'I've tried that,' Pincher answered glumly. 'Leastways, orl excep' the yarn wot yer said. 'E simply tells me I'm in debt ter the Crown 'cos o' clothes an' other gear wot I've bought, an' that 'e carn't do nothink.'

'I calls it a houtrage!' said Billings sympathetically, looking very solemn. 'The way they bleeds us pore matloes is enuf—enuf—I carn't think o' wot I wus goin' ter say,' he added lamely; 'but it's abart time somethin' wus done. S' welp me, it is!'

'An' abart time you pays back that two bob wot you borrowed off me,' Pincher chipped in, remembering the debt.

'Two bob!' cried Joshua, screwing up his face and trying hard to appear as if he didn't know what Pincher was driving at. 'Wot two bob?'

'Th' two bob I lends yer the night yer took Missis Figgins along ter th' pictures. You knows orl abart it.'

'Thought it wus a present ter me,' said the old sinner, unable to feign further forgetfulness, but affecting to be very grieved. 'A bit o' a return like fur me trubble in introjoocin' yer to th' gal. That's wot I thought it wus; strite I did.'

Pincher laughed, for Billings's dissimulation was so very palpable. 'Don't act so barmy,' he observed. 'Yer knows it wasn't. Yer don't 'ave me on like that.'

'But two bob ain't no good ter yer fur Christmas leaf,' protested the A.B., veering off on another tack.

'Carn't 'elp that. I wants it back.'

'Well, you shall 'ave it,' Joshua grumbled. 'But I calls it a dirty sort o' way ter treat a chap wot's done fur you wot I 'ave.'

'Garn! don't act so wet, I tell yer.'

'Orl right! orl right! Don't go an' git rattled abart it,' said Billings resignedly. 'You shall 'ave yer money. You shall 'ave it if I 'as ter go without bacca fur a month; but where'd you be, I should like ter know, if yer 'adn't got a bloke like me ter look arter yer? Look wot I done fur yer since yer jined this ship! Bin yer sea-daddy, I 'ave, same as if you were my own son, an' yet yer treats me like this! Hingrati-toode's wot I calls it. 'Orrible hingrati-toode! Orl you young blokes is the same!' He sighed deeply, and regarded Pincher with a pained expression.

The latter seemed rather concerned. 'If yer looks on it like that, Billings, o' course I carn't'—

The A.B. waved an arm with a gesture of

dissent. 'It's too late ter start talkin' now,' he observed sadly. 'Th' 'arm's done. You shall 'ave yer money, but you've gorn back on a pal, an' orl fur the sake o' two bob. Two bob! Wot is it?'

'Let's 'ave it, then,' said Pincher, holding out a tentative hand.

'Ave it! Yer don't reely want it, do yer?'

'Course I do.'

'I'll give it yer afore I goes on leaf.'

'I wants it now,' Pincher persisted, remembering Joshua's extremely short memory.

'D'you think I ain't honest?' the latter demanded. 'Cos, if yer do, jest say th' word, an' see wot yer gits!'

'I never sez you wasn't honest; but I wants me money back!'

Billings saw that further argument was useless, sighed once more, replaced his pipe in his mouth, fumbled under his jumper, and produced a leather purse from the money-belt round his waist. Its contents chinked opulently; but, shielding it from Pincher's wistful gaze, he extracted a shilling and two sixpenny-pieces and handed them across. 'There ye are!' he grunted. 'Don't git sayin' as 'ow I doesn't pay me debts.'

'Yer pays 'em a bit be'ind time,' Pincher retorted with some truth, secreting the coins on his own person.

Joshua laughed in quite a friendly way. 'Tizzy-snatcher!' he growled, with his eyes twinkling.

But Pincher was bitterly disappointed about the leave. The men were to be sent away for seven days, one party being at home for Christmas and the other for the New Year. His watch were to start the following day; but, beyond the two shillings he had just obtained from Billings, he literally had not a penny to pay his train fare home. He could get the usual third-class return ticket from Weymouth to London, and from there on to his home, for the single fare; but even that would cost him the best part of a sovereign. He had tried hard to induce the fleet paymaster to give him an advance of pay, but that harassed officer, pointing out that Pincher was already in debt to the Crown, firmly declined to do so. Then Martin had endeavoured to borrow money from his ship-mates; but they, though sympathetic, wanted every penny they could lay their hands on for their own purposes. He then thought of writing to his people for the necessary sum, but abandoned the idea, because he knew well enough that they, on their very limited income, always had great difficulty in making both ends meet. Christmas, moreover, was always an expensive time, and there were three younger Martins to be considered.

It was really rather galling, and he half-regretted having spent all his money on Emmeline. Since joining the service he had been home on leave before, of course, but not as

* Paymaster.

an ordinary seaman of a first-class battleship, and he was well aware that as such he would be a person of some importance in the village. The blacksmith's son, Tom Sellon, had left Caxton a mere country yokel to join the army. The winter previous, as a strapping, full-fledged private of one of his Majesty's line regiments, he had come home on a few days' furlough resplendent in a wonderful red tunic. His arrival created no small stir, for Caxton lay in the heart of the Midlands, and its inhabitants were unused to the pomp and circumstance of war. Sellon, moreover, thought a great deal of himself. According to him, Great Britain was inhabited by two classes of people, those who were in the army and those who were not, and he treated all 'civvies,' as he called them, with kindly tolerance. He stood treat in a lordly sort of way at the 'Flying Swan,' and condescended to drink what beer the village magnates offered him in return for this hospitality. He was not averse to being friendly with their pretty daughters either. In short, a scarlet tunic and an air of self-assurance had worked wonders, for before he donned the red coat Tom had been a mere nonentity. Now he was a personage, with a capital P, and had even pretended to be rather diffident about accepting half-a-sovereign which the squire, who had known him since childhood, pressed into his palm one Sunday after church.

Now, Pincher, who knew little of the army, cordially despised soldiers in his heart of hearts. He longed to cut out Tom Sellon, but this cursed lack of money at the critical moment had upset all his plans. He could have wept from sheer vexation, for there seemed no alternative to spending Christmas on board.

But it so happened that the railway company wished to know the number of men proceeding by rail the next morning, and at 'Quarters' that afternoon Tickle ordered all the men of the star-board watch of his division to fall in on the right. Pincher went with them.

'Are any of you men not going away by rail to-morrow morning?' the officer asked.

Four hands went up at once.

'Why aren't you going?' Tickle asked the first man.

'Spendin' the leaf in Weymouth, sir.'

'And you?' to the next.

'I lives in Dorchester, sir. Goin' on by a later train.'

'Ain't takin' th' leaf, sir,' said the third.

'Why not?'

'Nowhere to go, sir.'

'Have you no parents, or relations, or any one else you can go and stay with?'

'I'm an orphing, sir,' the man rather flummoxed him by replying. 'I'd rather stay aboard the ship than go an' see me old uncle wot lives in Peckham, sir. 'E's married agen, sir, an' 'is wife keeps a fried-fish shop.'

Tickle smiled and passed on. 'And what about you?' he queried, coming to Martin.

'Ain't got no money, sir.'

'Have you been to the paymaster for an advance?'

'Yessir.'

'What did he say?'

'Said I was in debt, sir.'

'How much does it cost you to get home?'

'Best part o' a quid—sovereign, I means, sir.'

Tickle thought for a minute, nodded, numbered those men who were going, and then dismissed them.

Pincher thought nothing more of the conversation, but that evening he was told to go to the ship's office.

'Is your name Martin?' asked an assistant-paymaster when he arrived.

'Yessir.'

'You want some money to go on leave with, eh?'

'Yessir, please,' said the ordinary seaman, feeling hopeful.

'We can let you have thirty shillings. Is that enough?'

'Yessir,' Pincher exclaimed, his eyes glistening.

'Are you willing to pay it back at the rate of three shillings a month?'

'Yessir.'

'All right. Sign that receipt.'

Pincher, astounded at his good fortune, hurriedly scrawled his name, was handed a golden sovereign and ten shillings in silver, and left the office with a satisfied grin all over his face and the coins jingling in his hand. He was so pleased at his good luck that he didn't stop to consider where the money came from. All he cared about was that he had got it, and that he could go home and cut out Tom Sellon, after all.

As a matter of fact, it was Tickle himself who had acted the part of a nautical fairy god-mother. He had noticed that Pincher seemed very unhappy, and had guessed the reason, and at first thought of lending him the money outright. Thirty shillings more or less meant nothing to him. But then, remembering that Martin would probably refuse the loan from feelings of pride, he hit upon a better plan; so he went to the fleet paymaster, handed him the money, and requested him to pay it over to Pincher as if it were an official advance.

'My dear Tickle,' protested Cashley, 'you'll never get it back! The boy's already in debt to the Crown, and his pay's only one-and-three a day!'

'Let him pay it back at the rate of three bob a month, sir,' suggested the lieutenant. 'I'm not particular. He looks so damned miserable at not being able to get away on leave that I must do something. Don't tell him it comes from me, though. He won't take it if he knows that.'

'All right. I'll see to it,' the fleet paymaster

acquiesced, smiling. 'I suppose,' he asked jokingly, 'you wouldn't lend a poor old buffer like me twenty or thirty pounds to buy the wife a turkey and a plum-pudding?'

'I'd watch it, sir!' Tickle laughed. 'What about that new car you bought a fortnight ago?'

'That's why I want to borrow from you,' Cashley grinned. 'However, I'll fix Martin's money up for you, though I must say I think you're a tender-hearted fool, Tickle. You'll be badly had one of these days.'

Tickle merely smiled. The prospect did not alarm him.

So the next morning, at seven-thirty, Pincher, arrayed in his best clothes, left the ship with a sweet smile and a little bundle of necessities done up in a blue-striped handkerchief. An hour later he was sitting in a third-class carriage on his way to London, munching a doubtful-looking sausage-roll, and listening to a slightly intoxicated sailor next to him, who insisted on giving the company what he called 'a little moosic.' It consisted of a few fragmentary remarks in a deep-bass rumble about the perils of a sailor's life, sudden hiccups as full stops, and frequent gurgling noises and sounds of enjoyment as the songster upended a quart bottle of

Bass's light dinner ale, and applied the business end to his mouth. He eventually finished the song and the bottle at the same time, and, shying the latter playfully through the open window, volunteered to fight the whole carriage. This pleasure being denied him, he solemnly kissed the company all round, and then went comfortably off to sleep with his mouth wide open, his head resting affectionately on Pincher's shoulder, and his feet on the opposite man's lap. Thus he remained until they arrived at Waterloo, where, on disembarking, he never noticed that one of his carriage-mates, by the skilful use of a burnt cork, had decorated his upper lip with a large black moustache.

History does not relate if he arrived home in this condition, for, after vainly endeavouring to induce various laughing porters and the amused guard of the train to 'come an' ave a wet, ole dear!' and then, when they refused, wanting to show there was no ill-feeling by exchanging headgear, he was last seen proceeding at three and a quarter knots on rather an erratic course towards the nearest refreshment-room.

But Pincher got home safe and sound without any difficulties of this kind, and by four o'clock was in the bosom of his admiring family.

(Continued on page 521.)

THE MAHARANI AHALYABAI.

By DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER.

WHEN, some time ago, the Government's 'Agent' in Central India installed the Maharajah Holkar, a young prince of much promise, on the *gadi* of Indore, he apostrophised him in the following terms: 'The House of Holkar has proud traditions and a great name which is writ large in the annals of India. It has produced famous soldiers and wise administrators; but the name which stands out above all others, and which is still revered through the length and breadth of Central India in the same way as the memory of the great Queen-Empress Victoria is still venerated throughout British India, is that of your great predecessor Ahalyabai.'

Who was Ahalyabai? Not one out of a hundred British schoolboys of the sixth form ever heard her name. What part did she play in Indian history? Not one out of ten students of that history probably could give a correct answer without appealing to a book of reference. Pending the probable appearance of a fuller life, here is her story, briefly told.

India in the eighteenth century may be compared to Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when the hand of every man was against his neighbour, and the Marathas rode, bent on plunder and conquest, like the *condottieri* of Hawkwood and Carmagnola. Prominent

among these free-lances was Mulhar Rao Holkar, who founded a dynasty as Subahdar of Malwa in the first half of the eighteenth century, which still exists under the style of Maharajah Holkar of Indore. He was a great soldier, and fought among the best, when others fled, at Panipat against the Afghan invaders. Five years later (1766) he died, leaving the destinies of his wide-stretching dominions on both sides of the Nerbudda to a degenerate grandson, for his only son, Khande Rao, had predeceased him, killed at the siege of Kumbher in 1754. Fortunately for his people and family, that son had left a widow, the Ahalyabai of this narrative.

The grandson referred to was not merely a degenerate, he was regarded from his childhood as an imbecile, and showed before he died that he was a raving lunatic. Still, he was his grand-sire's heir; and Ragobah Dada, uncle and regent of the Peishwa, the titular head of the Marathas as the descendant of Sivaji, at once recognised him, and sent him the *khellat*, or robe of authority. It was in her son's name, then, that Ahalyabai first assumed the practical control of State affairs.

Her son was very young; and, although he seemed a demon, time might bring improvement and reform. There were some tales to the effect that Ahalyabai, under great provocation, shortened his days; but, however great the temptation

may have been, Sir John Malcolm averred after the closest investigation that there was not a word of truth in the allegation. He pronounced the Maharani spotless of crime, and he wrote during the lifetime of her chief Ministers and contemporaries.

Male Rao (or Mullee Row in the old euphonic spelling, which had at least the merit of showing people how to pronounce Indian names) was the Lord Sahib, and proved in the nine months of his sway that he knew his title signified absolute power. His mother had always been the patron of the Brahmins, which is the surest way to sanctity among the Hindus; but it pleased her son to take up the opposite attitude, and to persecute them. Had this persecution been of an ordinary character it might have been borne in the hope of amendment and contrition, but it was displayed with a devilish ingenuity that appalled spectators and precluded the idea of reform.

The statement rests on unimpeachable evidence that when he handed gifts to the Brahmins, a custom he could not avoid at certain religious ceremonies, he placed in the bags containing them deadly scorpions, so that the priest in thrusting his hand into the sack received a severe and sometimes a mortal wound. Specially marked was his glee when the priest, on being informed there was gold, thrust his hand in eagerly, only to withdraw it with a shriek of pain. Male Rao's excesses constituted a public danger and calamity; but no one could suggest a remedy, for to lift one's hand against a reigning prince was the most heinous of crimes. An accidental occurrence terminated the long-drawn-out agony. In a moment of rage, Male Rao struck and mortally wounded an embroiderer who was working for him. The victim, it is said, had sufficient breath before he expired to inform the prince that he would thenceforth be possessed by his *jin* (or spirit), which would haunt him to his dying day. To appreciate the full significance of the threat it is necessary to be versed in the superstitions of the Hindus, and then it will not seem surprising that the murderer should have broken out in paroxysms of delirious fear, for to be cursed or possessed by a *jin* is a fatality from which princes themselves had no immunity. Notwithstanding that his saintly mother hastened to his bedside, and vowed to build the most beautiful temple for his recovery, forgetful of his crimes and mindful only that he was her son, the maniacal ravings showed no cessation, and in a few days all was over, for the good of the unhappy victim as well as his people. All agreed that Male Rao's disappearance was due to the intervention of a merciful Providence.

None the less the family of Mulhar Rao in the male line then became extinct, while Male Rao's only sister, Muchta Bai, was debarred from the succession by marriage into a family of another caste. The Holkar dynasty was thus

threatened with extinction after but a brief career. Ahalyabai stepped into the vacant place, and took on herself the heavy burden of ruling the people and controlling the numerous and miscellaneous forces which had followed Mulhar Rao in the wars. It was a bold and risky step, for female rule was a novelty in Hindustan, and seemed especially unsuitable in a military confederacy like that of the Marathas. Still bolder did it seem when the Maharani announced that her aim was to promote peace and prosperity among her people, and not to follow the policy of aggression and expansion then in vogue among all the Maratha chieftains.

For one moment her position was in danger. The Dewan (or Minister), Gungadhar Jeswant, believed that he was master of the situation, more especially as he had obtained the support of Ragobah Dada, uncle of, and regent for, the reigning Peishwa, by the promise of a large sum of money. Full of confidence in himself and the excellence of his arrangements, he proceeded to exhort Ahalyabai that it was her duty to adopt an heir and to leave the government to men. But before this lecture was delivered the Maharani had made her position secure by herself purchasing the support of Madhoji Scindiah, the most powerful of the Maratha princes. The Peishwa might be the titular head of the Marathas, but the power and ability of Madhoji were incontestable, and his support more than sufficed to balance that of Ragobah. When Gungadhar delivered his address advising her to retire to the women's quarters, Ahalyabai was ready to meet his attack. She told him that he was the servant of the State, to which he had been disloyal in intention, if not in act, by promising part of its revenue to a foreign prince, and she dismissed him from office.

Quickly realising the mistake he had made, Gungadhar pleaded for forgiveness. His offence was condoned, and he was restored to the service in a post of minor importance. He repaired his temporary lapse by loyal devotion to his mistress during many years. Ragobah Dada at first seemed disposed to coerce Ahalyabai, but she appealed to the young Peishwa, Madho Rao, in person, who sent an order to his uncle not to molest 'the respectable widow of Khande Rao, whose right to the management of affairs was indisputable.'

The Maharani's first act showed her capacity to rule. She had no intention of playing the part of a warrior-queen; but at the same time the large bodies of armed men in her service required a leader. She selected for this responsible charge Tukoji Rao Holkar, who, despite his name, was not related to the ruling House, although he belonged to the same caste. A better choice in every way could not have been made. He served her as the leader of her army with absolute loyalty and obedience for nearly thirty years, to the day of her death; but,

although he never claimed a higher title than her Subahdar, it may be mentioned that the line of the Holkars was destined to pass through him and his descendants. Tukoji spent his life in camp with his army south of the Nerbudda, while Ahalyabai dispensed justice, peace, and happiness north of it in the Chambal Valley and along the Vindhyan range. Only once was she herself compelled to draw the sword, when her northern neighbour, the Rajput Maharana of Udaipur, invaded her territory. She hastened to meet him on the frontier, and with a single blow turned the attack aside. Yet she knew the value of the counsel, *Si vis pacem, para bellum*; and when she appeared before her warriors, at each corner of the howdah of her elephant she caused to be placed a quiver full of arrows.

It must be admitted that her neighbours treated her with great chivalry, deeming it dishonourable to attack a woman. Even the Nizam and Tippoo Sahib shared this feeling. To that forbearance as well as to her own merit—but the forbearance was due to her merit—must the thirty years' peace in Malwa be attributed. Sir John Malcolm, speaking from his intimate knowledge and as a practical statesman, held that the success of her rule was due to the excellence of her own relations with Tukoji Rao Holkar, which involved a separation of the civil and the military power. He wrote: 'The divided authority established in the Holkar State from the day of Tukoji's elevation had a character which, judging from common rules, was not likely to admit of its subsisting a week; but it remained for above thirty years undisturbed by jealousy or ambition. This is to be ascribed to the virtue and moderation of the parties, to their respect for each other, and to their having distinct and, generally speaking, distant spheres of action.'

What were the salient features of her government that made it the standard of excellence in administration throughout Central India? 'Let it be done as in the time of Ahalyabai' was a sufficient order, Sir John Malcolm tells us, to allay discontent and to satisfy the most importunate suitor. The principles of her rule may be summed up in these words: justice and protection of property. She sat unveiled in open durbar, the observance of *pardah* being by no means obligatory among the Marathas, and she heard and tried every case herself. With unwearying patience she went into the details of each petition; and where her own officers were the accused she was especially critical, and spared no effort to get at the truth, for she 'deemed herself amenable to God for every abuse and exercise of power.'

The foundation of her fiscal policy was moderate assessment. She upheld the rights of village officers and landed proprietors, for she believed that the basis of all public prosperity and happiness was security of tenure. She pro-

tected property against the exactions of the tax-collector, and set her face against the system of appropriating in the State's name a large slice of the fortunes of her deceased subjects. Many cases were cited to prove this, but perhaps the most striking was that of the widow of the rich *bunniah*, or banker, Davychand, because Tukoji Rao was implicated in the affair. He had demanded in the name of the State a large portion of Davychand's wealth. The widow fled to the palace with the tale of her wrongs, and Ahalyabai not only clothed her in a royal robe to show the world that she was under her protection, but she also sent Tukoji a peremptory order to withdraw his claim.

In addition to the State revenue Ahalyabai had considerable personal wealth, her *jagirs* bringing in an annual revenue of four lakhs, equal in those days to forty thousand pounds. The treasures of the Holkar family, estimated at two millions sterling, were also in her possession; but one of her first actions was to devote them to charity by sprinkling water mixed with leaves of the toolsee-tree over them. We shall see a little later how that charity was dispensed. With regard to the State expenditure, the public accounts were most carefully kept, and it was only after every civil liability had been discharged that the balance was despatched to Tukoji to contribute towards the maintenance of the army in the Deccan.

The Maharani knew the value of prestige. She kept her agents, men chosen for their ability as well as personal devotion, in the various Indian capitals of that time, Poonah and Nagpore, Hyderabad and Seringapatam, Lucknow and Calcutta. They spread her reputation by extolling her virtues, so that 'Mohammedans joined with Hindus in prayers for her long life and prosperity.' It is an aphorism in Hindu political philosophy that good princes see their counsellors grow gray in their service. Ahalyabai had but one Prime Minister in the thirty years she ruled, Govind Punt Gunnoo, who succeeded Gungadhar Jeswant. For twenty years Khundee Rao managed her estates and controlled her fine palace, which still stands above the Nerbudda at Maheshwar, the Mhysir of the old chronicle. But perhaps of all her followers the most devoted was Baramul Dada, her *kower*, or personal domestic, who kept a diary of her daily doings, which he handed in his old age to the safe custody of Sir John Malcolm. His duties had been not merely to wait on his mistress, but also to discharge the religious and highly honourable task of washing her tutelary deities. He was full of reverence for her memory as the best of womankind. One of the entries in the diary shows how Ahalyabai passed the day. It is divided into nine parts: (1) The Maharani rose one hour before daybreak to say her prayers; (2) then she listened to the reading of the sacred books; (3) distributed food to the poor and

gave alms to the Brahmins; (4) then breakfasted on a purely vegetable diet, having given up animal food; (5) prayers and a short rest; (6) she then went in durbār dress to the open court, where she sat from two till six; (7) she afterwards dined, and then rested; (8) at nine she resumed work, and continued at it till eleven o'clock; (9) at eleven o'clock she retired for the night.

It was not only of human beings that Ahalyabai was the protectress. She was good and considerate to animals. Birds, fish, and beasts all came under her fostering care. She had fields specially planted for the birds, tanks filled and kept full for the fish; her servants carried buckets of water to the cattle tilling the fields. That a thing had life was sufficient claim to her care and protection. She was fond of uttering the warning, 'Let us mortals beware how we destroy the works of the Almighty.'

When necessary, however reluctant to punish, she could be severe. She fully realised that trade and travellers required protection. Both were threatened in Malwa when she came to the throne by Bhil marauders on one side and Gond freebooters on the other. She saw that the claim of the Bhils to levy a toll (called the Bhils' cowry) on the caravans passing through their hills was not wholly without justification. So she agreed to its continuance on the condition that the travellers and traders who paid it were entitled to protection, and that the hillmen should be responsible for stolen goods. But with the Gond freebooters sterner measures were required. Their leader was Mundroop Singh, whose castle of Sillanah occupied what was believed to be an impregnable position on the banks of the Nerbudda. He long defied her orders, and at last her patience was exhausted. Sillanah was stormed by her soldiers, and Mundroop was hung in chains from the battlements which he had vainly deemed no enemy could scale.

Ahalyabai was the patroness of the Brahmins, and she dispensed the treasure of the Holkars in what we would call Church endowments. Temples and shrines built, founded, and endowed by the Maharani are to be found to-day from one end of the Peninsula to the other, amid the snows of the Himalayas and the jungle solitudes of Ceylon. In Benares, the Holy City, the Bisheshwar, or Golden Temple—the most sacred of all its temples, dedicated to Siva, who, under the name of Bisheshwar, is the titular god of the city—was built at her expense, although the gilded dome and roof were provided long after her day by Runjeet Singh, the Lion of the Punjab.

Gaya, in Bengal, is one of the most famous places of pilgrimage for all Hindus. Within its limits are to be found the forty-five stopping-places for prayers and the offerings of *pindās*, or funeral cakes, at each of which in olden times

the pilgrim never failed to arrest his steps; but in these degenerate days the most zealous only halt at seven of them, while the majority are satisfied with three. At Gaya, Ahalyabai founded, on the site of an older temple, the present existing Vishnupada Temple, which is erected over the footprint of Vishnu. It possesses a striking façade, and the entrance to the temple itself is through silver doors. The concluding act of the pilgrimage is to place an offering of rice and water in a silver basin behind these doors, which represent part at least of the family treasure of the Holkar family specially dedicated by Ahalyabai to the works of charity.

The pilgrims have the pleasure or the pain of one more sacrifice ere they depart, unless, indeed, it is required of them before they begin the round of the holy track. The *gayawals*, or priests in charge of the temple, are expectant of their toll—five rupees from the humblest pilgrim, and as much as a lakh of rupees, it is said, in the case of a prince. Surely those writers must be wrong who place this part of the ceremonies elsewhere than at the beginning.

But if one wishes to get a true idea of Ahalyabai as a builder of temples, it is to Maheshwar, her capital on the banks of the Nerbudda, that the traveller should go. Temples dot the hillside rising steeply from the river to the ghâts, and behind the temples rises the lofty palace of Ahalyabai, where she had her chief residence and held her court. From the opposite bank all these buildings may be seen reflected in the river. There is another remarkable building in Maheshwar. This is the cenotaph erected to Ahalyabai by Jeswant Rao Holkar and his widow, Krishna Bai. It was begun by Jeswant Rao in 1799, and completed by his widow in 1833. Inside the temple is a life-size figure of Ahalyabai, and the family deities of the House of Holkar are still kept there. It is not strange that Jeswant Rao should have associated the name of his father, Tukoji Rao, with the temple dedicated to the princess he styled his 'mother.'

The closing years of Ahalyabai were darkened by a great tragedy. Besides her son, she had, as previously stated, an only daughter, Muchta Bai, who married Jeswant Rao Panseah, by whom she had an only son named Nulheabah. He was a youth of promise, and might have played an honourable part in Indore affairs, although barred by the law of caste from the throne; but he died before he reached his fourteenth year. A year later his father, Jeswant, also died, and the distracted widow decided to commit *sati*. To all her mother's entreaties to spare her this last blow, and not to leave her alone in the world bereft of all her family, Muchta Bai turned a deaf ear. It is said that she addressed Ahalyabai in the following words: 'You are old, mother, and a few years will end your present life. My only child and now my husband are gone; and when you follow, life, I

feel, will be insupportable ; but the opportunity of terminating it with honour will then have passed away.'

Failing to convince her by argument, and unable to prevent her by force from committing what was considered in that age as the most honourable act on the part of a Hindu widow, Ahalyabai was present at part at least of the dread ceremony, including the ablutions in the Nerbudda. For three days after it was over she remained in her palace, refusing food or to see any one save her faithful attendant, Baramul Dada. When she returned to her work and public duties she found consolation in erecting to her daughter's memory a beautiful little temple which Sir John Malcolm calls one of the most appealing memorials of maternal love that he had ever seen.

Ahalyabai was only sixty years of age at the time of her death in 1795. Her name was regarded as auspicious, for it was that of the wife of Gautama the Rishi, one of the personifications of Buddha. We get a slight glimpse of her appearance in the following story. Anuntia Bai, wife of Ragobah, of the Peishwa's family, was exceedingly jealous of the greater fame of her neighbour, so she sent a special envoy of her own sex to bring her back a faithful report of the princess's appearance. The envoy went,

and, as was not difficult, saw Ahalyabai in open court, and returned to her mistress with the following report : ' Ahalyabai has not beautiful features, but a heavenly light is on her countenance.'

The princess was averse to flattery and disliked being praised for what she did. It is recorded that a Brahmin compiled a history of her rule full of compliments and praise, and then proceeded to read the work to her. After listening for a little time she took the book from him, exclaiming that she was 'only a weak, sinful woman,' then tore it in fragments and cast them into the river.

These incidents throw light on the character of a woman who, in the midst of general war and strife, kept peace for thirty years in the part of India under her sway. All the other rulers fought for ambition and pride of place ; she alone set before herself the ideal that 'peace hath its victories no less renowned than war,' and thus her reputation survives as a bright example across the centuries. Her most expressive epitaph is furnished by the test set to her successors : 'Rule us as in the time of Ahalyabai, and we shall be content and happy.' Such is the burden of the prayer of the peoples of Indore and Malwa.

THE KING-MAKERS.

CHAPTER II.—THE BOY—*continued.*

IT was an unfrequented road, and the danger of recognition was not great ; nevertheless the King sought to avoid it as far as he might. When meeting or passing pedestrians he took care to avert his face, while the occupants of the few vehicles he encountered noticed only a cycling tourist with downbent head. In this way he covered a league or so, and came to a place where a quiet stretch of road was shadowed by a wood. Finding an entrance among the trees, he made his way to a secluded spot on the edge of a small stream.

He was hot from the exercise, hot with the spirit of adventure. In a few minutes he had spread before him the contents of the intruder's valise, which he found to be very much what he had expected and hoped. The clothing he took no heed of then ; but the shaving materials were of immediate interest ; they were of respectable quality, and the brook gave him all else that was necessary. In ten minutes the mirror showed a countenance amazingly changed, incredibly younger. Then, indeed, he had crossed his Rubicon.

'Excellent !' he murmured with intense relief.

This done, he made further investigation. There seemed to be nothing in the valise that might not be useful in his new and irresponsible rôle, nothing that could be described as cumber-

some. On the other hand, there was nothing really valuable except a large purse which lay neglected at the bottom, and which he found to contain three gold coins and a little paper money. Probably the intruder's remaining wealth had been carried upon his person in some more convenient receptacle. At all events he would not need it now. Perhaps the most interesting item was an envelope containing two papers, which had apparently been placed in the valise because they were not immediately required. The first paper was an ordinary passport form, made out in the name of Charles Segel of Belgrade, described as tourist, aged twenty-five years, medium height and weight, fair complexion, of Serbian nationality, and of the Christian religion. The King read the description with particular interest.

'Almost as much mine as yours, Charles !' he said sweetly ; and then he opened the other paper. His interest deepened when he found that this was another passport, complementary to the first, and marked 'Special.' Bearing his own seal, and signed in Premier Rubin's own hand as Minister of the Interior, it commanded all the officials and dependants of the kingdom of Zorne to treat the otherwhere described Charles Segel as a special servant of the State, to assist him in his journey, to further him in

his mission, and to afford him any aid, information, or assistance he might require, on production of this pass, the cost thereof to be charged to the Office of the Interior.

'H'm!' said the King, not a little impressed; 'this would take the man anywhere—even to my own palace! It almost accounts for his amazing impertinence. One of Rubin's secret agents, no doubt; perhaps the chief of them. And yet—and yet that would not account for his impertinence to me! The situation becomes more and more amusing, but more and more bewildering!'

He carefully deposited the papers about his person, and took possession of the purse by a similar process. 'It is not strange,' he reflected, 'that a simple Socialistic principle like that of my friend should become popular. It has a certain human interest which would make an appeal to almost any one! And now for the road again.'

Confident in his new disguise, he made no further effort at concealment, and was justified by covering the six or seven miles to his own capital without interruption. Up till now he had no plans, and was satisfied without them. The exhilaration of his escape, the delightful miscarriage of the plot, the sudden and extraordinary break in his iron chain, were enough for the time. For a while he was free to run his own course and to seek his own ends. So far, there was no end other than a day or two of freedom. Raschadt was full of people who might be expected to know their king, but it was also full of strangers. It was as safe for him as any place in Zorne. At the moment he was entirely under the influence of some dare-devil strain inherited from those distant progenitors of his who had battled so recklessly against the Turks, backed by an unuttered resolve that he would never return to his bonds—no, never! He did not know what would happen at last, but for the present he would be a spectator at a play that was certain to be interesting!

In a little while he was a gray unit in an increasing volume of traffic on the great new road that pierced the suburbs and shot straight to the city's heart. He did not inquire his way, for in this case it was impossible to lose it. Then the suburbs were passed, and the warm, red-roofed old city climbed its gentle hill towards the citadel—a quaint and very lovable old city, where the new waged a noisily aggressive battle against the old. The King was one of the new things; but he rejoiced in the red roofs and the long, low windows.

His vague plans had rest and refreshment in the forefront, and it was thus that he found the 'Silver Heart.' His wandering eye perceived it just off the main street, all red-tiled like so much of the old city, and with tables set in a small garden-courtyard to the left of the main entrance. Lightly and cheerfully the King wheeled his

bicycle into the enclosure, and deposited it by a table which stood in the shade. Then he sat down, and immediately struck a handbell which stood before him.

A rotund waiter appeared, beaming.

'Speak English?' queried the King without a second's hesitation. For his mood now was a curious compound of the whimsical and the sardonic.

'Ye-es, sir,' said the waiter with a smile. He was a Frenchman.

'Then, beer,' said the King, with a great sigh of relief, 'and—bread—and—cheese!'

They were brought, more or less according to order (for in Zorne they know no beer but lager), and his Majesty refreshed himself with an appetite delightfully keen. One by one the few other customers went out, some of them nodding their friendliness to the English tourist as they passed. And the King rested, the subdued noises of the old city rolling by at a respectful distance.

The waiter came back, benign and cheerful. The King envied the man because he looked so round and happy.

'Well, friend,' he said, 'is the "Silver Heart" a good house for Englishmen? And can I have a room here?'

'Most certainly, sir. It is a beautiful house—extremely. I will call the master.'

The master came, aglow with good humour, to welcome the new guest, and the waiter, who had spent a winter in England, acted as interpreter. Formalities were few, and in a little space his Majesty, with Segel's travelling-case in his hand, followed the master into the house. In a book in the hall he wrote, in a bold, flowing hand that was not his own, the famous name, 'Peter Robinson, London,' and immediately afterwards found himself light-heartedly examining the plain but comfortable furnishings of a small room on the south side of the 'Silver Heart,' with a glimpse of the main street and the market square obtainable from its neatly curtained window. And this little room was his shelter and his home during the days that followed, when the history of his throne and kingdom unrolled itself before his astonished gaze in a series of startling and instructive pictures.

The series began so soon that he had no time to review fully his own position; and once it had begun, it moved so rapidly that he could only watch in almost speechless admiration. The moving spirit in that gay panorama flashed the scenes on to the obedient pages of the two daily newspapers, the *Gazette* and the *Herald*. There was no uncertainty in the presentation, no doubt as to the character of the story. A Council was held at the City Hall late on the night of the disappearance, the old Secretary having come up post-haste from Château Rom-bard and summoned the available members by telegraph. Next morning the *Gazette* and the

Herald published each a special sheet with the flaring headlines :

FLIGHT OF THE KING.

ESCAPE BY SEA.

AMAZING SITUATION.

And the news had scarcely found time to go outside the city gates before the later editions were ready with their further instalments. It was then that the people learned all the stages which had led to their young monarch's unprincipled desertion of his duty, his growing petulance and impatience, culminating in brutal insults to his most devoted Ministers; his intractability, and his deepening distaste for the routine duties of the throne; his hours of sulky indolence in the summer-house on the cliff. The means of his flight were too simple to require discussion. There was the cliff-path always at hand, and there were the marks of a boat in the shingle. Also, some one had noticed during the day a small steam-yacht lying off the coast under the shelter of the Orphan. And the King had given some hint in his last interview with his valet. 'I must get away,' he had said. 'I must get away at once.'

What more required to be told? What more, indeed, except the *Gazette's* interview with the Premier, in which that statesman showed himself at his unsurpassable best? Shocked, depressed, and disappointed indeed he was; but his spirit was still undaunted, his courage was still unbroken. He refused with dignity to discuss or even to describe the King's misconduct. He even excused him generously on the plea that he had been called too young and too untrained to his exalted place, lacking the knowledge that place was another name for responsibility. But the people must not be dismayed, must not even be disturbed. It was just possible, of course, that a perfectly rational explanation would be forthcoming, and no one who loved Zorne would care to discuss the absent King's conduct in the meantime. It was their plain duty to hope for the best. In any case, the public interests were in loyal and faithful keeping. The Executive Council had met, and the Senate had been summoned; and an apparently casual note in another place reminded the readers that Conrad had been only one of three favoured candidates for the throne, and that the other two were still living—Prince Max of Swarzfeld and the Duke Ernest of Cromburg. It was for the Senate to deal with this most amazing but not altogether hopeless situation. In the meantime the most thorough investigation was being made.

'H'm!' said the King, who had read all these doings with considerable interest, and was almost convinced, at times, that everything told of him was true. 'I never thought half enough of Rubin! He is certainly not such a fool!'

That thorough investigation was supremely

successful, for it discovered, in the King's favourite volume of poems in the Pavilion, a pencilled note in his Majesty's own hand. Even the Premier was forced to admit that it was Conrad's scrawl, though he did so with great reluctance. Some attempt was made to hold back the contents, but there was no resisting the clamour of the public; and when the public obtained the truth it reeled with dismay, and then danced with frenzied indignation. 'Take back your crown,' ran this interesting message. 'I have no further use for it. In haste.—CONRAD.' And when the King had read those words he was bound to admit that they afforded a very fair indication of his own mood on that unfortunate afternoon, and on many other occasions. He almost wondered, indeed, whether he had not actually written them!

History tells us that the Senate met on the third day. The King was one of the great concourse of people that gathered in the marketplace and along the hill to see them pass up to the citadel. The Senate, of course, were ostensibly the king-makers on this occasion; but he noticed others present who were likely to feel a keen interest in the proceedings; notably, the Ambassadors of those Central Empires which, after the great war, had been forced to let little Zorne choose its own King and Constitution. When he saw them he recalled inevitably some well-known scripture which mentions the eagles and the carcass in the same pregnant phrase.

Next morning, after a somewhat restless night, he read in the *Gazette* a fairly full report of the Senate's deliberations, and was more than ever convinced of Rubin's ability. He saw much that was beautiful in the Premier's handling of the situation, every incident working like a move in a well-played game. Finally, a large majority carried a resolution declaring the throne vacant, and empowering the Executive to deal with the matter forthwith, and to convene the Senate further when they had a proposal to make. Only the King's small and negligible party, desperate and sullen, abstained from voting, and the Premier created a considerable sensation by joining them in that course. All the reports agreed that his whole bearing betrayed grief and depression to an extreme degree.

'Better and better,' said the King. 'If Rubin had only been satisfied to be my Premier, what a Premier he would have made! Or if I had only been satisfied to let him alone! I suppose my successor will be Max of Swarzfeld. Things are pointing that way, and from what I have heard of him he will be more to Rubin's taste. He will not trouble to make foolish plans! Now, what shall I do to-day?'

For want of better occupation he went to see the lions of the city. During those days there was generally a large group of tourists and idlers before a full-length portrait by the French painter

Renier, in Room VI. of the Art Gallery in the City Hall. This was a portrait of Conrad I., crowned and in his state robes, and the curator of the gallery spent much time in noting and answering the questions and remarks of visitors or critics.

On this particular morning he had a curious experience with a little group of English and American travellers, one of whom, an attractive-looking youth, lost no opportunity of acquiring knowledge and airing his views.

'Say,' he cried over the shoulder of a portly lady whom the curator supposed to be his mother, 'why did they have such a young man for a King? Why not somebody a bit staid-like—like your Prime Minister?'

'The kingdom also is young, sir,' said the curator stiffly.

'But why such a feather-headed kind of a fellow?' persisted the questioner, to the evident dismay of the portly lady. 'What had he to recommend him?'

The curator flushed and stammered. He had several languages, but was not expert in all of them.

'There were others considered of,' he said nervously. 'Two other princes had much weight. But we wanted a pure Zornese for Zorne; was it not highly proper? And the King was the last of a noble family, once a bulwark against the Turks. More, he was reported of a good spirit, generous, brave. Our hopes in him were considerable.'

'Much good he has done you!' was the candid comment. 'But what's the next step? Who's this Prince Max? Is he Zornese too?'

'He has Saxon blood also,' said the curator coldly.

'I see. Is he a good sort?'

'We know little of him, sir.'

'Then you'd better get to know more. It seems that the Premier's settled on him for the next king. Eh?'

'You did not see that in the papers?' cried the curator almost resentfully.

'Did you expect me to be able to read the local press? I got that by thinking. Isn't it true?'

'It is the Senate that decides,' was the indignant retort.

'Then the Senate had better make haste, that's all. I believe the Premier hasn't lost any time. He'll settle this little affair before the Senate can say "Peter Robinson."'

Then the group broke up, and the poor curator, shocked and bewildered, retired to refresh himself. A little reflection enabled him to smile over the memory of the conversation and the amazing indiscretions of 'those Americans;' but when he noticed, a little later, that the portly American lady had another companion, and that the young man, after wandering about alone for a little while, left the hall without rejoining

her, a somewhat disturbing suggestion or shadow of a suggestion occurred to him. He returned to the King's portrait, and studied it with infinite care for some time. Then he shook his head, and resolved that the suggestion was so preposterous that he could not dare to mention it to any one. Fortunately he held to this prudent course until the story could do neither harm nor good to any of the persons who might have been interested in it.

In this and similar ways had the King filled his long hours of leisure; but it now became necessary that he should decide upon some definite course. His freedom had been decreed by resolution, and there was no object to be gained by remaining in Raschadt. His supply of gold was rapidly vanishing, while it was impossible to claim his own personal wealth even from the bankers and yet preserve his incognito. Moreover, it could not be long before the abductors discovered that they had trapped the wrong bird—so far, they had given no sign; and as Rubin had gone too far to retreat, the situation would become more exciting than safe. Something must be done, and at the end of that memorable week it was impossible to retrace his steps, even had he wished to do so. The swift current of events had put that out of the question. Besides, he saw now that his own conduct on that day of trial was utterly beyond explanation. Even if it were credited, it would leave him ridiculous for ever.

'Well,' he mused, 'I have the whole world before me, but no special desire to go anywhere. It is quite as difficult as having nowhere to go. I wonder what Rubin would like me to do! It would be so simple and so safe to do the contrary!'

As he wondered thus, he was lounging in the hotel reading-room, turning the pages of an illustrated Viennese weekly which had arrived an hour before. It was chiefly interesting to him because it contained pictorial representations of the Zornese Crisis, and several excellent photographs of himself and of his coronation festival three years ago. He examined these with critical interest, and was glad that he had not only shaved, but had also had his abundant locks cropped close in the prevailing English fashion. Hardly any one, even with the magazine in hand, would have identified him as the Little King who Ran Away. He observed that the Viennese journalist was emphatic in his opinion that Prince Max was the favourite for the throne of Zorne, and he was interested to read that since his own flight he had been seen both at Monte Carlo and at Naples.

'Some would take these names as guide-posts,' he thought cheerfully. 'But somehow they do not appeal. They are probably the places Rubin would choose for me. Let us see further.'

It was at this moment that he found himself under observation, and at once realised that he

had been under observation for some time. A gentleman of prosperous but unassuming exterior came up to the table as if to look for a journal. Apparently the journal he wanted was the one Conrad was using.

'Pardon me,' said the intruder civilly, 'you have not finished with it?'

He spoke in French, and Conrad answered in the same language. 'Yes,' he said, 'you may have it.'

But the intruder still waited. 'You are English, sir, I understand. May I ask if you are long from England?'

Conrad was immediately on the alert, but he gave no sign of suspicion. 'Not long,' he said pleasantly, and left the room immediately after. He remembered that yesterday he had met this person in the corridor near his own room, and that previous to that meeting he had seen him examining with close interest the list of visitors to the 'Silver Heart.' He was not greatly alarmed, for the possession of Rubin's comprehensive pass should be sufficient for the present; but he saw that his position must become untenable in the near future.

He awaited with interest the next move on the part of his pursuer, and was not surprised when it came that same evening at supper. He occupied a small corner table which he had selected on the day of his arrival, and which his friendly waiter had always reserved for him since; but he had scarcely commenced his meal when the person who had previously addressed him came into the room. He made a detour to

reach his victim, and addressed him familiarly, though quite respectfully, in English: 'It is a fine evening.'

The King merely bowed. His English, he knew, should be passable, for he had obtained some of it, at considerable pains, at Oxford; but he did not know why this person wished to hear it.

'We are having a beautiful summer,' said the persecutor blandly.

This time the King did not bow. He stared straight through the bulk of his tormentor with a rude unconsciousness that he knew to be thoroughly English. Several persons who saw that stare were sorry for the other party to the scene; but, utterly unabashed, he made one more effort: 'May I ask, sir, if you know London well?'

At that moment the waiter came near, and Conrad beckoned to him. 'Remove my meal to another table,' he said calmly. 'I am not comfortable here.'

The waiter obeyed, asking no questions and making no sign; the other visitors stared, all agog; and the intruder, after a moment's disconcerted silence, subsided into his own chair at a little distance.

Conrad settled himself with satisfaction that was strongly mixed with uneasiness. 'That was English too, I think,' he said to himself. 'But the atmosphere of Raschadt is becoming close and oppressive. Evidently I must go. Rubin's fishermen would not make the same blunder twice.'

(Continued on page 516.)

SOME SALT ISLANDS OF THE WEST INDIES.

By CHRIS H. TICE.

TO the north of the Republic of Haiti, and off the eastern end of the island of Cuba, there is a small British colony comprised in a group known as the Turks and Caicos Islands. It is perhaps scarcely too much to assert that in Britain the place is practically unknown outside the Colonial Office. The small population of five thousand is almost wholly composed of coloured people, the descendants, by devious lines, of negro slaves. There are probably not more than two hundred and fifty whites in the colony.

Politically it is a dependency of the Government of Jamaica, four hundred miles to the south-west. Commercially it is of more importance to the United States of America than to either Britain or Jamaica. This arises from the nature of its staple industry, which is the production of salt, and also from its proximity to America. It is, of course, not asserted that America is the only consumer of salt in any quantity, but that each country naturally buys in the most convenient market. Britain not

only produces salt from her own mines, but can, if necessary, obtain supplies from the Mediterranean ports, and from other sources nearer home. At all events, the United States of America and Canada are almost the exclusive consumers of the salt of these islands. Many thousands of bushels of unrefined salt are used annually in New York alone for the making of ice-cream.

The appearance of the islands from a ship's deck is not without beauty. Though they lie very low and are almost treeless, there is about them that same air of sunlit peace which seems to surround all these western isles. Closer acquaintance, however, discloses in each case an interior as flat as the Fen district of England, if not less interesting. But if nature lacks beauty upon the land's surface, she canopies its wastes with skies of which only Ruskin could adequately write, and girdles it with seas of translucent loveliness.

In a group which comprises about thirty settlements, three only are engaged in the salt in-

dustry, but these three embrace over a half of the total population. They are named Grand Turk, Cockburn Harbour, and Salt Cay respectively.

The process of production is by solar evaporation. The interior of the islands in each instance is more or less of a lagoon cut up into artificial ponds. The sea-water is conducted by channels into large, shallow reservoirs. As occasion requires, it is turned by wind-machines into smaller ponds called the making-pans. These vary in size from half an acre to two acres in extent, the depth of both pans and reservoirs being about eighteen inches. Here the water is allowed to stand whilst the friendly elements of sun and wind quietly bring about the necessary crystallisation. The prevailing climatic conditions are singularly kind to the salt merchant. During the winter months—that is to say, the cooler season extending from November to March—the ponds remain untouched except for occasional cleaning operations. With the advent of the hot season, beginning in April, however, the pan-raking begins. The south-east trade winds sweep across the islands with refreshing persistency, and this, combined with the sun's rays, makes evaporation very rapid. The water in the pans, which during the evaporating process is called 'pickle,' takes on a pinkish tint, and in a few days the salt is formed, in thicknesses varying according to the time it is left in the sun and exposed to the wind. Barefooted labourers enter the pans and rake up the salt into heaps, whilst others cart it away. As the pans are raked salt-water from the reservoirs is turned in; and, except during the period of the heavy rains in May, evaporation proceeds right through the summer months. The salt is deposited in heaps, for the most part in the open air, and, save where it is exposed to dust, retains a spotless appearance, the glitter being severely trying to the eyes. In the height of the season there may sometimes be two hundred thousand bushels thus deposited awaiting shipment. The average annual export is one and a half million bushels.

Turks Islands are not the only West Indian Islands owning salt-ponds. Great Inagua, one hundred miles to the south-west, possesses considerable pond acreage; but the ponds have long ceased to be worked, chiefly owing to the extremely isolated position of the island. What was once a scene of busy activity presents to-day a picture of desolate abandonment. Such also has been the fate of Rum Cay, in the Bahamas. A slightly better condition prevails in the Republic of Santo Domingo, where the industry still receives some attention in one or two ports; but the total output is not comparable with that of the first-named group. There is still much doubt as to the future of the colony in view of its situation on the new Canal route; but at least it possesses in its pond-area communal means which must be of permanent value, if the

conditions of tenure and of labour are wisely regulated by the Executive.

It may well be imagined that the nature of this work is not without its influence upon the atmosphere. Whilst it is generally held to have a beneficial effect upon the health of the community, it has its own peculiar difficulties. As an instance, all steel or plated articles must be kept entirely free from dust if they are to be preserved. A few hours' exposure will often suffice to spoil a plated surface. With the prevalence of such conditions it may easily be understood that the retention of a smooth skin is also almost an impossibility. Hence the subject of complexion is a frequent one amongst the white ladies of the community; and from knowledge of a few of these feminine conferences one concludes that many would willingly sacrifice any supposed benefits to health if the salt could be eliminated from the atmosphere. No industry is entirely free from disadvantage to those engaged in it, either workmen or employer. Actual contact with the brine or with the salt crystals, if continuous, causes the skin to crack. Whilst vessels are being loaded, always at piece rates, the labourers often contract a sore on the ends of the fingers, the result of carrying the bags in which the salt is shipped. Similarly, the fetlocks of the cart-mules frequently become sore from long standing in the salt mud whilst the carts are being loaded.

THE MULL OF OE.

WE saw it when the evening light,
Soft on the landscape falling,
Set distant windows flashing bright,
And mellow thrushes calling.

The lark's loud song in liquid rills
Rained on us as we listened,
And tarns, deep-shadowed by the hills,
Like pools of silver glistened.

Far to the east peered o'er Argyll
The lordly hills of Arran;
Southward lay Rathlin's windy isle,
And many a headland barren.

With stately sweep a gallant barque
Sped west, her white sails flowing,
Where Donegal's wild cliffs were dark
Against the sunset glowing.

But at our feet, beneath the sun,
Between brown bog and heather,
Stretched greenest turf, where lambskins run,
And children play together.

Here, 'twixt the sea and mountains, God
A sturdy race has planted;
These are the hills their fathers trod,
And psalms of battle chanted.

They won their freedom by the sword,
This race of hardy yeomen,
Who march to war, and pray the Lord
For strength to smite the foemen.

J. SCOTT.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE FRENCHMAN AS A SOLDIER.

By JAMES MILNE, Author of *The Epistles of Atkins, News from Somewhere, &c.*

'POILU' is the nickname, or, at least, the colloquial name, by which the French soldier is called, just as we say 'Tommy Atkins' of the British soldier. It is derived from the French word *poil* ('hair'), and means 'the hairy one.' The allusion is to the fondness of the French soldier for a beard—anyhow, while on active service—and to the rude picturesqueness which he encourages in a general way. It is a purely modern name, and it does no more justice to the French fighting man than 'Thomas Atkins' does to his British comrade.

'A rose by any other name would smell as sweet,' says Shakespeare; and the French soldier is a king of warriors, call him what you like. His warlike qualities have sung themselves down the ages, and to-day he confronts the Germans with all his old *élan*, saying of his dear *Patrie*, and of himself in relation to her:

'Through fire, air, and water
Thy trial must be;
But they that love life best
Die gladly for thee.'

You only begin to know what a fine fellow the French soldier is when you see something of him on active service, and have put away certain preconceived ideas that you probably had about him. One of these is that he is a gay, careless, laughing man, who loves to sit on a fence, smiling at the sun and flirting with the girls who may pass by, but always ready with his gun for the enemy. There is a fine mixture of love and war in that picture of the French soldier, and many writers have endeared it to us; but it has hardly anything to do with him in this great time of Armageddon.

We all know the stage Irishman, as Charles Lever and others have created him for us in entirely readable stories; the rollicking man who ever gets the best of life in the easiest possible manner, and does not care for anything else at all. There is no such Irishman; there never was such an Irishman; and in the same way the stage French soldier, as we may call him, probably never existed, and certainly has no relationship to the *poilu* whom you see just now all over France. Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, the three musketeers of Dumas's famous romance, were fine lads; but if they were to-day in the French army commanded by General Joffre, he would not

know very well what to do with them, and they would be tremendously out of their element.

Naturally the French temperament is sunny and bright, ready for a jest where there is any temptation to it; but there are not many temptations of that sort in this war, which is a hard, serious, grim business—conditions that have affected men in the field. Happily they are still open to a joke, especially when it can be exercised upon the enemy. Somewhere he had hung a string of small bells along the front of his trenches, so that if the French made an attack the tinkle, tinkle would give warning. A young French officer noticed the trick, and when night came he and a few of his men crawled out and attached strings to those bells. Then they crawled back to their own trenches and began pulling them. They went tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, and the Germans, called out by what they thought an onslaught, fired off their ammunition for hours on end, indeed until dawn revealed the joke that had been played upon them.

It greatly amused the Frenchmen who were responsible for it; but their Gallic sense of laughter would hardly have responded to another anecdote, of the British this time, behind the Allied lines where some Boches had just been brought in as prisoners. They made themselves as agreeable as possible, the story goes, and so were allowed to take part in a 'sing-song' held in the evening. The musical talent had got rather low, when it occurred to the typical British sergeant in charge of the programme that some amusement might be got out of the prisoners. Accordingly he rose up and said, 'Our friends Fritz an' 'Ans will now oblige with th' 'Ymn of 'Ate!'

It is a good story of good British origin, but it would be like Greek to a French soldier. He simply would not understand it. He is, as Mr Thomas Atkins would say, 'not built that way'; although the serious, logical, satirically grim side of him would quite grasp another, not more true, story about two Sikhs of our Indian army. It relates with nice picturesqueness that they had been bothered by a German sniper, and determined to go after him. Next morning they returned with the report, 'Sahib, we found the man with the rifle; here is the rifle!'

You have only to study the French soldier, in

his plain uniform of blue or gray, to understand that he is not the laughing, merry soldier of so much tradition. Clothes and the man! There is a good deal between the two, an intimate, revealing psychology, just as there is a relationship between arms and the man. The *poilu* is capped by a steel casque, invented since the war began, to protect his head from stray rifle-bullets and wandering fragments of shell. It does all that, but it also gives him a curiously Puritanic look. He strikes you as an old Crusader adapted to modern requirements. His helmet, saving its dull colour, makes you fancy him charging an army of Saracens in the name of Christianity. His uniform, so coloured as to make as little show as possible against the countryside, tells you that he is really fighting modern Huns equipped with all the resources of modern science. You know, in fact, that 'Monsieur Poilu' is a little unmilitary, lacking in the exactness of step, the precision of deportment, the correctness of physical attitude which you associate with the highly drilled soldier. It is so, and for that very reason the French soldier has his own personality and qualities, and they make him the great fighting man he is.

Every Frenchman has a sense of the artistic, and he likes to blend his own being into it. He hates to be merely like everybody else, knowing that is to go unobserved, to have no dramatic existence at all, which would be a poor manner of living. When he becomes a soldier he is very limited in the fashions of his raiment, but he manages, with a woman's eye for the picturesque, to achieve it through an easy air of indifference. When one speaks thus of 'Monsieur Poilu' in this association, one means not the professional French soldier, who is neat and natty all the time, but the other soldier called up by the thousand and the million, he who almost loves to look unmilitary. He lets his hair and beard grow to fantastic lengths, proudly wears his mud-stained, ragged clothes, and is not worried a bit if he looks 'a fearful object.' He wants you to know that he has been through the wars; but he also wants you, whether he be in a line regiment, in the Chasseurs, in the famous Alpines, or is even a Zouave, to know that he takes war against the Germans as he would take daily life in Paris, with every just seriousness, but without alarm or any putting of himself to unusual trouble.

When the war began, the gray uniforms of the old regiments of France, and the little red *képi* of the infantry and their baggy red breeches, were all about the pleasant summer roads. Now the blue sky looks down upon a blue overcoat which hides most of the uniform. It has, itself, become a mixture of blue-gray colours, and so the picture made by the French soldier is far less gay than the picture Napoleon's men made in their historic

time. But there has come into the face of the present French soldier something of the physiognomy which prints convey to us of Napoleon's veterans—the heavy dark moustache uncut because there has been something else to do, the beard which has gone unshorn for the same reason, the lanky black hair, the beaming black eye, and the fine sense of physical fitness in every movement of the body.

What most strikes you about the French soldier, perhaps, is his simplicity, which would be plainness in anybody not of Gallic temperament. We know that in art simplicity is about the most difficult thing to arrive at, and that it is the key to all that is greatest in the arts, whether painting, writing, or the putting on of beautiful clothes by a beautiful woman. Somehow the French soldier, with his uniform all tattered and torn, still remains a master of that artistic simplicity, possibly because it is the characteristic of his nation, simplicity and naturalness. You will see a wounded soldier limping along the boulevards in Paris, not with a special shoe on his foot such as its wound might demand, but with just an old boot of which the upper has been cut away where it would press on the sore. That is the simple practicalness of the French soldier; and, as his officer also follows it, you can imagine how amused a French general was when an English officer who had come to him with despatches took out a khaki handkerchief. 'Ah, good!' said the French general; 'the Germans will not see when you blow your nose.' The remark was not meant to be satirical; but the fact is that French generals and colonels and sergeants and full privates all think that we somewhat coddle our soldiers—anyhow, as compared with the treatment, always good, but always simple, which *la Patrie* gives to 'Monsieur Poilu.'

Here is a little story which has never been published before, the point of which throws light on the mental character of the French soldier. A Parisian workman, who was a corporal of Chasseurs, had made a German prisoner, and was taking him behind the French lines. The German, who spoke a little French, opened the conversation by saying, 'Germany was great like this'—lifting his hand above his head; 'now she is low like this'—swinging his hand down towards the earth. 'Ah,' said his guardian with an inimitable accent and mien, 'don't bother, old man; you will be more astonished before it is all over, for you will be lower even than the earth.' The jest there was a grim allusion to the grave; but it was merely uttered to sting the German prisoner. He was perfectly sure of kind treatment in some internment camp; only the Frenchman could not resist the temptation to let him have a word from the heart, a word to illustrate how bitterly the French feel about the 'methods of bar-

barism' on which the Germans conduct the war. Perhaps it was the same Frenchman who was met, another time, sitting atop one of the famous French 75's, which he patted kindly, with a wink to the passers-by, as much as to say, 'Ah, in the name of God, we have something here which will make the Boches sit up.'

The state of soul of the French soldier at the front is a great and beautiful thing. He has forged for himself the soul of the fighting man, and it will carry him on as long as the war lasts, until victory comes. He has forgotten the whole of his life except the high mission to which he has now been called—that is, to repel the invasion of his country by a war-lusting enemy, and to make such another invasion and such another outrage against civilisation impossible for all time. Fear? Yes, he knows how terrible and bloody the ordeal may be, but he does not fear. He remembers the proud traditions of the Latin race, and he fights on, thinking of nothing but winning. Something humorous interrupts, as when a Belgian farmer appears on the front of a brigade, and charges it with having stolen one of his pigs, or at least scared it away from its sty. The brigade is vastly amused, and probably, in its heart, regrets that it has no knowledge of that pig, living or eaten. The smile is momentary. Like the visit of the Belgian farmer, it passes, driven away, perhaps, by a new tune from the great guns on either side of the trenches.

Simple in mind, as in raiment, is the French soldier, certainly if he be a countryman, as witness an anecdote of one who had been wounded in the leg, and cried defiantly to the enemy, 'Too low!' Within a few minutes he was slightly wounded in the hand, which he had exposed over the top of the trench. 'Too high!' he cried this time. Then he was struck by a third bullet, which traversed his shoulder. Obligated to abandon the fight, because he was losing much blood, he threw himself on the ground and cried angrily at the enemy, 'You lot of fools, why waste all your shot on me?'

That is not at all a striking story, but it is a revealing story in the sense that it shows us the working of natural feelings in a man—what he does instinctively, without thought, when he is in the firing-line. He is indifferent to everything but the call of the moment, and in that individual case we have an example of the completeness with which every fighting Frenchman is devoted to the task of destroying Prussian militarism. The task lies on the nation as a whole, but it is every man's task individually.

You must always remember, in speaking of the French soldier, that he is a citizen soldier, a civilian as well as a warrior. He has been a civilian most of his life, and he will be a civilian again after the war. He is probably a married man; he may even have a family; and that adds to the responsibility with which he takes his

part in Armageddon. His people at home are very dear to him, very near to him, and they link him all the time with the great mother of all Frenchmen, *la Patrie*. When war broke out some English people were staying at a little French fishing-village opposite the Channel Islands. 'You will all go and fight?' said an Englishman to a party of French fishermen who were discussing the war. 'Ah, certainly,' said they. 'What else? If anybody attacked your mother you would go and defend her, wouldn't you? The mother of all Frenchmen, it is *la Patrie*.'

The other mother of Frenchmen, the human mother who gave them birth, comes out in a letter found on a hard-fought battlefield. It was from the mother of a young soldier, and it said to him, 'Think at this moment, before your own mother, of the other mother, *la Patrie*. Do your duty as a soldier; and if Providence protects you, you will return to do your duty as a son.' Across that letter its recipient had written in pencil, 'It is by order of mamma, and it is for the country.' Very touching—was it not?—especially as that young soldier did his duty nobly, and will never return to his mother. He was found seriously wounded, and he died within a few days, glad to be a sacrifice in a great cause. If he had been less seriously wounded, he would probably, like two comrades of whom one hears, have been willing to joke with a high official on the reticence of the official war *communiqué* which is issued in Paris.

'How are you?' asked the high official of the wounded men. 'We are making slight progress,' answered one, and M. le Ministre understood and laughed. 'How are you?' he said, turning to the second. The reply was, 'Situation unchanged; nothing new to report.' 'I am afraid, gentlemen,' said the Minister, 'you have the best of the joke; but I am glad to see you joke so effectively, and I hope you will both soon be very well.'

The epistles which 'Monsieur Poilu' writes from the field of battle differ a good deal from those written by our excellent Mr Thomas Atkins. The latter either writes a plain, straightforward letter of how events happen, or he has something humorous to say, something invented perhaps by himself. The *poilu*, on the other hand, possibly a highly educated civilian before the war, dips a good deal into psychology, tells you of his feelings under fire, describes for you the appearance of a battle. 'Zip, and there is a leaf cut off close to you.' You can see that happen, so clear is the description given in one short sentence. 'We have got them! Good! Now, then, you take the big fellow on the horse.' That is another French vignette of what war means; ay, and it conveys its meaning to the mind.

It is all short, crisp, and logical, the pattern on which the French mind works, even when it

turns satirical, as in an invitation by a French professor become soldier, and busy on the Yser. 'I have,' he wrote, 'the honour and the pleasure of inviting all of you to my shooting estate across the Belgian frontier. There is big game there, and it takes some killing, believe me.' He added that if the sport proved more strenuous than was expected, he could provide other attractions, such as an aeroplane manoeuvre, or an orchestral concert in which Joffre's Sonata No. 75 would be the strong piece.

When night, with its kindly darkness, falls on a battlefield, the French ambulance-men go out to collect the wounded, and one of them gives us a significant account of what that means. 'With acetylene lamps to light us, we cross the battlefield in all directions and pick up the wounded. As to the dead, alas, how numerous they are! We find them petrified in their last attitude, their last *élan*; and hear the crying and moaning of the wounded scattered in the cornfields and among the damp meadows. I know of nothing more poignant than that.' It is very tearful reading, but beautiful reading.

The French soldier, when he is parting from his family, is sad but heroic, and he shows both feelings unrestrainedly. Will he come back again? Will he not? Who is going to answer that? Only time. There may be a gloriously happy return when the war is over, or long before then there may come a letter like this, for ever the French soldier has 'one eye on death, and one full fix'd on heaven:' 'Sweetheart, fate in this present war has treated us more cruelly than many others; for I am dying, and am sending you this dying message. Forget me if you can; create for yourself some happy home which may restore to you some of the little pleasures of life. For myself, I shall have died happy in the thought of your love. My last thought has been for you, for those I leave at home. Accept this kiss from him who loved you.'

That letter was to a sweetheart; and there is another, found on the battlefield of the Marne, which also ought to be enshrined in the national archives of France. 'Adieu, my wife and darling

children,' it reads; 'adieu, all my family, whom I have loved so much. Calling up my last energies, I am writing this stretched out with my two legs broken, under a hail of lead. My last thoughts are for my children; for thee, my dear wife, the companion of my life, my beloved wife. *Vive la France!*'

You have a nation in arms called to a holy mission by the inscrutable ways of Providence, and these despatches from dying men are evidence of how the call has been answered. 'If I am spared' is a phrase often to be found in the letters of French soldiers, as also of British soldiers. Men pour their hearts out, but there is no posing, and no heroics. 'The French nation will march to the front like a single man,' said a well-known woman-novelist in Paris the morning it became clear that Germany meant war. She was thinking of the many things that had divided men in France, chiefly religion and politics; but she was thinking also of the fact that all the children of France loved her devotedly, and would rally to her standard. She was right, more than right, as the war, in its slow but inevitable progress to victory, has shown.

Never have the spirit of the French soldier and the majesty of the French nation shone more brilliantly, a calm, serene thing like a star in the sky of the world. The traditional and heroic soul of France has come back to her again; nay, that soul was never lost. It has flamed down the centuries; it has always been a torch in the progress of civilisation and the well-being of man. To-day it flames on, fed by the inspiration of a thousand years, to deeds as great, as self-sacrificing, as purifying for the world, as the French people, turned soldiers to a man, have ever in their glorious history achieved.

'Rise up, ye dead men!' cried Sergeant Pericard, when all his companions had been killed, and only their spirits remained to help him to hold a trench against the Germans. But he held it, and his cry will ring down the ages as so much heroic music of the superb spirituality which France has shown in this 'crack of doom' which we call Armageddon.

THE KING-MAKERS.

CHAPTER III.—THE GIRL.

THE kingdom of Zorne was such a recent thing that the modern palace, which faced the old citadel on the hill, was still unfinished. Men were daily at work upon the barracks in the north courtyard; and in the meantime, except when the King was actually in residence, the Lieutenant of the King's Guard occupied rooms above a small tobacco-shop in the market square.

Under present conditions his office was a sinecure, but Lieutenant Heldmann did not

neglect it for that reason. Leaving duty at nine, he was accustomed to walk down the hill to his rooms with all his old regularity and dignity. The brilliant uniforms of the Guard were newer even than the kingdom, and had not yet lost their novelty for the citizens and the citizens' children. The citizens turned to look after the lieutenant, sometimes perhaps with mingled admiration and pride; and very frequently the children turned to follow him at a little distance until he had vanished up the

tobacconist's stairs. He walked with his head high and clanking spurs; his long moustache and imperial were gray, and his nose spoke strongly of command; and it was observed during this remarkable interregnum that his air had grown more formidable and his nod more curt. He was probably quite aware of the smiles of those who reflected that this gorgeously arrayed officer was guardian of an empty palace.

On this evening the lieutenant came a little late, after a day of much irritating reflection. He had dispensed no greetings on his journey, and passed so quickly to his stairs that he was gone almost before the tobacconist was aware. But a hushed whisper checked him ere he reached the landing: 'Lieutenant!'

The martial figure paused. The tobacconist came up three steps. He was small and bald, and he wore an apron. 'There is a visitor for you—a foreigner, an Englishman.' That was all.

'Thank you,' said the lieutenant briefly, and with no trace of surprise; and then he continued his ascent.

The visitor was spread negligently upon the lieutenant's couch, smoking a cigarette. In the dusk his features were indistinct, but there was no mistaking his dress. The lieutenant closed the door, and stood in a questioning attitude. As a matter of fact he had not expected any such visitor; but there was no limit to the sight-seeing intrusions of the tourist class. To-night he was inclined to make short work of them.

'Good-evening, lieutenant,' said the visitor easily. 'I have waited half-an-hour for you.'

The lieutenant started. That voice had a note that set all his pulses in disorder. After a moment he stepped forward to gaze into the boyish face that smiled into his. A man's voice and eyes cannot be transformed, and suddenly Lieutenant Heldmann dropped upon his knee, his cap in his hand.

'Your Majesty!' he gasped.

'Very neat, Heldmann,' said the King heartlessly, 'but quite unnecessary now. Do get up. Take a cigarette. Yes, smoke. I am not a king now, you know.'

The lieutenant did rise, and tried awkwardly to cover his confusion. He did not smoke, but stood; and when the King pushed a chair towards him he simply rested his gloved right hand upon it.

The King sighed. 'As you will,' he said lazily. 'Let me explain, then. I wanted to borrow a little money, Heldmann, to enable me to leave Zorne, and there was no man in the city to whom I could safely go. But last night I saw you crossing the square, and found that you lived here. So to-night I have come to borrow all you have, promising to repay it as soon as I have passed the frontier.'

The lieutenant, all through this explanation, stared mutely into the speaker's face. When

the pause came he drew his wits together. 'Then your Majesty has not—has not'—

'Run away!' laughed the King. 'Not yet. But I'm going to. It's just this, Heldmann. Some rascals tried to kidnap me, and by an accident seized another man instead. So far, apparently, they have not discovered their mistake; and in the meantime I am getting away, after seeing the little play out to its present point. And it has been a very interesting play, though a little more rapid than I had expected.'

Then he told the story, finding a certain bitter enjoyment in the astonishment of his listener. Certainly the poor lieutenant was a somewhat ludicrous figure as he struggled through his bewilderment to his tardy conclusions. Long before the end came a light had broken in upon him.

But Conrad did not allow him to speak his thoughts even when the tale was told. 'Hush! that would be scandal,' he said grimly. 'Well, I should like to see his face when he discovers who his prisoner is—or, rather, isn't. I shall try to imagine it. It will add a new spice to the flavour of my freedom.'

'Freedom?' echoed the lieutenant blankly; and a long pause followed the question. But then the older man had completed his survey of the position. 'Then your Majesty escaped the plotters? And you are safe?'

'That is, so far,' said the King.

'And it is not yet too late?'

'It is pretty late,' was the cynical retort.

But the lieutenant's right hand tightened upon the rail of the chair, and his left crept to his sword-hilt. Who would have suspected him of an impractical heroism? Formerly he had been head of the old Raschadt gendarmerie, and had been as much amazed as delighted when the transforming influence of the new order of things had placed him in charge of the Palace Guard, with a new title and a brilliant uniform. Perhaps this change—which was, however, more apparent than real—had awakened in him a hitherto unsuspected ambition of a military character. And now—now he seemed to have been swung suddenly into a very whirlpool of events, to be caught up into an inner circle of State intrigue. Doubtless in that moment he saw himself high among the king-makers. But this was only stiffly and awkwardly expressed in his words and gestures, which made the listener smile in secret.

'No, it is not too late. I see light; I see a way! The man who managed the abduction—from your description—I am positive that it was Fenckener, the Inspector of Coast Lights; and Fenckener is the Premier's nephew!'

'The deuce he is!' said Conrad slowly.

'He is, though few people know it. He has control, of course, of the lighthouse on the Orphan, and the lighthouse-keepers; and I feel

positive that the man he seized by mistake is a prisoner on the Orphan Rock. Why, there is no doubt about it! We must see him, if necessary release him, and bring him forward as a witness; and then the author of this accursed plot may look to himself! I shall be even a little sorry for him. Why, I will go to the Orphan myself—I and my son Bernard. My son, as your Majesty knows, is assistant editor of the *Gazette*.'

Then Conrad sat upright. The loyalty and devotion in those stirring proposals did not strike him at the time. He was only annoyed by their absurdity. 'My dear man,' he said, 'are you crazy? I came here for help to get away, not for help to stay! As for the crown, I have—well, I have simply thrown it to the devil. And he is going to deal with it!'

The lieutenant's valorous excitement subsided. In the dusk his face subsided too.

'Heavens!' said the unkingly monarch, 'why is it necessary to explain? They have broken my chains for me, and I am a prisoner no longer. I could not go out gracefully myself, but I can go now that I have been sent; and, in spite of being sent, I triumph, because the sender is amazingly deceived. Thus all the circumstances are favourable, and I go. Henceforward my life is my own. Besides, I tell you frankly I was very tired of it all. It was all very well to have the best intentions—you know I had them once; but there was—well, there was an invincible obstacle. Take my word for it, Heldmann, an invincible obstacle. So I simply retire from the stage—if you'll supply the funds!'

There was a long pause, while the lieutenant slowly realised the new situation. And then, of course, he began to plead, to reason, to argue, to entreat, bending his tongue to unaccustomed phrases, searching his mind for some new point that only proved as ineffective as the others. The King sometimes laughed, sometimes gave a keen, telling retort, sometimes snubbed the old man with a roughness that was inexcusable even under these trying circumstances; but through it all he remained fixed, and at last the pleader fell silent in exasperation and despair. The King was leaving Raschadt in the morning—that was certain, and no pleading could alter it. A youth's mingled obstinacy, resentment, mortification, and spirit of dare-devilment had built up a rampart which no ordinary man could pass. And the lieutenant was quite ordinary. His silence was the acknowledgment of defeat.

'And now,' said Conrad, with an air of great patience, 'if you have finished, I will take the money and go. I have been pestered by one of Rubin's plaguy spies at the "Silver Heart," and he may be searching for me now. If he finds me here, lieutenant, you may be compromised. Let me get away quickly.'

Then the lieutenant seemed to acknowledge

his defeat, and submitted to the inevitable. His sign of submission was the removal of his sword, which he unbuckled and placed in a corner of the room. Then he turned to the window, drew down the blinds, and lighted the lamp that stood upon the sideboard.

'Your Majesty has heard me with much graciousness,' he said simply. 'I acknowledge that in my excess of feeling I did not give sufficient weight to the difficulties of your task during the past three years. Now I hasten to admit that I was wrong, and that your Majesty is entirely justified in the course you are taking.'

'Now we're coming to the light,' cried Conrad, greatly relieved. 'I knew I should make you see it. Well, now, the money; there is no time to lose.'

'Certainly not. I will serve your Majesty at once. I can let you have twenty crowns in gold, and my cheque for as much as three hundred more.'

'That will do splendidly. Thank you, lieutenant. You are the only gentleman in Zorne. I hope that the new King may give you rapid promotion. When everything is settled I will tell him what you did to get me out of Zorne; and he should be even more grateful than I am!'

Lieutenant Heldmann sat down at his bureau and proceeded to unlock it. He did things slowly at all times, and to-night he was slower than ever, because he lingered to ask questions.

'I am grateful to your Majesty. But may I ask your present plans? I shall be anxious.'

'Do not let yourself be torn by anxiety. I shall be quite safe.'

'There are, of course, amusements in plenty,' said the lieutenant, as he took up his pen. 'There is Paris.'

'Quite so. There is always Paris.'

'Or Monte Carlo, or Ostend. Or there is Africa and the big hunt, or America and the big heiress. Fortunately there are occupations many, and some of them interesting. And several kings are always following them.'

It was impossible to think of irony in connection with Heldmann—absolutely impossible. As a matter of fact, the King did think of it at that moment, but one glance at that wooden face reassured him. The old man was only trying in a clumsy way to be interesting and helpful.

'Quite so,' he said, concealing his impatience and suspicion very skilfully. 'I will consider what to do. In the meantime, lieutenant, make out your cheque to Peter Robinson of London. That name will afford you some protection if trouble should follow; but I will leave you to weave your own story around it.'

The lieutenant wrote a cheque, blotted it, and turned to his keys again. From an inner drawer he drew a small bag of gold, and as he loosened the strings he made another humble remark. It was so humble, so unpretentious, that no one

could have supposed it important. 'Obviously,' he said, 'Rubin has long been in the pay of the Central Empires. Discomfited in the great war, they must win their way by other means than force. Your removal and the substitution of Prince Max will be the scoring of a good point in their game. The other Governments will be very much annoyed.'

'A plague on both their houses!' said Conrad promptly. 'They must find some other pawn to play with.'

'Certainly!' said the lieutenant with heartiness. 'There is no reason why your Majesty should be victimised.'

He turned the gold out upon his blotter, and began to count. Now, indeed, the ordeal seemed nearly over, and the King began to look almost pleasant; but when he had counted five pieces the old man came to another pause. Obviously he could not talk and count at the same moment.

'Nevertheless,' he said, 'some trouble should be taken to lay the facts before the world. Your Majesty's supporters must see that this is done, otherwise the wrong story will be accepted; and that would give pain to your Majesty's many friends, pleasure to your few enemies. I am reminded at this moment of two persons who might be interested.'

'Indeed?' said Conrad impatiently.

'Yes, though it may seem absurd to mention them. Indeed, I only do it as an illustration. But I was thinking of the Margravine of Peden, in Thuramia, and her daughter, the little Countess Xenia. Your Majesty will recall, possibly, that they were present at your coronation, and had rooms at the Castle?'

Conrad rose on his elbow and stared. 'What about them?' he asked abruptly.

'Very little, your Majesty, except as an illustration. But they were sitting on the terrace on the night of the fireworks display, and I chanced to be very near them. It was entirely dark, and they did not know of my presence, so they spoke clearly, the Margravine having a peculiarly strident voice.'

'Rather!' said the King under his breath.

'She was, I regret to say, very uncomplimentary to your Majesty and to the prospects of Zorne. Evidently the little countess had spoken well of you—a child's hero-worship, your Majesty—she was then only fourteen—and her mother took occasion to correct her views. The experiment, she declared, would end in disaster. You were, she said, too young to be wise, and it was well known that the men of your family lacked certain essentials—stability, patience, persistence, sense of responsibility.'

'Absurd old woman!' said Conrad. 'You should have arrested her for high treason, lieutenant. But go on. What else did she say?'

'Little else, your Majesty, fortunately. But the little countess protested with quite an

amusing earnestness, and I stayed long enough to note her opinion. May I repeat her words?'

'As an antidote, I hope. That morning I had met her in the park, quite by accident, and had taken a long walk with her. So, of course, she knew all about me! What did she know, lieutenant?'

'I can only tell what she said,' answered the lieutenant, without a smile. 'She said she felt sure that you were different from the other men of your family, and that you would prove to be a king of surpassing excellence. She used the word "hero," your Majesty—actually she did. And she declared this—that you would be good to your people, loyal to your friends, and terrible but kind to your enemies. A large programme, your Majesty!'

'Large indeed!' said the King. 'Good heavens!'

Then there was silence for the space of several minutes. The lieutenant counted his money twice, and then brought it over to the couch. He gave it to the King, and returned to bring the cheque. Conrad concealed the gifts with some care, and then prepared to leave; but seemingly his impatience had now evaporated, and he was considering. It was in a very casual way that he showed the course of his thoughts.

'You know my plans, Heldmann,' he said, 'and I am glad that they merit your approval. But at the beginning of our interview you would have urged me to take some other course. What course were you going to suggest?'

The lieutenant did not seem surprised; he scarcely seemed interested. Surely, he had learnt discretion this evening! 'Oh, your Majesty, it is not for me to suggest a course! I wished rather to deprecate haste and to suggest delay, even if delay should mean a little risk. And it seemed to me'—

'Yes,' said the King with a yawn.

'I was about to ask you to remain in the capital another day—no more.'

'But for what purpose?' cried Conrad. 'Man, if everything could be made smooth at this moment I would not wish to stay. Can you not understand that I am sick to the heart? You cannot change my purpose now.'

Heldmann did not answer. He stood still, humbly and woodenly receptive, patient, waiting.

For a moment Conrad fumed and bubbled with impatience; but suddenly that meek, wooden aspect seemed to strike him, seemed to appeal to him. He laughed. 'Bah!' he said; 'you are dreaming, Heldmann. But you have earned the right to make a request, and I will agree to it. I will remain at the "Silver Heart" for another twenty-four hours—if Rubin permits! Will that do?'

The lieutenant bowed. His face certainly gave no indication of his feelings, for he had schooled it well during the last half-hour. But

ten minutes later, when he had seen Conrad off the premises without mishap, the first thing he did on returning to his room was to wipe the beads of sweat from his high, bare brows. 'I

am too old for this work,' he muttered wearily. 'And yet there is more to be done. Twenty-four hours!'

(Continued on page 533.)

IN CANNIBAL LANDS.

By JOHN D. LECKIE.

THE German Press has seen fit to sneer at our 'piebald army,' composed of men of all colours and races, and including, they say, many cannibals. This is probably a reference to the Maori contingent, though cannibalism has been extinct in New Zealand for many decades.

Cannibalism has existed in all times and in many countries. Cæsar describes the ancient Britons as a savage race, and Horace refers to them in a contemptuous manner in his odes. The ancient Greeks went further, and accused our ancestors of cannibalism; for Strabo asserts that some of the former Irish tribes were addicted to the consumption of human flesh. St Jerome has made the same charge against the Attacotti, who inhabited Argyllshire and Dumbartonshire. The fact, also, that human bones have been found among ancient 'kitchen-middens' in other parts of Great Britain has been held as evidence of cannibalism in former times. Sporadic cases of cannibalism, such as families who lived in caves and devoured the unfortunates who fell into their hands, have occurred even in modern times and in countries not classed as savage. The tales of ogres who ate human flesh, so abundant in the folklore of all countries, perhaps owe their origin to cases of this kind.

In modern times it may be noted that cannibalism has been far more prevalent in warm climates than in the temperate zone; in fact, almost the only countries in which the practice still exists, or has existed during the last century, are situated in the tropics. The most notorious of recent cases have been reported from the tropical islands of the Pacific, for cannibalism is still rampant in the Solomon Islands, New Guinea, and other islands which have been only partially brought under the influence of civilisation. Even as these lines are written we have news of a tribal battle in Papua (British New Guinea), followed by a cannibal repast. Cases of shipwrecked mariners in the Solomons and neighbouring islands who have been killed and eaten have been reported quite recently in the papers. In the case of the natives, such massacres, there is good reason to believe, have in many instances been due to a spirit of revenge, caused by outrages committed by other whites in the same neighbourhood.

In New Zealand man-eating ceased as a practice at least two generations ago; but in Fiji scarcely so long a period has elapsed since

cannibalism was rampant. Herman Melville, who lived for a while among the natives of the Marquesas group, records the fact that cannibalism was prevalent among them at that time (about 1841). Yet the cannibals treated him well; they petted him, gave him a wife and a valet, and did all they could to please him except giving him his liberty, for they kept him a close prisoner, though he was allowed to roam about their lovely valley of Typee, always under surveillance. It seems scarcely possible to believe that so kind, hospitable, and gentle a people as nearly all the Polynesians are could be guilty not only of cannibalism, but of the acts of cruelty which often accompanied the practice, victims being in many cases tortured in the most fiendish manner before being put to death. But the Polynesians, though very kind to their friends, could also be very cruel to their enemies, a combination of traits which marks many other savage peoples.

The prevalence of cannibalism has varied greatly in intensity in various groups and at various times. Thus we are told that the chief Nofosaefa revived the practice of cannibalism in Samoa about the end of the eighteenth century, after the practice had almost died out in that group. About the same time there was a recrudescence of cannibalism in Fiji, where, it is asserted, the practice was at one time unknown, and was introduced from other groups. Speaking generally, it may be said that cannibalism was not so prevalent among the fair-skinned islanders (Polynesians proper) as it was among the darker races (Melanesians) who inhabit Fiji and the more western part of the Pacific. The Polynesians were also of a much higher type, physically and morally.

In the Pacific, cannibalism may be explained, though not excused, by the fact that when they were discovered by Europeans there was almost a total absence of animal food in the islands which stud that ocean. The seas abounded with fish, and there were a few land birds; but on most of the islands there was no mammal larger than a rat, and even these rodents may have been introduced by ships. Early English navigators found pigs and dogs on some of the islands; but these had probably been introduced by the Spaniards, who were the first Europeans to explore the Pacific. This surmise is borne out by the fact that the Spanish names for pig and dog (*puerco* and *perro* respectively), or

corruptions thereof, are applied to these animals by the natives of some groups. As the Polynesians were skilful navigators, and there was frequent communication between various groups, animals introduced into one part of the Pacific would soon be disseminated throughout other islands. We are apt to forget that the Spaniards possessed settlements on both sides of the Pacific two hundred years before that ocean was explored by Captain Cook, the first English navigator of note who undertook a voyage of exploration to these seas. Spanish galleons crossed the Pacific regularly every year long before one of them was captured by Anson in his famous voyage of circumnavigation (1740-1743). Spanish expeditions, fitted out by the Viceroy of Peru, explored the great ocean. One of these expeditions passed through Torres Strait in 1606; but Australia is believed to have been sighted by Magellan's expedition in 1522, and another Spanish expedition is said to have passed through Torres Strait in 1545, more than fifty years before it was navigated by the captain whose name it bears.

The scarcity of animal food doubtless accounts for the partiality shown by the Polynesians for human flesh, which was regarded as a delicacy. This was looked on as food for warriors only, and in some of the islands at least was tabooed to women and children. The Maoris and other native races claimed the right to kill or enslave prisoners taken in battle, a right which has been exercised at times by more civilised nations. It is noteworthy that all Pacific cannibals agree in the assertion that the flesh of the white man is not so palatable as that of the native. The white man's flesh has a salty taste, due doubtless to the fact that he makes a liberal use of salt as a condiment.

At first the reports which reached Europe about cannibalism in the Pacific were looked on as exaggerated. Naval officers who had visited the various groups, and been hospitably entertained, saw nothing of the practice, and were disinclined to believe that the polished and courteous islanders who had shown them so much kindness were capable of indulging in it. But the Pacific natives, well aware of the abhorrence in which cannibalism is held among Europeans, would doubtless try to conceal any

evidence which could produce an unpleasant impression on their guests, just as Melville's islanders would not allow him to witness their cannibal repasts, the existence of which they denied, in spite of evidence to the contrary.

But cannibalism prevails in other lands besides the Pacific Islands—as, for example, in some parts of Central Africa and the interior of South America. In neither of these continents can it be excused by want of animal food, for game is abundant. Here it must be looked on simply as a depraved taste. It is on record that the aboriginal inhabitants of the West Indies were ferocious cannibals. These were the Caribs, from whom the very name cannibal is said to be derived. The ancient Mexicans also were addicted to cannibalism and human sacrifices.

The inhuman practice is still prevalent in parts of Western Africa which have been partially brought under white influence. The word 'partially' is used advisedly, for it cannot be expected that a handful of white men settled for the most part on the coast can exercise an effective moral control over millions of natives scattered over a vast area, many of whom have never even seen a white man. The writer has read of cases of human flesh being hawked about in the markets. The gruesome habit has been transplanted to those countries in which African negroes have been involuntary immigrants. Sir Spenser St John, formerly British Chargé d'Affaires in Hayti, in his work *The Black Republic*, refers to sporadic cases of cannibalism in the interior of that island, one of the cases having been publicly tried in court. Voodooism, a kind of negro necromancy, has also been carried from Western Africa to the West Indies and the Southern States of America, originally by slaves. Voodooism is said to include, among other rites, human sacrifice and cannibalism, though the reports we have in regard to it are vague and perhaps exaggerated. Among the Indian tribes in the remoter parts of South America cannibalism is still said to be practised to some extent. The writer, when in Brazil, remembers the case of a party shipwrecked in one of the inland rivers who were said to have been killed and eaten by the Indians. Such cases, however, are not common in that part of the world.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

CHAPTER VIII.—continued.

II.

THE leave was all too short, though Pincher did succeed in attracting more attention than Tom Sellon, and was, after church on Christmas Day, the bashful recipient of a congratulatory speech and a golden sovereign from the squire.

Captain the Hon. James Lawson, J.P., the

lord of the manor and a good many other things besides, was an old naval officer himself. He knew all the villagers by name, and took more than a passing interest in any of the boys who joined either the navy or the army. Pincher was aware of this, and imagined that he had

received a pound, as against Tom Sellon's ten shillings the year before, because he happened to be a member of the senior service. As a matter of fact, it was due to nothing of the kind. It so happened that the squire had no smaller change in his waistcoat pocket.

But, at any rate, the news of Pincher's wind-fall was blurred far and wide, and his reputation rose accordingly. It was quite simple. If Thomas Sellon got ten shillings and William Martin a sovereign, obviously 1 Martin = 2 Sellons; ∴ the two families almost came to blows to settle which was the better. Sellon *père*, in fact, felt himself so bitterly offended that he nearly went to the squire to complain. It was lucky that he didn't, for that would have cost Captain Lawson another ten shillings to soothe his injured feelings.

The week flew by, and when Pincher returned to the ship and his Emmeline he soon settled down into the old routine. The girl, who seemed to have adopted him as her permanent 'young man,' now took it upon herself to correct the defects in his speech.

'Billy,' she said one day as they were walking arm-in-arm along the front at Weymouth, 'I don't like the way you talk.'

'You don't like my talk!' he returned, rather nettled. 'It's orl right, ain't it? Good enuf ter git on wi' aboard th' ship, any'ow!'

'There you go again!' she pointed out, smiling. 'You say "ain't" instead of "isn't," and "ter" instead of "to," and you drop your h's something horrid.'

'Wot's it matter if I do?' he demanded. 'I ain't—'aven't, I mean—'ad th' hadvantage o' a heddication same as you.'

The girl laughed outright. 'Don't get angry. I'm only telling you for your own good.'

'Orl right!' he retorted with asperity, disengaging his arm from hers; 'if I ain't good enuf for yer we'd best chuck the 'ole show, an' you can go back to yer Mister Parkin—'im wot smells o' 'air-oil!'

'Don't be silly, stupid!' she chided, slipping her arm through his again and squeezing it affectionately. 'You know I don't like him a little bit.'

'You can't like me, any'ow,' he remarked, bitterly offended. 'Leastways, if yer did yer wouldn't go talkin' the same as yer do.'

'Oh! don't I, indeed? Think I'd go walking out with you, and let you—er—behave as you do, if I wasn't fond of you?'

'Let's 'ave a kiss now,' Pincher suggested, drawing a little closer.

Emmeline pulled back. 'Go away, you naughty boy!' she laughed, blushing becomingly. 'Not in public, anyhow.'

'Yer knows I loves yer, Hemmeline, don't yer?' Pincher asked.

'Myes,' she answered softly. 'If you didn't I don't suppose you'd carry on the way you do. But plenty of boys have said the same thing

before, so you're not the only one—no, not by a long chalk.'

'D'you love me, Hemmeline?' Pincher wanted to know.

'Ah,' she said archly, 'now you're asking.'

'Come on, tell us if yer do.'

'Well,' she answered coyly, looking up at him through her long eyelashes, 'just a little, perhaps, when you're a good boy. That's why I want to tell you how to talk properly,' she went on to explain. 'I want you to get on—see?'

'Oh!' said Pincher, slightly mollified, but not knowing in the least how a correct pronunciation would make him rise in his profession. 'That's the lay, is it?'

Emmeline nodded.

III.

By the end of February Martin had passed his examination in gunnery without much difficulty, and was half-way through his seamanship course. Here, under the guidance of Petty Officer Bartlett, he and several others like him were taught the rudiments of boat-work under oars and sail, the use of the compass and the helm, the rule of the road at sea, heaving the lead, knotting and splicing, signalling, and a hundred and one other things. The practical boat-work Pincher enjoyed, and soon got into; while the knots and splices, thanks to private tuition in his spare time from Joshua Billings, were comparatively easy to master. The more theoretical part of the business, however, was a little more difficult to absorb.

'The compass,' Petty Officer Bartlett explained to the class, as they sat round on stools in the foremost bag-flat—'the compass is what we steers the ship with—see? It's supposed to point to the north pole, but it don't really. On the contrary, it points to wot we calls the north magnetic pole—see?'

The pupils looked rather puzzled.

'Owever,' the petty officer went on hurriedly, as one youth opened his mouth to ask what might have been an awkward question, 'we needn't worry our 'eads about that this arternoon, and you can take it from me that it does point pretty nearly to the north—see?'

'This,' he continued, drawing an irregular circle on the blackboard, 'represents our compass-card, and 'ere we 'ave wot we calls the four cardinal points—north, south, east, and west.' He divided the circle into four parts by means of a vertical and a horizontal line, and labelled their extremities. 'As anybody not got 'old o' that?'

Everybody appeared to have grasped it, for they all sucked their teeth and remained silent.

The explanation continued, but half-way through his lecture Bartlett had reason to suppose that certain members of the class were not paying attention.

'Udson!' he said, pausing, chalk in hand, and

addressing a freckle-faced youth, who had spent the afternoon surreptitiously eating apples and sticking pins into the most prominent portion of the anatomy of the man immediately in front of him, 'wot is the hopposite to west-nor-west?'

'Sou'-sou'-west,' the youngster replied glibly.

'Look 'ere, my son, you're not payin' hattention; that's wot's the matter wi' you. D'you think I'm standin' up 'ere 'longside a blackboard chawin' my fat* for the good o' my 'ealth, or wot? Try agen.'

'Sou'-sou'-east,' the ordinary seaman attempted.

'You thick-'eaded galoot!' Bartlett growled. 'Don't you want to learn nothin'? Cos, if you don't, you're goin' the right way about it. Didn't you 'ave no teachin' before you joined the navy? Think it's a 'ome for lost dogs, or wot? I asked you wot was hopposite to west-nor-west—see?'

'East-sou'-east,' said Hudson at last.

'Right! Why couldn't you 'ave said so before, 'stead o' wastin' my time like this 'ere, you lop-eared, razor-necked son o' a sea-cook? You perishin' O.D.'s don't seem to 'ave no common-sense, some'ow.'

And so, point by point, degree by degree, the petty officer gradually hammered the subject into their skulls until their brains whirled and their heads ached. Much of what he told them went in at one ear and out at the other; but something stuck, and at the end of a fortnight most of them could box the compass with a fair degree of accuracy, knew that its circumference was divided into thirty-two points and three hundred and sixty degrees, and were aware that each point was exactly eleven degrees fifteen minutes from the next. In short, they came to regard it as what it really is, an instrument whereby 'the mariner is able to guide a ship in any required direction,' and not merely as a complicated invention of the Evil One specially designed to involve the moribund brains of ordinary seamen in intricate mental gymnastics. What little wizard inside the compass-needle induced it to keep pointing towards the magnetic pole, a spot which most of them pictured as a desolate region of Esquimaux, icebergs, and polar bears, they did not know. They were quite content to take it for granted that it was so. The science of terrestrial magnetism, luckily for them, did not enter into their curriculum.

The learning of the marks and other details of the hand lead-line was quite a simple matter, and all the class—even Hudson, the fool of the party—could recite it all, poll-parrot fashion, at the end of the first day's instruction.

'Th' weight o' th' lead is ten ter fourteen pound, an' at th' bottom of 'im is a 'ole ter take a lump o' taller or soap ter hascertain th' nature o' th' bottom.' Here the reciter took a deep

breath, and gazed anxiously at the instructor to see if he was correct.

Bartlett nodded encouragingly.

'Th' line is one an' a heighth hitches in circumference, an' is twenty-five fadum long, an' one end is secoured ter an 'ide becket at th' top o' th' lead by means o' a heye-splice. Th' hother end is made fast to a stanchion in th' chains. Th' line is marked as follers: at two fadum, two strips o' leather; at three fadum, three strips; five an' fifteen, a piece o' white buntin'; seven an' seventeen, red buntin'; thirteen, blue buntin'; ten, a piece o' leather wi' a 'ole in 'im; twenty, two knots. These is orl known as marks, cos they are marked, an' orl th' fadums wot ain't marked is called deeps.'

Even Hudson knew all about the theoretical part of the business, so we need go no further.

But actually heaving the lead was a very different matter, for here the learner was forced to take up his stand in the chains, a small platform on a level with the fore-castle, projecting perilously out over the water. The victim rested his middle against the breast-rope, grasped the line about two fathoms from the lead with one hand, and coiled the rest of the line in the other. Then, very nervously, he proceeded to swing the lead like an ordinary pendulum over the side of the ship to obtain impetus, until, when the line was horizontal on its forward swing, he was supposed to—what Bartlett called—'swing it over the 'ead in a circle by bendin' the harm smartly in at the helbow as the lead is risin', an' then let the harm go hout agen w'en the lead 'as passed the perpendicular. Then, arter completin' two circles, slip the line from orf the 'and, just before the lead comes 'orizontal, let 'im fly for'ard into the water, release the coil o' line in the other 'and as 'e goes, gather up the slack w'en 'e reaches the bottom, an' call out the depth o' water w'en the ship passes over the spot w'ere the lead dropped—see?'

He then proceeded to demonstrate, and, stepping into the chains, whizzed the lead round his head with such ease and rapidity that his pupils were gulled into the belief that it was quite simple.

They all tried it in turn, but speedily found that a fourteen-pound weight on the end of twelve feet of thin line is not really a pleasant plaything. When they were at it by themselves the lead seemed horribly unwieldy and dangerous, and, as often as not, through sheer fright, they forgot to give the line at the right moment the vigorous twitch which brought the lead circling round in a beautiful curve. The consequence was that it would either descend perpendicularly from the air in close proximity to their heads, or else would fall with a jerk which nearly pulled their arms out of their sockets, neither of which alternatives was exactly pleasant. But they practised it steadily for half-an-hour daily, with the ship at sea and in

* 'Chawing the fat' = spinning a yarn.

harbour, and, notwithstanding a few misadventures like heaving the lead on to the forecastle in the midst of a group of men, or nearly braining themselves, they improved by degrees.

And so, in course of time, Pincher became rather less of a hobbledohoy and rather more of a seaman. Fresh air and regular exercise worked their usual wonders, for his pasty face became ruddy and his flabby muscles hard; while plenty of good beef, bread, and potatoes caused his spare figure to swell until he had to have his clothes let out by the ship's tailors. Moreover, he was no longer the meek and timid Pincher who had joined the ship a few months before. He was not behind-hand in using his fists, and had come to find his own level; and many of the youths who used to amuse themselves at his expense while he was still in the verdant stage now found their little attentions repaid with interest. Peter Flannagan, even, still an ordinary seaman, always in trouble, and rapidly going to the dogs, shunned him like the plague.

But Pincher, whatever his qualities, was no plaster saint. He did not drink to excess, and never became what is known as 'tin 'ats,'* but was not averse to visiting public-houses when he went ashore. There was really no reason why he shouldn't, provided he behaved himself.

Emmeline's influence, moreover, kept him straight in other ways; and on one occasion she saved him from getting into serious trouble for breaking his leave. It was rather a long story, involving an evening entertainment to which the girl had been invited, and to which Pincher dearly longed to accompany her. He would have done it, too, if he had been left to his own devices, quite regardless of the fact that all leave expired at seven o'clock that night, as the ship was due to go to sea at eight the next morning.

Now, breaking one's leave is a serious offence at all times; but doing it with the ship under sailing orders is far and away worse, and Emmeline knew this. So at six-forty p.m. precisely she sallied out with the unsuspecting Pincher on the pretext of going for a walk, took him towards the pier, and, before he could stop her, marched him straight up to a petty officer wearing a *Belligerent* cap-ribbon.

'D'you mind taking this young man off to the ship with you?' she asked. 'I'm afraid he's going to do something silly.'

'Ere!' Pincher exclaimed angrily, 'wot's up wi' you? Wot's it got ter do wi' you?'

The P.O. seemed rather surprised at the girl's request. 'Wot's 'e bin doin', miss?' he asked, touching his forelock.

'It's not what he's been doing,' Emmeline explained. 'It's what he's going to do. Says he's going to break his leave and get himself into trouble.'

Pincher looked round with the obvious in-

tention of breaking away; but the P.O. nodded and grabbed him by the arm. 'You come along o' me, my son,' he remarked gruffly. 'Come on! Don't git kickin' up a shindy 'ere!'

'Interferin'!' Pincher blustered, wild with rage and struggling hard to get free. 'Interferin'—that's wot I calls it! Wot's it got ter do wi' you? Think becoss you've got a killick* on yer arm yer can do wot yer likes, I suppose!—Has fur you, Miss Figgins, I'll'—

But the girl had discreetly turned her back, and was hurrying homewards.

'Come on!' growled the P.O., dragging him along. 'I reckons you ought to be jolly thankful to the gal for takin' such a hinterest in you. None o' that, now!' as Pincher began to struggle again. 'If you don't come quiet like I'll call the patrol an' have you harrested. S'welp me, I will! Come on! We've not got too much time on our 'ands!'

Pincher, very chastened, saw that further resistance was useless, and suffered himself to be conducted on board the boat without more trouble.

The ship was at sea for only a few days; and a week later, when he went to see Emmeline again, he arrived in a very repentant mood, carrying a bunch of violets as a peace-offering.

'Well,' she said severely, as he entered the shop, 'I didn't think you'd dare to come here again after what happened last Monday night.'

Pincher hung his head and got very red. 'Wouldn't dare!' he repeated. 'Why not?'

'You know very well why not,' she said, eyeing him. 'What's that you've got in your hand?'

'Wilets,' he said.

'Who for?'

'I got 'em fur you,' he stammered. 'Thought p'raps you'd like 'em.'

Emmeline's heart softened. 'Bill,' she said kindly, 'you know I didn't want to make a fool of you, don't you?'

No answer.

'I only did it to save you getting into trouble,' she continued, emerging from behind the counter and coming very close to him. 'It's very kind of you to bring me the violets, dear Bill; I'll wear 'em in my dress. You're not angry with me, are you?'

Pincher looked up at her with a slow smile hovering round his lips. She had called him 'dear,' a thing she had never done before, and that showed he was forgiven.

'Angry!' he said, tucking his offering clumsily into the front of her blouse. 'Course I ain't. I was a bit rattled at th' time, but I shouldn't 'a bin 'ere if I 'ad broke me leaf. I reckons you done me a good turn, Hemmeline.' He

* 'Tin 'ats' = drunk.

* A 'killick' is an anchor, and a petty officer wears crossed anchors as his distinctive badge.

gulped, and gazed wistfully at a little strand of golden hair which curled tantalisingly behind her left ear. 'Give us a kiss, ole gal!' he pleaded softly. 'I've bin longin' ter see yer agen.' He put his arm round her waist, drew her towards him, and touched her face with his lips.

Emmeline squeaked, pushed him away, and darted behind the counter with a flutter of a white petticoat and a momentary glimpse of a pair of well-shaped ankles clad in black silk stockings. 'You're a naughty boy!' she scolded, safe in her refuge—'a very naughty boy, to behave like that when customers may come in at

any minute! You've rumpled my new blouse, too,' she added, patting herself and rearranging the violets. 'My, they do smell nice!' She bent her head and buried the tip of a very fascinating and somewhat *retroussé* nose in the flowers.

Pincher laughed happily. He felt he was very lucky.

'You go through into the sitting-room, Mister Martin,' she went on, with a mischievous wink and a jerk of her thumb. 'I'll be along in a minute, and—and mother's out!'

(Continued on page 538.)

TWO OLD NATURE MYSTERIES.

By E. D. CUMING.

AMONG the numerous points in natural history which exercised the minds of our ancestors two were conspicuous: (1) What became of the swallow and the cuckoo in winter? (2) How did toads found in holes in rocks and trees dwell there without visible means of support?

Take the case of the swallow and the cuckoo first. The writers of the Middle Ages passed the mystery by; they were far more concerned with the uses to which birds and animals, or various parts of their anatomy, might be put in what then passed for medicine than with habit and the like.

The first writer on birds to deal with the subject in something like a modern spirit was Dr William Turner, who wrote in 1544 his *De Historia Avium*. His remarks on the swallow, for the most part, are sound. His assertion that 'the *Hirundo* feeds on flesh' may be regarded as a picturesque reference to an insect diet; but when he comes to the matter of autumn disappearance he 'shies,' if the expression may be used. 'For the whole winter it lies hid,' he says, and passes hurriedly on to facts in swallow domestic economy which he does understand. Dealing with the cuculus, or cuckoo, he is bolder. He argues at some length the probability of its changing into a hawk in winter, but clearly leans to the belief that this change did not take place. 'Yet on occasion both have been seen at once. The cuckoo, moreover, has been known to be struck down by the hawk, which thing no bird is ever wont to do to one of its own kind.' He leaves it at that, and it remains at that unto this day in the minds of some good people. Ancient beliefs die hard, and you will find not a few who still hold that cuckoos become hawks in the winter.

For light on this point of swallow disappearance in the seventeenth century we naturally turn to Sir Thomas Browne. The eminent Norwich physician was a man far in advance of his age; he was keenly interested in bird and beast, and

he made at one time a specialty of putting his neighbours right. How sadly they wanted some assistance of the kind witnesseth Sir Thomas's *Vulgar Errors*. But neither his *Notes and Letters* on natural history topics nor his *Vulgar Errors* sheds a ray of light on this vexed question.

Robert Lovell, a naturalist of minor rank, who in 1661 courted fame with a book entitled *Panzootologico-Mineralogia*, also evades the topic. True, he says of the cuckoo, 'Their feathers come off in winter, and they are scabbed,' by which he means shabby or naked; and this has significance as implying that the bird retired into some hole to spend the winter and moult; a belief which found support among naturalists of a later age. Concerning the swallow he preserves a too masterly silence.

Francis Willughby, the ornithologist who, with his friend John Ray, undertook the gigantic task of compiling a systematic description of the whole organic world, was not afraid to deal with the subject. He treats (1678) of migration, as becomes one of scientific mind, cautiously: 'What becomes of the swallows in winter time, whether they fly into other countries or lie torpid in hollow trees and the like places, neither are natural historians agreed, nor indeed can we certainly determine. To us it seems more probable that they fly away into hot countries—namely, Egypt and Ethiopia—than that they lurk in hollow trees or holes of rocks and ancient buildings, or lie in water under the ice in northern countries, as Olaus Magnus reports. . . . "I am assured of my own knowledge," said Peter Martyr, "the swallows, kites, and other fowl fly over sea out of Europe to Alexandria to winter." Similarly, as regarded the cuckoo, whether 'hiding herself in hollow trees or other holes and caverns, she lies torpid, and at the return of spring revives again, or rather at the approach of winter, being impatient of cold, shifts place and departs into hot countries, is not as yet to me certainly known.' Willughby had heard stories of the cuckoo hiding away in England for the

winter, but had never met any credible person who dared affirm that he himself had found one.

The most curious theory concerning the abiding-place of the swallow in winter was that which had its origin in Norway; and it is a singular thing that the most extravagant idea, fortified by the most detailed misstatement, should have come from the most truthful people in Europe. That high dignitaries of the Church should have been the instruments of its perpetuation is not surprising; they would be slow to think that men they knew to be honest would tell such strange fairy tales as facts of which they had personal knowledge. Olaus Magnus, Archbishop of Upsala, who died in 1558, seems to have been the first to give currency to the subaqueous theory of hibernation; and it enjoyed vigorous vitality two hundred years later, when Erik Pontopiddan, Bishop of Bergen, wrote his magnificent work on the *Natural History of Norway*, of which an English translation appeared in 1755.

In Queen Anne's time subaqueous hibernation was engaging the attention of science. The Royal Society took it up, and on 12th February 1713 Dr Colas, 'a person very curious in these matters,' addressed a meeting on the subject, adducing fresh evidence from his own personal knowledge. Dr Colas had been in Scandinavia, and he said he himself had seen sixteen swallows drawn out of the Lake of Samrodt, and thirty more from the king's great pond at Rosineilen. Nor was subaqueous hibernation peculiar to the north of Europe; he cited the evidence of a personal friend who had seen a mass of swallows drawn out of the sea under the Cornish cliffs.

Some years later Mr George Edwards, F.R.S., a naturalist whose writings are less well remembered than they deserve, dealt with the matter in the preface to his *Natural History of Some Uncommon Birds* (1743). Mr Edwards scouted the subaqueous hibernation theory; he was a resolute migrationist, and had built up his convictions on reasonable grounds. Having ascertained that certain species of birds—the swallow among them—were as well known in Bengal as in England, he urged that some responsible person should be commissioned to note the season at which such birds were seen in Bengal, to the end that it might be discovered whether their presence there coincided with their absence from England. It will be noticed that Mr Edwards was on the right track; and though he contemplated the possibility of migration in cold weather, from west to east, instead of from north to south, he had grasped the main principle—that birds in winter seek a warmer clime. But the subaqueous theory was still held tenaciously by many, and its opponents had recourse to a new method of disproof. The famous surgeon and anatomist John Hunter made a series of dissections of swallows with the view of discovering whether their lungs differed in any respect from those of other birds; whether

they were so devised that life under water was physically possible. His report that he 'found nothing in them different from other birds as to the organs of respiration' was hailed as a final answer to the holders of the subaqueous hibernation theory. Dr Hunter 'esteemed it a very wild opinion' that swallows could survive under water. Whether Hunter's dictum was known to Bishop Pontopiddan does not appear. He was acquainted with Mr Edwards's views on the subject, and makes a remark which shows him to have been rather hurt; he complains that Mr Edwards, without the least foundation, contradicts 'this incontestible truth.'

About the time Pontopiddan's work appeared the ardent among English inquirers were seeking means to test the truth of the belief that the swallow kind slept in holes the winter through, surviving in virtue of their 'stored fat'; an idea that was regarded with more favour by British naturalists than the subaqueous theory. Dr Colinson, F.R.S., in the autumn of 1757, obtained the assistance of a clerical friend in Surrey. When they had satisfied themselves that the sand-martins had disappeared, the clergyman procured a number of men, and supervised their labours while they carefully dug out a large number of the holes in which the birds had nested. Perhaps it is unnecessary to remind the reader that sand-martins nest at the end of holes, two or three feet long, excavated by themselves in the face of some sand-cliff or in a bank of soft earth. The failure to find any sleeping martins was disappointing; but, after all, it was negative evidence, and so did little to advance the matter. The most thoughtful and level-minded of naturalists during the latter half of the eighteenth century did not wholly discredit the idea that the swallow kind might thus lie torpid in holes during the winter. Even George Edwards admitted that swallows, if surprised by a very cold, wet autumn, might 'lose their passage,' and, constrained through weakness to seek shelter in holes, might there be found; but he held that they would perish. This was rather in the nature of a concession to a school of thought he felt bound to treat with respect.

Thomas Pennant, Gilbert White of Selborne, and the Hon. Daines Barrington, all of them men of lasting celebrity as naturalists, 'divided their belief,' to use Pennant's expression. White, writing to Pennant in 1767, says, *à propos* of swallows lying torpid, that he never heard any such account worth attending to. In the same year he 'entirely acquiesces in Pennant's opinion that though most of the swallow kind may migrate, yet that some do stay behind and hide with us during the winter.' Writing in 1771 to Mr Barrington, 'no great friend to migration,' he admits the possibility of swallows lying up in a torpid state, but, citing the evidence of a brother resident in Spain, says we must not

deny migration in general. White's brother had seen myriads of swallows flying south in autumn and north in spring—facts that brought conviction to the mind of the Selborne naturalist. Nevertheless he kept an open mind. Ten years later we find him writing to Barrington that no house-martins having appeared by the 11th April, he had acted on his suspicions that some of these birds remained in hiding throughout the winter, and had engaged men to search the shrubs and cavities of the south-east end of the hill near the village. It was a strange coincidence, and one of which a man with a theory to prove might have taken undue advantage, that while the search was actually in progress the first house-martin of the year appeared in the village of Selborne.

The observations of more modern ornithologists have established the fact that though the vast majority of swallows leave our shores in October, laggards may remain longer in mild seasons. There are many records of birds being seen up to the end of December, a few in January, and one case of a swallow remaining throughout the winter at Masham, in Yorkshire. It was the exceptionally mild winter of 1895-96. Two birds stayed, but one disappeared. Whether it died or took flight south cannot be said.

How did these ideas that the swallow kind hibernate or disappear under water for the winter come to take birth?

In the first place, we have to bear in mind that the idea of migration was entirely wanting in the minds of the old naturalists. The birds were with us in summer, and were not to be seen in the winter; and, misapplying the analogy of dormice and bats, fathers of the science came to the conclusion that birds did the same. It only required that a late brood should be found in the nest (and young swallows have been found as late as 23rd October) to furnish basis for the theory that hibernation in a state of torpidity was the rule. The Scandinavian idea is more difficult to fathom, but it may have arisen in this way. Birds have sometimes fallen victims to untimely frosts. I have record of a case in which a number of wood-pigeons fell helpless from their perches in the morning, after rain had given place to frost during the night; and in severe weather it is not uncommon to find birds dead, their heads under their wings as they went to sleep overnight. Now, assume such a very possible case as this: a mob of swallows roosting in reeds on an autumn night—as we all know, birds on migration bent gather in flocks; after they have gone to bed comes rain, followed by untimely frost; when the swallows wake in the morning their wings are stiff, and in their struggles they fall into the water below, and, struggling in the water, lay hold upon one another, and, entangled in the water-weeds and trash, drown. An ignorant peasant finding a number of swallows in such case might well

imagine that they had sought refuge in the water. The Norwegian, being the most kind-hearted of men, would take the birds home that warmth should revive them; and, if he found the victims of frost in time, warmth might restore them. In this supposititious case we have a possible basis for the Scandinavian theory.

The notion that the cuckoo goes into winter hiding and loses all its feathers seems to have some similar foundation in fact. Thomas Bewick, an ornithologist of repute, whose *British Birds* appeared in 1797, affirms that a young cuckoo was found naked in the thicket of a gorse-bush, and, being carefully tended and fed, recovered its plumage, to survive the winter and escape in the following spring. In the *Field* of 8th December 1860 a correspondent related a case which had come under his notice some years previously. Certain farm servants were celebrating Old Christmas (6th January) at Eastwood, in Herefordshire. They were about to place a fresh Yule log on the fire, when they found it to be inconveniently large. It was a great billet, decayed in the centre; so they split it with an axe, and in the cavity found a cuckoo, naked as a nestling, in a bed of its own feathers. It survived only a very short time.

In this connection it is to be noted that caged cuckoos have been kept throughout the winter in England; but, needless to say, they moult in summer, as do other birds. Birds of the year remain with us till later than the old cuckoos; young ones have been seen in October; and it is possible that a bird incapable of flight has been found in late autumn in a state of weakness that caused greater or less loss of plumage. Hence the theory. As for that tale from Eastwood, Herefordshire, we shall perhaps be right if we conclude that the narrator mistook a story inspired by the sight of the Yule log for an incident. Such might easily happen at a convivial gathering.

Turn we to the toad in a hole.

The belief that this, 'the most noble kind of Frogge, most venomous and remarkable for courage and strength,' as old Topsell puts it in his *Historie of Serpents* (1608), could live for years together hermetically sealed in wood or stone is not quite dead yet. Among our ancestors it was an article of faith that toads were superior to the needs of other living creatures, and the thing that really bothered them was the question, 'How did the toad get in?' Spontaneous generation was held sufficient to account for the presence of toads in holes, where no toads should be, for many centuries; but during the seventeenth century the more inquiring minds began to look into the mystery. Dr Robert Plot, whose *Natural History of Staffordshire* appeared in 1686, reviewed the whole question as it was then understood. He found it easy to apprehend how toads creep into the clefts and hollows of rocks and trees to

preserve themselves in the winter; and it was clear to him that during their hibernation they might grow, so that the crack through which they entered might not be large enough for their exit in the spring. He adduced as an additional detaining factor the circumstance that both rocks and trees grow. The fact that rocks do not grow may be passed over as not necessarily vitiating an argument otherwise sound. So far Dr Plot was within the bounds of accuracy; toads do seek refuge in clefts of rocks and holes in trees for their five months' retreat in winter, and it is certain that their own development might prevent escape through the crevice which was only just large enough to permit entry. As regarded their accepted ability to do without food—the fact that toads breathe did not enter into and complicate Dr Plot's argument—he points out that they are at rest, do not perspire, and thus find enough sustenance in the 'salts of stones and juices of trees, together with the transcolation of such fine dews as may very well support an animal of so slender a dyet.' Salts of stones and juices of trees, with the 'transcolation of fine dews,' seem a poor substitute for worms and insects, but it satisfied Dr Plot. So far the thing seemed simple enough; but how were they to account for such cases as that at Lapley, where a toad was found in a hole in a tree twelve or fourteen feet up? He was equal to the occasion. Either we must suppose that it was produced from wind-borne spawn which lodged in the hole (which assumption argues fogginess concerning the breeding habit of toads), or the animal was 'drawn up by the sun into the clouds and so discharged thence in a shower and lodged in the hole of this tree while young, whence, fearing to leap in the summer, it had to stay.' To the seventeenth-century mind there was nothing strange about descent from the clouds. Olaus Magnus had settled that point for the enlightenment of science more than a hundred years before, in connection with the lemming plagues he knew in Norway. It still happens periodically that a Norwegian valley is invaded by hordes of lemmings (*Myodes lemmus*) which come down from the high grounds and wreak havoc among the crops and herbage. The Norwegians of the sixteenth century were sore put to it for explanation of these plagues of mouse-like rodents, until the then Bishop of Trondhjem came to the rescue with the theory that they fell from the clouds. That was about 1522. Archbishop Olaus adopted the explanation, and thus gave it currency. He was a benefactor: his approval of the cloud origin of such living things as might not otherwise be satisfactorily accounted for was a boon to science for many generations. Dr Plot's method of getting the toad high up in a tree is, it will be observed, a slight improvement; he translated the young toad to cloudland by sun-power as a preliminary step.

And yet there were brought to the notice of

good Dr Plot toad-stories that seem to have given him pause—that one about the Statfold toad, for example. The steeple of Statfold church was very old, and in a condition so dangerous that it was decided to take it down; and in the topmost stone of that very old steeple was found—a live toad. 'If,' says Dr Plot with becoming caution, 'the story of the toad in the top stone of the steeple of Statfold may be allowed to be true, we must allow them [the power of existing without tangible food] some hundreds of years.' The very fact that there existed a practical joker to conceive the brilliant idea of a toad prisoned in the topmost stone of a steeple which had stood for hundreds of years indicates that there were some who did not believe in the toad-in-a-hole even in those days; but they must have been few. Belief in the power of toads to survive long years of imprisonment totally cut off from food and air is by no means dead yet.

The old idea has its origin in the vitality of the creature, which is undoubtedly very great—so great as to have astonished Dean Buckland when, in 1825–27, he made his series of experiments to demonstrate its falsity. Dean Buckland prepared two blocks of stone, one of limestone, which is porous, and one of sandstone, which is very compact, by making in each twelve holes about five inches in diameter, and so cut at the mouth that a plate of glass with a slate to protect it could be slid into place. In each of these cells, on 28th November 1825, he put a live toad, and cemented down the glass and slate cover with a luting of clay; and then he buried the stones three feet deep in his garden. On 10th December 1826 he dug up the stones and investigated. Every toad in the sandstone cells was dead, and it was evident that some had been dead for months. The majority of those in the cells of limestone, which is so porous as to be easily permeable by water and probably also by air, were alive; two had actually increased in weight, a circumstance attributed to the probability that small insects had gained access through a cracked glass in one case and defective clay luting in the other. The surviving toads were kept in their prisons, and before the end of the second year all were dead. Toads imprisoned in wood blocks, the cells being closed by close-fitting plugs, died within a year.

The Buckland experiment dissipated for all time the toad-in-a-hole fiction, so far as educated people are concerned. It was the means of proving that these creatures can exist for an extraordinarily long period without food, provided only they have air to breathe; wherein they resemble the snake tribe. But there remain those who will have it that the toad brought to light in the coal-cellar has been released from some solid block in which it has had its abiding since the coal was made—some geological ages.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE ROCK OF QUARTO. AN ECHO OF THE GARIBALDIAN CAMPAIGN.

By A. COMYNS CARR.

CHAPTER I.

IN the barely furnished ground-floor room of an old villa on the Eastern Riviera a woman sat alone beside a shaded lamp. It was a dignified, if somewhat gloomy, room, telling of a sober past, far, in appearance at least, from the clamour and stress of the present; a home well befitting the grave, grand old lady who owned it; but the garden beyond was soft and seductive with all the perfumed seductiveness of a hot Italian night.

The night was very still, still and sultry, and the wash of the waves on the rocks below seemed to soothe the waiting woman; for the heavy eyelids drooped as if in sleep, perhaps only in a day-dream—a dream of fifty-five years ago.

For this was June 1915, and she may have been thinking of May 1860. And the Marchesa remembered that year only too well!

Suddenly she raised her eyes to a more modern portrait among the dark old family portraits that hung above the Empire consoles: the portrait of Giuseppe Garibaldi.

In this very room the great Deliverer had sat with the husband of her youth, the husband whom she had given to his country. As they had fought together in 1859 upon her Lombard plains, so, in 1860, they had sailed together for Sicily, and her man had fallen at the memorable battle of Calatafimi.

From the road that ran along the shore a chorus of strident boys' voices broke the silence of the night.

*'Si scopran le tombe; si levan i morti,
I martiri nostri son tutti risorti,'*

they sang lustily. And, as the hymn of Garibaldi rose upon the breeze, she seemed to see her own dead arise, her own beloved 'martyr' appear before her longing eyes.

What had he come to do?

Ah, she knew well enough! He was beckoning—beckoning to his grandson, the son of a son who had had the misfortune to squander his manhood in days of peace, the ill-luck to die before the great tradition was destined to be carried forward once more. But the younger generation was not going to fail them; the good

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blood was there; it was going to carry that tradition forward exultantly.

The old woman sighed, but unconsciously; for there was no drooping of the courage within her; she too knew how to be exultant. As she had flung her girlish arms about the neck of her hero in a last embrace that 5th of May fifty-five years ago, so she was prepared to lay them more soberly, but none the less exultantly, around the neck of her grandson now; she only asked that he should be worthy.

The crazy bell at the upper garden gate sounded, and the woman started, then folded her gnarled hands resolutely in her lap again.

A shuffling step sounded on the marble terrace without, and an old servant, reminiscent—as everything here was reminiscent—of the past, put his head in at the door.

'Does *Vossignoria* receive?' asked he curtly.

'It will be the Marchese, my grandson. Do you not remember, *figlio mio*, that the regiment leaves Genoa to-night?'

The old man, whom the mistress still addressed after the friendly fashion of her youth, lifted his hand and rapped with his knuckles on his brow as in chastisement of his failing memory; then he nodded, and hastened to pull the wire which lifted the latch of the garden gate; it slammed, and a quick, firm step sounded on the bricked walk beneath the pergola.

'*Riverita!*' said the man in respectful salutation, as a well-knit, alert figure in the uniform of the Bersagliere Regiment filled the window in the moonlight.

'*Ciad*, Battista,' answered the master cheerfully in Milanese dialect, as he flung down his stiff black hat with its well-known plume of drooping cock's feathers, and stepped up to salute his grandmother. 'You will have enough to do now—eh? The young ones leave you for more difficult work than cleaning the plate—what?'

'*Dio santo!*' ejaculated the old fellow. 'But *Vossignoria* can joke! I understand! I would I could follow where they go! But what would you have?'

'Ah, you have done your work. You too

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JULY 22, 1916.

have fought for Italy, my friend; you can be content! Look well after my grandmother; it is all I require of you now. The rest will be for another time.'

The master nodded, and the servant sighed and withdrew as the old lady signed to the lad to sit beside her.

He obeyed, laying his sword aside first, and took her hand and respectfully kissed it.

'Well, we are all ready,' said he in a business-like tone. 'The train leaves at ten-fifty. It is good to be off at last.'

'Yes, it is good!' echoed she quietly. 'Very good!'

'Ah, it is not you whom one has to teach how to bid a soldier farewell, *nonna mia*,' cried he with sudden *élan*. 'You have learned your lesson. It was harder then.'

'No, not harder,' she said in the same even voice; 'only different. Then I was young; I had more ardour perhaps; anyhow, I had more illusions. Now I have no illusions.'

He laughed. 'Oh, do not be too sure that I shall leave my skin down there!' said he merrily. 'I can assure you I have no such intention; and, as for illusions, they are not such bad things, do you know? And then, why call them by that name? We are going to win; I am going to come back; the world is not finished; oh no! There will be beautiful days again for the world, you will see!'

He bounded to his feet and stood facing her—the energetic shock of curly black hair thrust back on his forehead, the falcon eyes flashing, the hook nose of his Ligurian race defiant, the firm lips parted in a smile. He was not a tall man, but he looked it at that moment; strength and determination were in every line of him, and the grandmother smiled too.

'Son of thy race!' murmured she proudly. 'God prosper thee! Ah, do not fear! I have not lost my faith because I am old. I too know that we shall win! For our cause is just, and God is with a good cause. And this will be the crown—the crown of which he has been dreaming there in his Sicilian grave—he, who rises now to call thee!'

The quiet tones had strengthened till they became a claron; she lifted her arm, pointing to a dark painting hanging above the young man's head, and he bowed beneath the portrait of his grandsire.

For a moment there was silence.

Then, 'Have no doubts!' he swore with a merry oath. 'We will drive them from our soil, rest assured! And after that'—and had she not been so preoccupied she might have wondered at his laugh—'perhaps we may forgive them a little.'

'Never!' cried she, tossing her fierce old head. 'So, come that I may bless thee!'

The young man came forward and knelt before her. He was a modern, and many things to

her sacred were perhaps now insignificant to him; but this woman was one of those whom to belong to was to revere—and to obey. So he bent his head as she laid her hands on his hair and murmured her invocation.

'I can say I give thee to thy country with a good heart,' said she as he rose to his feet; 'though I confess it would have been with a better still hadst thou left me a sprig of the old tree to carry on our name.'

He started and lowered his eyes.

'I had my hopes,' she continued; 'there was an alliance that thou knowest of ready for thee, and worthy of thy race. But nowadays the men will not marry! It is a craze. The good families die out; and for what? Self-indulgence! egotism! Our youth of to-day'—

'Ah, let our youth of to-day alone, *nonna*,' interrupted the young man quickly. 'They are not doing so badly—our youth of to-day! We have been egotists—yes, and I have done as others do. But, I say it, to-day we will show that there is another side to us. To-day there is no more self-indulgence. We go, laughing, shouting, singing, but willing to suffer and to die for our king and our country, for wife and child!'

He threw up his hands, his voice shook; and she gazed at him with parted lips, amazed and suddenly rigid.

'Thy country is wife and child to thee! Thou sayest well, since thou hast no other.'

There was a pause.

'*Nonna mia*,' said he at last, 'you mistake! When I came to-night to receive thy blessing I came also to confess to thee.'

'To confess to me?' she said sternly. 'Make thy confession to God!'

'No! It is to thee that I must confess, since it is thee whom I have deceived. I have wife and child.'

'I had my suspicions,' muttered she, after an ominous silence. 'But I imagined it was only an affair like another.' Her voice was cold; her keen eyes had grown hard; but so had his. 'Didst thou hide it from me because thou wert afraid?' sneered she. 'Well, I tell thee that if it is some disgrace thou dost well to be afraid. *Dio santo*! Disgrace—for us? God be thanked that thy grandfather died without knowing thee!'

The young man squared himself; there came a quick, fierce ejaculation from him. 'Ah, take care, *nonna mia*!' muttered he between clenched teeth. 'Not even thou dardest use such words in connection with my wife! Of our women of to-day she is the noblest, the bravest whom I have known. She sends me forth gladly to fight the accursed race whom thou hatest. And yet—he paused—'she is a De' Maricis.'

The woman started. 'A Venetian! Of which branch?' hissed she.

'Of the elder branch.'

'Then her mother is an Austrian!'

'Yes! And her father an Italian, son of a patriot who died as my grandfather died.'

The words had come in a quick volley from one to the other.

But at the lad's last reply the old woman clenched her hands; slowly her head fell forward on them. 'Oh, my God!' she groaned, like some dangerous animal at bay. Then presently, 'Didst thou say there was a child?'

'Yes, *nonna mia*! A boy! That sprig of the old tree whom thou askedst of me!'

'A boy! Thy son. And he has Austrian blood in his veins!'

'He has the blood of two ancestors who gave theirs for Italy. My wife's grandfather fell at Varese.'

'In my Lombardy! Well! well! well! But, no! Austrian blood! It will out! There is no trusting it. I should never forget it. Never! Mother of God, that this should befall me!'

She was muttering to herself; but the heavy Empire clock on one of the consoles struck the hour in slow, warning notes, and the young man looked at his watch.

'Time presses, *nonna mia*!' said he. 'I must leave thee.'

Then she rose heavily—a towering figure—and laying her wrinkled old hands on his shoulders, gazed straight into his eyes. 'Gigio mio, I have suffered much in my long life. But it has remained for thee to deal me the worst blow of all.'

'*Povera nonna*!' murmured he; but added half-whimsically, 'Yet what is to be done?'

'Thy son shall be as my son—because of his father—because of his name,' said she slowly. 'But his mother'—

He put his hand quickly over her mouth. 'Do not say it,' he cried. 'Mother and son are one.'

She drew back, lifting her hands above her head in a slow, hopeless gesture. 'Let her choose!' said she; 'let her choose! God forgive me, I can say no more!'

'Then there will be no more to be said,' he answered with a sigh. 'Could I ask it of her? Not I!' He advanced quickly to the table, and, buckling on his sword, took his plumed hat. 'Hast thou the key of the garden gate?' asked he in a matter-of-fact voice. 'It will save me a few minutes.'

She took it from a drawer, and, passing before him out of the French window, led the way with a firm though measured stride across the moonlit garden.

As they stepped into the shadows of the black cypresses near the boundary wall a shrill railway whistle sounded in the near distance.

'Hasten, *nonna mia*!' cried the young fellow; and, snatching the key from her hand, he put it in the lock of a small door, opened it, and slipped the key hurriedly into his pocket.

'*Addio*!' called he from outside, lifting the plumed hat. And, 'God keep thee!' she answered, and then he was gone.

She stepped out on to the road and watched him running—running as if for his life.

On the flat rocks to her right above that little bay of Quarto, dear to the hearts of all Italians, stood the well-known monument to 'The Thousand,' white in the moonlight; and white, too, glistened the path down which Garibaldi and his staff had walked to the landing on that memorable night fifty-five years ago. Again she saw the boats swaying on the swell of the Mediterranean, the dark figures tumbling into them on the dark night—starlit only; again she felt a loved hand press hers as she linked her arm within that of the husband to whom she was bidding a hopeful, but, alas! a last, farewell.

All her mind had been set then upon being brave as a soldier's wife must be brave, and upon sending him forth without a qualm or a memory that was not soothing or inspiring. Could she say as much to-night?

A second whistle sounded below, and she heard the train steam out of the little station.

It was too late—too late to retract! The waves that lapped restlessly on the arid shore said so pitilessly.

The clock in the campanile on the hill struck the hour.

She turned back to the little door beneath the cypresses. Then only did she notice that the key was not in the lock. The boy must have taken it with him by mistake. Was it a good omen? Was he to bring it back? God grant it! But, as she walked up the moon-streaked paths to her empty *palazzo*, she seemed suddenly to be aware of the full weight of her seventy-five years.

(Continued on page 554.)

N A B L O U S.

By Lord CHARLES FREDERICK BRUDENELL-BRUCE.

SEVERAL years ago we, a party of four travelling through Palestine, made our way by Bethel and Omrah to Nablous, the ancient Shechem or Sychar.

Approaching the city, which lies up a valley,

we came first to Jacob's Well, which has been from time to time mended and excavated by the Greeks, so that it is now possible to go to the edge, probably to the very spot where our Lord talked with the woman of Samaria.

Shechem has from the earliest times been a place of great importance, chiefly owing to its beautiful climate and its unique position in the midst of a series of abundant springs, twenty-two in number. These springs burst up and flow down the valley between Mounts Ebal and Gerizim, irrigating the fields in their course, and so producing a fertility rarely met with in the arid region of Palestine. In early summer flowers of every description and hue abound on all sides, intermingled with fig and olive trees, as well as the orange, lemon, and pomegranate.

When we entered the city we were met by a Syrian gentleman, who had been appointed Baptist minister of the district, and he invited us to take our midday meal at his house. Being born and bred there, he was able to give us much information respecting the local traditions, of which so many are preserved in Palestine. Among other places of interest to which he conducted us was the Samaritan synagogue, situated at the end of some very slippery and evil-smelling cobbled streets.

As we picked our way along he informed us that a few years back it was unsafe for any Christian to pass this way unattended; and this I could well believe, judging from the dark looks with which we were greeted by the natives who passed us on the road.

Arriving at the synagogue, we were courteously received by the high priest and his son, both fine-featured men, with long beards. Here we were shown an ancient roll of the Pentateuch, dating from about 423 B.C.; another roll, said to be the oldest of all, was preserved there, but our guide told us that this was rarely seen, and only after several days of backsheesh and diplomacy. This precious roll, it is asserted, was written by Abisha, the great-grandson of Moses, in the thirteenth year after the conquest of Canaan, as recorded by an inscription said to be inserted in the manuscript itself. The manuscript is written in letters of gold, and is rolled on silver rollers, the whole being composed of three columns all written in the Samaritan or old Hebrew characters, which represent the type of writing in which the books of the Old Testament were originally written down. The story of the origin of the Samaritan Scriptures is curious and interesting, and is probably detailed to most of the travellers who make this a halting-place.

The Samaritan Bible was written in the old Hebrew characters, and took its rise from the incidents mentioned in Nehemiah xiii. 23-30—namely, the expulsion of those Jews who had intermarried with the heathen. Among those expelled was Manasseh, a grandson of the high priest Eliashib. He thereupon took refuge with the Samaritans, and set up a rival worship to that at Jerusalem.

The Samaritans were originally foreigners imported into the country of the Ten Tribes by the king of Assyria, and there they mixed with the

Israelites. They at first incorporated the worship of Jehovah as the God of the land into the worship of their own gods, and when the Jews returned from captivity offered to assist in the rebuilding of the temple at Jerusalem, but their offer was not accepted.

From that time they became bitter enemies of the Jews, and after Manasseh was expelled and came to Shechem with his Moabite wife, and set up a rival religion, the quarrel became more acute. He obtained leave from Darius Nothos, king of Persia, to erect a temple on Mount Gerizim, which became the headquarters of the new sect in opposition to Jerusalem. He commenced his ministry by an exposition of Genesis; but the process was so lengthy that he died before he completed Deuteronomy. His successor in the priesthood did likewise; and, commencing with Genesis, he also died when he had finished the expounding of Deuteronomy. A third priest took up the thread of the discourse bequeathed by his predecessors; but the people refused to hear anything more after the last book of the Pentateuch, being convinced that the death of the first two priests at that particular point was a sign that Providence meant them to be the only canonical books.

In many instances where the Samaritan text differs from the Hebrew, the Greek Septuagint version agrees with the former, and so increases its value as a reference. For instance, the Samaritan and Hebrew books differ very often as to the ages of the patriarchs mentioned in the early chapters of Genesis.

The minister also told us that he had seen the archives kept by the high priests from the earliest times, with a record of the principal events that occurred during the tenure of each. No record appeared of our Lord's visit to Sychar; but there are two occasions on which mention of Him was made by name, the first being that of His birth at Bethlehem, with the date; while a succeeding high priest says that 'Jesus the impostor was crucified in the accursed city of Jerusalem.' The records of these archives, coming as they do from the most bitter opponents of both Jews and Christians, are an additional and independent proof of the authenticity of our gospel history.

The Samaritan sect is slowly dying out in Nablous. In 1894 only about one hundred and fifty survived, and these, combined with Jews and Christians, numbered about three hundred, the rest of the population being fanatical Mohammedans.

Referring back to the aridity of the climate of Palestine at the time of this visit in 1894, it is interesting to note that the prophet Joel foretold that before the second coming of Christ the children of Zion should rejoice because God would give their land two rainy seasons—'the former and the latter rain'—so that the land might be fruitful and yield her increase. Until

twenty years ago, for many hundreds of years, the latter rains have been withheld, and so nothing grew to perfection. Twenty years ago only half-an-inch of latter rain was recorded in Palestine; but since then there has been a gradual increase, so that for the past four years there has been a supply sufficient for the cultivation of the vine and other fruit-trees. There are now forty colonies as against two or three

twenty years ago, thanks to the rain and the great Zionist Movement; so that during the past eight years there have been imported from America and elsewhere fourteen million new fruit-trees to replenish the waiting land. Wine from the vine-slips that have been planted (predicted by the prophet Isaiah, xvii. 10) by these colonists during the last few years in Galilee is already being sold in London for sacramental purposes.

THE KING-MAKERS.

CHAPTER IV.—THE PRISONER.

THE island called the Orphan stood at the entrance to the bay, some twelve miles from the coast, and its lighthouse stood on its eastern and seaward extremity. The Orphan had no inhabitants save the lightkeepers; and since the crown had claimed and used it for lighthouse purposes, it had been forbidden ground even to occasional fishers and holiday-makers. It measured only half a mile across, and was a barren rock from end to end.

It was just after dawn that two persons landed on the western beach of the Orphan with every mark of secrecy and caution. As a matter of fact they had no permits from the Lights Department of the Coastguard Service, and there were other reasons for secrecy. They beached their small but serviceable motor-skiff on a tiny belt of sand at the entrance to the great ravine that traversed the rock from west to east, and the younger man sprang lightly out. He was evidently accustomed to the management of a boat. His companion, who joined him on the beach with much less agility, proved to be Lieutenant Heldmann, shorn of the glory of his uniform, and somewhat stiff and cold from the night voyage.

'Here we are!' said the younger man cheerfully. 'It is just as it was on my last visit three years ago. And now for the breakfast—and the wait.'

With some difficulty he drew the boat to such a position that it was concealed from the direction of the sea should some idle traveller in a passing vessel turn his glass upon them. Even more safely concealed was the spot he selected for their temporary camp, and it was here that they enjoyed a long and leisurely breakfast. The making of a fire was out of the question, but a couple of thermos flasks supplied all that they needed; and, as for solid provisions, the young man had evidently given considerable thought to these matters. After the meal had been disposed of, and the remains carefully cleared away, they decided that, although a fire was impossible, there would be no harm in smoking; so a case of cigars was produced, and over the cigars they discussed, in an irregular fashion, the possi-

bilities of their expedition. It was the younger man that talked.

'Fenckener is a surly savage,' he said, 'just the man for a piece of work like this. The lighthouse-keepers only visit the mainland once a week, and, of course, they would be entirely under his thumb. Besides, they probably would not know the King by sight.'

'But when the prisoner found his tongue?' cried the lieutenant.

'As the prisoner was not the King, that problem did not actually arise! But, even if it had been the King, I do not think it would have proved a difficult question. The man who formed the plot would not fail to deal with it in advance.'

There was a brief silence. It almost seemed that the shadow of Rubin fell between them as they talked.

But even that austere shadow could not suppress Bernard Heldmann for more than a moment. 'As for the mistake itself,' he continued, 'it came about in a very simple way, through the plotters' excess of caution. Fenckener did not actually see the capture, for he was outside the summer-house all the time. His subordinates placed a sack over the captive's head, and then rolled him in a rug. That sack, probably, was not removed until the director of the affair was safely out of sight. That was simple caution, yet you see how it worked. Moral: Don't be cautious! Oh, I see yards of copy in this incident, and any number of morals. The Premier has been very hard on us lately; but a time is coming when we shall issue a *Gazette* which his calf-headed censor has not seen! No, I am not here for the adventure, or because you want to serve the Little King. I am here on behalf of the liberty of the Press, the greatest bulwark of the nation. Eh?'

The lieutenant smiled grimly, and his son's eyes twinkled in response. The two men understood each other perfectly.

'What would Rubin have done with his prisoner afterwards?' asked the lieutenant—'I mean, if it had been the King?'

'He would have found some way out. There would have been no special danger even in

setting him free. The fear of ridicule is a good silencer. As for the instruments, they would be sufficiently silent. It is no light thing to kidnap a king—even a little king. Whatever you do, worshipful father, never embark on such an enterprise as that. You are doing some risky things in your years of discretion, but please let there be a limit!

The lieutenant smoked and smiled; but it was evident that even his son's cheerful badinage could not make him forget the seriousness of his undertaking. So a silence fell again, while the sun rose higher over the dark ridge of the mainland. A gray splash that was Château Rombard looked at them from the distant cliff, as if watching the development of the story.

At last the lieutenant looked at his watch. It was nearly eight o'clock. 'We have probably six hours,' he said; 'then the boy will go, according to his word. I must confess that I am dispirited, Bernard. The whole affair is so full of irony. There was Rubin's excellent plan, the crowning plan of a man who never leaves anything to chance. It seems to have been splendidly conceived, perfectly timed; and yet some trifling accident leaves it a ridiculous comedy! Then the boy himself. I reason and implore in the name of all that is counted valuable, but he is adamant. "A plague," he cries, "on both your houses!" and "the crown may go to the devil!" Yet when he hears that a child of fourteen has hoped well of him he suddenly surrenders. What *are* the things that really matter?'

'That is a riddle,' said Bernard. 'As I said, this business is full of morals; and the answer to a riddle is often a moral. But he was very human, and it seems that we prefer a very foolish boy to a very wise man. But have you any more reflections, most worshipful? If not, we will get things moving.'

Lieutenant Heldmann frowned, but his son twinkled all the more. He was a journalist, and therefore irrepressible; but, besides, he was resolved to hide the sterner side of their adventure as long as possible.

'Now,' said Bernard, 'my plan is simply this. Keeping under shelter of this ravine, I will make my way towards the lighthouse. My object will be to get a sight of our man and to communicate with him. If I succeed, we will come back here. It may be that we shall come in a hurry, with guns behind us; so you will remain by the boat, ready to shove off at a moment's notice, ready also to cover us with your revolver if it should be necessary. Is it all clear?'

'Quite,' said the lieutenant. 'I have simply to wait.'

'With one foot in the boat and the other on the rock. And now I'll be off.'

With that he turned away up the ravine. For a little while he had the sand, but presently

this gave place to an uneven track strewn with loose rocks. In some places his journey was a rough scramble, in others a climb; always, however, he went as silently as possible, his eyes continually scanning the cliff-brows above, and his revolver ready to his hand.

In this way he drew near his goal, and at last caught a glimpse of the gray shaft of the Orphan Lighthouse. To go farther up the ravine would serve no good purpose now, and he must try the upper earth. After a careful scrutiny of the cliff, therefore, he began to make his way upwards, and at last gained a ledge within a few yards of the summit.

It was then that a calm voice spoke somewhere above him: 'If you come up higher, my friend, you will be shot!'

Bernard was sufficiently astonished, but it seemed to him that the voice did not suggest violence. 'I am obliged to you for the warning,' he said. 'May I turn and look at my new friend?'

'He will be charmed. But please don't come any higher.'

Bernard accordingly turned, and stood with one hand resting against the rock. Then he found that the person who possessed the voice was lying on the top of the cliff ten feet above him, looking over the edge. He saw a young man's face, with regular features, somewhat lazy blue eyes, and bronzed skin. The lower part of the face had a beard of a month's growth.

They surveyed each other calmly.

Bernard's wits were spurred to their keenest. This was almost certainly the man he had come to find. 'I believe,' he said pleasantly, 'that you are the person I have come to visit.'

'With such infinite pains?' suggested the other. 'That was my impression too. My argument was that since you were so evidently shy of the lighthouse-keepers, you must be amiably disposed towards their prisoner. And yet I could not jump to conclusions. I made a serious mistake in that way only a short time ago, and this is the first chance I've had since of making another.'

From the first Bernard admired the man's *sang-froid*. True, those lazy eyes were a little trying in their supreme assurance, and he missed any signs of a grateful recognition of the risks he had run. But he had certainly found his man.

'Our boat is at the end of this ravine,' he said quickly. 'I have a friend waiting by it. Can you come at once?'

The prisoner nodded. 'I can, but it must be quietly. One of those ruffians is always looking after me. Of course, they know I cannot leave the rock; but if they saw you there would soon be several devils to pay.'

As he spoke he glanced towards the lighthouse with such a look of hate that Bernard was startled. This man would certainly be a useful witness when the time came!

'What a month it has been!' the prisoner went on with feeling. 'I did not suppose that there were such wooden brutes on the face of the earth. They have fed me like a pig, and shouted at me as if I were a dog. I have been locked up at night like a criminal, and only let loose in the daytime like an animal turned out to graze. I dared not signal a passing ship—that would be instant death. When I speak they answer nothing; and I have failed to sleep at night lest I should fail to wake in the morning. When my turn comes! But how was it that you did not come earlier?'

Bernard seldom spoke in a hurry, however clear the path might seem. 'Of course,' he said, 'no one knew exactly what had happened. It was only after careful reasoning that we decided to try the Orphan. The whole thing was so well planned.'

The prisoner uttered an oath. 'Yes,' he said; 'and I thought him a fool. I mocked him—I sat and mocked him even while his ruffians were creeping up the cliff! Well, I have certainly more respect for him now; but I cannot say that I have any more affection!'

Bernard naturally failed to gather the purport of these remarks; but the words he had intended to say, 'Why, man, it was not the King that did it,' were choked back from his lips. When a man is talking it is always well to let him talk.

'Of course, I never dreamt that he knew me,' proceeded the prisoner, especially garrulous, perhaps, after his enforced silence. 'We had never met, and I—well, I was sufficiently disguised. His information must have been very complete. What has happened since? Rubin is still in power, or he would not have been able to send you for me.'

'The Premier,' said Bernard impressively—seeing that some answer was necessary—'the Premier is still the Premier!'

'Then he has only had to postpone the *coup*. I suppose he waited until he should get in touch with me again. But is everything else right?'

'I believe, everything,' said Bernard, whose brain was spinning with questions he could not utter.

'Then the King, though he had disposed of me, was still afraid to tackle Rubin?'

'He had some reason to be afraid. But—but may I ask exactly how this thing happened? So far we have only been able to conjecture.'

The young man smiled slightly. 'That must have been a trying occupation for the Premier. But it is simple enough—as simple as all such follies are. After our interview, you know, when everything was settled, I thought I would like to have a look round. So Rubin gave me a pass to go wherever I pleased; and just the first thing I did proved to be my last also. I was so self-confident that I must needs walk into the lion's den, and sit down there, believing

the lion to be an ass. And I have paid for the mistake.'

To Bernard much of this was still a riddle, because he had failed to see the key. Nor was there time to consider, for if he did that the prisoner would take his turn at asking questions. So he sought to gain time. 'But the boat,' he said—'can we gain it without being stopped?'

'I believe so. But I will walk quietly along here, so that they may not be rendered suspicious. You keep to the ravine. If they come out we must run for it, that's all.'

'Good!' said Bernard. 'Let us start, then.'

The prisoner agreed, and in a few minutes Bernard was again at the foot of the cliff. There, looking up, he could see the prisoner keeping pace with him at the top, but walking in a lazy, purposeless manner that was admirably designed to conceal his eagerness. Then he turned his face towards the boat, his mind struggling with its problem.

Bernard's theory had been all through that Rubin's secret agent might be, and must be, bought for the King's service. He had calculated upon a keen resentment in the man, a deep anger possibly, at the absurd mistake which had been made by his own employer and his other instrument; and he had come to the island with the object not only of seeing the fellow, and so confirming his own idea as to what had taken place, but also of bringing him away and placing him in the King's hands as an invaluable witness. This man was no doubt the repository of many secrets, and to secure him might well render the Premier powerless.

It was difficult to describe the difference, but certainly things were not turning out in that way. The man was evidently an able man, and there was also something about him which discouraged the idea that he might be easily bought. Then there was his hatred of the King, which seemed to suggest some old grievance which no gold might be able to remove. There were other points also in need of elucidation, and the young man turned them over in vain; but he knew that all his instincts were now against his original programme. At the same time, he saw the danger of allowing instinct to lead him from a well-planned scheme; and when he reached the beach he was in a perspiration of doubt and indecision.

The lieutenant watched his approach with tremulous interest, standing by the boat, his revolver hidden under his cloak. The tide was now rising, and the little craft was resting with her stern in the water. Looking back, Bernard saw the prisoner descending the cliff-path only a hundred yards behind.

'Is that the man?' asked the lieutenant.

'Yes. I found him. I hope I sha'n't be sorry for it,' said Bernard savagely, as he stepped into the boat to make ready for departure. In a few minutes, finding the engine in order, he looked

up to watch the approach of the prisoner, who was now coming rapidly over the last fifty yards. What on earth was he to do? He felt a wild desire to put all his doubts at rest by a question or two before they embarked, and with that vague idea in his mind he stepped out of the boat and walked a few paces to meet the prisoner.

'The boat is all ready,' said Bernard, as calmly as possible. 'But look! look!'

Two men, armed with rifles, had appeared suddenly on the crest of the hill, and were pausing there to survey the tableau. The prisoner looked, and swore; then he turned towards the boat; but Bernard had turned first, and reached it a moment before him. The pursuers were now coming over the hill with clumsy haste, and shouting loudly. Heldmann had already rushed to the boat and got her into the water, wading to his knees. But there was sufficient depth in the middle of the ravine, and he immediately got aboard. Bernard sprang in to take his place in the stern.

The prisoner, with one glance behind, hastened to join them. But as he raised his foot over the gunwale Bernard's doubts were resolved in violent action. Memory and instinct had rushed together to the conclusion he had failed to reach before, and he knew the truth. So he seized the intruding foot, and with one quick jerk sent its owner headlong backwards. He was plunged into the surf and sand, and in that moment the boat sped out into the stream, and was under way.

When the prisoner recovered himself he sat up, spluttering oaths and his face streaming with water. And his mouth foamed as he saw that somehow, somewhere, he had made another mistake.

Once past the dangerous rocks and out of sight of the little creek, the lieutenant allowed his sentiments to find expression in his face. Angry and bewildered, he glared at his incomprehensible son, to find that young man rocking with irrepressible laughter!

(Continued on page 548.)

COAL ECONOMY.

WITH prices of commodities of all sorts rising to heights unprecedented in our time, householders and public bodies are anxiously looking about for possible methods of economy; and with the growing scarcity of labour it is impossible to go on in the same old easy way of doing things.

One hears of various suggestions for economy; but a method that is not brought before the public in a sufficiently aggressive way, and one that would help to increase the supply of two very important products—namely, toluol and benzol—is the more liberal use of gaseous fuel.

Attention has been drawn year after year to our present wasteful methods of using one of our great national assets—coal; but perhaps not enough stress is laid on what would be the effect of getting rid of that pall of smoke which almost continually hangs over our large cities and towns, especially the industrial towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire.

It is not only factory chimneys and works generally, however, that are sinners; the domestic hearth contributes a large share of this undesirable poison-cloud; for it is no less! It is interesting to look at some of the figures relating to the consumption of coal, and see what would be the result in better health, apart from mere saving in money, if the smoke nuisance could be abolished.

The quantity of coal raised in the United Kingdom is, in normal times, about two hundred and seventy million tons; and of this total the gasworks carbonise the insignificant amount of fifteen million tons, producing some one hundred

and seventy thousand million cubic feet of gas—less than four thousand cubic feet per head of the population!

Still, even this comparatively small quantity of coal yields important by-products. These include one hundred and sixty thousand tons of sulphate of ammonia, a valuable fertiliser, which at current rates is worth, say, two million five hundred thousand pounds; tar, from which is obtained a host of subsidiary products, to the extent of nearly a million tons, worth about one million two hundred thousand pounds; and some forty-six thousand tons of sulphur, which is converted into sulphuric acid, the basis of so many of our commercial processes. Two substances which were urgently needed when war broke out in 1914 were toluol and benzol, as it was found that high explosives such as trinitrotoluene, of which toluol is the basis, were absolutely essential if we were to cope with the enemy on anything like equal terms.

As toluol can only be produced by the destructive distillation of coal, the Government turned to the gasworks and asked for their help, and in various ways that help is being given by the gasworks up and down the country, either by recovering the toluol and benzol direct from the gas as it is made, or by distillation of the tar produced.

If the whole of the gas made in the United Kingdom were stripped of its toluol and benzol, we should get about one thousand five hundred tons of toluol and nine thousand tons of benzol, with, of course, a considerable decrease in luminosity and calorific power in the gas.

Summing up, then, we can say that by converting this comparatively small quantity of coal into gas, which can be so conveniently used for lighting, heating, and motive-power, we gain products worth at least four million pounds, and the resultant coke, which is insufficiently used in domestic hearths, will amount to about six million tons, of a value of from five to six million pounds sterling.

Let us now look at the household fires, and see what economies could be effected there if gaseous fuel were substituted for our present crude method of obtaining heat. In round figures, forty million tons of coal are used in this way each year, and, of course, all the valuable products are, practically speaking, lost—for example, a potential five hundred thousand tons of sulphate of ammonia, worth seven million pounds, is wasted; two and a half million tons of tar, worth three million pounds, follows suit; as does some four thousand tons of toluol and twenty-five thousand tons of benzol!

And what of the loss in health, not only directly, but indirectly, due to less sunshine in our big towns; the damage to buildings due to sulphur acids slowly corroding the stone, brick, and iron of which they are composed; the filthy air our town-dwellers are compelled to breathe; the extra work that is caused in the household in washing and scrubbing; the rotting of curtains, book-bindings, &c.?

Take any of our large towns—Manchester, Leeds, Glasgow, Sheffield—and try to conceive what a difference it would make in the winter months to be free from fogs and those everlasting gray skies, and to have bright sunny days such as one so often gets in the country in winter. Ask any one who has his business in Manchester, but lives, perhaps, at Buxton, or Knutsford, or St Anne's—any place a dozen or more miles away—how often he finds a miserable, drizzly, foggy day in town, with greasy pavements and all the various inconveniences of typical winter weather, while when he left home after breakfast the sun was shining from a cloudless sky, and the fields and hedges were sparkling with frost.

Then go up one of the hills surrounding Sheffield—Wincobank, perhaps, overlooking Brightside and Tinsley—and peer down into the valley where the dense black smoke pours out of hundreds of chimneys belonging to the steel-works, and you wonder that human beings can exist in such vile surroundings! Ask the medical officer of health what the infantile mortality is in those districts, especially among the poor little mites in the more crowded areas, and then try to imagine how many could be saved if they were born in clean, bright towns where the air was pure and the sun could shine on them. In Manchester alone it is estimated that in various ways the smoke nuisance costs

a million a year, and that in material damage, not taking into account the loss the country suffers due to the workers being less efficient through being constantly below par and feeling 'out of sorts.' The effects are so far-reaching that it is almost impossible to over-emphasise the ills that can be laid at the door of this terrible scourge.

Factories and works of one sort and another consume some seventy million tons of coal each year, and the products from this huge quantity of coal are not only being wasted, but are helping to undermine the people's health, impair their efficiency, and generally make life a good deal less worth living. Surely it is due to us, as a nation that prides itself on being in the van of scientific progress, to 'do something' in this matter!

A little, but only a little, is being done in houses by the use of gas-fires, cookers, &c.; but it is to be hoped that the shortage of servants will tend to make gaseous fuel more universal in the future, and the use of coal in the raw state will not be tolerated. In industrial centres also, by means of forced draught, coke and breeze can easily be burnt in the boilers for power purposes, thus doing away with that black cloud belching forth night and day from our factory chimneys. If the burning of raw coal were prohibited, gas could be supplied at not more than a shilling per thousand feet, and we should have at our disposal a cheap, clean, and efficient source of heat that would banish for ever the ridiculous spectacle of carts laden with coal going along our streets to unload their contents into cellars, whence long-suffering mortals have to haul it up again to feed the insatiable maw of our domestic hearths.

Many people look upon gas as too costly to use for heating rooms; but used on common-sense lines it is as cheap as coal if the price is at all reasonable—two shillings to two shillings and sixpence per thousand feet. During the summer months the quantity of gas required for cooking, heating water, &c. in a house rented at twenty-eight or thirty pounds a year need not exceed five hundred feet per week, which at two shillings and sixpence per thousand feet would cost one shilling and threepence, a sum that would be almost saved in cleaning materials alone. In larger houses the mistress could easily manage with one maid instead of two by installing gaseous heating in all bed and living rooms, and using a gas cooker instead of the usual wasteful kitchen-range, and a geyser for heating water, &c.

Much more might be written on this subject, but perhaps enough has been said to give some little food for reflection; and one may conclude by hoping that Britain will really 'wake up' in this particular instance, and not be content to endure any longer the soot and smoke she has put up with in the past.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

CHAPTER VIII.—*continued.*

IV.

SOON afterwards, when the bleak and stormy winter was nearly over, the *Belligerent* and the other vessels of the squadron started off on their first real cruise since Pincher had joined. They had had plenty of time at sea before this, of course; for gunnery, gunnery, *toujours* gunnery—unless it was torpedo-running, steam tactics, or P.Z. Exercises*—was carried on throughout the year, winter, spring, summer, and autumn alike. They were always at it; and though the frequent south-westerly gales made the winter work very unpleasant and trying, though officers and men bemoaned their fate and swore 'twas a 'mug's game,' it did them all the good in the world. So, at the end of February, the squadron left the short, choppy seas of the Channel and the familiar hump of Portland behind them, and waddled south, for all the world like a family of turtles migrating to a sunnier sea. It was then, for the first time, that Pincher knew what it was to be really seasick.

Their first port of call was Arosa Bay, in Spain, just to the southward of Cape Finisterre, and for once the much maligned Bay of Biscay upheld its reputation by providing a very fair sample of a south-westerly blow for Pincher's especial benefit. He was by no means the only sufferer.

It was a snorter of a gale, a regular snorter, and the short, snappy little seas of the Channel were nothing to these long, gigantic, foam-crested mountains of water rolling in with all the might of the Atlantic behind them. The battleships wallowed and plunged about to their hearts' content. Their movements were slow, deliberate, and very stately; but how they rolled! One could feel their enormous weight smashing through the seas instead of riding over them. Water came over the fore-castle in solid gray-green masses, until the deck was buried and the fore-turret, with its pair of twelve-inch guns, looked like a half-tide rock. Sheets of spray drove over the bridges. The quarter-decks were untenable; and at times gigantic, white-capped billows would blot out every vestige of the next ship astern—only five hundred yards away—except her topmasts.

The *Belligerent* was battened down, but even then a considerable amount of water found its way below. The atmosphere on the mess-decks, well impregnated with the mingled odours of cooking, damp clothes, and crowded humanity, was nauseating. Tables and other fittings had

carried away from their fastenings, and a horrible kedgerie of sea-water, hats, caps, boots, food, broken crockery, pickle-jars, tins of condensed milk, and pots of jam swished to and fro across the deck every time the ship heeled over. Each roll added something fresh to the collection.

On one particularly heavy lurch the door of the officers' galley shot open, and the wardroom cook slid gracefully out on to the mess-deck, accompanied by an avalanche of frying-pans and saucepans, the stock-pot, and a large receptacle full of Irish stew for the officers' lunch.

'If this ain't the ruddy limit!' he observed dismally, picking himself up and gazing at the débris with disgust written on his pea-green face. 'They'll git nothin' 'ot fur lunch ter-day, that I'm bloomin' well certain!' Nobody listened to what he said; and, after surveying the scene for another instant, he yawned twice, and then bolted hastily towards the upper deck. He got there just in time, poor man!

Most of the younger men were past caring whether it was Christmas or Easter. They merely became as limp and as pale as pocket-handkerchiefs, wedged themselves in convenient corners, unconscious of the water and rubbish washing round them, and wished that they might die. Some of them nearly did. It was only the old staggers like Billings who were not affected, and they, instead of offering consolation to their suffering shipmates, went about casting rude gibes at the poor wretches.

'Ullo!' remarked Joshua, strolling aft to his mess at dinner-time, and coming to a halt opposite a miserable little party sitting with their backs up against the ship's side. 'Ullo! 'ere we 'ave Mister Pincher Martin, Rile Navy! 'Ow are we, ole son? Feelin' a bit squeamish—wot?'

The 'ole son,' whose face was a ghastly yellow, whose eyes were closed, and whose head rested carelessly on the shoulder of his next-door neighbour, a man whose name he didn't even know, looked up with a sickly grin, and then relapsed into torpidity.

Billings, swaying easily to the violent rolling of the ship, looked at him with amusement. 'Ave a bit o' somethin' t' eat?' he suggested, with horrible cheeriness. 'Nice little bit o' corned beef or a drop o' pea-soup? Pea-soup's fine scran fur blokes wot's seasick.' He smacked his lips appreciatively.

Pincher shook his head.

'Then 'ave a nice bit o' fat 'am?' suggested his tormentor. 'Slips down nice an' easy like,

* 'P.Z. Exercises'—that is, mock actions, fought between two opposing squadrons; so called from the two-flag signal directing the fleet to carry out these manoeuvres.

an' don't rest 'eavy on th' stummick, fat 'am don't.'

Pincher groaned at the idea.

'Strewth! you ain't 'arf a sailor, you ain't!' the elder man snorted contemptuously, moving off.

Pincher expressed no emotion at all. The very sight of Billings's rubicund countenance made him feel worse than ever, while a man who could mention food at such a time was surely beyond the pale. Moreover, a sailor's life was the very last thing that he took any interest in at that particular time.

Even some of the officers were unwell. The *padre* retired to his bunk, and was fed by his marine servant on soda-water and Bath Oliver biscuits; while Cutting, the young surgeon, Hannibal Chance, the captain of Marines, and the fleet paymaster refused nourishment of any kind whatsoever. Nearly all the others made some attempt to eat their meals; but all except the most hardened sea-dogs bolted a few mouthfuls, and then beat a hasty retreat to their cabins. The only person who did really enjoy it was Harry Derrick, the Royal Naval Reserve lieutenant, or 'Cargo Bill,' as his messmates invariably called him. He always had an insatiable appetite, whatever the weather, and a 'little bit of a sea like this' did not incommode him in the slightest. It was nothing to what he had experienced off Cape Horn in the wind-jammer days he never tired of talking about when he could persuade any one to listen.

But all things come to an end in time; and, after thirty-six hours of absolute misery, Pincher revived to find the squadron steaming into Arosa Bay.

So this was Spain! he thought to himself, looking round with interest as they passed into the sheltered anchorage. He had imagined it to be rather a wonderful country, but if this was a fair sample, he didn't go much on it. A large indented bay; a few blue hills in the distance; a low-lying, dried-up-looking country, dotted here and there with wooded clumps and patches of cultivated ground; a few small white houses and a gray stone church or two; a straggling town and a long pier at the head of the bay; and many fishing-boats with strangely cut sails. There was a peculiar tang in the air which he could not at first determine. It was neither the sweet odour of freshly turned earth, new-mown hay, or heather, nor yet the honest salty smell of the open sea. It was something far more pungent and overpowering. He found out afterwards that it emanated from various sardine-preserving factories, and the discovery put him off canteen 'sharks' for quite a week. There are sardines and sardines; let us be thankful they are not all Spanish sardines!

No, Pincher's impressions of the first foreign country he had ever visited were not exactly enthralling. Spain looked a very ordinary place

from the water, and it did not improve on further acquaintance when he went ashore with Billings the same afternoon.

The town, Villagarçia, was not a delectable spot. It smelt of garlic and ancient fish. Its streets, badly paved and odoriferous with heaps of nameless garbage, seemed to provide a happy hunting-ground for many lean, fierce dogs, perambulating pigs and goats accompanied by their families, and prowling poultry. The people, too, looked dirty and ill-favoured, and the better-class men all smoked cigarettes and wore long black cloaks and wideawake hats, like clergymen at home in England. Numbers of barefooted boys and girls of all ages between three and seventeen followed Pincher and Billings about wherever they went. 'I say! On' penni!' they demanded persistently, holding out their grubby hands. 'I say, Jack! Damn you! I say, on' penni!' There was no getting rid of them until the pennies were forthcoming; and their stock phrases—all the English they knew—seemed to have been handed down from generation to generation, ever since British men-of-war first started to visit the place in the year one. It was a paying game, for the bluejacket is always free with his hard-earned money.

No, Villagarçia was not attractive. There was nothing to do except to drink vinegary *vino blanco* in the taverns, and to buy picture post-cards, silk shawls, paper fans showing fierce and bloodthirsty bullfights, and hideous tambourines depicting plump, gaily dressed ladies in short skirts dancing the *mattiche*. On the whole, Pincher was not sorry to get back to the ship, and he did not trouble to go ashore again.

A fortnight later they arrived at Gibraltar, where the ships went alongside the Mole in the inner harbour to take in coal. But here the operation was quite gentlemanly compared with coaling from a collier, for the fuel was carried on board in small baskets on the backs of non-descript, garlic-scented aliens known as 'rock scorpions,' and all the ship's company had to do was to stow it in the bunkers as it came on board. There was none of the back-breaking work of shovelling.

Coaling completed, the ships went out almost daily for aiming rifle practice; and then came the annual 'gunlayers' test' with the twelve-inch, six-inch, and lighter guns.

'Wot is this 'ere gunlayers' test they talks abart?' Pincher, rather mystified, asked Billings.

'Gunlayers' test!' the A.B. returned, staring at him very much surprised. 'You've bin in this 'ere ship nigh on six months, an' yer don't know wot a gunlayers' test is!'

'Ow can I know wot it is?' Martin sniffed. 'I ain't see'd it, 'ave I?'

'Ain't see'd it, ain't yer?' Joshua snorted. 'Ignorance, that's wot it is! 'Owever, I'll larn yer. Gunlayers' test is wot we carries art

every year wi' orl th' guns in th' ship—see? Th' ship steams parst a targit at fairly close range, an' orl th' gunlayers fires in turn. It's a bit o' a competition like, an' they orl 'as a certain number o' rounds ter fire in a certain time—see? It's just ter see if'—

'Ow fur orf is th' targit?' Pincher wanted to know, for even he could understand that this was rather a vital point.

'Don't yer git interruptin' w'en I'm spinnin' a yarn!' Joshua remonstrated. 'I loses th' thread o' wot I'm sayin'.' It was fairly early in the morning, and he was still feeling cantankerous.

The ordinary seaman apologised. 'Sorry,' he said. 'I didn't mean no 'arm.'

'Course yer didn't; but if yer gits arakin' stoopid questions, 'ow kin a bloke remember wot 'e's sayin'? Wot wus it yer wanted ter know?'

'Ow fur orf th' targit wus.'

'Not werry fur,' Joshua explained. 'Leastways, it ain't exac'ly fur, an' it ain't exac'ly close. You oughter know wot I means; I can't remember th' exac' distance. Any'ow, gunlayers' test ain't th' same as battle practice, 'cos then we fires orl th' guns at once, same as we do in haction, likewise at long range—see? Gunlayers' test is simply a competition like, ter see if th' blokes kin shoot strite—see?'

'An' wot 'appens then?' Pincher asked, still rather hazy as to what really did take place.

'Wot 'appens? Orficers comes aboard from other ships as humpires, an' they takes th' time each bloke takes ter fire 'is rounds, an' counts th' number o' rounds 'e gits orf; likewise th' number o' 'its an' misses on th' targit. The results is then packed up an' sent ter th' Admiralty, an' them blokes wot's done extry well gits medals an' money prizes, an' them wot ain't 'as a court o' hinqury on 'em, an' probably gits disarted from bein' gunlayers—see?'

'An' kin I git a medal fur this 'ere?' Martin eagerly asked, for he, also, was a humble member of one of the twelve-pounder guns' crews.

Joshua was amused. 'Kin you git a medal?' he laughed. 'A little cock-sparrer like you! 'Course yer bloomin' well can't! They only whacks 'em art ter them gunlayers wot's done extry well, an' there's werry few on 'em given. You ain't a gunlayer, an' ain't likely to be one neither. Gunlayers 'as brains.'

'But 'oo gives these 'ere medals?' Pincher asked, ignoring the insult. 'The admiral?'

'No; th' King gives 'em. Leastways they 'as 'is likeness on 'em, so I reckons they comes from 'im. Nutty Buttolph, th' gunlayer o' my gun, 'ad one larst year. 'E wears it Sundays wi' 'is No. 1's. I reckons I oughter got it too, 'cos I'm th' loadin' number wot shoves in th' projectile, an' each six-inch projectile weighs a 'undred pounds. We got orf eight rounds an' got eight 'its on th' targit, an' I reckons it wus

me wot done it just as well as 'im.' Billings's chest swelled with pride at the recollection.

'Ard luck!' Pincher murmured.

'Ard luck?' remarked Joshua. 'Course it wus 'ard luck! 'Owver, I took ten bob orf my opposite number in th' flagship, an' fifteen bob orf another bloke wot thought 'is gun could shoot strite. We were top o' th' 'ole bloomin' squadron larst year,' he added; 'precious near top o' th' 'ole navy, an' don't yer bloomin' well forgit it. Our ship's company made a bit o' a pay-day over it.'

'Pay-day! 'Ow d'yer mean?'

Joshua grinned and winked one eye. 'Bettin'!' he said in a hoarse whisper.

'But I thought bettin' wusn't allowed?' Martin remonstrated, remembering the regulations.

'No more it is, me son; but th' skipper won 'is ten quid from th' flagship's skipper, 'oo said 'is ship 'u'd beat us; an' w'en 'e won it 'e whacked it art among th' guns' crews, 'e did. Proper gennelman, 'e is. Th' Bloke, an' Jimmy the One,* an' most o' th' other orficers made a bit too. We're wot we calls 'ot stuff in th' shootin' line, I kin tell yer.'

Billings was quite right. There was certainly no lack of rivalry, for the officers and men of the squadron were as keen on the results obtained by their respective ships as they possibly could be. The gunlayers' test was treated in much the same way as a regatta or a race-meeting, for sweepstakes were got up and bets were freely offered and taken on the performances of individual gunlayers. Strictly against the regulations, of course, but nobody seemed to mind, and the favourites themselves became very important personages for the time being.

To the ship's company of any man-of-war, 'our ship' is invariably the best shooting and the smartest ship not only in the whole squadron, but also in the entire British navy. Disputes as to the merits of two crack vessels have been known to lead to regrettable incidents ashore. Pewter beer-mugs are handy missiles, and black eyes and contusions, though rare, are by no means unheard of. Moreover, if a smart ship which fancies herself is beaten at gunnery by some dark horse, the obvious inference, from her men's point of view, is: (1) that the umpires have been bribed; (2) that the ammunition was bad, and it therefore affected the shooting; (3) that the sea was much rougher and the ship had far more motion than when H.M.S. So-and-so fired; (4) that the sun was in the wrong place, and that the light was bad; (5) that the weather was misty; and so on, *ad infinitum*, all the excuses being equally futile.

But rivalry between ships, despite occasional bickerings ashore when their respective partisans

* 'The Bloke' = the commander. 'Jimmy the One' = the first lieutenant.

wax argumentative, does no harm. On the contrary, it is a good sign. It shows there is *esprit de corps*.

On this occasion, however, the *Belligerent's* guns were possessed of a devil. She did very well, it is true, and came out second in the squadron, but was just beaten by the *Tremendous*. The defeat came as a severe blow, particularly as a treasured silver challenge cup, presented by the admiral and awarded annually to the best ship, now left its resting-place on the *Belligerent's* mess-deck and found its way to the flagship. It was carried off in triumph by the winners; but the *Belligerent's* gunlayers cursed long and loud, and swore by all their gods that it had been won by a fluke. So did some of the officers.

'This 'ere's th' ruddy limit!' Billings muttered fiercely. 'Ter think o' these 'ere Duffos* 'avin' th' imperence ter say they 'ave beaten us! They ain't done it fair! S'welp me, they ain't! It's enuf ter make a bloke take ter—ter anythin'!' He was going to say 'beer;' but, remembering Mrs Figgins and his new-found respectability, he wisely refrained.

After spending a month at Gibraltar, they returned to Portland to give four days' Easter leave, and then sailed off to Berehaven, where they did more gunnery. Then on to the west coast of Scotland for a cruise, and finally back to Portland again.

The time passed very rapidly. Spring gave way to summer, and in due course Pincher found himself passed out of the seamanship training-class and handed over to the tender mercies of a torpedo gunner's mate, who crammed his head with an astounding number of facts pertaining to electricity and torpedo work generally.

One Sunday in the early summer, however, the chaplain rather electrified his congregation. 'I publish the banns of marriage,' he read, 'between Able Seaman Joshua Billings, bachelor, of this ship, and Martha Ann Figgins, widow, of the parish of St Cuthbert's, Weymouth. If any of you know cause or just impediment why these two persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony, you are to declare it. This is for the first time of asking.'

The commander, and various other officers who knew Joshua intimately, could hardly restrain their mirth.

'The old devil!' Tickle exclaimed in the smoking-room after the service. 'To think of any woman wanting to marry him!'

'There are plenty of worse men than Billings,' the commander disagreed. 'He's not very attractive to look at, I'll admit; but, provided he keeps off beer, he and his Martha'll get on

all right. What he wants is a woman to rule him with a rod of iron.'

'You'd better give the lady a few tips, sir,' Tickle suggested.

'Not I!' laughed the commander. 'I shall merely present them with an ormolu timepiece—whatever that may be. It shall be suitably inscribed, too. You see,' he added, 'Billings, in spite of beer, is quite one of the best seamen in the ship, and I shall be very sorry to lose him when he takes his pension.'

There is no need to describe Joshua's wedding, or to tell how some of the officers and a goodly proportion of the ship's company attended the ceremony, how Pincher performed his duties as 'best man,' and how the commander himself was prevailed upon to make a speech and to drink the health of the happy couple in grocers' port wine. It all went off like a house on fire; but at the tea-party afterwards Pincher seemed rather distracted.

'Ullo, chum!' the beaming bridegroom asked him, 'wot's up wi' yer? You've got a face on yer like a sea-boot.'

'I'm just thinkin' somethin',' Pincher explained.

'Thinkin' wot?' Joshua wanted to know.

'Wot an 'appy hoccasion this is, or wot?'

'No, 'ardly that.'

'Wot is it, then?'

'I wus thinkin' that now you've gorn an' married Missis Figgins you are Hemmeline's farther, ain't yer?'

'S'pose I am,' Billings assented, scratching his head, for the question had not occurred to him before. 'Leastways, 'er step-farther.'

'An' s'pose I marries Hemmeline, wot relation are yer ter me?'

'You ain't arsked my leaf to court 'er,' Joshua pointed out. 'An' s'pose yer does, I don't know as 'ow I shall give my consent. These haffairs is important—see. I'll 'ave ter hinqwire as ter yer prospex, an' suchlike. Supposin' yer wusn't respeccable?'

'Respeccable!' Pincher retorted. 'Don't talk so wet! If I ain't good enuf ter marry Hemmeline, you ain't good enuf fur Missis Figgins—see. She's 'er mother, ain't she?'

'Don't go an' git dizzy on this 'appy day,' Joshua went on with mock gravity. 'Don't go gittin' rattled! Carn't you see w'en a bloke's 'avin' a joke like?'

'It ain't no subjec' ter make fun o',' Pincher answered, rather mollified. 'But, any'ow, s'posin' I does marry 'er, wot relation would you be ter me? That's wot I wants ter know.'

'I reckons I'd be yer step-farther-in-lor,' Joshua answered after due consideration. 'Leastways, that's 'ow I looks at it. I'll arsk th' missis, though. Come an' 'ave a wet?'

Pincher, nothing loath, acquiesced. They went off arm-in-arm.

(Continued on page 565).

* The ship's company of a ship hailing from Devonport are known as 'Duffos' to the men of ships with Portsmouth and Chatham crews. A 'duff' is a pudding, and the term probably originated on account of the west-countrymen's supposed liking for the same.

GUM-DIGGING IN NEW ZEALAND.

A VERY valuable mineral product exported from New Zealand is kauri-gum, of which article about nine thousand tons, worth over half-a-million pounds sterling, were shipped in 1913. Next to gold and coal, kauri-gum has contributed more to the revenue of New Zealand than any other mineral; from 1853 to 1913 this contribution came to sixteen million seven hundred and fifty-nine thousand five hundred and sixty-three pounds. Kauri-gum is really a misnomer, for the gum is a true resin, being the solidified turpentine of the kauri-pine, occurring in great abundance in the Auckland Province.

Dry fern hills and muddy swamps are alike worked successfully by the digger. The gum is also found in the forks of living trees; but this is of low grade. In the fossil state the gum is in lumps varying from walnut size to that of a man's head. Pieces weighing one hundred pounds have been found. In tint the gum varies from the rich brown of the best specimens to the dark, almost black, colour of the resin dug up in the swamps. Occasionally transparent chunks of gum are unearthed, enclosing leaves, insects, and so on. This transparent gum has a high value as a substitute for amber. But the great bulk of the kauri-gum is used for oil varnishes, in the making of which it holds the highest place.

The market price for the gum varies considerably; the best grade, of which there is but a small quantity, sells up to three hundred pounds per ton; the average price is well over fifty pounds. The trade in kauri-gum began about 1847. Up to 1853 its price was about five pounds per ton. Since then the price has gradually risen as the demand increased and the labour of digging became greater. The chief factor influencing sales and prices of kauri-gum in recent years has been the request for the poorer qualities, called 'chips' and 'dust.' Up to the outbreak of the war these grades were sent to Germany for linoleum-making.

Manual labour has been the sole means of producing kauri-gum up to quite lately; but now mechanical means are employed to get the swamp gum, and the latest plan is the introduction of dredging. A gold-dredger is being adapted for the purpose in North Auckland.

A peculiar point is the discovery of two, three, and sometimes four layers of gum in many places, betokening the existence of several kauri forests, which, on being destroyed by fire in years past, left a legacy of gum on the ground.

In the early days of gum-digging, large pieces of gum, called in trade circles 'bold' gum, were found on the surface of the ground, or just embedded, reminding one of the beginnings of gold-getting, when nuggets were picked up. Later the gum-digger had to search with a spear, and get the gum at a depth of about ten to twelve inches. Then a second or third layer of gum was found in fields thought to be exhausted. A large gum-spear, eight to twelve feet long, was used as a probe, and a hook brought up gum in the swamps which a few years ago were not thought worth exploration.

Three classes take a hand in the business: the professional gum-diggers; the settlers who occasionally work on the fields when agriculture is dull; and the native Maoris and half-castes, who dig only when their crops fail and their food-supplies give out. Gum-digging is about the last employment to which Britons would turn if they were given their choice. The work is very hard, and the result is nothing more than a bare living. Some seven thousand persons are engaged in the New Zealand gum-getting business. Included are about fifteen hundred Austrians—that is, natives of Dalmatia, Istria, Croatia, and the Balkan States. These people, whose earnings come to from twenty to twenty-five shillings a week, are hardy, sober, and industrious. No clear evidence exists explaining why these Austrians went to New Zealand and took up gum-digging. But two Austrian sailors some years ago sent home very favourable accounts of New Zealand to their friends. This, and the excitement caused by some lucky Austrian gum-diggers winning and taking home nine thousand pounds drawn in one of Tattersall's racing sweeps, induced these aliens to pour into New Zealand. They speak a Slavonic dialect, not German. Unlike the British gum-diggers, who work individually, these Austrians are gregarious, camping in parties of twenty or thirty, and digging in the swamps in summer and on the hills in winter.

THE FRIGHTFULNESS OF DIVER PERKINS.

By 'ÆSCULAPIUS.'

I.

SHORTLY after midnight on 16th August 1915, H.M.S. *Alcibiades*, while proceeding to join a squadron to bombard Zeebrugge, ran aground on one of the numerous shoals off the

Belgian coast. The cruiser began to make water. The few watertight doors that remained open were immediately closed, and everything was done to confine the flooding to the region involved.

It was still three hours from high-water. The ship must be got seaworthy during that time, because it was known that enemy submarines rose to the surface at dawn for a preliminary look round.

The captain wished to repair the ship without calling for assistance. A wireless message would be intercepted, and, although in code, would tell the enemy of the presence of British ships in the vicinity. If a collision-mat could be got over the hole the ship would be able to go ahead.

Meanwhile the cruiser rested gently on the shoal.

II.

Several officers, chiefly non-executive, were in the ward-room awaiting developments. In spite of the uncanniness of the hour and the occasion, Staff-Surgeon Michael O'Brien was engrossed in drinking cocoa and perusing the enlivening pages of *La Vie Parisienne*. He failed to observe the approach of a boyish figure.

'The divers are mustered in the sick-quarters, sir,' the midshipman said.

'Why the devil can't they go down at a reasonable hour?' the staff-surgeon answered, gulping down the remainder of his cocoa.

The midshipman grinned as he made his exit.

The staff-surgeon's remarks were greeted with shrieks of derision from his messmates.

'The next time we bump we'll time the accident so as not to disturb your serene highness,' the staff-paymaster remarked.

'Why waste energy,' the chaplain suggested, 'when you can listen to the diver's heart over the telephone?'

'Would you like me to go for'ard and look them over, doc?' the gunnery-lieutenant blandly inquired.

'It'll take you all your time adjusting your gun-sights, from what I saw of your last firing,' the staff-surgeon retorted as he put on his cap and stalked solemnly out of the ward-room.

III.

A good part of the ship's company were at night defence stations. Others were getting out the collision-mat. Many were still on the mess-deck. They were lounging about in easy attitudes, talking and laughing boisterously. One youth fingered a mandoline; another eagerly exclaimed, 'This will probably mean leave.'

'It may mean the "Last Call" instead, my lad,' the staff-surgeon muttered somewhat wistfully as he made his way to the sick-quarters. 'Gangway!' he called out sharply to two irrepressible spirits who were wrestling, and impeding his progress.

'Off flannels,' the sick-berth steward ordered as soon as the staff-surgeon entered the examining-room.

'Divers Perkins and Crawford for medical examination, sir,' the sick-berth steward said, handing the staff-surgeon his stethoscope.

The divers were both medium-sized men. Perkins had good-humoured eyes and a jet-black beard that gave him the appearance of a well-fed buccaneer. Crawford, on the other hand, was leaner, and had ginger-coloured hair and brown eyes that showed up dark against his pink skin, and gave him a somewhat melancholy look.

'Are you all right?' the staff-surgeon asked severely.

'Yes, sir,' they answered in unison.

'I don't believe it,' he said emphatically.

The divers grinned. Admiralty regulations subjected them to physical scrutiny about once a week, and they were familiar with the staff-surgeon's pleasantries.

He put the stethoscope to each chest in turn. 'Take a deep breath.' He applied the instrument to different parts. 'Don't burst yourself,' he warned Perkins. — 'Stop your grunting, Crawford,' he said as he listened over the heart area. — 'You're all right, after all,' he assured them, as he signed the book. 'You're now free to earn half-a-crown extra by risking your life at this outrageous hour,' the staff-surgeon said as he left them adjusting their garments.

IV.

'Well, you have a fine morning for it, No. 1,' the staff-surgeon said, as he ran into the first-lieutenant at the head of the gangway.

'Have you got your swimming-waistcoat on, doc?' the first-lieutenant asked.

'Yes, and my flask filled with brandy too, if that's any comfort to you,' he replied. 'I make no bones about being a coward in these chilly waters.' He looked about him with interest.

The illusive light made the figures on deck seem unreal and ghostly. Water spouted several feet high from an ejector, and its semi-phosphorescence gave it the appearance of an unnatural geyser.

By means of the chains which are always in position under a warship's keel, an attempt was made to haul a collision-mat over the hole. There was, however, some unknown obstruction. The compartment being flooded, and there being now no further inrush of water, the divers were preparing to descend in order to investigate the cause of the trouble.

The captain spoke to the gunnery-lieutenant. 'Tell the divers to see what the obstruction is, and let us know if they can remove it.'

The gunnery-lieutenant gave the desired orders to them through the open face-piece of their helmets.

'Ay, ay, sir,' responded Perkins.

The face-discs were then screwed into the helmets. Men began to heave round the wheels of

the air-pumps. The electric lamps and the telephones were tested. The *Alcibiades* being cleared for action, the rail was already unshipped. The divers stepped in their ponderous way to the wire ladder that hung over the ship's side. A number of men craned their necks in the endeavour to watch them disappear.

Soon there was a tinkle from the bell of one of the telephones.

'Hello!' answered the gunner in attendance; 'is that Perkins?'

'Yes. It's a jagged hole, and a projecting plate prevents the mat from going over it.'

The gunner repeated the message to the captain.

'Ask him what tools he needs,' the latter ordered.

The gunner made the request.

'The electric chisel,' Perkins answered, 'and a couple of heavy hammers.'

These were lowered in bags.

Perkins reported progress from time to time. Occasionally Crawford asked that the air-pump be stopped in order that he might hear Perkins better through the telephone. Once or twice they requested the gunner to have the men pump a bit faster, or perhaps a little slower. The work took a long time, as the movements of a diver under water are necessarily slow.

Light was beginning to creep over the sea when Perkins finally informed the gunner that the mat was properly in position.

At the same time the carpenter reported that water was being rapidly forced out of the flooded compartment.

'We may bombard Zeebrugge, after all,' the captain murmured.

The telephone-bell tinkled again.

'I'm going to walk along the bottom a bit so as to make sure there's no further damage,' Perkins advised. 'Ease away on the air-pipe and life-line.'

Several minutes later there was a tremendous tugging at the lines.

The captain spoke. 'Find out what's wrong. They'd better come up. It's getting high-water, and we shall float presently.'

The gunner began to transmit the message. Suddenly he stopped short, and exclaimed in a tense sort of voice, 'What's that—what's that?' Then he paused to listen, and turning round, said excitedly, 'He says, "Go to the devil," sir, "and ease away." There's a submarine down there, and he's going to try to chisel holes in her.'

The lines were let out to their utmost limit.

The sun was rising in a cloudless sky, and there was scarcely any motion of the sea. The group on deck looked haggard and worn as the result of their long vigil. Suddenly they saw one of the most extraordinary sights that have ever been seen at sea. The long steel form of a submarine appeared about ten yards away. Its

sides glistened, and the U — seemed to leer at them in a sinister way. The bow of the under-water boat dipped toward the sea. The stern was high, and the propeller above the surface.

It was not so much the submarine that made the group cry out with astonishment. It was the fantastic figures upon it, and the reverberating *b-r-r-r* that fell upon their ears. Sitting on top of the slanting bow was one of the divers, probably Perkins. With his electric chisel *br-r-ing* ominously, he was rapidly perforating different parts of the thin shell of the submarine. No doubt the awful and unusual noise had made it come to the surface. The dipping bows indicated that Perkins's efforts were meeting with some success.

The second diver was sitting on the stern with his back turned toward the bow, smashing the blades of the propeller with his hammer. He had evidently broken the periscope, because it joined the deck of the submarine at a rakish angle.

The spell was broken by the gunnery-lieutenant giving orders to open fire with the four-pounders. 'Be careful to aim amidships so as not to hit the divers,' he commanded.

The captain spoke through one telephone, the torpedo-lieutenant through another. 'Close your air-escape valve, and jump for your lives,' they commanded; 'we're about to fire the four-pounders.'

The two divers left the submarine about the same time as the guns began to roar. The men hauled them in frantically. A tremendous cheering rose from the decks of the *Alcibiades* as the submarine took a dip and went to the bottom with its stern high in the air. Bubbles of air and oil marked the place of its disappearance.

It was but a few moments before the divers, buoyant with the air in their dresses, were raised on deck. Their helmets, collars, weights, and leaded boots were quickly removed. Their diving-suits were also taken off. They were only slightly dazed, and opened their eyes in a few minutes. The staff-surgeon administered stimulants. A cordon of cheering men surrounded Perkins and Crawford.

'Away with you, you blithering idiots!' the staff-surgeon roared; 'do you think it's your hot air they want at the present moment?'

They retired to a discreet distance.

'My lads,' the staff-surgeon murmured, as he regarded the divers fondly, 'if you were in the army you'd get the V.C. and a purse of gold. Being in the King's navy,' he added *sotto voce*, 'you'll probably get cells for speaking disrespectfully to your captain.'

Perkins and Crawford smiled contentedly as a slight shiver went through the *Alcibiades*, and, with engines put astern, she slid gracefully off.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE LOWLAND FUZZIES.

By R. W. CAMPBELL, Author of *Private Spud Tamson*, &c.

A THOUSAND Scots, brand new to the game,
Marched in the night to the scenes of fame;
Marched by the light of star-shells strange
And the flare of guns that knew the range.
Their tongues were tied, their hearts beat fast,
As they trekked and thought of how men passed.

Phut! came a bullet straight in the breast
Of poor Tam Green, and one of the best;
He fell with a shriek and curses fierce,
His blood was seen by the lights that pierce
From the star-shells weird and Seventy-fives
Which thunder death into Turkish hives.

'Pass on,' shouted 'Jock,' a C.O. we knew
Had the 'guts' and nerve of an old Rugger Blue.
The column then dipped into pools and clay,
Where many had died for a 'bob' a day.
Gad! how the bullets pinged and cracked,
And the star-shells showed how we crawled and
tacked!

Then came the dawn in a gully that's famed
For blood and gangrene, crosses and maimed;
And the mouldy dead made a grim salute
To the thinking Scots who'd come out to shoot
The deluded Turks befooled to the game
By a Pasha made rich by the cult of shame.

Lancashire lads, mourning leaders and pals,
Were living in holes like pirates in kraals;
Some grunted a welcome, some gave a salute
To the tramping 'Jocks' now itching to boot
The children of Allah, and fine fellows too,
Fooled by a Turk with the blood of a Jew.

They filed to the zigzagged Plain of Tears,
They saw the hill of slaughtering fears,
And moaned for the riddled dead that lay
On parapets, wires, and in stinking clay;
The sight made them men, their philosophy
changed,
Jaws became set, and their rifles ranged.

The thousand 'Jocks' then started to pray
To use their steel in the Lowland way;
It was answered too, for the Turks came down
Like flies from out of a stinking town.
'Allah! Allah!' they cried as on they ran;
'Rapid fire!' yelled 'Jock' of the Lowland clan.

They fell with shrieks that still haunt the brain,
But others charged on, charged on, in vain;
For out of the earth leaped Lowland braves,
To gouge out the hearts of those Enver slaves;
Some cried for mercy, some called on their gods
As their blood streamed out to the weltering soda.

But death's half the price of all success,
Men mangled and maimed are part of the mess;
The thousand Scots at that muster-call
Answered to 'Jock' but eight hundred in all.
Bloody and wise, with death-haunted eyes,
They mustered and mourned at the price of the
prize.

So, off with your hats, you 'civvies' that skunk,
Salute the diced bonnets that never know funk;
Let their bravery stab, and stab in the shame,
That you are a fool while they play that game
Not measured in gold, if measured in tears,
But tears that shall blot out the cunning of years.

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

SOME are reflecting it is time they knew
more of England now, and Scotland too,
and Wales. In summer days we should look
widely on the homeland. There is so much of
it we never knew, and the little we have seen
was so fine. The vastness of Dartmoor, solemn,
mysterious; the midland vales; the hills of
Wales; the rich romance of Westmorland, with
its mountains and its waters; and the grandeur
of rough, majestic Scotland. There are many
who, having forsaken England and Scotland

in the past, or having made scant effort to
know them, come now to the discovery of their
own land. The hunger of the road works upon
them. They see a whitened track twisting its
way to north and south, east and west. There
is a call from our own country in her summer
beauty, the sweet homeland, and a beautiful
pathos on it all this year. Seek the bosom of
England in the way of the simple wanderer and
the honest lover; not in the jogging dusty train
or in the scurrying motor-car, but with a little
pack for your own supply, go leisurely along

white roads and shaded lanes, and over the brows of hills down to peaceful vales. Is not the call of those white and winding roads of Britain heard in our hearts this year? Come along the sunlit roads.

* * *

The handy fellow who is master of a small cycle-store in the country village where the writer sometimes bides made a rare excuse this morning, and a true one. Last night a wheel of mine went wrong; and, with a whole day's adventure through the summer lanes and the glowing hills in prospect, it was to be delivered in running soundness at the door by the pretended hour of nine as fixed by Lords and Commons with the King's Assent. But not until nearly the sun's immutable nine did the boy arrive with our metal moke; and, if you please, there were then the compliments and the apologies of his master and the veracious statement that, to the wonder and excitement of the community, the great Lord N. had sent down from his Hall that very morning so early that the housetops still dripped with dew, demanding that three new cycles of the best Coventry manufacture, two for daughters and one for a boy too young for soldiering, should be delivered to him immediately. Peers at times have fine notions of the resources of the humbler commoners, and maybe they reflect that these are the days of a higher efficiency. If a conquering army of five millions can be formed instantaneously from plain civilian stuff, there might seem to be no sufficient reason why three new cycles, with their virgin tires in full odorous whiteness upon them, should not be produced from the lumber of an old repairing-shop. And Lord N. was right, as the swift course of events fully proved; for while he still pecked at his breakfast toast it was announced to him that the machines were on his premises, and that in truth the young ladies and the boy were already scratching and bruising themselves through their enthralling agency. How, by means of telephones and motor-cars and a scouring of depots over half the county, Richard the repairer did this magical thing, and earned a compliment from Lord N., would be a full history in itself, an epic of achievement. But some other thoughts and speculations were summoned up. Was it not odd that the Earl of N. and his happy family should thus suddenly find themselves with hot enthusiasm for an old pastime that has for nearly a generation now seemed but the habit of the lowly and those of simple tastes, while rank and wealth laid a thick gray cloud on the countryside with their motor-cars? Could there be some special meaning in this course? Now we seemed to be carried back in memory to the summer days of twenty years ago, when the 'safety' cycle, as they would always call it then, was a novelty, and a wondrous and delightful thing; when high

society bestowed upon it considerable advertising patronage; when the Park on a morning of May would be thronged with the smartest ladies and most gallant gentlemen awheel, and Rotten Row was shocked. So in the days of old, when Victoria still was queen, the cycle was a splendid thing, and upon the pedals then were pressed the toes of peers and princesses. But as fickle as a pretty girl with a flighty mind is that section of society. Victorianism passed, novelty fled still faster, and the automobile came to give a finer scope for great display. The bicycles were laid up in the gardeners' sheds. And now? Before we go further, let us assure ourselves that in the case of this noble lord, hard hit as he may have been through the ruthless war, it is not mere economy, as prescribed so urgently by our parliamentary counsellors, that leads him and his kin back to the cycle again. He still has means in plenty; his lands are not unyielding. It is a revival from the past, stirred by the great upheaval. Yet some of the old instincts of cycling—for we may call them instincts—were beginning to assert themselves even before the war. Let us point you to a curious circumstance.

* * *

Even so far away as when George III. was king, gentlemen, wearing high hats and coats with tails, set themselves astride between two wheels and spun themselves along by pushing with their feet upon the ground. There were no cranks or pedals to this contrivance, which was called the hobby-horse, or the dandy horse, or, if a better-looking name were needed, the draisene. The comic artists made rude pictures of these things, and the writers of the time penned skittish articles upon them, and so the draisene was laughed away. But it was the first manifestation of this new instinct for cycling. From the early bicycle the tricycle was evolved; that fell out of favour; improvements came in a steady progression until we arrived at the safety machine; and then, later, tired of leg-work, and discovering a faster and more expensive means of locomotion, part of the people took to motoring, while for many of the others the bicycle became a mere machine of utility, and only a faithful few held to it for its special charm. Now, mark. For two or three years past the children have been gliding upon the pavements with what have been called for them *skacycles*, a new-fangled name that suggests a cross between a roller-skate and a cycle. There are two very small wheels, one behind the other, joined by a board upon which a foot may rest, and there is a pillar leading up to the hands for the control and steadying of the contrivance. One foot is planted on the board, and the whole arrangement, including the body of the happy child, is sent flying along by the propulsion from the other leg working directly against the ground. This, you will perceive, is in effect

exactly the same principle as that employed in the dandy horse of nearly a hundred years ago, and it is the first time it has been revived in the interval. It takes advantage of the sublime attribute of the wheel in gathering and preserving momentum, with no shocks to break its full career.

* * *

Now for the most perfect application of human physical energy to the needs of locomotion and the preservation of momentum the cycle is clearly the thing. It is so simple that it is a constant mystery to me how humanity missed it until more than eighteen centuries of Christianity had been lived away. I hardly understand why they had no cycles in ancient Rome, in Carthage, in Athens. The principle is so clear, its application so inviting, it seems almost an axiom of living and working. Yet thousands of years went by, and the waiting wheels were unapplied save in the crudest way. When I have wandered among the ruins of Pompeii, and seen in the museum there how the people who lived in that fair but always threatened place were keen in their ingenuity to make useful things for life's convenience and contentment, and especially how in the way of kitchen appliances for the preparation of foods for their stomach's delight they were seemingly fully as advanced as we are to-day, I have almost wondered to see no signs of any cycle. For all their games and their athletics and their fine military marches, I feel that in the main these old Romans and Greeks, and the races that went before them and came after them, were rather lazy fellows. In Spain of to-day I have found that cycles are only just coming into a full popularity with the grand awakening of the country. They did not like them in Madrid at first, because, unless action were continued and persistent, the contrivances would stop and their proprietors would fall. Through all these ages of European history that we read of the cycle was never approached. Then when it came, at a time when people were in a whimsical mood, its full advantage was not realised. It was made the toy, the craze, of a season or two, and then 'society,' as it is called, gave it up, and it fell to a mere convenience and a useful thing for the butcher's boy. A friend assures me that this young person and his colleagues at other stores have been largely responsible for the decline of the cycle from its place as the acknowledged yielder of the best delights. Such is our inherent snobbishness. This, and the domination of the highway by the motor-car, which shoves the cyclist to one side. But, reflecting, we perceive the superior wisdom of the common people, as we call them, and the advantage of being poor; for, though we speak of the decline of the cycle, meaning its fall from the favour of noblemen and gentry, this splendid instrument never lost its hold upon the masses, but rather

continually increased it, as it was made cheaper and ever more efficient.

* * *

Now, like prodigal children, the others, deserters, come back to the wheel again. They feel a little ashamed. The other day we noted on this page the startling apparition of a man cycling along Whitehall, on the first sunny Sunday morning of this year, on one of the high bone-shakers of thirty or forty years ago. What strange awakening of an old sense led him to do this seemingly freakish thing, what strange attachment to an old beloved occupation had made him store the old contrivance, one may but guess at. But there was a clear significance in it. Here was the emblem of a fine return. In the mind of one beholder at least it awakened a thousand glorious memories, and aroused a longing. Not many days after that vision in Westminster, one who lived there was far away, speeding through country lanes and feeling youth come back in the full flood again, with proof of it at every thrust. Here are already indicated two of the special advantages of the cycle. You may have the maximum speed that is desirable for pleasure purposes in the country, and it is home-made. A motor-car or motor-cycle may be made to travel much faster than any cycle, and by some minds that has been considered a recommendation. But why? There is a limit at which speed and distance become emotionally ineffective. There is a delight in speed, it is true; there is a human instinct for it. Man seems to crave for it. But the good effect is lost when fifty miles are covered in an hour, or even thirty, and that is because the mind cannot absorb the passing scene; it has only a blurred sense of the country being traversed; the full joy of the open air is ruined. Speed in the abstract is a poor thing; it is almost nothing. It needs the country and a proper appreciation of it for its complement. To motor at sixty miles an hour over a country that seems little more than a streak of green is hardly better than to travel at that speed in a train. At sixty miles an hour, too, motorists realise that, after all, such speed is but a paltry thing; for, all speed being relative, what is this to the whiz of a bullet or to the glance of light? And, again, it is the speed of machinery, whereas the cyclist has the ineffable satisfaction of making his speed for himself, feels infinite joy in making with his own limbs ten miles or more in the hour, a joy the motorist knows nothing of. In cycling at a proper and moderate pace there is effort, there is independence, there is time for thought and contemplation of the world and all that is about, and the cyclist seems complete with the powers of far movement that are at his service. There is nothing like it.

* * *

There is now, to come back to the main point, an undoubted revival of cycling; but it is wrong to suggest that this revival comes from

mere economy, and it is an offence against the splendour of a magnificent pastime. Let us believe instead that it is through the shock of war we are brought back in our minds from false standards. Cycle manufacturers everywhere tell us that never before have they been so busy; that many people are buying cycles and determining to go into the country with them, making their own movement at the most desirable pace through any part of our beautiful country that entices them. The cycle yields all Britain to each Briton who rides it. Let us be glad of it; this is a sane and most commendable revival. In this little piece of machinery there are unlimited resources of happiness and pleasure. There is about it just enough of the really mechanical to satisfy a hankering in the rider. All of us have a somewhat secret liking for simple mechanics. An old and bookish philosopher feels himself exalted to the practical man as he potters about with cogs and chains, or screws a bolt, or tightens a bearing. Behold! he is of the race of engineers, the builders of railways and bridges. This piece of machinery, too, is dependent upon his control, and he upon it. There is a sentiment of independence, of self-reliance and completeness, attaching to cycling, and especially when the full kit of simple human requirements is attached, and the rider goes on distant tours, sleeping in strange places, feeding at wayside inns, stopping to stretch for a while on the grass of a shaded wayside on a sunny afternoon, and smoke a pipe or read a little from the book he carries. In a way, it provokes that sense of efficiency and ability to fend for one's self that seems everything in these times. And, indeed, your cyclist, philosopher or not, must be a fellow of some resource, for how knows he what may confront

him when he turns the sudden corner? And how sternly practical he must be when a thorn pricks through the cover of his inflated tire and the imprisoned air spurts free again! Every sport has its own peculiar thrill. A full drive to the boundary at cricket, or a run the length of the field at rugger, is a glorious thing. A perfect drive at golf, right from the middle of the club-face, with every physical movement properly carried out and in full harmony with the whole—a long low drive with perhaps the smallest suspicion of pull, and the ball rising a little near the end of its flight—that is emotionally an excellent thing. There are other emotional riches in sport; yet I know none of them that is superior to the magnificent thrill of letting the cycle run at full speed on its free wheels down a long hill of a mile or two, gathering more and more momentum all the time, and perhaps, if the rider feels that way, taking a risk at a bend here and there. Here is the sense of speed and of glorious freedom that nothing in the world except this pair of wheels can give, combined with adventure, the little risk that is spice to sport, the roar of beaten air, and the view in its full wonder changing every minute. So, with freedom and independence, we may roam awheel through England and Scotland and Wales, and through Ireland too, in these summer days, and come close to the bosom of our own fair country and get to know her better. For the pleasure of relief, for the good of the mind and heart, for solace and peace, for the appreciation of the love of God and of the simple and lovely things He had made, for meditation, and to arouse a new determination, you cannot do better, be you man or woman, old or young, than go buy a bicycle now and see our Britain at her best.

THE KING-MAKERS.

CHAPTER V.—THE MAN.

THE Premier's official residence was on the western side of the city, on the slope which was crowned by the citadel and the palace. His cabinet was a spacious room overlooking the garden; but from its windows he could also enjoy a view of one of the towers of the citadel flying the national flag to indicate that the Senate was in session. Yesterday the Executive had laid its decision before the members, who had accepted it by a vigorous majority; to-day they would meet after adjournment to give effect to that decision, and to offer the crown of Zorne to a new king. The Premier was engaged at this moment on the concluding sentences of his speech. He had been induced to bring forward the formal resolution, and he was giving the matter that thorough preparation characteristic of all his work.

'Let us confess,' he wrote carefully, 'that our beloved state has made an unhappy beginning; but a beginning, after all, is only a beginning. Circumstances, however regrettable, must be made subservient to statesmanship, and statesmanship is capable of correcting the initial error into which we fell. In that spirit we must seek to clean the slate, to expunge the record of misfortune. Gentlemen, it is yours to-day to decree a new beginning, to resolve that our kingdom shall rise resplendent out of its troubles, and by its dignity and forbearance, its inflexible pursuit of its high destiny, rebuke the laughter of Europe.'

He laid down his pen to read the paragraph. Every faculty was intent, and the heavily moulded and powerful face was that of a man who saw in vision the faces of the people he

addressed, and studied every shade of thought upon those faces. Yet a sound at the door roused him instantly.

'Inspector Fenckener,' said a footman softly.

'Let him come in.'

The inspector entered at once, and the door was closed behind him. He was a muscular-looking man of early middle age, clad in a semi-naval uniform. His face was one in which dogged resolution was a prevailing characteristic, and in this regard it was possible to trace some resemblance to his august relative; but his eye lacked the gleam of genius, and it was this lack that made him so excellent a servant. He bowed stiffly as he entered, and then stood in silence to deliver his business.

'Good-morning, Fenckener. You have a report?'

'My usual report, your Excellency.'

The Premier's ear, however, was quick to catch something unusual. 'Yes?' he said questioningly.

'I have to report, your Excellency, that things are unchanged on the Orphan Rock. But the lighthouse-keepers, when they came to make their weekly report at the Broken Tooth this morning, declared that their prisoner had made an attempt to escape. It appears that early on Wednesday he attracted the attention of a small boat which was passing the island, and by his signals prevailed upon the occupants to approach. His warders, however, came upon the scene in time. The prisoner had actually entered the water with the intention of swimming out, when the strangers were warned off and retreated.'

The Premier was evidently disturbed. 'Who were they?' he asked thoughtfully.

'It is impossible to say, your Excellency. They did not come in close enough; the approaches are exceedingly dangerous. Undoubtedly a couple of young men on a fishing expedition.'

'But did they see?'

'They could not have seen at such a distance. Besides, recognition would have been difficult at even five paces. A month without a valet'—

'Yes, yes; just so. But this must not occur again, Fenckener.'

'I took the liberty, Excellency, of ordering greater care. The prisoner must be confined more to the lighthouse; but if he is allowed abroad one of the men must be always with him.'

The Premier nodded. 'And always armed. That will be discreet, Fenckener. I need not say that I wish him to be treated with every kindness nevertheless. Very soon—in a day or two—when the troubles of this unhappy country have been settled, we may be able to arrange for his restoration to liberty. For the present he must not be allowed to trouble the state.'

Fenckener made no remark, but he evidently understood. He was in every way trustworthy, and he had repeated exactly the story which had been told him by the alarmed lighthouse-keepers. The Premier dismissed him briefly, but with some of that charm of manner which had contributed so largely to his success. It was a considerable time since it had been exercised toward the King except when others were present.

'Very good, Fenckener. I know that the state has a faithful and capable servant in you. It shall not be forgotten.'

Fenckener saluted and departed.

For a little while the Premier considered. 'After all,' he said, 'even if they had seen him, there would be little danger now. It is too late.' For the moment, however, he did not return to his speech. Instead, he opened a drawer and took out a document which had reached him the previous morning from the head of his secret police. It was a report so terse and so concise that its reader must have approved its form with all heartiness. He re-read it now with a slight smile, for Fenckener's visit had given its pointed sentences a grim tinge of humour.

'Obedient to instructions, we have watched the tourist at the "Silver Heart" who was said to resemble the ex-king. He had registered as Peter Robinson, London. His papers were examined in his absence. His name is Charles Segel of Belgrade. I have to express to your Excellency my regret that one of our officers should have failed in observation and judgment. The person in question has now left the "Silver Heart." We did not inquire as to his further movements.'

The Premier returned the paper to its drawer with visible satisfaction. An incident whose first phase had given him a distinct shock and some hours of uneasiness had now been straightened out in a very entertaining fashion. 'But "Charles Segel" is a little too reckless in his movements. I must speak to him seriously a little later!' he said to himself; and then he turned to his manuscript and completed his speech.

'I move, gentlemen,' he wrote, 'that Prince Max of Swarzfeld be invited to assume the crown of Zorne, confident that this action of the Senate will be endorsed with enthusiasm by our united people; confident, too, that the integrity and stability of his Highness's character offer the best guarantees of a new era, distinguished, prosperous, and untroubled.'

He read the sentences with visible satisfaction, and then re-read them aloud; but as he concluded the reading a voice behind his chair made comment in a subdued tone: 'It is very happily expressed, Premier. But it will need some revision!'

The paper sank to the Minister's knee. For a moment he sat rigid, recognising the voice, yet

unable to realise what that recognition involved; numbed, yet alive to the sense of impending disaster.

And Conrad, coming round from behind the chair, stood looking down upon him from the side of his table, a smile upon his lips. 'It will need some revision!' he repeated calmly.

The Premier strove to recover himself. There was no fear in his nature. He felt sure that he was in imminent peril of his life, for he read the boy's coolness as the coolness of a desperate resolve. Yet, though the movement might mean instant death, he leaned forward and struck the silver gong upon his table.

It was the call for his servant, who always waited in the hall. The sound rang loud, but Conrad did not move; and, eyeing him warily and closely, the Minister realised his self-command with an uneasy sense of discovery. That pale composure, that steadiness of voice and eye, were something so new in him! He leaned back in his chair, watching the youthful face from under half-closed lids like a crouching lion.

Half-a-minute passed. There were soft foot-falls without, and some unusual stir and movement, but no one came to answer the call of the gong. Perhaps for the first time in his life Rubin was conscious of the helplessness of one who rings or calls in vain when he has the right to a swift reply. In those moments, too, he noticed the open window by which the intruder must have entered, and the tall screen which had sheltered him. But how had he gained access to the garden? The next house was that of Admiral Moyr. Had Conrad been in the room during the Fenckener interview? But when Rubin thought of Fenckener he thought also of the 'Silver Heart,' and he ceased to question himself. He recoiled from the contact of some amazing mystery; and all the while he struggled against an impression which was rapidly becoming a conviction—the conviction of irrevocable disaster.

And Conrad spoke gravely. 'Try again, Premier. Or you are free to go to the door to call; but you cannot leave the room without my permission. There is a guard at the threshold.'

Without a word, Rubin rose and went to the door. With a certain dignity he opened it, looked out, and closed it again. He came back, and slowly crossed to the open window. There one glance was enough, and he returned to his chair. Then they looked one another in the eye, the old man and the young, for a long, anxious minute.

'Perhaps you will explain,' said the Premier. 'I am a little at a loss.'

'With pleasure,' replied Conrad, with perfect self-possession. 'The house is occupied by a guard. The citadel is also occupied on my behalf by several companies of the Fifth Regi-

ment. The particulars of your plot against me were laid last night before Admiral Moyr and General Rampner, with sufficient evidence. Acting for the army and the fleet, they have taken these steps and such others as we thought necessary and prudent. It was arranged, however, that I should deal with the Premier personally.'

With the habit of decision natural to himself, Rubin at that point laid aside every doubt and every hope. The bayonets at the threshold and in the garden were strong evidence, but they were not decisive; it might be within his power to make a good fight against such arguments as those. But he found more convincing proof in Conrad's voice and manner. There must be more against him than he could see; and, having come to a conclusion on the subject, he wasted no time in a hopeless conflict with overwhelming circumstances, but instantly turned his thoughts in another direction. A moment before he had been vitally interested for his own plans and his own safety, but now the centre of interest had shifted. He began to study his enemy, seeking to give a definition to the curious change observable in his bearing. He was convinced that this was not the petulant lad whom he had first crowned and then uncrowned for the betterment of Zorne—and the interests of the Central Empires! 'I am honoured in this arrangement,' he said ironically. 'I am entirely at your service. But perhaps a little further explanation first'—

Conrad smiled. He was aware of the strength of this chained lion; he was also aware of an anxiety to prove fully worthy of the task he had taken upon himself for reasons known only to himself and guessed only by Lieutenant Heldmann. 'Of course,' he said, 'an explanation is due to the great excellence of your plans, Premier. The simple fact is that through a trifling accident those excellent plans miscarried. Another man was kidnapped in my place, and is still your prisoner upon the Orphan Rock. As for me, I have had a brief vacation, and as a mere spectator have greatly admired and enjoyed your programme.'

'Indeed!' said the Premier.

'It is entirely true. I have been free in the streets of the city all the while, and a diligent reader of your efforts in the Press. But you have not asked me the name of the man who was kidnapped instead of me. I have been at some pains to ascertain it.'

Rubin kept himself well in hand. He had no need to agitate himself. It was too late. But he was also interested in the story and the story-teller. It occurred to him that the King had spent his vacation in some more useful way than he had yet indicated. As for the prisoner on the Rock, what did it matter who the fool was? Yet this interview demanded all that he had of self-control, and he continued to be cere-

moniously and ironically polite. 'I shall be glad to hear,' he said.

'Not exactly glad,' corrected Conrad; 'that would be too much to expect. Say, rather, interested. Let me explain that this man has been described under your own hand and seal as Charles Segel of Belgrade.'

There was a pause. Then the Premier turned. Master of his countenance he might be; but that word swept over every guard and transfixed him. Instantly his half-closed eyes became wide, his cheeks livid. He half-rose as if in wild, instinctive protest; but as the King completed his relentless message he sank helplessly back again.

'Otherwise known,' said Conrad gently, 'as his Serene Highness Prince Max of Swarzfeld!'

When the Premier came to himself, a little dazed, a little inclined to be hysterical—for the first shock had been followed by a singular burst of laughter—he found the King standing at the window with his back to the room. But in a moment or two he turned to speak, with no change in the serene suavity of his manner. 'And now to business,' he said. 'Prince Max can wait a little longer. At this juncture your Excellency's help will be useful.'

Rubin would never be the same man again. The stroke had shattered him in a way impossible to describe. No man can ever be the same again when he has seen some small item go awry in his perfectly prepared plan, and the whole edifice come toppling to destruction. In his case perfection of detail had been a delight, and painstaking a pride and pleasure. But the note in Conrad's voice called all his faculties to attention, and he looked up mutely.

'I am extremely anxious to avoid confusion and, above all things, violence,' said Conrad slowly. 'For this reason the Executive must be prepared; they must not be taken by surprise by the new situation. Moreover, they must be ready to explain it to the Senate in an hour or so. Therefore, they have been summoned here this morning; they are even now gathered in your dining-room, waiting for an explanation of the summons, which they believe to have been sent by you. There is one man who can make things smooth with them, and his co-operation is necessary. That man is yourself.'

Again the Premier's face changed, against his will. Perhaps some wild hope leapt into being against all reason and all evidence. He was wise enough to abandon it at once, though not before he had given vague expression to it.

'But if all that you have told me is true,' he said, 'you do not need my help.'

'No,' said Conrad deliberately; 'that was a polite fiction.' It was the last thrust of that

long battle. The Premier flushed as he acknowledged it. Yet in the next moment Conrad helped him to forget it in his incredulous amazement. 'Frankly, Premier,' he said slowly, 'I am anxious to have your co-operation, though it is not indispensable. You will deal with the Executive to-day, and later you must deal with Prince Max. These things must fall to you, and in any case they are only as difficult as you have made them. After that you will decide, no doubt, to retire to your estate. But I may say also that only four persons besides myself know the whole story, and it is not necessary that others should learn it.'

Controlling his surprise, Rubin sat and considered. Then he looked up to read the boy's face, and met there some vague signal that stirred him tremendously. He could have defied the conqueror, disdained the mercy; and a smaller man would have done so; but he was not a small man, and he rose to the last act of his premiership with all his natural courage strung to its highest point. 'I will go,' he said, 'and I will return in five minutes.'

The King bowed. Rubin went to the door, and the guard, at a sign from Conrad, allowed him to pass. He went in to join the Executive, and was in the room for some five minutes. The thing that occurred there has been variously reported; but we need not believe that the Premier was really the author of the romantic stories of the King's adventures and return published that night in the Raschadt Press, to the great relief and delight of his people. I prefer to believe the alternative story: that he astonished his colleagues by giving them the naked truth. In any case, the result was satisfactory, for he returned to his study with everything done.

'Will your Majesty come?' he said respectfully.

The King had spent the interval in mixed reflection. He had really no sense of personal triumph; nor had he cause for it. Out of his reflection, indeed, had grown two curiously connected conclusions: one, that he had been an awful fool; and, two, that he would spend his next holiday in Thuramia; and he was still blushing over these—one or both—when the Premier returned. He followed him without a word.

The old man led the way across the hall and threw open the door of the dining-room. As it swung back Conrad saw the members of the Executive rise in their seats about the table, all faces turning towards him with tense interest and vivid expectancy. And the Premier spoke, simply, coldly, but decisively, stating an indubitable fact:

'Gentlemen—the King!'

THE END.

A MIXED LUNCH AT SALONIKA.

By G. TREVOR ROLLER.

THE other day, in Salonika, I had a mixed lunch. I do not mean by 'mixed lunch' that I had a mixed grill for lunch, or that the menu was mixed. A menu can't call itself a menu unless it is mixed. No; I mean that the company was mixed—mixed in nationality, sex, and thought; but wonderfully unmixed in purpose: 'Hun strafing.' We were Allies. And because it was so mixed, and was interesting to me, I shall try to tell you about it, for I hope it may interest you.

Well, first let us catalogue the company. As all the allied nations are equal in a common cause, I will not mention them in any order of precedence, but in the order in which they sat round the table. It was a round table, so the talk went each way and every way at once.

First an English lieutenant from a yeomanry regiment attached out here to the French aerial service for observing; a man of some importance in private life, cheery, big-hearted, with a face that has been known to break hearts. He was my host. Next a French flying officer who had flown in France, been in Greece for some months, and bombed — badly twice! On his left sat a Serbian officer who spoke perfect English; his family were ruined, his part of his native land laid waste, and he was bearing up well under it, cheerful and confident; in fact, he seemed to have made up his mind to 'keep smiling.' Then came a Russian officer, attached also to the French for flying. We couldn't get much out of him. He was in love; he had only met the adored one the day before, and he was but nineteen. He had a proud record behind him; but until the 'blast of war' again rang in his ears he was not worrying about it; though he was worrying a whole lot about the girl. Next came a British subject in civilian clothes who had lived all his life in the Levant. Had you been able to make him talk he could have opened your eyes, for he was Secret Service, and particularly secret. He had lots to say about other things, things that don't matter. Then came the only lady of the party, a Scotch nursing Sister, a splendid little person, who had been with the Serbian army in the big retreat; capable, cheerful, and perfectly at home among a crowd of men, several of whom she had never met before. But then war equalises the sexes; and we, the inferior, rise to the level of the superior sex, and we fraternise. There are friendships made in war-time that accentuate the old adage, 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good.' Next to the Sister came a perfectly unimportant person, a pawn in the war-game—myself.

The conversation, to begin with, was general,

and also futile, everybody trying to keep off 'shop;' but I felt they would not for long. The old order has changed; it is war now, everybody dying to hear what the other fellow has been doing, also perhaps willing to tell of his own adventures.

I myself essayed to break the ice. 'It's a long way to Tipperary,' I said. 'How long before the war is over?'

This was greeted with a roar of laughter. The question has been asked so often that it has become funny.

'I'm asking,' I said, 'because I want to know. I thought a consensus of opinion might'——

'When we have utterly crushed the Boches,' cut in France.

'And we get our own back,' said Serbia.

The Russian lover sighed. 'I'm afraid,' he said, 'that it will be over very soon now—soon, and I shall have to leave Salonika and return to my own country.'

'Is she so very lovable?' asked the Sister.

The boy's eyes fairly flashed; he half rose from his chair. 'Mademoiselle,' he cried, 'let me'——

But the Intelligence man pinned him down. 'My son,' he said quietly, 'don't do it; go and tell *her* how beautiful *she* is—not us. It bores.'

The love-light faded from Russia's eyes. 'You English are so unsympathetic!' he grumbled. 'Now, were you to tell *me* about some adorable one of your own I should listen with the greatest sympathy.'

'I will,' said the Intelligence Department, and proceeded to do so. The boy was soon struggling not to yawn.

'Tell me,' whispered the Sister, 'who is Russia's lady-love?'

'Heaven knows,' I answered. 'But never mind him; tell me about yourself, about Serbia.'

'Oh, there's not much to tell,' she answered.

Ye gods! not much to tell, and she had been through one of the most tragic and terrible retreats in the history of war! But I saw how it was with her; it's the same with many of us. Some big thing happens, and the horror remains in your mind; you really don't want to talk about the detail, so there is little left to tell. After a while the memory of horrors fades, the last cry of a comrade no longer rings in your ears, and you remember many things, and you can talk over the battle again. That's after months have passed. However, with tact and a few questions, the Sister told me many things. Serbia was a beautiful country, and Serbians splendid people. She told me of how she nursed a soldier with his *ninth* separate wound. 'And

he was only a boy,' she added. She told me how the First British Field Hospital for Serbia, for which she worked, came into action—or, rather, one should say, 'attended an action'—in early October, at Pirot. Then came a month of close fighting. The hospital had mostly bullet-wounds to attend to at that time. At the end of October the retirement began, and, 'We got shelled,' she remarked.

'Did you? And how did you like it?' I asked.

'Not a little bit,' she said with a smile, for which I liked her the more. I can never quite trust people who tell you they 'don't mind' shelling.

Then she told of how the Serbians would fight a desperate rearguard action, disperse all over the country so as not to block the roads, rally the next day at some prearranged place, and offer another line of resistance. This is an old game that the Boers under De Wet played frequently. She told of how the Austrian prisoners were friendly and good-natured, wishing the British nurses good-luck on the road. She told of the kindness of the wounded Serbian soldiers, the surprise they showed at the nurses waiting on them, making their beds, &c. And they never could get over the amount of work a British woman can do.

Then she mentioned some of the personal hardships that the nurses underwent: black bread and hard-boiled eggs, fried bacon on bread for a plate, heavy endless walking over terrible roads, and sleep when possible and where possible.

'Why,' she said, 'the first night we got here from Monastir I slept in a bed the first time for four weeks, and I didn't get up till seven-thirty.'

I squirmed inwardly, for I remembered that that very morning I had not got up till nine.

Then I asked her a question. The answer I knew before I asked it; I merely wanted again to prove my theory. 'What,' I asked, 'were your chief thoughts during all this time?'

Without a moment's hesitation she replied, 'Food.'

We both laughed, for all the army over it's the same: 'What and when are we going to eat?' And I was quite certain that the Sisters differed not at all from their brothers in the fighting-line.

Then something happened which took my breath away. The door opened at the end of the crowded room, and down the centre of it marched a Serbian soldier in khaki, breeches, and puttees, who passed our table, saluting the Serbian officer. A cheery word from him, and a cheery reply in a *female* voice.

'A woman!' I gasped.

'Oh yes,' the Serbian quietly replied. 'Why not? There are many of them in our army.'

I gasped again; it was a shock to me. I had read about these things—romantic, they seemed, and only half-true; but here I had seen it—a woman in a man's dress, and serving as a man serves.

'Tell me about it,' I said.

The Serbian was smoking between the courses. He blew a cloud of smoke in the air, and told.

'In England,' he said, 'you are not overrun by the enemy; the life of your country goes on peacefully. To you the war is across the water. You soldiers, British soldiers, are fighting on other people's land, and perhaps you don't realise the inconvenience to the owners. Therefore it must be a shock to you when you see the owners' womenfolk entering into the general rough-and-tumble. To us, nowadays, it seems quite natural. It started like this. Women whose husbands fell at the beginning of the campaign formed a band and went fighting on their own with such effect that the army drafted them, and we have never regretted it.'

This made me furiously to think. What a sacrifice for a country to make! What women! And—well, is it wonderful how Serbia has 'stuck it' when they can boast such mothers?

I went on thinking for some time, until through my thoughts penetrated the voice of the French aviator. 'You see,' he was saying, 'we fly so much lower than the Boche; that is why our bombing is so much better. We see; we wait; we drop the bomb so!' and he dropped a piece of bread neatly into the centre of his plate. 'Now, two days ago,' he continued, 'the Boche he visit us; he goes for one special place so high he cannot see; he drop ten, fifteen, twenty bombs all around, and not one hit. *Ah, c'est drôle.*'

'Dashed droll,' I grumbled, 'when you happen to be in a camp next door to the special place, ain't it?'

The Frenchman loved this, and he sat back chuckling. 'Ah,' he said, 'you have, how you say, "had some," *n'est ce pas?* Oh monsieur, the safest thing in war is to fly.' Then he went on to tell us how he was going to fly over the sea next day and drop some new bombs that he wished to try.

'If you monkey about like that,' said my host, 'the fleet will certainly *strafe* you.'

'Ah, what matter? I shall be very high, and when the first two, three shells come I nose dive; they think me hit, and stop the *strafe*; then I fly back to the aerodrome.' Then, bowing to me, he continued: 'Would monsieur care to accompany me? I could easily arrange.'

I, bowing also, said, 'A thousand thanks, *monsieur le capitaine*, but urgent military affairs will hold me to my unit to-morrow and for many days to come.'

'You like not aviation,' he laughed.

'No,' I answered; 'my line is cavalry—horses!' 'Nasty, dangerous things horses,' he cried; 'they make the false step, and then—*mon Dieu!*'

Which remark showed the difference of temperament. From this conversation arose reminiscences of Gallipoli and its artillery *strafes*; sad regrets for those we had left behind; admiration of the big-gun shooting of the Turk, who had to compete with bad ammunition and worn guns; how the same worn, tired gun would drop a shell on our front-line trench, creating uncomfortableness, when it was meant for our reserve or even supply depots.

And so it went on, this 'shop,' this war-talk, until the waiters (mostly Turks or Bulgars) swept away the crumbs and coffee-cups, and we had to break up.

'*Au revoir,*' said the Sister. 'We'll win in the end, and come out top somehow, in spite of the muddling.'

Everybody laughed, and some of us thought a bit, and also thanked our stars for the jolly Allies—France, Russia, Serbia, & Co.—and felt very pleased to be mixed up in such good company in the universal trouble.

And so we parted after the most cosmopolitan lunch I ever had.

THE ROCK OF QUARTO

CHAPTER II.

THE weeks went slowly, slowly by. The opulence of the early summer flowers had fallen, and now there was nothing left but the cactus and the magnolia against the terrace, and the heliotrope climbing the pergolas, with the verbenas and geranium all drooping with the heat.

The ancient manservant, lazily cleaning copper beneath the shade of the ilex in the back-court, grumbled at having to put on his thin alpaca jacket to answer the bell which tinkled suddenly behind the high wall, with its crown of spiked and dusty aloes. But when he had pulled the wire that opened the gate he stood open-mouthed at sight of a beautiful lady, who walked with a quick, undulating gait up the brick walk beneath the vines.

He had opened the door to many great names in his day, but not to many elegant women. His mistress mistrusted such nowadays; they smacked of that 'self-indulgence of youth' which she had so severely criticised. And, *Dio buono*, but this woman was truly elegant! Old Battista had an eye—as all Italians have—for beauty of form and grace of movement; this woman was 'well made'; she walked like a princess, and, simple as her clothes were, she dressed like one. Battista knew a thing or two.

'Is thy mistress at home?' asked she, not without some proper pride, which he did not dislike.

Now that she was close to him, his old eyes could see her beautiful glossy gold hair, her lovely skin, which he most admired. Who could she be? Stories came into his mind. 'I will see,' said he. 'Will *Vossignoria* give herself the trouble to enter? Whom shall I announce?'

'Do not announce at all,' said the visitor. 'Simply say some one is here who has news of the Marchese Casamarina.'

The old man shuffled hastily across the hall and opened the door of the room where his

mistress sat, as she always sat, alone among the dingy portraits, her Book of Hours and a cup of chocolate beside her on the ormolu table.

'There is a lady,' said he, 'but a real one, who asks to see the Excellency.'

'Didst thou not deny me?' snapped the Marchesa.

'Yes! yes!' lied he shamelessly. 'But she said she had news of the young *padrone*.'

The old lady closed her book sharply, and exchanged her spectacles for a pince-nez, through which she keenly examined her ancient retainer. 'She gave no name?'

'No name, *Vossignoria*.'

'And she has a good presence?'

'Oh, I believe you!' And the old fellow raised eyes and hands to heaven. 'One of race. And a blonde.'

There was an instant's pause.

'Then show her in,' said the old lady calmly.

'It may be the wife of my grandson arrived from Venice.'

Gian Battista stared, and—as he expressed it later in the kitchen, using an idiom of the Genoese vernacular expressive of his befuddled condition—'remained a beast!' He had had suspicions, but not that one.

'Up, pumpkin-head!' snapped his mistress, momentarily losing her temper with this intimate of years' standing. 'One does not keep a Casamarina waiting in the vestibule! Whatever she be!' added she to herself as the man positively leapt to her bidding.

But by the time the tall lady was in the room and the door unwillingly closed behind her all the great dame's dignity was back again. She bowed her head grandly, but without rising. If this were her granddaughter, it was not her place to rise.

'Pray be seated,' she said, waving a withered hand toward the other Louis XV. *fauteuil* which Gian Battista had placed ready on the far side of the ormolu table. 'They tell me you have

news of my grandson who is at the front. Is he wounded? Or perhaps killed?'

The girl before her—she was scarcely more—shivered. She had expected to be ill-received herself, but she had not expected this coldness as to the heir whom she supposed to be adored.

'God forbid!' murmured she. 'He was well when I received this letter,' drawing it from her dress. 'He asked me to come and tell you so. Otherwise—well'—She laughed a little, but quickly sobered as she added, 'In truth, I could not speak so quietly if misfortune had overtaken him. I love him. I am his wife.'

'I imagined it to myself,' replied the grandmother, still without moving a muscle. 'Three months ago I did not know of your existence. But when your husband came to bid me farewell he told me that he was married'—She paused; then, forming the words stiffly with her thin lips, added, 'To an Austrian.'

There was no reply.

The young woman had not taken the offered seat. She stood, gracefully bending a little, her daintily gloved, slender finger-tips lightly resting on the table, and the slanting rays of the sun touching her golden hair to brilliance.

'He had not asked my consent,' continued the old lady, 'though I am still the head of the Casamarina. In our family we do not love the Austrians.'

'And in ours there is not absolute love of the Italians,' responded the young wife with spirit. 'Therefore, neither did I ask the consent of my mother.'

'You did ill, then.'

'I did what love bade me; so did my husband. I shall never repent; and—I think—neither will he.'

'I am sure of it,' admitted the grandmother; but when the words had slipped out she frowned and sighed as well.

And at the sight the girl's face softened. 'A great love excuses something. Do you not think so?' said she very gently.

'How does one know that it is a great love?'

'Perhaps by the sacrifices that it is willing to make: *he* of your goodwill; *I* of that of my widowed mother, who will neither see nor remember me.'

'And she is a rich woman!' sniffed the Marchesa with acidity.

The girl drew herself up. 'My husband will never touch Austrian gold. Could you think it? No, nor I! Were it ever offered we should refuse. We would rather starve—we and our son.'

The red lips trembled. The old woman guessed it; but she had dropped her eyes hastily, and did not see. 'Our son!' she echoed to herself.

'But what does all that matter now?' said the breaking young voice with something between a sob and a laugh which should have melted the hardest. 'All that matters is that God should restore him to me—with honour. I would not withhold him; but, oh, I have the heavy heart! Ah! believe me, *signora*, it is not a bad love that makes one find the necessary courage somewhere.'

A tiny square of cambric came out, and when its use was over, 'But to whom do I say it?' added the girl with a quick, charming motion of her hands. 'Do I not know the story of 1860? Do I not know the part acted by the Casamarina? Ah, *nonna mia*—if I may so permit myself to address you?—do I not know that you too have well loved?'

There was silence; but the old heart would not show itself.

'And do not forget that, if on one side I am Austrian, my father was the son of a patriot—of a Venetian who died for Italy. *He* may have forgotten it when he married German gold; but I do not forget it. I am proud that the blood of an Italian patriot runs in my veins; and I am proud to be the wife and the mother of a Casamarina. I shall not betray my trust. Do not fear.'

At the name of 'mother' that tremor had run again through the old woman's frame; but she would not let herself go.

There was a long wait; then the young woman gathered herself together, disappointed—even outraged. She had shot her last bolt, and with no avail; she had heard of Genoese pride, but this—well!

'I will not inconvenience you further, Signora Marchesa,' said she haughtily. 'I have performed the duty with which I came charged, which was to tell you that, God be praised, your grandson is well. If you should wish at any time to see his son you have only to let me know. Here is my address.'

She took a card from her gold wrist-bag and laid it on the table.

'Ah! You are staying in Genoa?'

'Yes.' Then quietly: 'I had chosen to be near the relatives of my husband. But'—

'Well, well, I will let you know,' interrupted the old lady hurriedly, still without rising.

She had stretched out her hand to touch the hand-bell beside her, when the cracked one at the bottom of the pergola sounded again sharply, and they heard old Gian Battista, with much more than his usual alacrity, shuffling across the hall to answer it.

Truth to tell, he had been at the open window in the room of the Marchesa's maid overhead, trying to catch some echo of the conversation, and he had seen the unwonted figure of a bedizened foster-nurse with an infant in her arms hastily approaching down the lonely lane.

It was she who had rung that bell so impatiently; there was something in it.

But before he could bring the frightened message which he received into the *salone*, the door of it was hastily opened by the tall lady, who had her head in the air. She was angry, it seemed, for her eyes flashed; but at sight of the nurse and child she gave a cry and snatched at a letter in the woman's hand.

'For the love of Heaven, do not read it—you!' wailed the nurse with the kindly stupidity of her class. 'Let some one else read it, *signora*. It is bad news, believe me.'

The young wife had staggered blindly back into the room; her face was ashen; her hands shook so that she could not have opened the letter if she would.

But the old lady was on her feet. All her coldness had vanished; her eyes were anxious, but—yes!—full of sympathy. She crossed to the other side of the table, pushed Gigio's wife peremptorily into her chair, and took the letter from her. 'I will read it,' she said with authority.

There was an awful instant's silence; only an instant, for the letter was not long. Three fateful words—no more; but, oh God! enough to put out the sun.

The old lady laid her gnarled hand on the crisp golden-red hair, perhaps unconsciously. 'My child, it is the moment now for your courage. You said it; we both said it! We would not have withheld him from his country, and his country has required his life of him. The will of God be done!'

'It is not true! It can't be true!' stammered the girl. 'Ah, no! I cannot bear it!'

'Hush!' said the grandmother sternly. 'You will *have* to bear it, like all other wives! Come! Remember *him*; do not disgrace him!'

The poor young thing started as if stung. 'I disgrace him! Oh God, help me! not that!'

The nurse was in the doorway. 'I brought the boy,' whispered she. 'I thought perhaps'—

'You did well! Give him to me,' said the old lady.

And so it came to pass that the grandmother took in her arms the 'sprig of the old tree,' and kissed him, and forgot that he had Austrian blood in his veins. She kissed him and laid him in his mother's lap. The babe stirred in his sleep and whimpered, and then the healing tears fell, as the poor girl strained him to her beating heart.

'Yes, weep, my daughter!' said the old woman, tenderly enough, although her own old eyes were dry. 'God sends His tears lest our hearts break. Ah! have I not passed this way too? Do I not know?'

Impulsively the girl seized the old hand and laid it on the babe's head. 'Bless him!' faltered she.

If anything more was needed, this was it.

For the first time the old voice broke, as the head of the Casamarina blessed her great-grandson.

There was a long, deep silence, broken only by a noisy sob now and then from the nurse; the wife's tears flowed too painfully for sound.

Then a wonderful thing happened. There was a sudden faint distant sound. No one heard it but the old lady; no one could have recognised it but she, so it was natural that it should fall unheeded on other ears. But *she* knew it; it was the groaning of the old hinges in the little door that opened on to the sea-road beyond the garden. The door had been opened from the outside!

The Marchesa had not had the key replaced since her grandson had pocketed it in his hurried departure; it had not mattered, when there was no one left to come in and out.

Who had opened the door?

She made three steps to the window. It was not night now, as it had been when she had given the lad her last sorrowful blessing; the sun had but just set; the crimson glow touched the plumed heads of the cypresses; it lit another plume—the plume of a Bersagliere's hat; and it lit a face beneath it—bronzed and thin, but beaming with joy; the face of an officer, limping, but hastening up the garden path.

God of Miracle! It was Gigio!

She stepped out on to the terrace, lifting a warning hand. '*Adagio!*' she called out as the figure advanced. And she turned back to the room.

'Hast thou some more courage left, my daughter? The courage to hope?' she said in a strong voice.

The young wife leapt to her feet, the babe still in her arms; the strong voice was like a prophet's, and she too had now heard the step. Hope? Oh God! if there was hope, let it come quickly!

Then in an instant she knew that she had that courage, for Gigio's strong right hand was in hers, and his kisses on her face.

'Poor little heart!' whispered he. 'The maid told me at the flat in town that there had come bad news of me! I wish I could have spared thee that agony. But it is all past. It is not such bad news—eh?'

He was trying to laugh as he laid his brown face upon her pale one and against the soft cheek of his son; but there were tears in his eyes, though he did not know it.

'How did the thing happen?' asked the old lady with forced calm, and at her voice he held out his left hand to her with a deprecating gesture.

'Forgive me, *nonna mia!*' said he in greeting. 'I had eyes for none but her at first, you see! But how good to think that my wife was here,

with your great courage of experience to help her! I thank you for myself and for her.'

'Do not thank me!' said the old woman significantly. 'Thank God!' And then, resuming her matter-of-fact voice, 'But come, you do not tell us how the thing happened!'

'It was all a mistake. It was another Casamarina, one of my many cousins; I do not even know which.' And again he laughed, the laugh that was so near to tears.

'Thou art wounded; but no matter—it is an honour,' said the grandmother in her cool, even voice.

And at the words the young woman found hers. 'Wounded!'

The soldier laughed again; but this time it was a genuine merry laugh. 'Come! do not let us weep for that! Of course it is an honour; and if it were not for my wound I should not be here. But it is nothing—I shall soon return, I hope. So let us be happy while there is time.'

Closer still was the bronzed face to the white cheek; the black hair mingled with the golden red.

'Gigio!' murmured the young wife.

It was only one word, but it was like the bell of a church ringing in to prayer.

The old lady stepped forward. 'Give me the babe,' said she, taking him.

She made a sign to the nurse, and together they passed out into the garden. She was not wanted, but she was content to leave those two to that prayer. Something was happening that was changing all her preconceived notions, that was changing the world. She did not ask what

it was; she only knew that she was forced to bend her proud head to it.

She walked slowly, carrying the child out on to those arid rocks where she had for so many years taken all her sorrows, and sent them whither her youth's love had gone before her. She had lived a long life, but during the last weeks her youth's love had seemed very near to her—to-night nearer than ever; she had seen it once more as in a mirror. Just as the westering sun, setting in orange and gold behind the purple mountain, lit every little cloud that floated on the blue of the east with a rosy reflection of its glory, making a bed of beauty for the crescent moon, so did she see the passion of her girlhood reflected in the eyes of the 'youth of to-day.'

Gigio had said well; they were not doing so badly, 'the youth of to-day.' The heroes of her own time, beside whose monument she stood, had laid the foundation; but 'the youth of to-day' were finishing the building. Why deny them whatever reward they asked? And what reward so sweet and so worthy as to win the freedom of one's country for wife and for child?

Gigio had said—she found herself once more quoting 'the youth of to-day!'—that perhaps when one had driven the stranger from the last corner of the land one might even feel differently towards him. Perhaps!

Anyhow, the mellowing light of the afterglow fell softly on her as she stood, with 'the sprig of the old tree' in her arms, beside the memorial of her martyrdom and of her glory; and she was content to look to the sun that would rise to-morrow for 'the youth of to-day.'

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

PROSTHETIC APPARATUS FOR THE CRIPPLED IN WAR.

HITHERTO, so far as Great Britain is concerned, the manufacture of artificial limbs has been conducted upon a very limited scale, a result due, no doubt, to the comparatively slender demand for such articles, owing to the elaborate precautions which are observed to ensure the welfare of our workmen. In the United States, on the other hand, this peculiar industry has attained considerable proportions, having been fostered by the reckless disregard of limb which has ever been characteristic of American industry. The outcome is that, at the moment, we are largely dependent upon American ingenuity, knowledge, and craftsmanship to provide adequate substitutes for the limbs which our heroes have lost in battle. The American specialists in this field are generally considered to be the best, and it is significant that even the Germans are copying American methods very

closely. The artificial limb of to-day differs radically from its predecessor of two decades ago. The earlier article was virtually a crude stump, utterly deficient in any mechanical features capable of reproducing the movements of nature. Its present-day representative is a highly ingenious piece of workmanship, with which the patient, after a little experience in accustoming himself to the devices, is able to carry out almost any operation, often with truly marvellous dexterity. The modern artificial limb is often spoken of as 'prosthetic apparatus' (sometimes, though erroneously, as 'prothetic apparatus'), to differentiate it from the primitive makeshift of a few years ago. One of the most remarkable instances of how excellent a substitute it may be has been recorded in a German scientific paper. Some years ago a German mechanic who went to the United States met with an accident which resulted in the loss of the lower portion of both arms and both legs. Five months after the amputations he was fitted

with a remarkable set of prosthetic apparatus which cost about fifty pounds. Within an hour of donning the artificial feet he was able to walk without the aid of a stick, and in less than a week he was strolling about the streets revealing no sign of the contrivances fitted to his legs save that he had a somewhat longer stride than formerly. With the apparatus fitted in place of his amputated hands he can carry out practically any task, being even able to write. The apparatus, while substantially made—it has been in use for eight years—is extremely simple in its design, and the patient himself carries out some of the minor necessary repairs. He is able to climb ladders, to walk long distances, to run, to ride a bicycle, and to dress and undress himself. Just now he is earning a higher wage than ever before. Upon his return to Germany he started in business, but has now been taken in hand by one of the foremost Austrian surgeons to give demonstrations of his dexterity in the use of his wonderful limbs in an Austrian hospital devoted to soldiers crippled in war. He instructs the broken and battered in the use of artificial limbs, and proves by example that the loss of even both legs and arms does not necessarily condemn the patient to permanent incapacity. With the prosthetic apparatus now available it is possible to perform practically any task. Naturally, the more there is left of the original limb the easier it is to make the substitute efficient; but it has been found, from practical experience, that even the loss of both arms by amputation at the shoulder does not condemn the patient to utter helplessness, because of the power and adaptability developed by the shoulders. Several American firms, realising the demand for artificial limbs, which is rapidly attaining imposing proportions, have despatched specialists in this novel profession to these islands. The expert fashioning of prosthetic apparatus demands years of experience and unremitting attention to minute details, and it is interesting to learn that the majority of the American masters in this craft are themselves minus a limb. They are probably better able than a workman sound in every limb to appreciate the needs of a mutilated comrade, and to translate their sympathy into the practical shape of providing a comfortable and well-fitting substitute.

AN AIR-BED FOR THE FIELD.

In order to maintain that physical soundness which is imperative upon the battlefield, comfort in sleeping at night is vital. Perfect relaxation of the limbs is essential, as well as protection against cold and damp. Many attempts to achieve these highly desired ends have been made with air-beds, which are inflated as required; but the majority of these extemporised pneumatic couches suffer from the serious disadvantage of being too bulky and cumbersome

for use upon active service. An improved contrivance of this character, which appears to fulfil every requirement, has recently appeared upon the market. It consists of a mattress and bolster made in one piece, which, when rolled up in its deflated condition, has an over-all length of eighteen inches, with a diameter of four inches, and thus, being light in weight, is easy to carry. It is readily inflated by the mouth; and, because of the material employed in its manufacture, a ground sheet is not required. In its inflated condition it offers a raised pillow for the head, while the mat is sufficiently long to receive the body down to the knees. Owing to its small dimensions it can be used practically anywhere—in the trench, in a dugout, or in camp; and as it can be packed into such small space, it is no obstruction during the day. Mouth inflation imparts sufficient resiliency to the couch to afford the body all the rest and comfort needed, the result being that the sleeper does not suffer from cramp or stiffness, while damp is completely avoided. The soldier, upon waking, is fresh and fit for instant duty. This novel air-bed is the invention of a well-known engineer whose profession has taken him into remote corners of the world where he had to depend entirely upon his own individual efforts and ingenuity. He has used one of these beds continuously for three years, which affords adequate testimony to its value.

RADIO-ACTIVE ORES AND PLANT-LIFE.

During the year 1914 a series of interesting experiments to determine the effects of radio-active ores and residues on plant-life was carried out by Mr Martin H. F. Sutton, F.L.S., the results of which were described briefly in 'The Month' (May 1915). Although it was not possible to arrive at any final conclusions from these experiments, the subject was sufficiently important to induce Mr Sutton to resume his investigations on a much more extensive scale during the year 1915, and the results of these have recently been communicated. During the 1915 trials experiments were made with nine radio-active materials, as compared with only three during the previous year. Moreover, the forms of plant-life experimented upon were of greater variety, and consisted of fruit, roots, foliage, and bulbs. They included tomatoes, potatoes, radishes, lettuces, onions, carrots, vegetable-marrows, and spinach-beets. For purposes of comparison, the trial plots fertilised by radio-active ores were ranged beside other plots in which ordinary fertilisers were employed—farmyard manure, artificial fertiliser, coal dust, and chemical mixture. Mr Sutton has set forth the results of his investigations in a comprehensive yet succinctly written bulletin, which sheds considerable light upon a subject which is a matter of keen controversy in agricultural circles. A perusal of this report

will serve to establish the incontrovertible fact that the fertilising properties of radium, if not mythical, are certainly considerably exaggerated. Indeed, the trials not only proved to the hilt that radium cannot assist the farmer in any way, but that now, as ever, farmyard manure and complete artificial fertilisers are far more useful than one is apt to imagine. The radio-plant-stimulating enthusiasts may perhaps be disposed to dissent from the results achieved by Mr Sutton; but the facts which he has collected as a result of patient investigations and trial cannot be gainsaid. They serve to establish the conclusions of Dr Cyril Hopkins, who carried out similar experiments at the agricultural experimental station attached to the University of Illinois, U.S.A., and who reported results quite as barren as those recorded by his British contemporary. There was one factor, it should be noted, for which Mr Sutton was careful to allow—namely, the susceptibility of the ores from which radium is extracted to ‘contamination’ by other chemicals or agents, such as arsenic and copper sulphide, which in themselves are inimical to plant-life, and which might possibly nullify all the hypothetical benefits bestowed by the radium itself. Although negative results have been achieved so far, the influence of radioactive ores upon plant-life offers a quest which should be pursued even if the ultimate issue is only of scientific value. In this manner it may be possible to strangle very effectively one manifestation of quackery, as applied to horticulture, much in evidence at the present moment.

COAL HAULAGE BY ELECTRIC TRACTION.

While the electrical operation of passenger trains has undergone tardy and belated adoption in these islands, the haulage of freight trains by electricity has up to now been ignored completely, even in the congested industrial centres and on the coalfields. The North-Eastern Railway Company, however, is proving the pioneer in this direction, as it did in the provision of electrically propelled passenger trains to compete with the electric tramways. The first section to be adapted to this system of goods haulage is that between Shildon and Newport, a distance of eighteen miles. The overhead conductor has been adopted, the three-phase alternating current supplied at one thousand five hundred volts being converted into direct current and ‘stepped down’ to the working pressure of the line at the sub-stations. The locomotives weigh seventy-four tons, are equipped with four motors giving an aggregate output of two hundred and seventy-five horse-power, and are capable of exerting a tractive effort of twenty-eight thousand pounds at the tread of the wheels when starting under normal conditions. Each locomotive is designed to haul a train weighing one thousand four hundred tons at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour upon the level, and to start a train of this weight upon a gradient of

one in three hundred. The electrical operation of trains, both passenger and freight, is capable of considerable development in these islands, especially in territories like those on the north-east coast. In such districts the power should be obtainable at a low figure from electric generating centres erected where cheap fuel is obtainable in unlimited quantities. It is the cost of power which constitutes the governing factor. Doubtless many decades will pass before the whole of the British railway systems are converted wholly from steam to electric operation; but it will be brought within the sphere of practicability as we appreciate the advantages accruing from the installation of enormous electric generating stations in the heart of the coalfields, transmitting far and wide the power thus obtained by overhead conductors such as are to be found in the districts contiguous to the Falls of Niagara.

COPING WITH THE PETROL FAMINE.

One of the most disturbing factors in the commercial world at the present time is the petrol famine. In many quarters the existing situation is considered to be merely temporary, and to be directly attributable to the war. But this is far from being the case. As a matter of fact, the world's supplies of petrol are decreasing at an alarming rate, and if the present consumption should be maintained and further developments of its use should continue at the pace which has recently prevailed, this volatile petroleum fuel will virtually become exhausted, at all events for ordinary commercial purposes. In these islands the average price of over three shillings per gallon has been reached; while even in the United States, which produces more petrol than any other country, it is rapidly rising to a corresponding figure. The oil-producing companies are spending vast sums of money in defraying the cost of elaborate experiments, and are laying down plant to effect the extraction of the last drop of the volatile spirit from the prime product. It is the increasing cost of extracting the fuel, coupled with the difficulties of the process, which is responsible for its high price. The specific gravity of what we generically describe as petrol has been steadily rising for some years, the spirit which is at present known under this name, and the gravity of which has risen to .750, corresponding with the paraffin of twelve years ago. The situation can be met only by the utilisation of other volatile fuels, such as benzol from coal, and alcohol, which can be produced in vast quantities at a nominal figure. Doubtless alcohol would have been placed upon the market long since had an effective denaturant been discovered. However, there is every indication that alcohol will come to be regarded as the volatile fuel of the future. The alternative is in the hands of the engineer. If he can produce an apparatus which will volatilise the heavier oil as easily and as effectively as the present carburetter volatilises

petrol, the difficulty will be completely overcome, but such an invention will revolutionise the high-speed internal combustion engine altogether. This has long since been brought to a point of perfection beyond which, at the moment, it appears to be impossible to proceed. If the manufacture of alcohol for industrial purposes receives official sanction, the vogue of the petrol motor is assured. But should the engineer solve what at present appears to be a hopeless problem, a far-reaching revolution will be wrought. The motor itself will undergo such a remarkable transition as to convert the automobile engine of to-day into a curiosity comparable with the mail-coach of a hundred years ago. The engineer recognises the baffling complexities attending his quest, but it is a line of research which is being actively pursued in all countries where the gravity of the present situation is fully appreciated.

IS THUNDER HEARD AT SEA?

The audibility of thunder at sea, a question which has so far baffled scientific inquiry, was the subject of a prolonged and interesting discussion at a meeting of one of the scientific societies a few months ago. It was pointed out by several learned men that frequently the most vivid lightning discharges at sea have failed to be accompanied by the slightest sound of thunder. Others argued that thunder is just as characteristically attendant upon lightning-flashes at sea as upon land, but that the sound escapes detection because it is drowned by the noises produced on the ship herself. In order to provide authoritative data in this connection, the commander of the *Carnegie*, the ship built especially for the Carnegie Department of Terrestrial Magnetism, was instructed to study the conditions attending thunderstorms at sea during his voyage down the Pacific from Alaska to New Zealand. The journey occupied ninety-one days, and during this period twenty-two storms involving lightning discharges were observed. The attendant thunder was heard only upon six occasions, and on each it was 'streak' lightning that was observed. The theory that thunder at sea is not heard because of the 'ship's noises' appears to have been disproved, for on several occasions vivid lightning displays were seen, but although the ship's noises were as far as possible eliminated, no thunder whatever was heard. The proximity of land does not appear to affect the issue in any way; in one instance when thunder was heard after a lightning discharge, land was six hundred miles away. During one storm several peals were heard, and from investigation of the intervals between the flashes and the attendant peals, it was discovered that the thunder became inaudible when the disturbance occurred more than five miles from the ship. The subject is considered to be of such scientific interest and importance that investigation will be continued during the

remainder of the present lengthy cruise of the *Carnegie*, by the end of which it is hoped that sufficiently conclusive evidence will be furnished to decide the question.

KILLING TRENCH RATS BY ELECTRICITY.

The soldiers in the trenches upon the battle-fronts are suffering from another pest—rats. These animals have multiplied at such a rapid rate as to render totally inadequate the various plans for their extermination which have been tried hitherto. After testing nearly every feasible scheme, the French soldiers in one section, chagrined at the meagre results achieved, decided to try a most drastic method. This is electrocution. The rat-runs leading to the trenches are excavated slightly to form a narrow trough, and over each are stretched three parallel wires, spaced a few inches apart, and kept charged with electricity at a sufficient potential. The rats, in their stampede across the troughs, foul the wires and are instantly killed. In the section where this simple system is in operation the death-roll is stated to amount to several hundreds weekly. The process is certainly effectual, but unfortunately the necessity of having a supply of the 'juice' conveniently at hand militates against its general adoption.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

PEACE.

Is there no hope when clouds around thee falleth?
No bow of promise circling 'gainst the sky?
Yea, hush thy soul, the tender rain but calleth
The sunlight nigh.

Is there no joy to lift the blight of sorrow,
When leaden hours stretch forth their shadows long?
Lift up thy heart, it cometh with the morrow,
A bird's glad song.

Is there no love to calm the storm of weeping?
Ah! yes, dear one, it leaneth on thy breast.
God gave a child into thy gracious keeping,
And this is rest.

Thus hallowed joy, with hope, shall leave thee never,
Soft hands clasp thine till all of passion cease;
And to thy soul the love of heaven for ever
Shall whisper—peace.

GILBERT RAE.

* * * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the *writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL*.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE THIRD KEEPER.

By ARTHUR O. COOKE.

PART I.

THERE were just two of us that August afternoon within the little lighthouse perched upon the mighty headland of red Devon sandstone jutting out into the sea—the lightkeeper, gray-headed, gray-eyed, middle-aged; and myself, a summer idler taking holiday. With pipe drawing steadily, I sat and watched the keeper while he gave a final polish here and there, touching with a caressing hand the spotless glass, the shining metal, of the splendid lens.

‘You see how sweet she runs,’ he said, with almost reverent admiration in his tone. ‘Just touch her with your little finger—that’s enough to set her going.’

I rose and pressed a finger lightly on the framing, and the great round drum of glass and metal, some two tons in weight, moved noiselessly and smoothly round, floating within its trough of quicksilver.

‘It’s a fine lens,’ the keeper went on musingly, ‘and so’s the Whirlstone too; but there’s no bath of mercury out there as yet; it runs upon steel wheels. This mercury’s the very latest dodge there is.’

‘How long were you upon the Whirlstone, keeper?’ I inquired.

‘Three years as second keeper,’ he replied.

‘Three men are always on a rock light now—not two, as on shore lights? Is that not so?’ I asked.

‘Yes. On a rock lighthouse there are four men in all: three on the rock together, while the fourth—each man in turn—takes four weeks on the shore. Two men were there alone together in past days, until there came a terrible affair. One keeper died, and his poor mate, thinking it might be said there had been foul play, lashed up the body on the gallery, and it hung there for weeks; for it was stormy weather, and the light was long in being relieved.’

‘Yes, it must be much safer to have three upon a rock,’ I hazarded.

The keeper did not answer for a minute, but looked through the open door across the down. ‘Well, yes,’ he said at last; ‘and yet there may come times when one would have been better off without the third.’

‘That so? But why?’

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He looked down at me curiously as I sat smoking in the wooden elbow-chair. ‘I take it, then, you’ve never heard the tale of what took place upon the Whirlstone fifteen years ago,’ he said. ‘Oh, you were off in foreign parts for many years about that time; then that accounts for it. But it was in the papers, and it made a fine to-do, as well it might. It’s well known round this district, though it’s not much spoken of to-day.’

‘What tale?’ I asked.

The keeper gave a last touch to the lens, and then stood back admiring the effect. ‘I think that’s all,’ he said; ‘she’s ready now. Well, the sun’s out again, and we’d be just as well outside.’

He led the way across the turf to the cliff’s edge, whence we could see the brown-sailed trawlers beating seaward from the bay. Then, seated beside me in a sun-warmed nook, well sheltered from the bluster of the north-west wind, he told the tale of the third lighthouse-keeper whom his fellows would so willingly have been without. Here is that story, told, so far as I remember, in the keeper’s very words.

‘His name was Charlie Wilson; my own name you know—Tom Prout; while the third man mixed up in it was William Harding. Yes, it was on the Whirlstone that the job took place. The principal was on his turn ashore. I was the second keeper, Charlie third, and Harding fourth. I was just forty-five, Wilson perhaps ten years younger, while young Harding was a lad—not more than twenty-two.

‘A better chap than Charlie Wilson never lived, quiet and inoffensive as could be. He was a fair-haired, blue-eyed, kind-faced man; the very last man you’d have thought— Well, well! He had been married some eight years, and there were two small children, boy and girl. Things had gone well with him at first. His wife was a nice woman, a fresh country girl from the East Coast, where he had met her when he had a shore post out that way. After a time he was sent to the Whirlstone; it was his first rock station since he was a married man.

‘Well, I don’t say that it was all her fault, poor thing! Coming straight from the country,

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where her husband had been with her for four hours out of eight—coming from the country to a big port town like Wellmouth kind of turned her head. Charlie would be at home with her for one month out of three; then for eight mortal weeks she never saw his face. She felt her loneliness, and got drawn in with women whose men earned big money at the dockyards, and they took her out to music-halls and restaurants, and helped her to spend Charlie's wages at the shops. We soon began to see that Wilson came back from his month ashore upset and worried, and then tales began to get about. Soon it was common talk that the house and children were neglected, while she would be gadding here and there about the town with friends.

'Then Wilson had a talk with our old principal one night while I was in the lantern upon duty, and they two were in the lighthouse kitchen by themselves. Our principal was a real good sort. He advised Charlie to apply to the Board for a remove; to ask for a shore station, if it might be, where he would be more at home.

'The next time Wilson came from shore he was more upset than ever. He had talked to his wife about this plan of moving, and she had refused to go. She was not going to bury herself in some out-of-the-way place, she said; he could go where he liked, but she would stay. She would get a situation—plenty to be had in Wellmouth—and would keep herself.

'That was all nonsense, of course; but still it worried Charlie terribly to think that, from being so miserable and lonely when she was without him, she was now so taken up with her gay friends that she could talk of parting from him if he went elsewhere. Things went on as they were for some time longer. Charlie was off on shore in May; then, in the first few days of June, he came back to the lighthouse, and the principal went home. Charlie and Harding and myself were on the rock.

'Well, I saw from his face that he had found things pretty bad at home. But, different from what was usual with him, he said not a word to me, but went about his work and sat at meals with a queer look, as though his eyes were set on something far away.

'Still, except for his silence, things went just as usual for the first two days from the relief. It was the evening of the third day that the smash occurred, and a fine smash it was. It was enough to last me all my life; when you have heard it you won't wonder that I had no nerve for a rock light again.

'I've told you it was June when all this happened, just at the beginning of the month. Well, the sun sets just then a few minutes past eight. On the third night it was my turn for duty in the lantern during the first watch—the watch from eight o'clock to midnight. A little before eight—a quarter to, maybe—I went up to the lantern to be ready to light up. Harding

had gone down to the set-off, fishing; Wilson was, therefore, in the kitchen all alone. He and I had had supper together; he would lie down for a few hours before coming up at midnight for the middle watch.

'But stop; you've never been inside the Whirlstone? No; you've only seen it from the sea. Well, then, to make things clear, I must describe the place a bit. The lighthouse stands upon a ridge of rock which is above water even at high tide. All round the bottom of the tower runs a ledge, or set-off, built of masonry, and four feet broad, which forms the landing-place. At dead-low water of spring-tides an active man can scramble down on a few yards of rock; but it is difficult. So all the exercise the keepers get outside the lighthouse is upon this set-off or upon the gallery outside the lantern.

'The entrance-door is thirty feet above the set-off, and is reached by ladder-rungs of gun-metal. The folding-doors are gun-metal, and of enormous weight. They open inwards, and, when shut, can be secured not only by bolts at top and bottom, but by heavy arms of gun-metal hinged to the walls inside and falling forward into rings fixed on the inside of the doors.

'From the small space inside the entrance-door a stair leads to the lower oil-store, and there is a second oil-store above that. Then come two store-rooms, one above the other; in the lower one there is a winch for hauling stores up from the steamer's boat. Above the upper store-room is the kitchen; then a sort of sitting-room known as the engineer's apartment. Over that there is the keepers' bedroom, with the lantern at the top of all.

'There is a little window on each staircase-landing, and a door, with glass panes in the upper panels, at the top and foot of nearly every stair. But the stair leading from outside the keepers' bedroom to the lantern is a very steep one, like a ladder, with a trap-door at the top. On that trap-door there is a bolt below, but none above; so a man could be fastened in the lantern, but not out of it.

'Well, Harding, as I said, had gone down to the set-off with his rod and line. There are both bass and pollack off the Whirlstone, and the dusk is a good time to catch the latter fish. Harding was very fond of fishing, and was constantly down there at dusk when not on duty with the light.

'Sunset had come, and I had lit the lamp. As soon as it was burning steadily, the winding-gear going well, and everything in order, I lit my pipe and strolled out on the gallery outside the lantern. It was a lovely evening, clear and bright. I leaned upon the railing and watched Harding fishing, better than a hundred feet below.

'He was having good sport that night. Time after time I saw the glitter of a pollack as he drew it in and took it off the hook. We should

have fish for breakfast the next morning, that was clear. I watched till it had grown quite dark, and I could hardly see him; then I went inside.

'Keepers are not allowed to read while on their watches, for, you see, it might make them forget the winding, or perhaps even go to sleep. They generally busy themselves with some bit of cleaning, and I now took out a rag and set to polishing up the brass ventilator covers in the lantern walls. I can remember that I whistled to myself the while. A lonely four-hours' night watch is all right so long as you have nothing in the way of worry on your mind; but when you've trouble, and brood on it—why, it's very apt to lead to something worse.

'There was a breeze sprung up with sunset, blowing pretty fresh from the south-west. What with a breeze, and the waves breaking on the reef, you cannot hear much else outside the tower; but I did at last hear something like a shout. At first I thought it was my fancy, but when again I heard it I went out.

'There were no boats in sight; only a liner making in for port. I walked all round the gallery, looking down on the set-off; there was no one on it. Harding must have come inside. And then, quite clear, I heard the shout again—just the beginning of it like; the rest went down the wind.

'Had Harding fallen in? It was just possible, but hardly likely. Still, I looked well at the rocks that rose up here and there all round. And then I heard the shout again, louder this time, and, as it seemed, immediately below. I looked once more all round the set-off; then, dim against the tower, at about the height of the top ladder-rung, I saw a fluttering of something white. Looking more closely, I could see the figure of a man, and saw that he waved something in his hand. He saw me looking over, and he shouted once again.

'It was young Harding, standing on the top-most ladder-rung outside the entrance-doors. By why on earth, I wondered, was he standing there, instead of coming in? And then it struck me that the doors were surely shut.

'But who had shut them, and what for? During fine summer weather they were always left wide open night and day. There was but Wilson in the tower with me; somehow that thought gave me a nasty jar. Why should he shut them? He was not the man to play a silly joke, especially just now. Nor would he do so out of any spite. Though there was no great friendship between him and Harding, who, as I have said, was a much younger man, yet there was certainly no bad feeling between them. It was a mystery to me, and one I did not like.

'According to strict rule I could not leave the lantern, or at least go farther from it than the gallery, until I was relieved at twelve o'clock.

But I could not leave Harding standing for three hours there; I must go down to Wilson, ask him what was up, and tell him to let Harding in. Perhaps, after all, the doors might not be shut; Harding might possibly have hurt himself. At any rate I must go down.

'I went in to the lantern by the small low doorway, not two yards from which was the trap-door. There, in the trap-door opening, with his shoulders on the level of the lantern floor, was Wilson, on the point of coming in.

'My God! one look at him was quite enough for me. Though I had never seen a madman in my life before that moment, I well knew that I was looking at one then. It was his eyes! Don't ask me what they looked like; sometimes, when I am by myself and quiet, I can see them still.

'In his right hand he held a narrow-bladed and sharp-pointed knife, one of those used by shoemakers. There had been no such knife upon the lighthouse, and he must have brought it back with him from shore.

'Two seconds more and he would have been inside the lantern. But there are times upon a lighthouse when one has to do a lot in two short seconds, and I did it then. If he were once inside it was all over with me, and most likely with poor Harding too. Wilson was quite as tall and strong as I was; he was younger, armed, and would have all a madman's strength.

'I just took one step forward and let fly my right foot full into his face. Even as I let out I hated myself, but you'll agree that there was no time to be nice about it. My boot-toe caught him fairly on the jaw and sent him backward, but not down the ladder—his left hand still clutched the edge of the square opening in the floor. I stamped upon his hand with all my might, the while I pulled the trap-door downwards from the wall. His hand gave way at last; I banged the door down, and then stood on it.

'I am a pretty well-built man, and was much stouter then than now; and yet his shoulders made that door dance up and down—so strong he was. But he could not force it open long enough to get his hand inside; so, for the moment, I was safe.

'But for how long? As I have told you, there was no bolt upon my side of the door. I must stand where I was or let the madman in. Put something heavy on it? What? There was one chair up there; that wouldn't be much good. Nor was the writing-desk, at which we sat to fill in the log every watch, much heavier.

'I looked round the lantern in despair. There was nothing which was both heavy and movable. There was the metal container holding the two days' supply of oil, and connected with it by a small brass pipe was the similar container in which was the compressed air which forced the oil up to the lamp. Both these were

very heavy; but, even had I made up my mind to use them, both were fixed down firmly to the floor. No, I must just keep where I was till I thought out some other plan.

'Just then the gong connected with the machinery by which the lens is kept revolving struck; it was a warning to the keeper to wind up the weight. Well, that was a call of duty I could still obey. The handle of the winch hung ready in its place, easily reached from where I stood on the trap-door. So I began to wind.

'Seemingly Wilson had been standing all this while—which indeed was not very long—upon the stair below. As soon as he heard the winch at work he tried again to force the door, battering it with his shoulders, even with his head. But I kept squarely on it; and, although it bounced and shook and trembled, yet it did not yield. I did not greatly fear its breaking, for they put good stuff in lighthouse-work. And, while I made the full three hundred revolutions of the winch, a notion came to me.

'At intervals all round the lantern, just below the upper portion of the walls, which is, of course, of glass, there are placed oblong ventilators to let in air during stormy weather when the door that opens on the gallery must be kept shut. I had thought, by the way, of that door; it was of gun-metal and a great weight. Could I have got it off its hinges I should have been right; but that was quite impossible.

'But to go back to the ventilators. Three of them were within my reach as I stood on the door. They opened and closed by means of brass sliding covers, and these covers moved in brass frames which could be unscrewed from the wall when they required a thorough cleaning. Each frame was held by four screws. If I could get these twelve screws and screw them through the trap-door and its framing, they might hold, and I should be comparatively safe; just safe enough at any rate to go again on to the gallery, communicate with Harding, and perhaps make some signal to a passing ship or to the shore for help.

'But I hadn't got the screws yet. However, that was soon done, for the screwdriver was in

a cupboard in the wall a yard away. I got it out, and soon had drawn one screw.

'As bad luck had it, all of them were little better than an inch in length. If screwed straight down they would not reach the ledge on which the trap-door rested; but I might perhaps screw them obliquely into the side-framing. At all events I meant to try.

'But I had neither nail-passer nor bradawl handy. Happily I had my knife. The job took me two hours, and each time the gong struck I left off to wind the weight; it was slow work making a hole for each screw with the knife-blade. But it was done at last, and was, so far as I could judge, a decent job. The proof of that would be when Wilson made his next attack upon the door. He had been quiet now for some two hours and more; whether he still stood on the stair below me or had gone into some other portion of the tower I was wholly ignorant. I took the chair and sat on the trap-door awaiting him.

'While I sat there I wrote a note to Harding, telling him that Wilson had gone mad, and that I thought we could do nothing until daylight; we must just hold on. This note I twisted round a little piece of metal taken from the tool-box, and then wrapped the metal in my handkerchief, making it less likely to bound off the set-off with the fall. Then, going on to the gallery, I managed to attract Harding's attention by striking a match, and dropped my message down. I could not get an answer, for there was not, as there sometimes was, a fishing-line upon the gallery by which I might have hauled up a reply.

'Then I went back and sat upon my chair to think. I was sorry for Harding, who for three mortal hours had been quite in ignorance of what was happening, and only knew that something had gone wrong. But somehow for his actual safety I had not much fear. I knew that madmen often turned against their greatest friends; and, of his fellow-keepers, I was certainly best chum in Wilson's eyes. It was, I guessed, on me that his mad sudden hate had turned; he had shut out Harding on the set-off to be free to deal with me.

(Continued on page 583.)

T O B R U K.*

By T. W. EYRE, Royal College, Mauritius.

WE descended upon Tobruk as if dropped from the skies. Our party consisted of the captain, officers, and Chinese crew of the s.s. *Helmsmuir*, together with myself, the only passenger, not one of whom until the previous

day had ever heard of Tobruk. 'Sweet are the uses of adversity;' and if the *Helmsmuir* had not been shelled and sunk by an enemy submarine, and we ourselves brought on to Tobruk by an Italian armed yacht, we should probably never have heard of the place unto this day. Tobruk itself we might, perhaps, have been content to miss; but to experience the

* Tobruk is an Italian naval base in eastern Tripolitania, about one hundred miles from Solum, on the western frontier of Egypt.

courteous hospitality of Italian naval officers it is almost worth while to be submarined.

We landed at about eight-thirty P.M. at a small jetty, and saw nothing of Tobruk that evening except the harbour lights and the dim outline of the houses clustered about the summit of the low cliff that faces the quay. Our arrival had been heralded by wireless, and a large and interested crowd pressed about us as we made our way along the little pier to the shore. Here two large motor-lorries awaited us; we took our seats, and were whirled away to the naval mess, shouting 'Tipperary,' in lusty chorus, to the wondering amusement of our Italian audience. We were most hospitably welcomed by the officers of the mess; and the note struck that evening was sustained with the utmost kindness throughout our long enforced stay of four weeks' duration.

Our skipper, the chief engineer, and myself were housed in the officers' quarters near the mess, the rest of the late *Helmismuir's* officers in hospital buildings about a mile away; and the Chinese crew found rougher but quite comfortable accommodation in the naval barracks.

Next morning we were all up early for our first view of Tobruk by daylight. The day at Tobruk officially begins at eight o'clock with the hoisting of the Italian flag on the flagstaff near the mess. A guard of bluejackets marches up under the command of a petty officer, a bugle blows, and up goes the flag, the guard presenting arms. Similar pomp and circumstance attend the hauling down of the flag at sunset; and we came to look forward to these little ceremonies as breaks in the monotony of the day.

Daylight revealed the naval mess as a low wooden building roofed with galvanised iron, and having a veranda running round three of its sides. It faces a high signal station and the harbour, and consists of the usual anteroom, with dining-room behind, the former containing a piano and the officers' library, well stocked with Italian, French, and even some English novels. On its right are workshops and timber-yards and the town; on its left the officers' quarters, a concrete tennis-court and a skittle-ground, the flagstaff surrounded by a few green shrubs (the object of tender solicitude), and the official dispensary; and, farther away, shut off by a wall and a gate, the military barracks and forage stores—the *parco foragio*. Behind the mess, on the arid sandy plain, the lines of the naval barracks stretch up to a boundary wall, with sentry-guarded gate, beyond which rises the wireless installation; and to the left rear lies the cemetery.

If you walk across the stony, dusty plain past the cemetery and the big cattle-pen beyond, keeping the *parco foragio* with its zealous sentries on your right, you reach a marshy tract covered with coarse hardy scrub resembling heather at first sight, and bordered with 'many a mouldering heap' of the squalid jetsam of

civilisation—broken bottles, empty tins, and dilapidated boots; and here—oh, wonder!—is a pond, which on Tobruk's thirsty plains assumes almost the dignity of a lake. Here, too, a few flowering plants are to be seen; and hither in their hours of leisure sporting bluejackets are wont to resort with shot-guns in keen pursuit of the various small birds that haunt the place. To right and left of the marsh is a battery, and between the two lies the one little beauty-spot of Tobruk. But that I will keep for the last of my sketches.

Animal life in Tobruk presents little to interest the casual observer. Besides the small birds already mentioned, large crows are usually to be seen in the neighbourhood of the barracks and the *macello*, or shambles, on the lookout for anything edible; and their harsh croak startlingly resembles sinister human laughter. Every evening at sunset they used to pass over Tobruk in great troops like homing rooks, whither bound I know not. During our last week at the mess somebody deposited one of these birds—a dejected specimen with clipped wings—in the flagstaff enclosure. It moped sullenly during the day; but at nightfall I observed it making desperate efforts to hop to the top of the low wire fencing that kept it prisoner. It had all my sympathy in the attempt. I noticed also two varieties of lizards on the sandy plain, and a long-legged rodent like a dwarf kangaroo. These, with a few beetles of moderate size, and some enormous black ants, were all the wild life to be seen by such an amateur naturalist as myself.

The domestic animals included a large number of horses and mules kept for military purposes, and cattle for the food-supply of the garrison; and I saw several flocks of goats herded by picturesque Arabs. Large cats abounded in the military barracks, but sedulously avoided the vicinity of the naval mess. This feline boycott was not arbitrary, but based on the presence of a formidable pack of miscellaneous mongrels of every shape and size, maintained as watch-dogs to guard the naval barracks against night attacks. As the dogs fraternised with all sailors, they at once recognised the status of the *Helmismuir's* officers, and formally welcomed them to the mess, and even tolerated me as being one of their party. But against soldiers they waged a truceless war; and any Italian Tommy who passed near the naval mess did so at his own risk. The dogs at sight of the hated uniform at once raised the hue and cry, and dashed upon him in a threatening mass; the soldier cursed and swore, hitting and kicking right and left like a madman; and sailors, running to the rescue, would drive off the yelping curs with a volley of stones. This was one of the minor diversions of life at Tobruk. Puppies were naturally in evidence in the naval barracks, and were, of course, made much of by the sailors. I once watched a tall, black-bearded petty officer

patiently training a fat white puppy to sit up; and, when the pup acquitted itself well, it was pleasant to see the big man lift the little dog and lovingly kiss its fat round head.

At the mess we used all to assemble four times daily—for our early breakfast of *café au lait* and rolls at eight-thirty, for *déjeuner* between eleven and twelve, for afternoon tea about four, and for dinner at seven. We were very well 'done,' all things considered. Macaroni, of course, played a large part in our bill of fare, and our vegetables—beans, chillies, tomatoes—came out of tins; but we had fresh beef and fruit almost daily, and the *chianti* and bread were excellent. We had no poultry during our stay, and eggs only twice; for to our table Tobruk contributed nothing beyond an occasional large fish and one small salad raised with infinite care and toil, and exhibited proudly as the triumph of art over reluctant nature. Everything else was imported from Italy, down to the water we drank and the hay for the cattle.

For the first fortnight or so our meals were enlivened by the presence at the dining-room window of Mina, an engaging monkey, the particular pet of one of our hosts. Mina became a general favourite with all our party; and her premature death after one day's illness threw a gloom over the whole mess.

Tobruk's one valuable asset is the harbour, which has made it an important naval base; and there its natural advantages begin and end. All the building materials for the town and the barracks had to be imported, for Tobruk's coast is rich in sand and stone alone. Besides its fine harbour and quay furnished with several small jetties, Tobruk possesses a mosque, whose white tower dominates the town and quite eclipses the Catholic church, a few fancy shops and grocery stores, several taverns, a hotel, a cinematograph theatre, the officers' club, the courthouse, Civil Status Office, and other buildings of the civil Government, and the barracks for the soldiers and sailors of the garrison. Tobruk, when I was there, contained over three thousand men and about a dozen women, all told, some six being the wives or daughters of the Italian shopkeepers, and the rest native women from the Arab camp, which lies within the walls, but outside the town. For Tobruk stands on a peninsula, across the neck of which runs a high wall, loopholed for rifles, and furnished with parapets and lookout posts. You enter and leave the town by two gates, guarded night and day by armed sentries; and no one can come or go without a pass. Outside the walls at some six or seven miles distance runs a line of forts and outposts with high lookout stations commanding a wide expanse of desert. At night it is thought dangerous to venture outside the walls; and on the one occasion on which I walked out to visit a fort about six miles away I was escorted by two armed sailors, although

we started at two-thirty P.M. and returned before sunset.

The fort was interesting. It had a battery of Seventy-fives, and also some lighter guns and a Maxim; but its walls of sandbags and earth would have been useless against modern artillery, which happily it has not hitherto had to face. The soldiers were much interested to see an Englishman in the fort, and eagerly crowded about me. The lieutenant in command was summoned; but as he spoke no English, and replied to my '*Parlez-vous français, monsieur?*' by the single word '*Poco!*' our conversation ended where it began. However, with his permission, I ascended the lookout post, a wooden erection about a hundred feet high, whence I had a good view of Tobruk and the harbour, with its lighthouse and two batteries on one side, and of an outlying post and the desert on the other. On my return to *terra firma* I met a gunner who spoke English fluently and well, and who showed me everything worth seeing in the fort in the most obliging manner. Such politeness was the rule in Tobruk with all the inhabitants, sailors, soldiers, and civilians alike. I will quote some instances of this pleasing trait of Italian character, and, as in duty bound, will begin with the officers of the naval mess.

Captain the Marquis Giulio Santasilia gave us on at least three different occasions a package of one thousand cigarettes, supplied afternoon tea for us daily at his own expense, and very frequently treated us to *asti spumante* and to liqueurs with our coffee after breakfast or dinner; and on Christmas Eve the naval officers provided us with a Christmas-tree. This in itself was a *tour de force*, for there are no trees of any kind in Tobruk, which produces nothing bigger than a little scanty scrub; but, undaunted by this natural deficiency, our kind hosts proceeded to make the tree first and to decorate it afterwards. The *modus operandi* was as follows: a broom-handle was planted upright in a pot of sand, and to this pole bunches of the scrub aforesaid were attached with most realistic effect. The product of these labours looked every inch a fir-tree; and when it was hung with presents and lit up with electric lamps the result was what the French call *féerique*, and delighted all beholders. The gifts were varied, and adapted to the needs of the recipients. For instance, our skipper received a silver cigarette-case, as his own had gone down in the *Helmismuir*; one of his officers was given a wrist-watch to replace the one he had lost; and a razor and a stick of shaving-soap fell to my share—a most appropriate present, as I had contemplated growing a beard in default of the necessary shaving-tackle.

The skipper and myself were also invited by the colonel commandant to dine at the officers' club, the finest building in Tobruk, possessing the only billiard-table in the colony, and a flat roof that must have afforded a pleasant

lounge on summer nights. Here we had an excellent dinner, and good music afterwards, two officers playing operatic selections on piano and violin. Captain Como, too, invited us to breakfast on board the armed yacht *Mizurata*, where he entertained us most hospitably.

As an instance of the same kindly spirit amongst the townsfolk, I may mention that the proprietor of a store and picture-house, Signor Nicola Spino, several times gave us afternoon tea, and also refused payment for a handkerchief I wished to buy, compelling me to accept it as a gift. Again, an Arab seller of hot chestnuts insisted on filling my pockets with his wares, free, gratis, and for nothing; and those sailors and soldiers who could speak English were always ready to enter into conversation with us victims of German piracy, to show us all the lions of the place, and to assist us in our bargaining at the stores. Most of these men had learnt their English, like the barber, in the United States, and hence spoke with a strong American accent.

One of the naval officers rode a good deal, and was often accompanied by our skipper on a borrowed mount. They saw a fox one day in the course of their ride, whereon the Italian expressed a wish for a gun to shoot it; so perhaps fox-shooting should be included among local sports. Even with this concession, to say that Tobruk is deadly dull vastly understates the case; it is the very abomination of desolation, like nothing on earth that I have seen except Pointe des Galets, in Réunion—a mere expanse of sandy, stony desert, with no sign of vegetation save about the two marshes that lie on either side of the town, and serve as mosquito-beds in summer. Still, I saw nothing but cheery good temper on the faces of the sailors.

Men who can enjoy life at Tobruk must indeed be disciples of Mark Tapley. And yet we English saw the place in the best possible conditions; for it was winter-time, and the climate was delightfully fine and bright—it rained for one day only out of the four weeks we spent there; there were no mosquitoes, or sand-storms, or oppressive heat; and the Italians did all in their power to make our stay pleasant by their extraordinary kindness and courtesy.

Our ship's officers played several games of football against a Tobruk military team; and very good and closely contested games they were, if rather rough at times. The *Helmsmuir* team was usually a man or two short, but our complement was made up by sailors from the naval barracks. I must add that the home team always provided refreshments for the English players after the game—unlimited coffee, vermouth, cakes, and cigarettes—and fraternised with them in the most genial manner. Mandolines were produced, songs sung, and our skipper had usually to oblige the company with 'Tipperary' by special request, every one joining heartily in the chorus.

When not playing football, tennis, or skittles, the *Helmsmuir's* officers amused themselves by boat-sailing, reading novels, playing cards, chess, or draughts, and by strumming on the piano; and the sea-lawyers of the party engaged in endless arguments. But being for the most part men of action, unused to protracted leisure and with few personal resources, they found time hang heavy on their hands; and the belief that we were always to leave Tobruk 'next week' made us all restless and unsettled. We daily received a little news from the outer world by wireless, but it was usually confined to details of 'our war,' as the Italians emphatically term the struggle against Austria, their secular enemy, and told us little of what the British troops were doing. I walked a good deal; but sailors are rarely good walkers, and I did most of my exploring alone.

While we were at Tobruk an Italian soldier was badly wounded by an Arab, who fired point-blank at him at short range; and when the poor fellow died, after lingering for a day or two in hospital, we English thought it right to attend the funeral, which proved strikingly different from such ceremonies at home. It was badly stage-managed. A shockingly tawdry hearse had been provided by the dead man's friends, but the colonel of the regiment declined to allow it to be used; and a very long wait ensued while an Italian flag was being hunted out from the hospital to place over the coffin, which was finally carried to the cemetery on a bier by soldiers. There was no formal marching off of troops; all the assistants went as they pleased in no sort of order, except that the senior officers, naval and military, walked next to the bier. The priest, a burly, bearded man in spectacles, was strangely unimpressive, and sprinkled the water and swung the censer and mumbled his prayers as if eager to get through an irksome task. There was no firing-party and no 'last post;' and the best part of the ceremony, to my mind, was the funeral oration spoken by a young officer, the captain of the dead man's company. He was an Italian of the handsome classical type, with wax-like complexion and jet-black hair; and, standing bare-headed beside the grave, he spoke without the least hesitation or apparent self-consciousness, very fluently, and yet so clearly that I could understand a good deal of what he said. His speech was full of ardent patriotism and of that desire for national expansion and aggrandisement that seems to fill every nation but our own. He spoke with lively action; and at the close he clicked his heels together as he saluted, and then quietly joined a group of officers with the easiest and most natural air imaginable. The Italians possess the secret of doing such things gracefully and well.

The trial of the Arab responsible for this death was typical of Italian colonial methods. The court, presided over by the Marquis Santasilia,

sat from eight till past two without a break, for by Italian law a court-martial must conclude its business at one sitting, and no adjournment is allowed for any reason, not even for lunch; and when the prisoner was acquitted on the charge of murder he was obviously very grateful and a good deal surprised. He prostrated himself before the president and fervently kissed his hands, calling Allah to witness the justice of the court in acquitting an innocent man. Whether the Arab was really so innocent as he made out I am not quite sure; but at least he received a fair trial, and was very leniently dealt with.

This conciliatory treatment, well exemplified in the building of the Tobruk mosque as a bid for Mohammedan sympathy, is part of the Italian colonial policy, and must in time triumph over the hostility and suspicion of the native tribes.

I heard another example of Italian forbearance from the master-gunner of the battery that defends the harbour-mouth. He told me that one day he noticed a band of armed natives on the opposite side of the harbour, evidently reconnoitring the ground; and that he at once telephoned to his superior officer asking if he should not open fire on them. In reply he was

told not to fire unless they first began hostilities; and so, after completing their reconnaissance, the Arabs were allowed to retire unharmed.

This policy is probably the right one in existing circumstances; but whether the lenient Italian code should be applied *en bloc* to barbarians is more doubtful. When convicted of stealing a goat, for example, it merely puzzles an Arab to escape punishment as a first offender, even after admitting his guilt. Capital punishment, too, as unrecognised by the penal code of Italy, cannot be applied in Tripolitania. Such immunities for the uncivilised natives were condemned as legal blunders by officers who spoke to me on the subject.

I have kept the *bonne-bouche* to the last.

Between the two batteries, beyond the coarse vegetation of the marsh, lies the beauty-spot of Tobruk, a place of haunting charm, to which I walked almost daily with ever new delight. Imagine a beach most 'excellently white,' on which the clearest sea always breaks in creaming ripples; overhead a bright sun in a blue sky; and on the shore side, shutting out all the arid ugliness of Tobruk, a quaint little range of snow-white sandhills like tiny Alps sloping to the sea.

I will end my sketches of Tobruk with that pretty picture.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

A REALISTIC STORY OF THE INNER LIFE OF THE ROYAL NAVY.

By TAFFRAIL, Author of *The Bad Hat*, *The Decoy*, *An Eye for an Eye*, &c.

CHAPTER IX.—THE CLOUD.

I.

[The reader is cautioned against accepting this story as an official narrative of the great war. The incidents described have actually happened; but, for obvious reasons, it has been necessary to give them fictitious colouring.]

IT all happened very suddenly. The fleet had been reviewed by his Majesty the King at Spithead in the middle of July, and after this certain exercises were carried out in lieu of the usual summer manoeuvres. They did not last very long, however, for on Friday, 24th July, the *Belligerent* arrived at her home port to effect some necessary repairs, and, incidentally, to give four days' leave to her men; so the next morning half the ship's company, including Pincher, left for their homes.

Now the Martin family, being country-people, did not worry their heads with newspapers on weekdays. For one thing, the papers cost money and were difficult to get; and, for another, they had little time to read them. Mr Martin usually bought *Reynolds's Weekly* on Sunday; but on that particular Sunday, 26th July, there was nothing in it to give rise to any anxiety. He did notice that there was some sort of trouble between Austria and Serbia; but that could not

possibly affect his weekly wages, and beyond remarking casually to his wife that 'them there Balkan nations is 'oly 'orrsors for gettin' up rows,' he paid no further attention to it.

On the following Tuesday, 28th July, at ten-forty-three A.M. precisely, Pincher left the cottage to buy a packet of cigarettes at the village shop. Albert, his youngest brother, aged five, clutching a penny with which he proposed to purchase two sticks of glutinous but very succulent pink nougat, accompanied him. They were away exactly fourteen minutes, and on their return found Mrs Martin, fresh from her wash-tub and with her arms covered in soapsuds to the elbows, bubbling over with suppressed excitement. She was gazing in a perturbed manner at a telegram; for, to the Martin *ménage*, the arrival of an orange envelope was a matter of some importance. It generally spelt trouble. The last one had arrived over a year before to announce that Mrs Martin's sister had been run over by an omnibus.

'Ullo, ma!' Pincher exclaimed, noticing his parent's agitated condition; 'wot's th' racket?' 'This 'ere's just come,' she said excitedly,

handing the telegram across with very damp fingers. 'For you, it is. You've got to go back to the ship at once!'

'Go back!' he echoed indignantly, taking the offending missive. 'My leaf ain't up till fu'st train ter-morrer mornin'!'

'Ye'd best read it, son,' remarked the lady, wiping her arms on her apron. 'See for yerself.'

Pincher did so. 'Gosh!' he exclaimed with a whistle of surprise, 'there ain't no bloomin' error abart this 'ere.'

There was not. It was addressed to him personally, and was signed, 'Commanding Officer.' 'Leave cancelled,' it said abruptly, almost brutally. 'Rejoin ship immediately.'

'Strewth! Wot's th' buzz, I wonder?' he murmured, very much puzzled, and looking at the back of the paper as if to find the answer to his question there. 'Wot's it mean?'

'That's wot I'm wonderin',' said his mother. 'Wot does it mean? Ye're not in trouble, are yer?' She had a vague suspicion at the back of her mind that Pincher might have absented himself without leave.

'Trouble! Course I ain't. It ain't that. There's somethin' else in th' wind. One o' these 'ere bloomin' war buzzes, I reckons.' He spoke as if wars and rumours of wars were of everyday occurrence.

Mrs Martin seemed rather alarmed. 'War!' she gasped, looking up with a horrified expression. 'Wot d'you mean, Bill? Surely we're not goin' to war?'

'Course we ain't, ma,' he replied, laughing, and patting her consolingly on the shoulder. 'This 'ere don't mean nothin'; only a bit o' a buzz round like. Yer see,' he pointed out with pride, 'we—th' navy, that is—always 'as ter be ready fur these 'ere shows, 'cos if anythin' did 'appen an' we wasn't ready things 'u'd be in a pretty hot mess. S'pose I'd best be makin' a move, though,' he added ruefully. 'Bit orf, I calls it!'

'Goin' now?'

'Fu'st train,' he said, nodding. 'This 'ere telegraph says rejoin immediate. I expect th' ship's goin' ter sea in an 'urry like, an' they wants me back perticular.'

Mrs Martin gazed at her son with motherly pride. She did not like the idea of his leaving so soon; but it was very consoling to think that he was a person of such importance on board the *Belligerent* that the ship could not go to sea without him. He must be a very valuable person, otherwise they would not have telegraphed.

Albert, who had already assimilated half a piece of nougat, and had covered his face with pink stickiness, looked up inquiringly. 'Bill goin'?' he queried fretfully.

'Yes, ducky,' answered his mother. 'Called back to 'is ship. 'E's goin' now.'

The information was too much for Albert. He withdrew the sweetmeat from his mouth,

screwed up his face, and suddenly burst into a howl. 'Ow!' he bellowed; 'Bill's goin' back to 'is ship! Bill's goin' back!' It was a matter of some importance to him, for the presence of his elder brother meant an occasional honorarium of one penny, and one penny meant a plentiful supply of nougat. His little soul delighted in nougat. His mother never gave him pennies.

'Stop yer 'owlin', Albert!' Mrs Martin ordered severely. 'Has if I 'adn't enough to think about without listenin' to yer noise!—Bill,' she went on, glancing at the clock, 'you'd best be off. The Lunnon train stops at the station at eleven-forty-four, same one yer uncle Charles come by yesterday. There's not another till the arternoon. The clock's a bit fast, but it's about quarter-past eleven now, an' the station's a good couple o' miles.'

'Strewth!' muttered Pincher, darting from the room, 'I'll 'ave ter run.' He went to his bedroom, collected his few belongings, and presently reappeared with an oilskin over his shoulder and a small blue bundle in his hand.

Albert, with his mouth wide open, gazed at him tearfully.

'S'long, ma,' Pincher said, putting his arm round his mother's neck and kissing her gently. 'Say good-bye ter farther w'en 'e comes 'ome, an' th' kids w'en they gits back from school.'

'Good-bye, son. Good-luck to yer,' she answered, drawing his head down and embracing him, with the tears in her eyes. 'I do 'ope it's not nothin' serious. Write an' let me know 'ow yer gets on.'

'Right you are, ma.—S'long, Halbert,' he went on cheerfully, bending down and kissing his small brother. 'Be a good boy, now, an' don't git worritin' ma, now I'm goin'.'

The tears streamed down the youngster's cheeks. He began to whimper loudly.

'Be a good boy, I tells yer,' Pincher went on, patting him. 'If ma writes an' tells me you've be'aved yerself I'll send yer another penny nex' week—see? If yer don't, yer won't get no penny—see? Gosh!' he added hastily, 'it's 'igh time I wus orf.' He gave his mother another hurried kiss, and a second later was out of the cottage and racing down the road as fast as his legs would carry him. The shrieks of the inconsolable Albert pursued him.

Mrs Martin watched him till he gave a final wave before disappearing round a bend in the lane, and then returned to admonish her small son. 'Ye're a naughty boy, ye are!' she scolded shrilly. 'If yer don't stop it I'll put yer across my knee an' give yer wot for; straight, I will! Stop it. D'you 'ear wot I say?'

Albert's howls gradually died away into sobs.

Mrs Martin returned to her wash-tub with disinal forebodings in her heart. Telegrams always meant trouble.

II.

'Bless yer 'eart an' soul!' exclaimed Billings, with a loud snort, 'e ain't goin' ter fight. Orl this 'ere racket's only a bit o' bounce like. Same as wot 'e did in that 'ere show in nineteen eleven.' He rammed the tobacco down into his pipe and relit it, with one watchful eye on his companion.

'I presooms ye're talkin' abart that there Meroccer bizness,' said Tubby M'Sweeny, producing a cigarette from the lining of his cap. 'Aggie-dear wus wot they called it.' He seemed rather proud of his superior knowledge.

'Yus, that's it,' Joshua agreed with a nod. 'I knowed it wus Aggie somethin'. But, any-ow, look wot this 'ere Kayser Bill does then! Directly 'e see'd we meant bizness 'e piped down smart, an' sed 'e wus sorry for wot 'e'd done. That's wot 'e'll do this time, I reckons.'

'I dunno so much abart that,' M'Sweeny disagreed. 'Look 'ow them Germans downed France an' done th' dirty on them! I reckons they thinks they kin do the same wi' us—s'welp me, I do.'

'Garn!' jeered the other. 'They've got ter reckon wi' our bloomin' navy, an' it's more'n double as good as theirs. I'm not sayin' they doesn't mean ter fight us later on,' he added, wagging a finger; 'but I says they won't try it on now. 'Sides, they ain't sailors!' To show his contempt he expectorated violently, and with deadly precision, into an adjacent spitkid.

M'Sweeny seemed sceptical. 'Maybe they ain't sailors,' he pointed out solemnly; 'but we ain't see'd nothin' of 'em. We knows nothin' of 'em, either. I've 'eard tell, too, that that there Kayser bloke o' theirs 'as gingered 'em up somethin' crool, an' a navy wot's been gingered up must be on th' top line same as us, mustn't it?'

Joshua shook his head. 'I tell yer they ain't goin' ter fight yet awhile,' he persisted. 'Orl this 'ere racket's only a bit o' bounce. D'you think they doesn't know wot our navy's like? Ain't they bloomin' well scared o' it?' Billings, a staunch and very insular Briton, still held to the belief that his own countrymen were the only really good seamen in the world. Those of other nationalities were either 'Dagoes' or 'niggers,' and which of the two terms was the more opprobrious was rather a moot point.

'An' wot abart our army?' came an irrelevant remark from Pincher, who happened to be listening. 'I knows a bloke wot's in th' Black Watch—lance-corporal 'e is—an' 'e reckons our army's bin properly gingered up an' is properly on th' top line.'

'Th' men is orl right,' said M'Sweeny mournfully, 'an' so is the officers; but we ain't got enuf o' 'em. We ain't got a million men in th' army, nor yet 'arf that number, an' that there Kayser's got millions an' millions!' He

waved a hand vaguely to give some idea of the Teuton hordes.

'But if we goes ter war our army 'as a slap at somethin', I suppose?' Pincher queried.

'Course they does, fat'eard,' Joshua replied with fatherly condescension. 'They goes an' 'elps th' Frenchies ter take Berlin, while we—th' navy, that is—as a desprit battle in th' North Sea, an' wipes th' deck with their bloomin' 'Igh Sea Fleet. The army blokes 'll be at Berlin in a month or six weeks, an' we 'll 'ave done our job in 'arf th' time. W'en we've done it we orl goes 'ome on leaf wi' our medals an' V.C.'s, an' becomes public 'eroes wot saved the country. But you mark my words, the 'ole bloomin' war 'll be over in three months w'en it comes. 'Ow-ever, they ain't goin' ter fight now, so wot's the use o' yarnin' abart it? This 'ere racket's only a spasm like. It don't mean nothin'.'

But M'Sweeny, obviously a pessimist, shook his head. 'I dunno so much,' he answered sadly. 'I've bin 'avin' feelin's in me 'ead that somethin' 's goin' ter 'appen soon, an' me feelin's allus comes true. W'en you wus made a leadin' seaman, Josh, I 'ad a feelin' that you'd be an A.B. agen afore long; an' w'en'—

'Wot! d'yer mean yer 'ad a feelin' abart me?' Billings interrupted, rather annoyed. 'Ow dare yer?'

'I 'as feelin's in me 'ead abart lots o' people,' Tubby reiterated solemnly. 'They allus comes true.'

Joshua lifted up his head and laughed. 'Feelin's in yer 'ead!' he jeered. 'Feelin's in yer stum-mick, more like. It's beer wot's done it, Tubby; an' if it ain't beer, it wus them canteen termarters yer 'ad fur supper larst night!'

'Termarters be damned!' retorted M'Sweeny.

Now this conversation took place during the dinner-hour of Thursday, 30th July, two days after the watch on leave had been hurriedly recalled, and all further shore-going had been cancelled.

Neither Billings, M'Sweeny, nor Pincher—nor, for that matter, any other member of the ship's company—knew exactly how they could become embroiled. They were all painfully aware that there was trouble in Eastern Europe, and that, in some remote sort of way, this trouble transmitted itself to them. But beyond anathematising the 'spasm,' as they called it, on somebody's part which had caused their leave to be stopped, and extra work in the way of coaling and embarking ammunition to be carried out, they regarded the affair as of no more importance than the annual summer manoeuvres. War was utterly unthinkable.

But by this time, if they had only known it, practically the whole of the British fleet was on a war footing, and ready for instant action. The newspapers had remained discreetly silent, and the whereabouts of squadrons, flotillas, and individual ships was unknown to the public.

They had vanished into the air; but, except in isolated cases, every vessel in the navy was already at her war station or on her way there. Dockyards were working night and day. Naval reservists and pensioners were flocking to their depots; retired officers were coming forward in dozens to volunteer their services. Colliers, oil-fuel ships, ammunition ships, and a thousand-and-one other fleet auxiliaries had been chartered, and the Admiralty had taken their 'precautionary measures' so rapidly and so unostentatiously that hardly a soul in the country realised that anything untoward was happening.

The fleet was ready, and well it was for Britain that it was so. Germany, relying perhaps on a surprise attack at some 'selected moment' before an actual declaration of war, and while our fleets and squadrons were still dispersed, had bungled badly. She may not have expected us to join in the war; may have imagined that Britain, fettered with the possibility of complications in Ireland, preferred to keep out of a Continental struggle at all costs. But she had made a grievous mistake, an error which, combined with the wisest forethought on the part of the British Admiralty, made it practically impossible for the trident of Britannia ever to pass into the hands of the Teutonic Michael.

Early the next morning, 31st July, the *Belligerent* left her home port, and steamed to her base in the English Channel to rejoin the rest of the squadron. It was quite a short trip, but it was on the passage that the eyes of the ship's company were opened to the fact that something serious really was in the wind. For one thing, the ammunition for all the six-inch and lighter guns was brought up from the magazines and shell-rooms and distributed to the casemates and batteries; while certain of the weapons were kept constantly manned—what for, exactly, none of the men quite knew. The captain and the commander looked graver than usual; and Chase, the gunnery lieutenant-commander, rather worried, held hurried consultations with the gunner about shell and cartridges, and had a party of armourers constantly at work throughout the day testing and adjusting the mechanism of his weapons.

The commander and the carpenter, too, the latter armed with a large piece of chalk and a note-book, made a solemn peregrination of the ship, decorating various wooden fittings with cabalistic signs as they went. Pincher, who happened to be working on the boat-deck at the time, heard part of their conversation. It rather frightened him.

'All this wood of yours will have to be landed or slung overboard, Mr Chipping,' the senior officer remarked, coming to a halt beside a pile of spars and planks on the boat-deck, and eyeing it with evident disfavour. 'If a shell burst in the middle of this little lot we'd have a bonfire in a couple of seconds.'

Pincher pricked up his ears.

'It's all on charge, sir,' the carpenter answered ruefully, with horrible visions of subsequent discrepancies in his store-books. 'I've got to account for every inch of it.'

The commander laughed. 'You storekeeping officers are born obstructionists, Mr Chipping,' he exclaimed. 'If we go to war your store-books will go to the devil, anyhow, so what on earth does it matter? I'm always greeted with the same remark when I'm trying to make the ship a little less like a bonfire. They're invariably "on charge," dammit!'

'And so they are, sir,' put in the carpenter. 'I have to account for 'em.'

'Can't help that. You'd better send in your bill to the Kaiser. Anyhow, we can't have all this lumber up here; it's a regular death-trap.'

Mr Chipping scratched his grizzled head. 'I'll land all what I can't strike below, sir,' he grudgingly assented at last.

'Yes, see to it at once, please. If this pile of wood catches fire it'll play Old Harry on the upper deck with the twelve-pounders and their ammunition.'

Pincher listened open-mouthed, for it was quite obvious from the way they talked that things were far more serious than Joshua had led him to believe. Moreover, he, Martin, was in full agreement with the commander as to the expediency of removing the pile of wood from the boat-deck. His station in action was at one of the upper-deck twelve-pounder guns, and he had no wish to emulate Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego of the Old Testament in their blazing, fiery furnace.

The carpenter got busy with his chalk, and before long the whole pile of lumber was ornamented with little noughts and crosses. The noughts, Pincher assumed, meant that the articles so marked were to be retained, and the crosses that those bearing this mark were to be thrown overboard or landed; and when, a little later, he had occasion to go on to the upper deck he found many other things decorated with the same mystic signs. Certain of the smaller boats, spare spars, cabin doors, accommodation ladders, gratings, lockers, anything and everything wooden, inflammable, or likely to make splinters, were apparently to go by the board. It gave him furiously to think.

The ship arrived at her base during the afternoon, and Captain Spencer went on board the flagship to report his arrival. He was away for an hour and a half, and came back with what the officer of the watch called 'a face like a sea-boot,' and the information that the situation was very serious. Beyond that he professed to know nothing, but every one noticed that the commander was closeted with him in his cabin for fully three-quarters of an hour on his return from the flagship. Petty Officer Finnigan, moreover, the captain's coxswain and a great friend

of the admiral's cook on board the flagship *Tremendous*, told his messmates with much gusto that the cook had informed him that the admiral's steward had told him (the cook) that war with Germany was only a matter of hours.

We have heard of yarns emanating from ships' cooks generally being treated with derision, but presumably admirals' cooks are above suspicion in this respect, for the news spread rapidly, and the 'Belligerents,' believing it implicitly, were flung into a state of ill-suppressed excitement in consequence. Most of them had never seen a shot fired in anger; but the prospect of war—the awful prospect of the unknown—did not seem to alarm them. On the contrary, officers and men went about their business with light hearts and smiles on their faces, for, as Tickle had once pointed out when referring to the same subject, 'it's a bit thick if we're doomed to fire our guns at a canvas target all our lives.' Most of them longed for a run for their money, and to all appearances they were going to have it. The graver possibilities of war did not intrude themselves upon their minds until long afterwards. They all felt cocksure that they, individually, were not fated to die violent deaths by the enemy's shell, torpedoes, mines, bombs, or by drowning. If any one was to be killed, it was not they. They merely pictured to themselves a short and triumphant struggle, at the conclusion of which—in six months at the very most—they, having sunk the enemy's navy, and with medals on their manly bosoms, would go home on leave, to be hailed as the saviours of their country. Alas for their dreams!

The squadron was in a state of feverish activity. Some ships were taking in final supplies of coal and ammunition, working night and day; while others were landing all their superfluous wooden or inflammable fittings and non-necessary stores. The 'Belligerents' themselves started on the job early the next morning. Such a collection there was! Many tons of paint and varnish; some of the smaller boats; quantities of timber for building targets; wooden accommodation ladders; baulks, spars, and planks; chests of drawers from the officers' cabins, and tin cases and trunks containing their personal effects and more treasured possessions; the midshipmen's and chief petty officers' chests; doors of cabins; gratings; even the wardroom pianola, an instrument which was being paid for on the instalment system, were taken ashore and lodged in a place of security. The work took them a full forty-eight hours.

The *Belligerent*, being a pre-Dreadnought battleship, had to have more done to her to make her ready for battle than a similar vessel of a later class, and Sunday, 2nd August, brought no cessation of labour. If anything, it was a more strenuous day than the previous one, for except for a brief service on the quarterdeck, lasting exactly ten minutes, officers and men

alike were hard at work preparing the ship for war. There was plenty to be done. Extra lifts and tackles were put upon the yards on the foremast to prevent them crashing down from aloft if struck by a shell, the rigging was snaked down with hawsers to stop it flying away if severed, and extra protection, in the shape of tightly rolled-up canvas awnings, thick enough to stop a substantial shell-splinter, was improvised round the bridge and fire-control positions up aloft.

Fire, first-aid, and stretcher parties were told off and organised, and everything was done, beyond the final wetting of decks, to make the ship ready for immediate action, and to lessen the chances of damage to vessel or men through fire or fragments of flying débris almost as dangerous as the shell-splinters themselves.

Surgical bags containing bandages, dressings, splints, and tourniquets were placed ready to hand in all the gun positions in case men were wounded; morphia tabloids were served out to all the officers of quarters for administration to badly injured men; while the fleet surgeon and Cutting, the 'young doctor,' saw to the gruesome implements of their profession, and caused the operating-table to be transferred from the sick-bay to a convenient site behind armour on the lower deck.

Tickle's cabin was next to the 'young doc's' in Rogues' Alley, as it was called; and, happening to go below during the forenoon, he noticed Cutting through the half-drawn curtain busy with a chamois leather and an array of murderous-looking knives, probes, and forceps laid out on his bunk.

'Hallo, Sawbones!' he remarked, putting his head inside; 'I see you've got all your ironmongery out. Think you're going to have something to do, at last—eh?'

'Hallo, Toby! That you? Come inside and have a look. I've an excellent line in cutlery, guaranteed to kill or cure while you wait. What d'you think of that?' He held out a horrible-looking knife with a thin curved blade.

'Ugh!' shuddered Tickle. 'Take the beastly thing away! What d'you do with it?'

'Cut, my dear chap,' the doctor gloated. 'One sharp snick like that'—and he gave the blade a downward jerk, and clicked suggestively with his tongue—'and then we get to work and remove—er—anything you like. Ripping little thing, isn't it?' he laughed. 'This,' the medico continued, laying the knife down and picking up a probe and a pair of forceps, 'is what we use for feeling for a bit of shell inside a chap, and this is what we fish it out with. Quite simply done. Topping little operation to watch.'

'You bloodthirsty little blighter!' Tickle ejaculated.

'Bloodthirsty! Why, it's my job, isn't it? We hardly ever get a chance of doing any decent operations in peace, worse luck!' he added

regretfully. 'Your sailors are so disgustingly healthy; and if they do get really ill and promise to be interesting cases, they're packed straight off to hospital. Sickening, I call it!'

'M'yes, that's true, I suppose,' Tickle agreed, smiling. 'Look here, though, doc; if you ever have to—er—extract a bit of shell or other foreign substance from my anatomy, look out

you don't chuck it away. I want to keep it as a relic.'

Cutting grinned. 'Right-o, Toby; I'll see to it. Now you'd better clear out of here, young fellow, and get on with your work. I'm busy, and I'm sure you ought to be.'

Tickle departed.

(Continued on page 578.)

SOME SENSATIONAL DISAPPEARANCES.

PEOPLE WHO HAVE VANISHED.

By JOHN G. ROWE.

THE mystery still surrounding the disappearance of Mr Joseph Wilberforce Martin, the Memphis (Tennessee) millionaire, recalls the remarkable case of Mr William Robertson Lidderdale, the bank manager of Ilminster, Somerset, who vanished on the eve of his marriage in 1892, and has never been heard of since, although more than one attempt has been made to presume his death in the probate courts. His affairs at the bank were quite in order; he had just completely furnished a house for his bride-to-be, and there was nothing whatever in his private life to suggest that he had gone away of his own accord. An anonymous communication, however, reached his friends, alleging that he had met his death from an accident on board a Miss Vining's yacht, the *Foresight*; and a reward of twenty-five pounds was thereupon offered for an authentic certificate of his decease. The remarkable tale was then told that he had been kidnapped by a wealthy, middle-aged spinster, an American admirer, who had vowed that he should marry no other woman but herself. She owned a yacht, and, so it was said, had contrived to entice him aboard in some way, and had run off with him. This story has been related soberly in our law-courts from time to time, and it is now over twenty years since he thus vanished from human ken, and apparently nothing really authentic has been heard of him.

People disappear every day. Our newspapers have often cases of parents or other relations advertising the disappearance of some member of their family, and concernedly asking for news of the lost one, who is now a boy, now a girl, now a grown-up. One of the most celebrated and heart-rending cases of a child's disappearance was that of little Charlie Ross, in 1874. He was a child of four years of age, and the son of a well-to-do business man of Philadelphia. One day, while he was playing with his elder brother, aged six, near his home, two men offered to take them for a ride in a wagon. It would seem from the elder boy's evidence later that the boys had often seen these men driving by in the wagon, and were in the habit of recognising them by a word or a wave of the hand. On this particular occasion the men sent the elder boy into a shop to buy some

biscuits, and when he came out they had disappeared with his little brother. An anonymous letter reached the heart-broken father stating that the child was all right, and demanding a heavy ransom for him—no less than twenty thousand dollars. Mr Ross advertised, as the letter desired, that he 'would come to terms,' and the Philadelphia police left no stone unturned to find the two men, whose names were eventually discovered to be William Mosher and Joseph Douglas. But the pair could not be traced, nor the little boy recovered, although the father would readily have paid the ransom. Six months afterwards Mr Van Brunt, with his son and men-servants, cornered two armed burglars in the house of his brother, Judge Van Brunt, on Long Island. The burglars and their would-be captors exchanged shots, and one of the former was killed outright and the other mortally wounded. The dying burglar then confessed that his name was Douglas and his dead companion was Mosher, and that they had both kidnapped little Charlie Ross, but that only Mosher knew where the child was. The dead scoundrels were identified by the missing boy's brother, and Mosher's wife was traced, and admitted that Charlie had been placed with an old man and woman, but she did not know them or where they were. The affair created a tremendous sensation even in Britain, and all the papers rang with it; but although within ten days four thousand dollars were offered for any news of little Charlie, his fate is still shrouded in impenetrable mystery. He was never heard of more, notwithstanding that several confederates of Mosher and Douglas were arrested, and one got seven years.

An historic disappearance was that of Mr Benjamin Bathurst, a kinsman of Earl Bathurst, the British Minister for Foreign Affairs in 1809, and a son of the Bishop of Norwich. He was sent in that year to Vienna on an important secret mission, and mysteriously disappeared between Berlin and Hamburg when on his way home with important despatches for the Foreign Office. The story has been related here in an article, 'The Mystery of the Murdered Ambassador' (1911).

Then there is the case of the missing Austrian Archduke Johann Salvator, or, as he is more often referred to, Johann Orth. Over twenty-five years ago he resigned his rank and title, although one of the most popular of the imperial princes, on account of differences with his family about his marriage and other affairs. When thirty-eight years of age, in 1890, he married in London an opera singer named Milly Stubel; and then, accompanied by his wife, sailed in a ship of his own with a cargo of cement to the Argentine. There he discharged the captain and mates, with whom he had quarrelled, and, taking command of the vessel himself, he set sail from Buenos Ayres for Valparaiso. The ship was named the *Santa Marghereta*, and since she left Buenos Ayres no word has ever been received of her, of Orth, his wife, or of a single member of the crew. Ship and all within her simply vanished. It is believed that she sank with all hands in a great storm off Cape Trespuntas. But all manner of rumours became rife: one, that Orth was a farmer in South America; another, that he was a leader of Chilean insurgents; and yet a third, that he was identical with the Japanese general Yamagata. His nephew, the Archduke Joseph Ferdinand, applied in 1910, twenty years after his disappearance, for formal declaration of his death, and the Austrian Imperial Court of Justice decided that should no news be received of him within six months he should be declared dead, so that his property, estimated at between eight hundred thousand and one million pounds, might be distributed.

In 1898 Sir Arthur Curtis, an English baronet, accompanied an expedition in British Columbia under the leadership of Mr Roger Pocock. He disappeared from his companions, and all investigations of the British Columbia police on behalf of the Curtis family for traces of him resulted in nothing save the circulation of sensational stories, such as that he was living as a trapper and hermit in the Ashcroft district, or that he was being held to ransom by a gang of Indians.

A Mr Hedley Green, of Bishop-Stortford, where he was a magistrate and a member of the Board of Guardians and District Council, mysteriously disappeared in 1909 on Dartmoor, and bands of men, mounted and on foot, searched the neighbourhood in vain for him. He had gone to Devonshire on the recommendation of a specialist for a complete rest and change, as he was suffering from overwork, and had left the Dartmoor inn to walk on the moor and search for some rare insects that might be found near the bogs and the river Lyd. From that time nothing has been seen or heard of him, and it is supposed that he stumbled into some bog and was engulfed, like Carver Doone in the famous Devonshire romance of *Lorna Doone*.

Benjamin Davis, a colliery fireman, went down the Fishley Pit, near Walsall, on August Bank Holiday 1903, to perform his round of it as usual.

Two fellow-colliers, a pumper and another fireman, saw him at the bottom of the shaft, but he vanished from that moment. As many as a hundred men searched the pit for over a week, but the only trace of him ever discovered was his jacket near the bottom of the shaft. The Government Inspector of Mines for the district declared that everything was done to find him, and his disappearance was pronounced unparalleled in the history of the Black Country mining enterprise. If my memory serves me rightly, a funeral service was subsequently performed by a clergyman at the pitmouth, in presumption of his death in some unknown way.

The weird case of the crew of the American brig *Marie Celeste* is almost too well known to need mention, and was discussed in these pages in 1904 in an article entitled 'The Case of the *Marie Celeste*,' but readers who have not heard of it may like the facts recapitulated for their benefit. On 4th December 1887 the vessel was sighted in mid-Atlantic by the captain of a ship named the *Highlander*, and she reported 'All well.' Two days later another vessel found her derelict, yet with all sails set and everything apparently in order aboard. She was perfectly seaworthy, the cargo had not shifted, and in the saloon a cold luncheon was set ready for the captain and his wife and child, while in the forecabin was a half-eaten meal. Yet there was no one aboard, dead or alive, although not a boat was missing—all were still hanging at the davits! A small phial of medicine even stood upright on the captain's table, and this must surely have been upset if rough weather had been encountered. On the forecabin-head hung the sailors' weekly washing. She had carried a crew of seventeen hands. There was no blood anywhere, or sign of any struggle; the only suspicious sign found was a deep cut as though made by an axe on the bulwarks. The mystery created a great sensation, and the American Government instructed their consuls everywhere to make diligent inquiries for the missing people; but nothing transpired to elucidate the strange affair until about two years ago, when the *Wide World Magazine* published the story of a man who claimed to have been a seaman on the vessel. His tale was that the captain went mad, and insisted on swimming round the ship in mid-ocean. The wife persuaded two others of the crew to join him in the swim. A loose wooden gangway had been fitted up across the deck, and the rest of the crew, with the wife and her child, were on this, when it tipped over and flung them all into the sea. The narrator of this extraordinary explanation was the only one saved. He stated that another ship picked him up.

In April 1864 a boat left the lonely little island of St Kilda, off the north-west coast of Scotland, beyond the Outer Hebrides, for Stornoway, with a woman and seven men on board, all natives of the island. The weather was

calm. A month later three smacks from London arrived at the island, and one of the smack skippers told the islanders that the boat that had left the month before had been lost near Lewis, with all on board. But when the St Kildans gave way to grief at this news the smacksmen jeered at them, and the story was disbelieved. One of the smacksmen spoke Gaelic—a rather curious thing, it was afterwards thought. The islanders did not take the names of the smacks. Some time after the departure of these three craft, some lads searching for seabirds' eggs at Lewis, the chief island of the Outer Hebrides, found in a cave, hidden under some seaweed and brushwood, a quantity of men's clothing, all blood-stained and torn as if in a scuffle. The garments were St Kildan homespun, and when taken to the island were recognised as belonging to some of those who sailed in the lost boat. The islanders at once believed that the crews of the three smacks were concerned in the mystery, and search was made for them, but without success; and the matter remained wrapped in mystery until 1876, twelve years later, when, if anything, the mystery was added to. In that year a firm in the Transvaal wrote stating that Donald M'Kinnon, one of the men who were supposed to have been murdered, had died out there, leaving thirty-seven pounds to his relations in St Kilda! Why M'Kinnon had gone to South Africa, and why he had never written to his father and friends in St Kilda informing them of his fate, was never explained, any more than where and when he parted from his companions in the boat. The whole affair to this day is an impenetrable mystery.

In 1891, during the great strike of dockers and coal-heavers in Sydney, Australia, a Dr Lale, who had volunteered as an amateur coal-heaver, was observed to pass through a crowd of strikers who were jeering at him, and was never seen again. He had a Gladstone bag with him containing a bank-draft for two hundred and fifty pounds, and his gold watch and chain, as well as some loose gold and silver. The strikers swore that not one of their number had raised a hand against him, but had suffered him to pass through their midst untouched. A month or two later Mr James Beer, a wealthy contractor and builder, was about to be married. He parted from his fiancée to walk home, having about eighty pounds in his possession. He never reached home, and was never seen again. His bride waited in vain at the altar-rails for him next morning. Two months after that a third gentleman, Mr Baker, the chief officer of the Orient Royal Mail steamer *Lusitania*, who had won seven hundred pounds at the Randwick Races the previous day, vanished from a small boat he was known to have taken. The three mysterious disappearances filled Sydney with horror, and a special committee of citizens was appointed to act as vigilantes. But no solution of any one of the

three mysteries was ever found. After the stir they made, however, disappearances in Sydney ceased for a time.

The disappearance of Miss Sophia Frances Hickman, a lady doctor, created a tremendous sensation in 1903. She was connected with the Royal Free Hospital in Gray's Inn Road, London, and left there on the afternoon of 15th August, informing certain other members of the staff that she would be back to tea. She vanished, and the most outrageous theories were advanced in the Press and elsewhere to account for her disappearance. Of athletic and even powerful build, she was nearly thirty, and of decided character. It was alleged at one time that she had been decoyed into 'Little Italy,' as the Saffron Hill district of London is sometimes called, on account of the predominance of Italians—it is the Italian quarter of London. The tale was that she had been induced by a woman to go to some house there, and had then been seen struggling with two or three Italian men. The priest of the district and the police quickly disposed of this cock-and-bull story, exposing it for what it was worth. Next, the Jesuits were supposed to have kidnapped her. Of course, too, there were not wanting the usual number of persons who were sure they had met her; she was said to have been seen in Kendal, on Clapham Common, and in Coventry. More than two months passed without any real clue being discovered as to her whereabouts; and then, one Sunday afternoon, some boys who were after chestnuts, climbing over a fence of barbed wire in Richmond Park, found the body of a woman within the shrubbery. This was the 18th October. The remains were almost unrecognisable, but by the clothing they were identified as those of Miss Hickman. The cause of death could not be specified by the doctors, as the body was in such a decomposed condition. A surgeon's scalpel was found close by the spot, however, and the head was detached from the trunk. Not the least remarkable fact that transpired in connection with this case was that exactly thirty-seven years before another Miss Sophia Hickman—no relation, apparently—had vanished from her home, and had never been seen or heard of again.

The 'Newquay Mystery,' as it was called, is still fresh in everybody's mind. On Saturday, 23rd November 1912, Mrs Nowill, the wife of a Sheffield merchant staying at the Atlantic Hotel, Newquay, in Cornwall, mysteriously disappeared, and a Mr James Arthur Delay, a retired solicitor, also a guest at the hotel, and a great friend of the lady, committed suicide after aiding the police and coastguards in the search for her. The lady was thirty-four years of age, and very handsome; and after the suicide of Mr Delay it was learnt that that gentleman had left her thirty thousand pounds in his will. Mr Sidney Nowill, the husband of the missing lady, offered fifty pounds to any one who should

find his wife alive, and twenty pounds for the recovery of her body if dead. Eventually Mrs Nowill's body was found floating in the sea at the foot of the Cornish cliffs, and was only recovered with great difficulty by means of ropes. Whether she was murdered, committed suicide, or fell over the cliffs accidentally it was impossible to tell.

One of the saddest cases was that of Mr John Davidson, the well-known poet and dramatist, who suddenly disappeared, and was missing for months before his body was found in the sea at Mousehole, Cornwall.

A Miss Uish disappeared from a house in Euston Square, London, about the middle of October 1878, and in the following May a woman's dead body was found in a cellar belonging to the premises. The cellar was under the pavement, separated by the area from the house. It was shown that the victim was an elderly lady who wore her hair in old-fashioned ringlets, and had a slight curvature of the spine, a description that tallied with that of Miss Uish. And now a Mr Edward Hacker came forward and stated that he believed Miss Uish was none other than his sister, Matilda Hacker, an eccentric lady of property in Canterbury. She had been missing for some time, and had not collected her rents for fully a year. A watch and chain belonging to Miss Uish, which the police had found, were identified as his sister's by Mr Hacker. It now further transpired that Miss Hacker had also passed under the name of Miss Sycamore at an address in Mornington Crescent, Hampstead Road. The people of the house in Euston Square stated that she had given them notice and apparently left when she disappeared. A young woman who had been a servant at the house was arrested and tried for the old lady's supposed murder, but was acquitted; and the case is still often referred to as the 'Euston Square Mystery.'

About three years ago we had the disappearance of Dr Diesel, the inventor of the oil-engine, from the packet-steamer *Dresden* during her voyage from Antwerp to Harwich. He vanished from the ship on the night of Monday, 29th September 1913. He was coming to England to a meeting of the shareholders of the company in which he was so largely interested, and the melancholy tidings of his supposed loss at sea came like a thunderbolt to all. It was the annual meeting of the shareholders, who had assembled at Cannon Street Hotel. Dr Diesel was on his way *viâ* the Ipswich Works, and should have been at the meeting. The chairman, in stating the facts to the gathering, said: 'Dr Diesel will be a loss not only to this company, but to the whole world. Though Dr Diesel did not take a prominent and active part in the management of your company, he was always ready when we wanted him or his advice. We can hardly hope to see him again, and I am sure that his wife and friends have your deep

sympathy.' Captain Thorn of the *Dresden* could throw no light on the mystery, but declared there was no foundation for a story that an employé of the G. E. R. Company had seen the doctor leave the vessel at Antwerp. The doctor was seen with two friends on the ship during the passage down the river Scheldt. The pilot also asserted that no passenger left the *Dresden* at Flushing in his boat. The story the captain referred to was to the effect that Dr Diesel came on board at five P.M.; but, on being informed that the vessel would not leave until seven-thirty P.M., he went ashore, and did not return; and it was alleged in confirmation of this story that his name did not occur in the steward's list of cabin passengers. Dr Diesel's son and his son-in-law, Baron Schmidt, instituted every inquiry, but in vain. The mystery of Dr Diesel's disappearance from the Harwich steamer must be relegated to the great number of others that have never been solved.

A ward in Chancery and heiress to a fortune—the young lady's name was not allowed to transpire—disappeared about the same time from London with a gentleman—also nameless—and was searched for by Messrs Withers, Bensons, Birkett, & Davies, solicitors, a reward of twenty-five pounds being offered for information as to her whereabouts. They were traced to Leicester, and lost sight of; but eventually the young ward was found in Paris, brought back to England, and handed over to the care of her friends.

This does not by any manner of means exhaust our bag of such cases. We could continue to a much greater length, but our space is limited, and we must conclude. The fate of many a fine ship, like the *Waratah* and the White Star liner *Naronic*, that sailed from port and were never heard of again, has still to be solved. In 1903 the New York police received a letter purporting to come from the notorious Italian or Sicilian secret society, the Mafia, which led to the discovery of an infernal machine and a box of dynamite aboard the steamer *Umbria*; and it was generally believed that ten years earlier the *Naronic* had been blown up with dynamite by some vengeful gang of miscreants.

A PARTING WORD.

CHILD of the radiant heart, three years ago
The loving God unlocked for me the room
Of His best gifts; it was as when the womb
Of kindly Heaven first gave to those below
The glorious treasure of the morning glow,
To tell of coming joys, to speak the doom
Of every shadowy dread and hopeless gloom;
Indeed thy coming here was even so.

And now, each time we needs must say good-bye,
My Father's favour seems to be withdrawn,
And I would be as one compelled to grope
In awful night beneath a cruel sky,
But that thy smile of sunset bids me hope
There soon shall come a yet more splendid dawn.

ROY OXENHAM.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE ORATORY AMONG THE ROCKS.

AT one time our British shores were engirdled by posts of prayer. Pious men spent the hours of day and night in spray-dashed towers, so that no ship, either large or small, left the harbours or passed the rocky headlands without some humble petition being offered for the safety of the busy souls she carried. One sits within the mouldering walls of such an oratory, looking out over a great bay of the north, and muses regretfully, and yet in some ways thankfully, of the days that are gone. Times may have changed greatly, but the witness of the little oratory is still eloquent, not least in these days of dreadful war.

In the old days, as now, the existence of this realm, this England, depended on her full dominion of the sea. From many a wind-swept oratory the hermit or votary or priest looked down and out on the shipping of his nation. He saw the light craft of the fisherfolk gliding along and scarce marking the moving plain of water. He watched in its proper time the many-oared galley tracing its way in silver and in foam through the tide-stream. He saw later the high-pooped ships shaking out their broad sails, outward bound for trade, for exploration, for war. And on the souls in each and every one he humbly asked the blessing of the Most High.

But gone are these days and men; and, as my fingers idly pick at fragments of crushed-shell mortar, there passes before my eyes a modern pageant of the sea, of Britain's trade and seapower, twice more wonderful than anything seen by the monk of old. The spirit has not changed from the last day of his pious vigil, but the equipment of our navies for peace and for war is strangely different. The day of 'wooden walls' has come and gone, and everywhere there is vision of iron. Even the trawler of the fisherfolk is clothed in metal. Man has withdrawn his shipbuilding industry from the neighbourhood of the great oak-forests, and gains his materials from fume levels and waterlogged galleries a mile beneath the hills. He has removed his oratory from the storm-battered headlands to the level holms where the sound of the sea comes faint, and where the sea-birds rarely soar and scream. The sun of the white sail has set as utterly as that of the bending blades of the sweeps, and progress against wind and tide is made to the belching of coal-smoke and the white plumes of steam. Power again has disap-

peared from sight, but the grim energy in these hulls is multiplied a thousandfold.

My ancient monk from his narrow window would see nothing but peace in the spreading sands, the level channels, the fields golden with harvest or green in smiling pasture; would see the vast forests which clothed the lower hills, and away in the distance a tumbled line of blue mountains. But to-day most is changed. Heavy clouds of smoke hang over the channel where great warships are built, and at night the red flame of furnaces springs and jerks along the near line of the hills. There is railway smoke along the levels, and busy villages where formerly were but the cottages of fishermen and farmers. At dawn one sees a huge floating fort pass along the horizon, or the lean, sinister form of a destroyer—Britain in arms—going out to guard the marches of our Empire. Yes, modern industry is great; in and out of the narrow bays and estuaries pass mighty ships laden with timber, with ores, with wheat from lands scarce known by name to the ancient watcher in prayer; and the sound of the unloading winches at the nearest port comes up idly on the soft breeze.

But more dear than the shipping, the hollow sands, or the peaceful vales would the religious man find the sight of the watch-tower which marked to him the shady ghyll where a great abbey reposed, the knot of trees in mid-channel beneath which an altar had long been set up, and priests prayed for the safety of those who were compelled to cross the dangerous fords of the estuary, the little priory on the last sound land across the river. To-day one sees the spires and towers of many a village church; but the great abbey, the altar on the island, the little priory by the shifting sands, have gone to ruin. The sentinel has been called hence from his watch-tower, the votary from his cell among the rocks. But the spirit of religion is still as strong and powerful as before; it is more indestructible than the daring which for a thousand years has inspired the navy of Britain, more lasting than the blue peace of the far-off mountains which even the roaring, bustling generation of to-day can only revere, cannot disturb the serene majesty of. And the spirit of religion halts not, but with every generation is advancing slowly but surely toward the pure Light of Lights.

Roofless the oratory, ruined these narrow slit-

like windows, small and low the crumbling walls ; but just behind is a church—the smaller has merged into the larger building, just as the narrow faith of constant supplication by men sanctified to do the service of the Most High has given way to the broader feeling, the more generous, personal spirit, which calls every man to worship in spirit and in truth, and to make his daily task a real service of love to God and man.

The spirit of man is really slow to change. The oratory among the rocks may be roofless, unoccupied, but the essential faiths remain ; and who can measure the changes of nature ? Stupendous, startling, are the truths of the rocks ; but the tides flowed and ebbcd, the seasons marched from spring to winter, just the same when the oratory was built as they do to-day.

So it falls out that as I stand here between the mouldering walls I listen to the sob and the song of the sea as it pushes and rushes among the skerries ; I watch the sea-birds hover and float, and I hear their wild screams and calls ; I watch the golden sunlight gleam along the wet sandbanks, the glimmer of distant and still more distant waters in and beyond the islands. There is no change in the shadows of purple and blue and green which delighted the first one who

prayed at the oratory as they delight me to-day. He, too, saw the sea rise up in storm, heard the heavy shock of the waters beneath, and drew in with every breath the water-fog which encompassed and entered his rude dwelling. And when the fogs of winter clung along the tide, and hid even the breakers from his ken, he would give his strongest cry to God for help to those mariners who might be groping nearer and ever nearer the rock-bound coast. Perhaps he tinkled his little bell incessantly in warning, just as the great fog-horn now rings from the distant port-head to preserve our keels from sandbank and rock-reef.

One cannot but admire the men who held this outer guard of prayer, this oratory among the rocks, during days of storm and darkness, through nights of snow and sleet and hail ; who pitted their voices in prayer against the majestic roar of the breakers, against the rumbling thunder of the hurricanes ; and one likes to feel that there were men of action as well as of prayer among them, men who would lead forlorn hopes to rescue at least one soul from the shattered wreck, who counted their personal danger but small when service was offered. Living in such narrow bounds as this rock-girt oratory, they could not be lovers of great fame, but they might be very brothers to those in distress and need.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

CHAPTER IX.—*continued.*

III.

THE marine postman, who should have been off at eight o'clock, was delayed, and did not come on board with the mails and Sunday papers for the ship's company until nearly noon. But when he did finally turn up he was nearly carried off his feet by the rush of men.

'Ere, posty !' shouted some one, 'got my *Dispatch* ?'

'Wot abart my *Lloyd's* and *People* ?' roared another man, elbowing his way through the throng.

'Ain't ye got my *Reynolds's* ?' from somebody else.

'Oh, go to 'ell !' retorted the exasperated marine, vainly endeavouring to make his way forward through the crowd with a large leather satchel slung over his shoulder and three bulbous mail-bags on his back. 'Oh, go to 'ell, the 'ole boilin' lot o' you ! Orl in good time ! 'Aven't none of you blokes got no patience ?' He was annoyed, poor man, and had every right to be, for he had gone breakfastless, and the mail, arriving late, had delayed him many hours.

'Well, tell us th' noos !' some one bellowed above the uproar.

'Noos !' he replied. 'Germany's declared war on Russia, an' all the naval reserves an' pensioners is called out ! Wot more d'you want ?'

It was quite sufficient ; enough, indeed, to reduce a good many of them to a state of excited incoherence. It seemed practically impossible that Great Britain could keep out of the conflict ; and, though throughout the ship the general feeling was one of warlike joy, it was tempered here and there by a touch of subdued solemnity. The mail despatched the same evening constituted a 'bloomin' record,' as the long-suffering postman put it, for every officer and man on board had spent the afternoon in writing letters.

'I know'd my feelin's 'u'd come true,' remarked M'Sweeny in his mess during supper. 'I know'd this 'ere wus comin' orl along. I know'd yer wus wrong, Josh.' He wagged his head wisely, and looked at Billings, who was sitting opposite.

'Don't start chawin' yer fat, Tubby,' Joshua retorted. 'Things is quite bad enuf without yer makin' o' 'em worse.' He was feeling rather peevish and irritable. He was thinking of his wife, and wondered vaguely when he was likely to see her again.

'Owever,' he added, putting down his fork with a throaty sigh, 'I don't much care wot 'appens now so long as we 'as a decent smack at them blighters. I owes 'em one fur gettin'

me bloomin' leaf stopped, an', by gum, they'll git it w'en I runs acrost 'em!' He glared savagely at the man opposite as if he, too, was a potential enemy.

'Ear! ear!' shouted another man, banging heavily on the table. 'Them's my feelin's.'

'There, there, me boy-o!' snapped M'Sweeny. 'W'en ye've finished upsettin' me tea, Mister Jones, I'll git along wi' me supper, thankin' yer orl the same. Them bloomin' Germans can wait. Supper carn't.'

'Ark at 'im,' jeered 'Mister Jones.' 'Just 'ark at him! Allus worryin' abart 'is vittles!'

'An' why shouldn't 'e?' suddenly demanded Billings, veering round and taking M'Sweeny's part. 'Better ter be a well-covered bloke like 'im than a lop-eared, spindle-shanked son o' a perishin' light'ouse like you. It makes me feel 'ungry ter look at yer.'

Both M'Sweeny and Jones promptly became covered in confusion; for, whereas the former's adiposity was his sore point, Jones was as touchy on the subject of his excessive leanness.

That same night, or, rather, early the next morning, they had their first alarm. The immaculate Aubrey Plantagenet FitzJohnson happened to be the officer of the middle watch—midnight till four A.M.—and at two-thirty, having absorbed two large cups of hot cocoa and half-a-dozen tongue sandwiches, he was sauntering up and down the silent quarterdeck, pipe in mouth, and longing for his bunk. It was chilly for the time of year. There was no moon, and though here and there stars peeped out between rifts in the clouds moving down from windward on the gentle breeze, the sky generally was overcast and the night was dark.

Quite suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of footsteps running along the boat-deck. Next came the clattering of a ladder and a muffled exclamation as some one fell down the last few steps and landed painfully on the deck, and then the footsteps advanced on to the quarterdeck. Whoever it was was evidently in great haste. FitzJohnson turned round.

'I wants th' oficer o' th' watch,' he heard an agitated voice telling the quartermaster. 'Where is 'e?'

'Here I am. What's the matter? Who's that?'

'It's me, sir. Grimes, ord'nary signalman,' the man panted breathlessly. 'Please, sir, th' yeoman o' th' watch on th' bridge told me to tell you there's a Zeppeling comin' over th' 'ill!'

'A Zeppelin coming over the hill!' the officer echoed, in astonishment, half-suspecting that some one was pulling his leg. 'What the devil d'you mean, my man?'

'It's gawspul truth, sir. 'E's burnin' lights, an' me an' th' yeoman saw 'im quite plain.'

Grimes was obviously in earnest, and the

lieutenant did not wait to hear any more. He crammed his cap firmly on his head, darted from the quarterdeck, ran up the ladder leading to the after shelter-deck, sped along the boat-deck, barking both shins badly as he went, and finally clambered up the ladder leading to the fore-bridge, breathless and limp with excitement. 'Where is it?' he gasped.

'Over there on the port bow, sir!' answered an equally agitated yeoman of signals, busy with a pair of binoculars. 'D'ye see where that 'ump sticks up on top of the 'ill, sir?'

'Yes!'

'There's a bit o' dark cloud on top of it, and just to the left, sir. 'E's be'ind that now. We'll see 'im agen in a minute w'en the cloud passes.'

They both gazed at it anxiously, and presently the mass of vapour thinned and drifted away on the light breeze.

'There, sir!' exclaimed the yeoman, triumphantly waving an arm. 'See 'im now, sir? 'E seems to 'ave altered course to port a bit since I see'd 'im first; but 'e's there all right. See 'is lights, sir!'

The man was quite right; for, looking in the direction indicated, the lieutenant distinctly saw in the sky a bright white light, with, just below and to the left of it, a green light. They both seemed to be moving rapidly in a north-easterly direction, and looked for all the world like the steaming and starboard bow lights of a ship suspended in mid-air. He snatched the glasses from the yeoman's hand and looked intently through them. Yes, the white and green lights were quite distinct. They seemed to twinkle as he watched them, and behind them there appeared to be a dark phantom shape rushing through the sky. A Zeppelin, without a shadow of doubt.

Dashing down the glasses with an exclamation, he fled from the bridge as if Satan himself was after him, and running aft, hastily told the marine corporal of the watch to turn out twenty marines with their rifles and ball ammunition, and then to inform Captain Hannibal Chance, R.M.L.I., that a Zeppelin was in sight.

Aubrey P. FitzJohnson was no fool. Not he. He knew that hostilities had not started, but he had read enough history to be aware that hostile acts had frequently been committed before actual declaration of war. Moreover, he was officer of the watch, and as such was responsible for the safety of the ship, and it would never do if he were to be caught napping by a bomb-dropping dirigible. Therefore he must take precautions. There were no anti-aircraft guns mounted in the *Belligerent*, so the next best thing which occurred to him was twenty marines with their rifles. He might just as well have paraded five thousand schoolboys armed with catapults or pea-shooters, for all the good they could do.

A few seconds later he was knocking franti-

cally on the door of the commander's upper-deck sleeping-cabin.

'Who's making that infernal din?' growled the sleepy occupant, waking up with a start. 'What the devil d'you want?' The commander, poor man, had had a long and busy day, and was inclined to be irritable.

'It's me, sir—FitzJohnson,' the lieutenant exclaimed, putting his head inside the curtain. 'There's a Zeppelin in sight!'

'A *what!*' ejaculated Commander Travers, sitting up in his bunk and switching on the electric light.

'A Zeppelin, sir. I saw her quite distinctly. She's on our port bow, steering to the north-east'ard, and travelling pretty fast. You can see her from the fore-bridge. I've turned out twenty marines with their rifles!'

The commander glared at him for an instant, and seeing he was in earnest, hopped out of his bunk, crammed his feet into a pair of rubber sea-boots, flung on a purple dressing-gown, and dashed out of his cabin. 'You'd better go and call the captain,' he called back over his shoulder.

Captain Spencer, who had been sleeping soundly, was at first inclined to be sceptical and annoyed; but, convinced from FitzJohnson's manner that an airship really was in sight, he too left his bunk, and, arrayed in a suit of green-striped pyjamas and a uniform cap, joined the commander on the forebridge.

The marines meanwhile, in various stages of deshabille, were mustering on the quarterdeck under the orders of their imperturbable sergeant-major.

'Have you served out ball ammunition?' FitzJohnson demanded.

'Yessir; five rounds a man.'

'Well, double your men on to the forecastle, load your rifles, and stand by to open fire as soon as you get orders.'

'Party! 'shon! Trail arms! Left turn! Double marrch!'

At that moment Captain Chance appeared up one of the quarterdeck ladders. He was wearing a uniform tunic, pink pyjama trousers, dancing-pumps, and a monocle. 'What the dooce is happenin'?' he wanted to know. 'That damfool of a corporal came down to my cabin; but the silly ass was so bally excited, I couldn't make head or tail of what he was talkin' about. For the Lord's sake, old man, what the devil is the matter?'

'There's a Zeppelin in sight,' FitzJohnson told him. 'I've just sent the marines on to the forecastle.'

'Great Cæsar's aunt!' gasped the marine officer, running forward after his men.

The quartermaster, boatswain's mate, corporal of the watch, and Ordinary Signalman Grimes, meanwhile, had spread the news far and wide. Officers in scanty raiment, armed with binoculars,

came up the after-hatches and congregated on the quarterdeck; and most of the ship's company, determined not to miss the fun, seemed to have left their hammocks and repaired to the upper deck. It was literally crowded with excited men, who were all talking at the top of their voices.

'There 'e is!' FitzJohnson heard a shrill voice saying as he retraced his footsteps to the bridge.

'See 'im?'

'Where?'

'There!'

'No, that ain't 'im. That's one o' them lights ashore.'

'No, it ain't; not wot I'm lookin' at!'

'I tells yer it is!'

'It ain't, I sez. Ye're lookin' at th' wrong one!'

FitzJohnson eventually arrived on the bridge, to find the captain, the commander, and the first lieutenant already there. The last-named seemed to be rather amused.

'You can fall your men out, Captain Chance,' Captain Spencer called out to the forecastle. 'I'm afraid there's nothing for you to shoot at to-night.'

'I beg your pardon, sir,' said FitzJohnson, coming forward. 'Did you see the Zeppelin? There, sir,' he added, waving an arm; 'you can still see her green and white lights; and when I looked through the glasses just now I distinctly saw her shape.' He was rather afraid that the marines were being sent away prematurely.

Chase, the first lieutenant, unable to bottle himself up any longer, burst out into a hoarse chuckle.

The captain turned round. 'Is that you, Mr FitzJohnson?' he snapped.

'Yes, sir. I—'

'Are you trying to make damfools of the commander and myself?' demanded Captain Spencer. He seemed very much put out about something.

'I beg your pardon, sir,' stuttered the lieutenant. 'I don't quite understand what you mean.'

The commander suddenly flung back his head, and went off into a roar of laughter. 'Oh,' he gasped, 'this is the limit!'

FitzJohnson stared. Had they all taken leave of their senses?

'Did you really see a Zeppelin,' the skipper asked sarcastically, 'or did you merely get me up here in these garments so that I should catch my death of cold?'

'Yes, sir, I really did see it,' the lieutenant faltered, beginning to realise that he had made some horrible mistake.

'What! showing its white and green lights?'

'Yes, sir.'

The captain glowered. 'I believe you're a zealous officer, Mr FitzJohnson,' he said grimly;

'otherwise I should believe that you were treating me with unseemly levity.'

'I'm afraid I don't understand what you mean, sir.'

'You don't understand—eh? Well, next time you report a Zeppelin, kindly make quite certain that it is a Zeppelin. This time you've dragged us all out of our beds to look at a couple of rather bright stars.'

'Stars, sir! But I saw the shape behind the lights!'

The captain shook his head. 'Merely a cloud,' he explained. 'If you look at your so-called lights now, you'll see they haven't moved a fraction of an inch since you first saw them. The nearer clouds travelling across them gave you the impression that they were moving. One of 'em does look rather like a green light, I'll admit, but that's merely the dampness in the air.'

'I'm awfully sorry, sir,' FitzJohnson stammered, covered with confusion. 'I had no idea'—

'Of course you hadn't,' Captain Spencer interrupted. 'Nobody realises he's made a fool of

himself until afterwards. However,' he added with a chuckle of amusement, 'I'm not really angry; but nobody, except perhaps the Astronomer-Royal, likes being dragged out of bed to look at celestial bodies. Good-night.'

'Good-night, sir,' said the culprit sheepishly.

The captain and the commander left the bridge together. They both seemed amused.

Chase came across to FitzJohnson. 'Dook, old man,' he laughed, digging him in the ribs, 'you've made a bally ass of yourself. The least you can do, after digging me out of my cabin at this unearthly hour, is to give me a cup of your cocoa. Grr, it's beastly cold!'

'Of course I will, No. 1. Come along.'

They left the bridge chuckling.

'Well,' remarked the yeoman of signals when they disappeared, 'I could 'a swore I'd seen 'im!'

Perhaps he could; but he, the cause of all the trouble in the first instance, had taken very good care to maintain a discreet position in the background during the captain's presence.

(Continued on page 597.)

GIBRALTAR IN WAR-TIME.

PICTURESQUE NOTES.

By AUGUSTUS MUIR.

IT was early morning. The great liner was throbbing her way eastward to meet the rising sun. To port and to starboard gray cliffs reared themselves above a dull, clay-coloured sea; the boat was nosing her course through a faint white fog; and we were standing on the fore-deck, shivering slightly, waiting for the sunrise. As we lingered, the mist was banished as by some warm and unseen hand; the monochrome cliffs were suffused with continually changing tints of light; and the chill, lifeless sea seemed suddenly touched with the vivid joy of morning. All things woke to rich, warm life; the placid wavelets gleamed and sparkled in a thousand hues of flowing gold; and to our delighted eyes it seemed as if a countless multitude of sun-fairies had descended to leap and dance on the quivering surface of the sea. Sunrise on the Mediterranean!

The subtle aroma of romance hung over everything as we steamed in to Gibraltar. Fourteen hundred feet of dark rock jutted out of the sea, cutting the blue heavens like a ragged knife-edge. It dominated that scene of sea and sky and coast. As we drew in it swelled in stature; and we could discern the tiers of white buildings round the harbour, the military barracks, the covered market-places, and the little white-and-yellow walled town that lay in the shadow of the Rock, and crept upwards, clinging in the crevices, perched on narrow ledges, hid in

gulleys, and snatching meagre positions from the burly, gnarled rock-face. Here and there loomed a precipice which was pierced by black holes, and was reputed to be the sites of guns. Toward the bottom they were large and clear-cut, but upwards toward the top they were concealed with the utmost subtlety, and were scarce to be discerned by the naked eye. And beyond Gibraltar, stretching east and running west, swept the golden sands of Spain.

The liner drew in to the wharf, which is called the Mole. Here the authorities would not allow us to land; for to proceed to the town we should have to pass through the dockyard, and in war-time that is holy ground, immune from the prying eye. In due course a steam-tender drew in, and took us by a circuitous route to the town wharf, where we stepped ashore and received our first impressions. It is said that first impressions are the most acute and durable, and indeed with Gibraltar I find it so. From a distance one is awe-inspired; but on stepping ashore it is a sensation of exceeding quaintness which is most clear-cut and compelling.

At every ten yards you are besieged by a Spaniard from the dickey of a strange contrivance called a 'garry.' He offers to drive you round the place for an old song. That is the comedy of Gibraltar—everything is offered to you for an old song. For fourpence you may procure sufficient grapes to last for many meals; and

four shillings would procure cigars which would cost upwards of a pound in Britain. A silken shawl which you would be fortunate to acquire at home under eighteen shillings is here proffered to you for three. But the main point in this street-barter is that one is foolish to give the vender the sum he demands. I discovered a safe, though amusing, rule-of-thumb. If the coffee-coloured merchant asks for three shillings, offer him one. He will hotly assure you that it is out of the question; it would ruin him. Then offer him one-and-threepence. At this concession he will probably drop his price to two-and-sixpence. Offer him one-and-six. He will then haggle with you, argue with you, brow-beat you, storm at you, weep, shout, whisper, smile, fume, and shriek in turn; but he will bring down his price to two shillings. You have him now in the hollow of your hand. Offer to split the difference, and produce your one-and-ninepence. He will look at the money, then at you, then back at the money. The sight will be too much for him. He will hand you the piece of merchandise, and push out a grimy paw. The bargain is closed, and he will have a shilling clear profit.

We walked up the quaint, narrow, little main street. It resembles one of the better-class Paris slums, with its white-painted houses, shuttered windows, and strange foreign names above the doors. Every Britisher you meet is an official of some sort, and every second man is a Britisher. But the street is also thronged with Spaniards, Moors, white ladies, dark-skinned girls with sunny black eyes and gay costumes, bare-legged messengers, priests, and heavy-looking labourers who smoke cigars. The Gibraltar navvy is a queer customer. I have never seen him do any work. He stands with the stub of a cigar in his mouth, his tools in his hands, and a dazed, vacant stare upon his features. He is a living, breathing symbol of the curse of Spain—indolence.

'That is an old Moorish castle,' said my friend, who for years had lived on Gibraltar as an army officer. I looked at the jumbled mass of buildings half-way up the rock-face, and saw an old, gray, square castle. 'Gibraltar,' continued my friend, 'was once in the hands of the Moors. In the fifteenth century it was taken from them by Spain, and the Moors were driven across the fifteen miles of sea to Africa. About the year seventeen hundred it was taken from the Spaniards by Britain. We have held it ever since. But eighty years after it came into our possession,' he proceeded on observing my interest, 'it was the scene of one of the world's greatest sieges. The Spaniards and the French brought against it the greatest force of armaments that has ever in the world's history been brought against any fortress—excluding, of course, the present war. But in one single night the whole attacking force was destroyed.

The British, from the seclusion of the Rock, sent red-hot balls into their floating batteries, and at the same time their whole line of works was wiped out by a sudden sortie. That night's work meant a loss to the enemy of over two million pounds. To a student of naval and military history,' added my friend, 'these almost incredible facts are of absorbing interest.'

'Did that finish the siege?' I inquired.

'On the contrary,' he assured me, 'it was a three years' siege. Arrayed against us was the Duke of Crillon, in command of twelve thousand of the best troops of France. A thousand pieces of artillery played on the fortress. There were forty-seven battleships of the great three-decker type, and ten mighty floating batteries which had been considered invincible, and which carried over two hundred guns. In addition, there were innumerable frigates, xebecs, bomb-ketches, cutters, gunboats, mortar-boats, and small craft for disembarking the troops. For weeks together, six thousand shells per day were thrown into the town. I mention this so that you can understand me when I say that Gibraltar, even in the light of recent events, is impregnable. It is the unbreakable key to the Mediterranean, and Britain should send up a psalm of praise that at the present hour it is in her hands—rugged, stern, invincible!'

We presently succumbed to the clamours of a native charioteer, and entered his carriage with feelings of distinct novelty. He whipped up his sturdy little pony, and we clattered out of the town toward the eastern base of the Rock. Interspersed between the buildings that clustered above us was an interminable growth of green scrub. This runs up the rock-face, wresting a scanty existence from the sun-parched earth that clings in crevices and reaches to a spot called St Michael's Cave. Here thrive gigantic ferns; and rumour has it that the cave continues downwards through the rock, and has an exit to the sea by some subterranean cavern. Here, too, thrives that well-known animal the Gibraltar monkey. My military friend told me that they emerge from their dwelling-place at night, creep down by the scrub to the barracks, and reap a rich reward in the shape of handkerchiefs, shirts, tins, and any portable article upon which they can lay their little black paws.

At length we reached Catakin Bay, which is the habitation of a tiny tribe. Generations ago a fleet of Genoese fishing-boats put into the bay for shelter. There were many women in the boats, and they were so enamoured of the spot that huts were built, and they remained. Hundreds of years have passed, and the little tribe still lingers on. The Government has given them a grant of land, and a village now clusters in the shelter of the bay. The population dare not increase, in case it oversteps its boundary, and marriage is only allowed in rotation. Indeed,

no marriage may take place in the village until way has been made for it by a death. The people are squat and ugly, and look amazingly like each other. It is a little colony of cousins, dwelling apart in the shadow of a great rock, and going down to the sea in ships to earn a hard-won livelihood.

Gibraltar is a little colony shut off from Spain by a strip of land which is strictly neutral ground. By arrangement between the two Governments, this ribbon which ripples round the contours of Gibraltar is a veritable No Man's Land, and is immune from the foot of Britisher and Spaniard alike. Only on the pain of imprisonment dare you venture on this sacred margin of drab, parched, rolling sandhills; and the inviolable ground is pierced by a frontier road for passage to and fro. At either extremity British and Spanish sentries stand guard; no merchandise may cross the frontier without previous examination by the Customs officer; and great Spanish cavalymen, in magnificent uniforms of red and blue, are there to enforce the law. But in spite of all precautions, smuggling—that picturesque

old practice beloved of the romancer—is carried on. Tobacco, for example, is strapped to swift dogs, who at night-time race across the neutral ground. A cry in the darkness, a sudden gunshot, and the Spanish and British guards turn out on the *qui vive*, with eyes piercing the night to descry the flying figure of some laden mastiff. Often dogs have been shot; sometimes they have been adroitly captured and the cargo confiscated; but search has never revealed a trace of the wily Spanish trafficker whose lithe fingers, agile in the dusk, had strapped on the fragrant burden.

We drove back. Night drew down while we wandered through the quaint lamp-lit streets. The fog-horn of the tender warned us that it was the hour to return. Aboard the liner we paced the rear-deck. The boat drew away from the quay. The setting sun crimsoned the roofs of the town, and struck with a strange light on the summit of the Rock. Minutes passed, the throbbing of the engines alone breaking the silence; and we watched Gibraltar dropping in the west till it had faded to a speck in the declining splendour of the day.

THE THIRD KEEPER.

PART II.

'HARDING was certainly in a very uncomfortable position—even a dangerous one if Wilson took it into his head to go down and attack him. If that should happen, one or both would, in all likelihood, be thrown into the sea. Otherwise Harding was less badly off than I. It was calm weather, and a fine, warm night. Then, too, he had not my responsibility. I was the second keeper, and was in command in absence of the principal; it was my duty to make plans and act.

'What worried me was how to draw attention to our danger. There were no mackerel-fishing boats at hand. Often these were off the reef for days together; but the fish were scarce, and no boats had been near us for a fortnight past. The tower had recently been fitted with the present fog-signalling apparatus—an explosive cartridge fired from a jib upon the gallery. The firing of several cartridges on a fine summer morning would soon have attracted notice on the shore; but the cartridges were in the engineer's apartment down below. So, as ill-luck would have it, was the lighthouse flag, which I might otherwise have run up to the mast. It seemed impossible for me to go down for them; Wilson might be lurking close at hand. Not only did I feel it right to do my best for my own skin; if Wilson overpowered me and got into the lantern, he might do a terrible amount of damage to the lens.

'There was another way in which I might attract attention to our desperate state; I might

put out the light. It would be the work of a moment. I had only to step across the lantern, turn a valve connected with the oil-container, and so check the flow of oil. Or I might stop the revolution of the lens; that would be noticed and reported mighty quickly by some passing ship.

'But I could not bring myself to do this—not at present; for it might mean shipwreck to some vessel on the sea. You can't well be a lightkeeper for five-and-twenty years, as I had been, without its being fixed firmly in your mind that duty to the light comes first—that you must keep it burning at all costs. I could not say what I might have to do in time, if things came to the worst; but for the present I determined to maintain the light.

'I could, if I chose, keep it burning that night and the following one. The oil-container held about five gallons; it was filled daily in the winter, every other day in summer-time, oil being brought up by hand from the oil-store. Now it so chanced that the container had been filled that morning, so that there was enough oil to last two nights. Farther ahead than that I did not care to look.

'I must make something happen soon; that was quite clear. To begin with, there was the question of food. I was not badly off as yet, for I had had my supper before going on duty; Harding had not. But, on the other hand, he need not starve; he had the pollack, and must eat them raw. We were about quits there.

'Slowly the hours of that night went on; at last I saw the first gray streak of dawn. Soon came the sunrise, and I stepped across the lantern and put out the light. Then I went on to the gallery, and, as I did so, heard the sound of a sharp crash upon the set-off down below.

'Wilson had left me undisturbed for several hours, and, wondering what he might now be up to, I looked down over the railing in alarm. You may well think that I was in no mood for laughing; yet I could almost have laughed at what I saw.

'There was poor Harding on the set-off, skipping to and fro to dodge the things that Wilson, who was leaning from the kitchen window, hurled at him. There were two windows in the kitchen, and a third upon the little landing just outside the door; so that Wilson commanded, as you may say, nearly the whole of the ledge. As fast as Harding could get out of range at one place, Wilson was at another window, pelting him hard with everything he could lay hold of.

'What I had heard was the crash of our largest kitchen saucepan. While I looked, the kettle followed it. Then came a shower of plates and cups and saucers, knives and forks. Out went our ham; out went a piece of beef; then loaves of bread. I wished that he could throw these last at me! Presently came books from the kitchen bookcase, then the telescope we kept downstairs. At last the volley ceased; the madman must have thrown out everything the kitchen held.

'Then there was quiet for a little. What, I wondered, was he up to now? I went back to my seat on the trap-door and listened, but could hear no sound. So I went out upon the gallery again.

'Harding looked up at me with a scared face and waved his hand. Then, in two bounds, he had slipped round to the far side of the set-off. He was only just in time; for from the double-doors of what we called the winch-room there flew out a heavy bucket, aimed straight at his head. Then followed tools, then lumps of coal. And when the coal began to fly my heart leaped, for I saw a way out of the mess.

'There was a large supply of coal, brought by the steamer at the last relief. If Wilson meant to fling it all at Harding's head the job would take him several minutes—ten or even perhaps fifteen. The winch-room was two floors below the kitchen, three below the engineer's apartment, where the cartridges and flag were kept.

'Now was my time. I seized the screwdriver and worked with all my might at drawing the screws from the trap-door. In some five minutes I had out the lot, the trap-door open, and was listening on the stair below. No sound. Then I ran out on to the gallery. Coal was still flying from the winch-room, but I saw that I must hurry, for the lumps were getting smaller; Wilson was

nearly through that job. Taking my boots off, I descended swiftly in my stocking feet.

'My word, but I can tell you I was nervous; for, you see, poor Wilson was the first madman I had ever met. Shaking, I reached the engineer's apartment, snatched the flag out of its drawer, and then turned to the cartridge cupboard—only to find I had not got the key! The key was one of several on a bunch kept in the kitchen bookcase, and by now was doubtless in the sea.

'I looked all round the room for anything with which to force the cupboard door, but could see nothing; and the door, though not a very strong one, closed quite tightly, so that I could not get my fingers in to wrench it open. No; I must go up to the lantern for the screwdriver.

'Taking the flag, I was up and down again in twenty seconds, wrenched the door open with a crash, and seized the nearest cardboard box, which held a dozen cartridges. I was about to take a second, when I heard a stealthy step upon the stair below. In just one bound I reached the door. Wilson was on the topmost step, within two yards of me.

'There was a glass-panelled door at the top of the stair leading down to the kitchen, and I slammed it in his face. Then, for dear life, I bounded up the upper stair, with Wilson, whom the door had hardly checked, close at my heels. When half-way up the second staircase I was conscious of a sudden sharp pain in my leg. Wilson had stabbed me; but I still dashed upwards, reached the lantern, slammed down the trap-door, and sank upon it at full length.

'The blood was flowing freely from my leg, but I knew well that it was death for me if I did not succeed in keeping the door down; and, lying on it while it shook and bounded with the blows from Wilson's shoulders, I pressed one hand tightly on my wound. Then I felt in my pocket for the screwdriver, only to find that it had fallen as I raced upstairs.

'Well, I got all these screws in somehow with the point of my penknife, though there was little point, or blade either, left to it when once the job was done. But done it was; that was the main thing. And then, just as I was driving the last screw, a thought occurred to me.

'I had brought up one dozen cartridges; there were at least another hundred dozen left downstairs. One cartridge is fired every five minutes in time of fog, so that a good supply is always kept in the tower. Suppose—and there were many things less likely—that the madman got hold of these cartridges and exploded them! Why, he might put them in the kitchen fire by a handful at a time! Henceforth that dreadful fear was ever on me till help came.

'It was not till long after the whole thing was over that I came to think why he did not. The kitchen fire, not being tended since the previous evening, had gone out. Wilson had

thrown at Harding from the kitchen everything, including matches, upon which he could lay hands. Curiously, for a keeper, he was not a smoker, and he had no matches of his own.

'Wilson had left the staircase long before I drove home the last screw. All was now clear for me to fire the signal; but before doing so I took the flag out to the gallery, attached it to the line, and ran it up the mast—to half-mast high. The news of death in the tower would not fail to bring us prompt relief.

'I fixed a cartridge to the jib, swung up the latter clear above the lantern, and then pressed the handle of the small electric battery inside the door. I think the crash of the explosion was the sweetest sound I ever heard. I swung the jib down, fixed another cartridge, fired it, and finally a third. Taking the lantern telescope, I went back to my post on the trap-door.

'It was full time, for Wilson was soon battering at it, and kept doing so for a quarter of an hour; and although the screws held firmly, yet I did not care to trust to them too far. Presently he was quiet; then, through the gallery door, I trained the telescope upon the land.

'It was a fine fresh summer morning, and the land, though ten miles off, was very clear. Thank God! I could see people running and groups gathering here and there upon the cliffs and harbour quays; and presently I saw the flag float out above the lighthouse station, which was in full view. My signals had been heard, the half-mast flag was seen, and help would not be long in coming.

'But it was full two hours before, amid the crowd of vessels in the harbour, I could see the lighthouse steamer coming out. Of course, they had to get the crew together, and to get up steam. So great had been my joy at having made the signals that I had not given much thought to what was next to come. Now I began to see that we weren't anything like out of the wood yet.

'The steamer was coming out, doubtless with the station superintendent on board. He, of course, thought that one of us was dead, and could know nothing of the real state of things. First, I should have to make that known to him; then he would have to plan some means of coming to my rescue. Harding he could take off the set-off without much difficulty.

'How he would set about relieving me was more than I could tell. The only entrance to the tower was shut and barred; nothing short of powerful explosives could break in those doors. Entrance by any of the windows or the winch-room doorway was impossible without a rope. Besides, the madman would be waiting to repel attack.

'However, my old mother often used to tell me to "do the next thing," and not to mind about the next one after that till the time came. My first job was to give the news. That was

simple enough, for of course I understood semaphore signalling. So I sat waiting till the steamer had come alongside of the reef.

'Soon she slowed down within five hundred yards of us, and swung round with her bows against the ebbing tide. Then I went out, and, standing with my back against the white wall of the lighthouse, made the following signal with my arms: "Wilson gone mad and armed. Harding shut out upon the set-off. I have screwed down the trap-door."

'I was not long in getting a reply. From a seaman placed upon the steamer's bridge as signaller there came the question: "Have you a line up there that will let down to the set-off?"

'How I regretted that I had to answer "No"! It was a most unlucky chance, for usually we kept a fishing-line upon the gallery quite long enough to reach down to the ledge and farther still. We used it for bass-fishing, for the wind would drift it out to a distant rock which was much haunted by these fish. It had been taken downstairs a few days before.

'There was some consultation on board the steamer; then a second signal came: "Am going back to harbour for the rocket. I will take off Harding, and will leave two men."

'A boat was forthwith lowered and pulled in toward the ledge. One of those in it, I could see, was the principal. I saw poor Harding helped in from the set-off, while the principal and another man were left upon it in his place. At least I was not to remain entirely alone with Wilson; that was something to the good.

'But there were three long hours of waiting while the steamer went full speed to port and came back again; I was now getting faint and queer from the pain of my wound, as well as from the want of sleep and food. I sent no messages to those upon the ledge below, and they could send none up to me. I just sat quietly upon the trap-door and waited. There was no sign of Wilson.

'It was the afternoon before the steamer was alongside of the reef again. This time I saw that she had a large force on board. I could make out several of the police and some coastguards, as well as one or two gentlemen. These latter were magistrates, as I afterwards heard.

'I had already guessed what they were going to do—fire a rocket and a line across the lantern. I was to catch the line, and by it haul up a strong rope. By this rope, when made fast, there would come up to me a force of men sufficient to make a rush and overpower Wilson. The whole thing was a difficult and dangerous business, but it was the only way.

'A seaman went up once more on to the steamer's bridge and waved his arm to me. Then came the signal: "We're going to send the rocket and a line. It will be fired ten seconds after you have heard our siren blow. Stand by to catch it and make fast."

'I stood ready. There came a puff of steam and the hoarse wail of the siren; a few seconds later, and the rocket soared up toward the summit of the tower.

'As it came up I had to watch and calculate on which side of the dome-shaped lantern-roof it would fall, for I must spring to catch it as it slipped down to the gallery. If I misjudged it by the fraction of a second it would fall into the sea.

'Straight as an arrow I could see it coming—for I will say for the coastguards that they do know how to send a line. I don't believe it missed the very centre of the roof by half a foot, and it was hard to judge which side the line would fall. But I saw it drop across the roof, hang for a second, and then slip down toward the west. Quick as a cat I sprang and clutched it as it fell. That was all right so far. I heard the fellows on the steamer cheer—no doubt to hearten me.

'I wanted cheering, I can tell you; any minute I might hear Wilson battering at the door. And now, if help were to reach me, I must be out on the gallery.

'I could see rope being coiled into the steamer's boat, and soon she put off for the rock. When she was close in to the set-off a signal came for me to draw in the line.

'I did so. To the far end had been fastened a rope fit to bear a man. I passed this rope once round an upright of the gallery railing, then sent both ends down. Thus they had got a running line by which to haul up several helpers, one by one.

'The boat cast anchor at a few yards' distance from the ledge. I saw a coastguard getting ready to come up, while a policeman and another coastguard seemed to stand by waiting for their turn. I saw the boat's crew scan the windows of the tower, as if in search of Wilson. Seemingly they could not see him; but he could see them, as we were soon to know.

'The coastguard set his foot in the loop at one end of the rope, the boat's crew hauled upon the other end, and in some seconds he was rising steadily toward me. He was kept steady by a line passed round him and held by some one in the boat. At first he came obliquely, for the boat was some yards distant from the tower; but the higher he rose the nearer he came to the wall. When he was perhaps some forty feet below me he was practically perpendicular. They had not raised him straight up from the set-off, and I guessed the reason; he would have had to pass close by the winch-room's open door.

'Why not have set him on the tower there? Ah, but, you see, only one man could go up at a time; and he, while waiting for the others, would have been at Wilson's mercy. Several could muster with me on the gallery without the danger of attack.

'I had just turned to give a glance behind me at the lantern, when there came a sudden cry from the boat's crew; and, looking down, I saw a sight that froze my blood. Wilson was leaning from the kitchen window, knife in hand. His madman's plan was to reach out and cut the rope, letting the coastguard fall upon the set-off sixty feet below.

'The boat's crew paid out the rope with a will, letting the man drop down till he was out of Wilson's reach; but, from his weight, the rope still hung within reach of the lighthouse wall. I could see Wilson leaning farther from the window, see his knife just reach the rope. I shut my eyes. There came another cry from the men down below, an awful yell from nearer me, and then a heavy thud upon the granite of the ledge.

'I looked again, shuddering to think what I must see—the coastguard lying there injured, even dead; all help again far off. But, when at last I did look, it was not the coastguard who lay in a huddled ghastly heap upon the set-off. It was the madman. He had reached too far, had overbalanced from the window, and had dashed his life out on the stones.

'Well, there is not much more to tell you. My hands were shaking as I tore the screws out, and went stumbling down the stairs to let my rescuers in. Once I had unbarred the door I fainted, and for hours after coming to I could do nothing but sit and tremble, while the tears ran down my cheeks. It was dark night before they could well move me to the steamer and ashore.

'For several weeks I was off duty, quite unfit for work. And even when I was myself again the doctor said that, though I was all right for a shore station, yet he would not, taking things into consideration, recommend my being placed again upon a rock.

'The Elder Brethren were uncommon nice; they always are. They found me a shore station, promising me due promotion, and that I should never go upon a rock again. I got a silver watch—it's at the watchmaker's for overhauling now; and Harding and myself got money too. And the next time the annual inspection took place one of the Elder Brethren shook me by the hand and congratulated me on what he called my "courage and steadfast attention to duty under circumstances more dreadful than any others he could well conceive."

'Poor Wilson's wife and children went to friends abroad. It came out later that there was insanity in Wilson's family; an aunt and a grandmother had both gone off their heads. I wished we'd happened to know that before. Well, sir, my wife and I will be glad if you will take a cup of tea. Oh, you must catch your train? Well, then, good-day. I'm glad you liked the tale; it's more than I did at the time!'

THE END.

THE HEADSHIP OF THE HERD.

By R. B. TOWNSHEND, Author of *Lone Pine*, *A Girl from Mexico*, &c.

WHEN animals live together in a herd there is usually a certain one among them exercising authority over the rest; or, more often, the herd may be composed of various groups, each with its own leader, but all keeping together for the sake of safety. How much authority the leaders wield depends primarily upon the species of animal of which the herd consists; and, secondarily, upon the vigour both of mind and body exhibited by the more masterful individuals.

Nearly half-a-century ago, in Colorado, before the days of barbed wire, when I started ranching with a herd of wild Texas cattle out on the then unfenced Great Plains, I used to watch the ways of my stock with a double interest, not only as the owner who had invested his money in them, but also as an observer of the varying characters of animals.

In the simplest sense of the word, the master of a herd of Texas cattle is bound to be the bravest and biggest of the bulls on the range. If I rode on a warm summer morning down the chain of water-holes that stretched nearly a mile along the gulch below the clear cold spring where I had taken up my ranch, I could always see a thousand head of cattle watering, some of them my own and some my neighbour's. They grazed during the night out on the hills two or three miles back; and daily, as the sun grew hot, they came in to drink. Out of the whole thousand about twenty were bulls—I mean big, grown-up bulls, not young calves or yearlings—and these gentlemen daily paraded up and down along the gulch, trumpeting their fierce challenges to one another. But the challenges seldom led to a pitched battle, for two reasons. One was that as all the twenty bulls had been ranging around there ever since the spring round-ups, they had already fought, and each bull knew exactly whom he could lick and who could lick him. They were like schoolboys in the old pugilistic days, when the acknowledged 'cock' of the school was the boy who had proved that he could lick every other one, while the boy whom every one could lick was the unfortunate 'hen.' This knowledge of his precise rank as a fighter tempered each warrior bull's fighting ardour with prudence. Moreover, as out of the thousand head of stock that watered by my ranch well over a half—say six hundred—were cows, there was small chance of any one of the twenty big bulls failing to find a lady-love for the day; and when he had found her, he devoted himself to her entirely for the time being, and had no particular desire to fight unless some rival audaciously sought to take her away from him.

Here was where man's interference had

modified natural selection; for, if these range cattle had really and truly been wild animals in the fullest sense of the word, nature would have provided something like six hundred bulls for the six hundred cows, and their battles would have been frequent and fierce in the extreme. When man, for his own purposes, upset the balance of nature by altering the proportion to one bull to thirty cows battles rarely took place, unless a new bull from another range was introduced on the gulch; then, indeed, the boss of the home range felt bound to take him on, and for 'an hour by Shrewsbury clock' you might see the fur fly.

All this, however, did but settle the question of who was master as regarded the possession of the cow of his choice for the time being. The conquering bull cared only for that, and it never entered his thick head to try to regulate the movements of the herd, and all he did was to attach himself for the day to the bunch with which his favourite happened to be running. The real leadership, the initiative which settled when each bunch should move in to water, and when and by which road it should move out again to graze, rested elsewhere; that was the special business of the boss cow in each bunch. For the herd of a thousand head scattered along the water below my ranch was made up of from fifty to a hundred separate bunches. They met daily at the water-holes, and intermingled freely enough there; but they travelled in and out to the grazing-grounds independently. Numerous old buffalo roads led down from the hill pastures to the water; and now that the buffalo had gone, and we pioneers had brought in stock to take their place, our cattle reopened the old roads of the buffalo, and always travelled by them.

Now comes the question, how does the boss cow come to be the boss of her bunch, and how is her authority exercised? In a very minor degree she does it as does the bull, by physical force. For, supposing that another cow tries to displace her, the boss cow will use her horns, and by a few pokes and pushes teach the intruder to keep her place. The fight between the two cows is a tame performance indeed beside that between warring bulls; but it is a fight of sorts, though of rare occurrence. Nevertheless, the ultimate sanction here is physical force, and if you knock the horns off a boss cow she will automatically relegate herself to the position of the last instead of the first of the lot. Instead of being the 'cock' of the school, she becomes the 'hen.'

But how did she attain the position at all? Mainly, as I think, through two things: gregari-

ous instinct and motherhood. A cow's calves naturally cleave to her even after they are weaned, and the deference which is naturally shown by the offspring to their parent often continues after the young heifer has grown up and has got a family of her own. Thus the filial affection merges in the gregarious instinct, which makes any member of the bunch hate to leave it unless absolutely compelled. If an individual happens to get separated from the bunch, either by accident or by man's intervention, not for a moment can she bear to be solitary; she makes haste to join another bunch, the first to which she can manage to introduce herself. At first the new-comer is looked on askance by her new friends, and is kept on the outskirts; but presently she finds her place as a full member of the herd. No gregarious female animal ever lives alone if she can possibly help it; a bull who has been whipped out by a rival may become a solitary, a rogue, as they call him in the case of an elephant, and a dangerous customer he is to tackle in the brush. I cannot imagine a cow doing this; she would find company of some sort or other at all hazards. In 1867 the big Hayden herd, almost the first Texas herd to reach Colorado, was turned loose on the outskirts of South Park, on Tarryall Creek. Here they got scattered in a very rough, timbered country, and one of the cows got lost, and, being unable to find the others, took up with a band of buffalo still surviving there. When I was there in 1870 she was even then with the buffalo, and had a half-breed calf by her side. Similarly I have known of a work-ox which got lost from a freight team out on the plains and took up with the buffalo for company. His gregarious instincts made him seek the security of the alien herd; and as, of course, he did not arouse the jealousy of the buffalo bulls, he was tolerated.

It is this gregarious instinct which keeps the individual true to his bunch, and it is so strong that nearly every member of it has no ambition except to stay with the others and go wherever they go. The mass are content to be followers, and very few ever show a wish for the first place. If none is willing to lead when by some chance the boss cow is lost or killed, the whole lot will probably join in with another bunch, and be adopted into it; but if there be one masterful individual among them she will at once take the place of the lost leader, and the bunch goes on as before. Thus it is that, on the move, it is always a cow that leads the bunch; and the bull, if he happens to be along, is merely a follower. But should an enemy appear on the scene the rôles are reversed. Then the courage of the bull and his masculine love of a fight bring him instantly into the front rank. Be it wolf or panther or grizzly, the bull comes to the front, and stands ready to take him on.

A young Blackfoot Indian was out one day in the Bad Lands up in Montana, trying to kill a buffalo for meat. The Bad Lands are full of rain-washed gulches with perpendicular clay walls, and the buffalo roads run down the bottom of the gulches. The Indian was lying above a trail on the terraced side of a gulch, waiting to get his shot. He saw a bunch of buffalo come down it in single file, and a fine young cow was in the lead. Suddenly from the terrace above her something shot out just as she was passing, and a huge grizzly reached down and seized her by the neck with his great forearms, and, flinging himself on her, bore her to the ground. The other cows fled, and their unhappy leader in vain tried to shake off the dreadful monster that was tearing her flesh. But there was a bull with the bunch which did not fly. Instead he charged down the trail and rushed on the bear. So fierce was his rush that he fairly knocked the beast off the stricken cow and rolled him over. The poor cow fled, but the furious bear got up and went for the bull. It was a ding-dong fight, the bull horning and thrusting at the bear, and the bear striking at the bull's head and shoulders so savagely that he almost scalped him. But the brave bull fought on till the bear had had enough, and tried to run; the bull was after him like a flash, bowled him over, and gored him to death. Even this did not satisfy his rage; he stood back a little to get his breath, and then charged the body again and again, fairly lifting it off the ground with his horns. Finally, having glutted his wrath, he left the dead body of the bear, and went off to find the herd, and, let us hope, recover from his dreadful wounds. The Indian was only too glad to see him go; for he feared lest, now his blood was up, the bull might find him, and destroy him too. Here was a typical instance of the organisation of the gregarious herd: a cow the leader, the fighting male as the warrior.

In Texas, however, later on, I came across certain wild animals living gregariously in a herd, but differently organised. These were the peccaries. Riding with Gonzalez, a Mexican herder, in the cane brakes, we came suddenly on a multitude of little pointed triangular tracks freshly made in the damp earth. For a moment I thought that they were those of the white-tailed deer; but I was wrong.

'*Javalin*!' ('Peccaries!') cried Gonzalez. 'Now we got to look out;' and I drew my 16-shot Winchester from its holster. 'Better not shoot,' he warned me, 'unless they come for us. Those *diablos* afraid of nothing, and never quit. They fight till they drop.' And he told me how once, when hunting, he fell foul of a drove of peccaries, and how they hunted him up a tree and kept him there for hours. 'I guess I bin up there yet,' he laughed, 'but at last I spot one big old boar who seem to boss the show. So I wait till I get good chance, and kill him dead with my

last cartridge. And then they all clear out, and leave me go home safe. That's the right trick with cruel beasts like that. Kill the boss.'

'That's so,' said I; 'and you might say just the same about men.'

As our business at the time was to track some horses from my herd that had stampeded in the brush, I was content to let the peccaries alone. But only the other day I got a confirmation of Gonzalez's account of them in a book called *The Two Americas*, by the late President of Colombia, General Rafael Reys. The General says of these South American peccaries that their leader is not one who fights in the forefront like the buffalo bull, but one who orders the battle by his skill, and is obeyed by his well-disciplined followers. Reys came across them in the forests of the Putumayo, a tributary of the Amazon, where he was hunting with four Indians. The Indians carried bows and arrows, while he had a Winchester repeating rifle. Suddenly they encountered a band of peccaries, and began to shoot at them, killing several. Thereupon the peccaries fled; and Reys, evidently much excited, followed them up, pumping lead into them from his Winchester, without noticing that the Indians had stopped behind. Of a sudden he found himself in the presence of what he describes as 'the commanding boar,' who gave a loud cry. At the cry the herd, which must have numbered hundreds, faced the hunter, roaring in unison, and formed a circle round him.

Realising that he was in a bad fix, Reys ran for the only tree handy; it had a slender trunk, which fortunately had one branch growing out of it about ten feet up, and this he succeeded in reaching, and flattered himself he was safe. He counted his cartridges, found he had only twenty left, and sincerely hoped that the wicked brutes, finding they could not get at him, would go away. Not a bit of it. Again he heard the commanding boar's loud cry, and saw this hero wisely taking shelter behind a fallen tree fifty yards away, from which secure post he calmly gave orders to the rest. At their commander's cry the whole peccary army gnashed their tusks till the forest echoed with the clashing, and advanced boldly to the foot of the tree, bristles up and eyes flashing fire. It seemed to Reys there on his branch as if he were in a scene

taken out of Dante's *Inferno*. The peccaries rushed at the tree with their tusks to cut it down; but, in their fury, they so pushed and hindered one another that they made little headway. The commanding boar gave another cry, and the mass of peccaries at once drew back, and only four remained to do the work unhindered. So effectively did they ply their tusks that Reys saw they must be stopped at once. To economise his cartridges, he aimed very carefully at the four in turn, and killed them in four shots. But he was by no means out of the wood yet.

Up came four more undaunted peccaries to cut through the tree-trunk, and they made the chips fly till four more careful shots disposed of them. Not a whit deterred by their fate, four others took their places and attacked the tree afresh. Four more shots disposed of them; but when four more fresh heroes took the place of these, Reys—who, as a military officer, was trained coolly to estimate chances—saw that, with only eight cartridges left, he could not kill off the whole peccary army one by one, and realised that the best hope of disposing of them lay in killing the general. But that astute warrior had his eye on the hunter, and ducked his head under cover whenever the Winchester was pointed toward him. At last, however, Reys got his chance. When the boar put his head up to observe, he lodged a lucky shot in his brain, and the peccary leader fell. At his fall the herd raised a great cry and fled away into the forest; and, finally, when they were all gone, Reys cautiously descended and went up to have a look at his fallen foe. He asserts that the peccary leader was not only larger than the others, but was also distinguished from them by a band of lighter colour running along his spine, 'which,' says he, 'evidently served as an emblem of his qualities of leadership.' 'Thus,' he concludes, 'it may be seen what a wonderful thing is nature and its teachings, proving that amongst the most savage of animals there are well-formed ideas of order, discipline, and work.'

With animals so intelligent as peccaries it is not alone bodily strength, with alert readiness to take the lead, but superior brain-power supported by both of these, that finally decides the headship of the herd.

HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD.

By Lieut.-Colonel Sir HENRY SMITH, K.C.B.

ONCE on a time, not so long ago, there lived in the breezy and bracing town of St Andrews a fondly attached couple—Richard Ramsay, and Edith, his wife, both on the sunny side of thirty; she a handsome woman, he a powerful young athlete who, in present times, would doubtless have been in the trenches at

the front, inhaling the poisonous gas of the enemy, and not on the links of St Andrews inhaling the invigorating and rejuvenating air which has restored to perfect health many a man run down from overwork, be he an Edinburgh writer, an advocate, or a Cabinet Minister. The couple, though, as I have said, fondly

attached to each other, were wide asunder as the Poles in their tastes, occupations, likes and dislikes—the wife being eminently domestic and devoted to her children, an accomplished pianist and violinist; the husband not knowing the difference between the ‘Dead March in Saul’ and ‘The Rat-Catcher’s Daughter.’ But the point on which the couple differed most acutely, on which they had come reluctantly, soon after marriage, to recognise that they never could agree, was—most unfortunately, seeing where they were domiciled—the game of golf. Richard thought of nothing but golf, and talked of nothing but golf. The daily routine was a round in the morning and a round in the afternoon; but occasionally a climax occurred compared to which the daily routine sank into insignificance, and was temporarily lost sight of.

Such a climax occurred a fortnight before the ‘autumn meeting,’ when Richard came home in a state of great excitement. ‘Did I tell you, dear,’ he exclaimed, ‘that Kirkcaldy are sending a team to play against our best team?’

‘No, you did not mention it to me.’

‘Well, such is the fact; and it is rumoured that Kirkcaldy have a dark horse whom they have kept bottled-up for months; and it is quite on the cards, so Bob Bunker says, that we may be beaten. You can imagine the sensation all this is creating, and the excitement at the club.’

Edith smiled, perhaps just a little superciliously.

The climax passed. Kirkcaldy won—thanks to the bottled-up one; but there was no bloodshed, and the ordinary daily routine was resumed.

‘Would you mind, dearest,’ Richard said one evening, ‘breakfasting at seven-thirty to-morrow morning? I must make an early start.’

‘Not a bit; but why the early start?’

‘Well, you see, Bob Bunker and I have put down our names for ten o’clock instead of our usual ten-thirty, and if we’re even half-a-minute late another couple are sent off. You should see Bob play! He’s a fine player, there’s no mistake about it; and he’s more cautious than I am—that’s how a lot of my half-crowns leave my pocket and make their way into his. Bob hasn’t driven into the stationmaster’s garden for quite a month, whereas I was in twice yesterday—twice in one day—both morning and afternoon.’

‘I am sure,’ his better half broke in, ‘that both you and Mr Bunker would be much more comfortable in the garden in this hot weather than on the sandy links. I noticed the gooseberries were almost ripe the last time I passed with the children. I wonder if the stationmaster sells them?’

No reply; he was deep in thought. Then, jumping to his legs, he put himself energetically into the position of ‘addressing’ the ball. ‘Mind you, dear,’ he said, ‘Bob has really a splendid swing.’

Edith looked up, evidently interested.

‘I don’t say it’s a better swing than mine, but I must admit it’s longer.’

‘I had no idea you had time for swinging. I thought you were at golf all day. The children doat on swinging. Are the swings far out on the links—farther than the stationmaster’s garden?’

‘Great Scott!’ he exclaimed testily, ‘will you never understand?’

‘No, my dear, I’ve told you many a time I don’t think I ever shall.’

‘Never mind, darling,’ apologetically, ‘I will write out a glossary, or concordance, or whatever they call it, and when you have mastered all the phrases we use on the green I am sure you will begin to take an interest in the game, and I shall induce you to come out and play a round with me.’

She shook her head. ‘No, I am not the “golfing girl” you see depicted at the railway station. I don’t start every morning with my golf-sticks (*sic*) in a bag slung over my shoulder, and stay out all day. I have my children to attend to.’

‘But,’ interrupted her husband, ‘what do we keep a nurse for? Surely Jemima can look after the children?’

‘Not as I can; but, independently of the children, if I were the golfing girl, who would sew on your buttons? Who would darn your stockings? Why, you are awfully hard on them. I suppose,’ archly, ‘it’s the way you stand when you are “addressing” the ball.’

‘I know, darling, you are the best wife man ever had, but I would risk buttons and stockings and everything else if I could only bring back the roses to your cheeks. You are positively as white as a ghost. Promise you will try the effect of the links, and come out with me.’

One morning, as he seemed so bent on it, she yielded.

‘Very well,’ she said, ‘let us start, and you will give me a lesson in the fascinating game.’

The first stroke Edith made was a good one, the second beat the first, and the third beat the second; and before she had time to realise it her ball disappeared in the hole.

‘Bravo!’ cried Richard; ‘if you go on like that you’ll be a scratch player, or possibly plus one.’

‘Scratch player sounds rather feline.’

‘Oh, but, my darling, here’s the glossary; I have carefully marked it against your first appearance as the golfing girl. Look at “scratch,” then at “plus;” now you understand it. You do not regret coming?’

‘No; it’s splendid. You’ll bring me to-morrow again, won’t you?’

‘Of course I will. No need for the rouge-pot now. The next thing for you to learn is how to address the ball properly.’

‘Address the ball! Make a speech to it? Is that necessary?’

'Find out from the glossary again, darling.'

Richard and Edith went home arm-in-arm, the happiest and most united couple in St Andrews.

Next morning Richard found Edith with her clubs, no longer 'sticks,' in the hall, waiting impatiently. She did better than ever.

'I shall be plus, Dick, you'll see,' she cried delightedly.

And the evening and the morning were the third day.

'Where's your mother?' he said to the children.

'We don't know,' they chorused, with tears in their eyes.

'Do you know, Jemima?'

'Well, sir, Mrs Ramsay ordered some sandwiches to be made last night. She said she and Miss Niblick must be out early this morning.'

Taking up a powerful glass and adjusting it to his focus, he turned his eyes on the links. Soon he discovered his wife wielding her club most vigorously, while Miss Niblick looked calmly on. 'She's in difficulties evidently,' he said to himself, and started off at his best pace.

Hearing some one approaching, Edith paused.

'My darling,' Richard exclaimed, 'have you forgotten the children's tea?'

Tossing back her beautiful hair from her lovely face, she regarded her lord and master contemptuously. 'If you had been twice in the whins and thrice in the cart-rut you wouldn't be thinking of the children's tea.'

An audible snigger from Miss Niblick.

He turned without a word, and went sorrowfully home. He comforted himself in thinking 'It will be all right to-morrow.'

But next morning things were worse. As he was wielding his autostrop he heard his wife's voice in the hall, and, looking down, saw her in full marching order, and whistling gaily to the dog, 'Come along, Stymie.'

'Stymie!' he ejaculated. 'The dog's name is Dick; he's called after me. Surely you haven't forgotten?'

'Oh,' she replied indifferently while opening the front-door, 'Nelly Niblick says Dick is a rotten name; but Stymie is rippin'. *Au revoir.*'

The widower* went up to the drawing-room again, and once more turned his glasses on the links. 'By Jupiter, what a swipe! Beats Freddy Tait's. But,' jubilantly, 'she's in "Hell," and I'm not sorry for it. No, the hard ground saved her; she's lying absolutely tee'd on the "Elysian Fields." She's lost to me for ever. Hoist with my own petard!' he said to himself. 'Hoist with my own petard!'

* Two inhabitants of 'Joappy' were strolling along the promenade one summer evening. 'Whae's that weeda wumman,' said one to the other, 'that sits on the roacks frae moarnin' ti' nicht knittin' stoackins?' 'Weeda wumman!' was the reply. 'She's no a weeda. Her man's a gowfer.'

HOIST THE SECOND.—THE HUNTING HOIST.

About twenty years ago there lived in the beautiful county of Berwickshire Robert Jardine and Helen, his wife, a couple similar to the couple at St Andrews, fondly attached to each other; but, like the hero and heroine of the links, wide asunder as the Polas on one subject—the subject of hunting. Though eminently Scotch, the husband, in common with the late Lord Scamperdale, had a contempt for hunting in Scotland. Lord Scamperdale's words, addressed to Mr Soapy Sponge, were: 'Rot ye, sir! hanging's too good for ye! You should be condemned to hunt in Berwickshire for the rest of your life.' Every year about the end of September he left his beautiful residence and emigrated to the neighbourhood of Rugby, where he rented a 'box' repleta with everything connected with the 'sport of kings,' and there he remained till the very last 'meet' of the season. His poor wife disliked going south intensely, where she heard nothing but 'shop'—that is, horses, hounds, huntsmen, and 'whips' all day long; but she bore her cross resignedly, while praying for the beautiful slopes of the Lammermoors and the deep blue sea which dashed itself against the Bass Rock.

'My darling,' her husband said to her one morning, 'you look awfully well in a side-saddle. Why not come out with me and have a day with the hounds?'

'No, I'm not a hunting woman; and how often have you told me that women were a nuisance, and you could not imagine how men could bring their wives and daughters where they knew they were not wanted? Besides, you would be so nervous lest I came to grief that your day's sport would be spoilt.'

'Not a bit of it. That Irish mare has carried a lady; she positively can't put a foot wrong.'

At last, by reason of much importunity, he gained his point, and one morning, with the proverbial southerly wind and cloudy sky,† they set off together. The sport was glorious. The mare carried the lady right up among the hardest men in the hunt, where she rode proudly alongside her husband. As she had held her own in the field, so she held it in the dining-room, discussing with the sterner sex the events of the day, and blushing becomingly at the loud encomiums on her horsemanship. No tabloids were required that night. Helen slept the sleep of the just.

When Die Fitzgibbon, a girl without a trace of jealousy in her composition, and the hardest little 'thruster' that ever galloped up the Wicklow Mountains, heard the news—stable misfor-

† Generally, though erroneously, believed to be the typical hunting-day; whereas, as far at least as my experience goes, far better sport may be expected, and faster runs as well, when the ground is dry as a bone, and showers of dust are driven by an east wind into the nostrils of hounds.

tunes had kept her at home on the eventful day—she drove over in her jaunting-car to congratulate Helen.

Now it so happened that within the next fortnight things were reversed. Helen had to stay at home, and drove over to get the news from Die. She, Helen, could not bear to think she might have missed a 'good thing.'

'You missed nothing, dear,' said Die. 'We spent an hour and a half over lunch. Nobody expects any sport in that beastly country.'

'But didn't the hounds find?'

'Oh yes, and we had a run, if it can be dignified by that name. The field was mostly composed of second horsemen out for exercise, and of course the three inseparables.'

'Oh,' interrupted Helen, with a merry laugh, 'I can see it all now. First the fox, then Mr Trotter,* then the hounds, then Shoolbred and Kennedy.'

'Bravo!' cried Die; 'Faugh-a-Ballagh himself couldn't have described it better.'

To those who make the pursuit of the fox the all-important object in life, Rugby is a paradise. There you can put in six days' hunting a week, and seven did the law permit of it. The country is studded with boxes where friends meet at dinner to compare notes and fight their battles o'er again. After three or four glasses of Dagonet or Geisler, it is instructive to see how the brooks increase in width and the fences in height. There are, moreover, two or three 'assemblies' a week—at least there were in my day—where every one of note, and sometimes Royalty, is in evidence. And thereby hangs a tale—of a tailor—a tailor who had his business premises situated within a stone's-throw of the top of the Burlington Arcade. It takes, so they say, nine tailors to make a man, and, even when made, he is not much to look at; but there are exceptions.

Many years ago this tailor lived at Rugby. Barring the fact that he had considerable difficulty with his aspirates, occasionally omitting one where it was wanted and inserting one where it was not, he was, as our gallant Allies say, *tout à fait convenable*. He kept ten or a dozen weight-carriers, and was pretty generally in the 'first flight.' Now it so happened that one evening there was an assembly to which 'Snip' went; but Royalty, though in the neighbourhood, stayed at home. Next morning Royalty and tradesman met at the covert side.

'Well, Mr Blank,' said the former, 'enjoyed yourself last night, I hope?'

'No, your Royal 'Ighness, I did not.'

* Jock Trotter, younger brother of Major-General Sir Henry Trotter of Morton Hall, Midlothian, afterwards Master of the Meath Hounds, the very hardest man I ever met. Shoolbred and Kennedy, also grand horsemen, and always 'there or thereabouts' whether they got 'well away' or not. I have seen men who, having been on the wrong side of a covert, or for some other reason were unable to get 'well away,' sulk and go home—not my idea of good sportsmen.

'What! Were there not some nice people there?'

'No, your Royal 'Ighness; a very mixed lot.'

'A mixed lot, were they? You didn't expect them all to be tailors?'

But to our tale.

The season progressed, and at last came to an end. The 'stinking violets' blossomed and faded. 'And now, Nell,' said Bob with great glee, 'we're off to Berwickshire.'

Instead of the joyous assent she used to give at such an announcement, Nell's heart was no longer in the north. 'We must not miss the cubbing, Bob,' she said.

Bob looked glum. 'Oh, Nell, won't Sandy be disappointed if we don't turn up on the 11th as usual? Never was such heather, he writes; the grouse are swarming, not a trace of disease, and the butts are just the right height and beautifully drained.'

'Of course I'll go with you, if you wish it, dear,' Nell replied; 'but I don't want that little beauty spoilt. Grooms have such heavy hands, most of them.'

'Well, Nell, there I agree with you. It would be a terrible pity if Kathleen's mouth was left to a man who hung on by the bridle. I gave Bob Chapman, no doubt you remember, two hundred and forty pounds for her.'

So the beautiful house remained vacant; the grouse called to each other in the early morning before the sun broke out and the mist cleared away; the blackcock strutted about and fought for the hens on the slopes of the Lammermoors; and the hill partridges twittered and cheeped among the grass-seeds on the fringe of the moor. The old housekeeper opened doors and windows, aired sheets and blankets, watched for the postman, and looked for the letter which never came.

Like unto Richard Ramsay at St Andrews, so was Robert Jardine at Rugby—Hoist with his own petard!

A LIFE ON THE LAND.

A LIFE on the land! Is there room for all?

Yes, room in the woodlands free,
Room on the hills, where the wild-flowers call
And the creeks wind down to the sea.

There is elbow-room on the open plain,
A field on the broad plateau,
Where the fallow thrills with the autumn rain,
And the upland breezes blow.

There is breathing-space where the rivers glide
Through the deep alluvial loam,
A footing left on the mountain-side
For a vine-enclustered home.

The waste lands wait for the men who dare
To trust to themselves alone,
Who long for a life in the bracing air,
And a freehold all their own.

NEVILLE BOSWORTH.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE LAUGH.

By RALPH STOCK.

PART I.

YATES mechanically gathered up a dirty knife and fork, a mug, and three enamel plates, which had accumulated from that day's breakfast, dinner, and tea, and slid them into the wash-pan. He then added hot water; and, producing a satisfying lather by stirring it with a perforated coffee-tin containing household soap, he proceeded to wash up.

This done, he 'dried' with equal precision, arranged each article in its appointed place on the shelf behind the stove, and spread the dish-rag over the inverted wash-pan to air. Then he lit his pipe and looked at the clock. It was twenty minutes past four, just ten minutes before he usually fed the calves. For the moment Yates seemed at a loss, as if those ten spare minutes should not have been. However, he occupied them by filling and trimming the hurricane lantern, and exactly at the half-hour set out for the corral.

Darkness had already descended on the prairie; but the level expanse of snow reflected the star-pricked sky, and far away on an invisible horizon the Northern Lights flickered and danced like wraiths at play.

Yates scrambled up a stack, and for the next half-hour pitched hay to the bawling, scampering calves. Range stock they were, Durhams and Herefords for the most part, and hefty as only five months' buffalo grass and mothers' milk could make them.

'Ought to winter all right,' mused Yates, standing in the middle of the corral for a final inspection with the hurricane lantern held above his head. He said this aloud almost every night. It was part of his life.

Half-way up the hard-trodden snow slope to the shack he paused. Something was gathering in the north-east, something that had put the playful wraiths to flight and was blotting out the stars. A faint, icy cold wind was borne out of the darkness, and down at the corrals the snow-birds twittered shrilly.

'Storm,' said Yates, again aloud, and trudged on to the shack.

He went to bed humming Gilbert and Sullivan, and awoke to the tapping of snow on the window-pane; not the soft patter of flakes, but

the peremptory rapping of a blizzard straight from the worst quarter. Yates knew it well, knew what it might mean for him; but it made no difference, as yet, to his curriculum. He lit the fire with shavings carefully prepared the previous evening, set the kettle on the stove, and, muffled to the eyes in a wombat coat, went out to feed the calves. They no longer scampered or bawled, but slunk out of the shed with hunched backs, ate as much as they could in as short a time as possible, and slunk back again to huddle in a corner for warmth.

Yates thawed out his moustache over the stove, and had breakfast, completing the early morning routine by spreading the dish-rag over the inverted wash-pan to air. He always washed up if there were any likelihood of his not having another meal at home that day, and as things were at present it looked very unlikely indeed.

He wasted an hour, two hours, sitting in the home-made rocker, smoking placidly, but the frozen flakes of the north-east blizzard still rapped at the window-pane.

Presently he got up and struggled into a pair of heavy Angora chaparejos, then a fur coat, stuffing into the pockets what food he could find, a flask of emergency brandy, and a pair of wire-cutters.

Down at the stables his favourite cow pony whinnied at his approach; but, before saddling up, Yates pulled down a panel of the hay corral so that the calves should have access to the stack while he was away.

Half-an-hour later he and his pinto pony were a white phantom moving slowly through a world of driving snow. It was necessary to ride round the main bunch. They might drift anywhere, and Yates must drift with them. It was part of his life.

With the wind in its present quarter he knew just where to find them, and presently came upon them huddled in the lee of Tea Kettle Butte, a thousand odd head of cattle, standing or lying motionless, with snow thick upon their hunched backs. They must be moved, kept moving, for to lie down was to die. Yates rode amongst them, shouting and swinging his quirt

until they began to move slowly, reluctantly into the open. The storm did the rest. They drifted before it, and Yates followed, humming Gilbert and Sullivan into his fur collar.

It must have been about noon that there came a check, the bunch spreading out, and finally coming to a standstill. Yates rode through their midst, and dismounted at a five-strand barbed-wire fence. It belonged to the Priest boys, and they were rather proud of it, but it had to be cut. Yates groped for the wire-cutters with numbed fingers, succeeded in extracting them from his pocket, and dropped them into the snow. Not a sound or sign of impatience escaped him; he merely hunted in vain for upwards of three minutes, and then kicked loose two frozen stones from a wind-cleared ridge and hammered the wires between them until they snapped, the cattle pouring through the gaps in a vain endeavour to escape the pursuing blast.

The fence on the far side of the field was dealt with in the same way, and Yates watched the cattle streaming through with a certain satisfaction. From here onward, if the wind held in its present quarter, there was nothing between them and the international boundary-line, a clean sweep of over eighty miles. The Priest boys' fence had always been a death-trap, Yates reflected. They could drift now until the blizzard died out—or the cattle—one of the two. He could do no more.

The pinto had already turned in the direction of home and stable, despite the blizzard, when Yates glanced over his shoulder. Something caused him to whip round, and for a moment he sat motionless, straining his frost-rimmed eyes into the mass of snow.

Through it he saw the cattle, a faint, moving mass, heading for the east. The east! And it looked as if some of them had broken into a run; the mass rose and fell unevenly like the waves of a choppy sea. They were running! And Yates was after them.

Only one thing will cause a bunch of cattle to change its course when drifting before a blizzard. Yates worked the pinto to a lather in his efforts to head them off, but one man was as a pebble against a tide; they lowered their heads and charged the slanting storm, bellowing as they ran. The run developed into a stampede, and Yates reined his sweating pony into a walk.

He knew just what had happened. They had sensed the presence of other cattle over there in a death-trap known as the War Lodge Coolie, and nothing would stop them from joining forces. Companionship in adversity is strong on the range. Yates knew also what it might easily mean—the loss of 20, 40, even 80 per cent. of his stock. He dismounted and filled and lit his pipe in the lee of his cow pony's heaving ribs, though he knew that after twenty puffs the tobacco-juice would freeze in the stem. Then

he mounted and rode at a slow walk toward the death-trap.

They were all there, and half the Priest boys' bunch as well, some fifteen hundred head of cattle bunched in the *cul-de-sac* of a deep valley, tails to the weather, waiting for the blizzard to abate or bury them where they stood.

Yates rode round them leisurely, looking for other riders. There were none. He wondered vaguely where the Priest boys might be at that moment; possibly roasting their toes at the stove in their cosy shack on Bear Creek. They were inclined to be slack. At any rate he could do nothing alone. He rather doubted if fifty riders would be able to do more. There is nothing quite so obstinate as a desperate cow.

Yates recognised a good many of his bunch. There was the blue three-year-old that should have been beef next spring. She was down, and the snow already covered her legs. A long-horned Texan steer, gaunt as a scaffold, stood placidly chewing an imaginary cud; he had seen many such storms, and in all probability would see many more, for he was of the breed that makes beef slowly, but can stand almost anything.

The heifers were dropping fast. Yates counted them aloud: 'One, two, three, four'— He had reached fifty, riding slowly round the bunch, when his quick eye was attracted to a hummock on the hillside. On a second inspection it proved to be more, and when he dismounted at close quarters it resolved itself into the snow-covered form of a woman—a woman with red hair, Yates took time to notice, before shaking her like a rag doll.

'Hi!' he bellowed. 'Hi, d'you hear!'

Apparently the woman with red hair did not. Yates poured brandy between her teeth—they were remarkably small and white—and fell on her afresh, pummelling and shaking her absurdly soft body until his arms ached from shoulder to wrist.

She cried out at last, a small, plaintive sound, and her eyes fluttered open. They were the brown of English wallflowers.

'Hi!' roared Yates, as the eyelids commenced to droop. 'We've got to get out of here. Can you feel that?'

'Feel what?' came a drowsy but not unpleasant voice.

'That,' said Yates, pinching the toe of her riding-boot with all his strength.

'What?' repeated the voice, faintly petulant, and the woman sat up.

Yates answered by whipping off her boots and rubbing her toes with snow until she cried out.

'Now,' he said at last, 'can you stand?'

The woman scrambled to her feet. 'Where's Ted?' she demanded. 'Good gracious, is the storm still on? I must have been asleep.'

'I don't know where Ted is,' said Yates.

'The storm *is* still on, and you've been asleep all right.'

The woman looked at him with her wallflower eyes, and shivered.

Yates stood over her with the flask. 'Take another pull,' he said—'a good one;' and, while she obeyed mechanically, he caught up the pony's trailing bridle-lines and mounted. 'Now take hold of the stirrup and walk,' he commanded. 'Stamp your feet whenever you get a chance, but keep going. Just stick it, and we shall get home all right.'

The woman, perforce, obeyed, and they moved out into the storm.

Yates fancied that it had died down a trifle, but it was just as cold, and this infernal woman with the red hair made it impossible to push on at any speed. Every now and then she looked up at him, and at last he took pity on her.

'Are you warm yet?' he shouted down at her.

'Yes,' she panted; 'quite—thanks.'

He dismounted, strapped his fur coat over hers, and hoisted her into the saddle. Yates had an idea that she was trying to say something, protesting in some feeble way, but it was really not worth bothering about. There was nothing to be said, everything to be done. The pinto knew his stable, if mere man did not. Yates had absolute faith in a horse's instinct; and once, when the woman dared to touch the bridle-lines, knotted and hanging loose on the animal's neck, he shouted a warning. She dropped them like a red-hot coal.

All night they fought their way against the storm, but it was slackening, and once the moon glimpsed through the cloud-wrack. The dawn broke fair, and the sun, when it had dispelled an icy mist, shone cold but clear on the illimitable snow plains, converting them into a sea of scintillating jewels.

Yates's movements had become entirely mechanical. His legs sank into and lifted themselves out of the snow of their own volition, and he knew that if the process were stopped he would fall, after the fashion of a spinning-

top. Also, he was aware that once or twice the woman spoke, but it was far too much effort to answer her, to explain anything; he needed every ounce of energy and will-power to keep going.

The sight of a lone pine-tree silhouetted against the sky on a terrace in the far distance registered itself on his mind, because he knew that it was close to his shack. From then onward he saw nothing but that lone pine-tree, heard nothing but the methodical crunch, crunch of the pony's hoofs in the snow. Could he last out? He rather fancied so. Yates was one of those men who have never known their own strength, because they have never taxed it to the utmost. He was doing so now. The force that kept him on his feet, plodding, plodding, was unconscious energy, stored up during five years of a clean, open-air life. The woman, muffled in furs, looked down on him and marvelled silently. She had found that words were of no comfort or assistance to this man. She fell to wondering.

Something troubled Yates. At first his mind, numbed with fatigue, refused to grapple with it; then, by sheer insistence, it forced itself into his consciousness. Of course, it was the blinding reflection of sun on snow. He groped in his pocket for the smoked glasses, but failed to find them. He must have forgotten them, for the first time in his well-regulated life. It became a positive nuisance, this glare of light, interfering with a clear view of the lone pine-tree, and causing the eyes to smart abominably. Then strange things happened: balls of fire floated before his vision, balls of red fire that leaped and swirled and finally burst, shutting out the world—which for Yates was the lone pine-tree—as completely as a red blind drawn down over a window. Thenceforth he plodded through a red pond, a pond of blood, with no other guidance than a grip of the wooden stirrup of his Mexican saddle and a firm faith in the instinct of his cow pony. Yates was snow-blind.

(Continued on page 612).

NEW YORK AND LONDON IN 1916: A CONTRAST.

By Mrs JOHN DALL, M.A.

THERE is perhaps no way in which one can get a more vivid impression of the contrast between a nation enjoying the blessings of peace and a nation sitting in the darkness of the shadow of war than by being suddenly transported from the crowded metropolis of a neutral country to the throbbing life-centre of a beligerent Power.

Such was our good fortune in this the second year of the European war, if New York and London be thus regarded. In British North

America everywhere is observable that military activity which has of late been extending in ever-widening circles from the centre of Empire; the eye is accustomed to the sight of khaki-clad men marching and drilling throughout the Dominion; but once we are across the border, a striking change becomes apparent. Here the spirit of war is dormant, or perhaps it is truer to say it is waking from sleep, for the United States, albeit unwillingly and maybe almost unconsciously, is showing the influence of the world

war at work within her own borders in an awakened interest in the question of national defence against possible hostile invasion, and in the advocacy of a policy of preparedness.

Of course, while as a nation America has mainly followed *laissez-faire* principles, individual Americans have chafed at inaction, and, maintaining that in such a war as this true neutrality is impossible, have definitely cast in their lot with one side or the other. We owe much to countless brave American citizens, who, whether from love of adventure or hatred of oppression, have chosen to fight for our flag; and there are others whose work is as useful, if less obvious. I know of at least one American-born professor in a Canadian university who has placed his skill at the service of the Allies, and in his five months' vacation will be employed making shell-cases, giving at the same time every cent he earns in this way to the Canadian Red Cross.

But it is the nation we consider now.

Near one of the towns in New York State there was a great training camp, where relays of men were to go on training during the summer months; everywhere were placards and posters advertising a military tournament and naval manoeuvres. New York itself, when we arrived, was gay with flags and bunting, in readiness for the Preparedness Parade, in which all branches of labour were to be represented. At every street-corner one could see such legends as the following, writ large, 'Your country is the greatest country in the world! Why not defend it?' while in Wall Street and Broadway street-venders were displaying patriotic buttons and miniature Stars and Stripes.

To a Britisher it comes with a sense of shock that among a people sharing our language there should be any doubt as to the righteousness of our cause, and discussion of the war after the fashion of an academic question strikes strangely on the ear. Strolling through Bowery and the Ghetto, the fiery Scot is even moved to wrath by seeing German and English newspapers side by side on the stalls, and hearing at every turn the guttural voice of some garrulous German.

A friend whose footgear required professional attention one day took his boot to the cobbler wrapped in an old piece of newspaper. The cobbler, who was undoubtedly of German origin, noticing the German script in the paper, asked if he knew German, and on getting an answer in the affirmative, began volubly to talk on all manner of things, till finally the *schlacht* came under discussion. As soon as our friend said he was English conversation ceased abruptly; nor was any effort made to resume it. New York, however, like Boston, is mainly pro-Ally, though every third store bears a name of decidedly Teutonic ring.

The temper of a nation is perhaps best gauged by what affords it amusement. In search of entertainment one evening we visited

the Hippodrome. There were some marvellous performances; but perhaps the most significant in the present situation was an item entitled 'The March of the States,' in which, to the music of Sousa's band, groups of girls appropriately garbed to represent each of the states of the Union marched on, and were finally gathered together under the Stars and Stripes. References to the strong Note which the President had just sent to Germany were hailed with an applause which left no doubt as to where the sympathies of the vast audience lay. Most striking of all was the great blaze of light at night-time in theatre-land. All along the Great White Way electric signs of the most dazzling brilliance and intricate design were blazing, and everywhere was abundant evidence of the golden stream that is pouring daily into the coffers of the States. A crowd would gather round a newspaper bulletin-board, and we would be borne along in the rush, only to find that where we had expected news of some vital victory or strategic move in the world conflict, pride of place was given to the report of the knock-out blow of some boxer or the scores in a baseball game.

But even far away here is the edge of the far-flung battle-line and a silent witness to the power of the British navy. A trip up the Hudson brings us close to the spot where, chafing in forced inaction, lies the *Vaterland*, that king of ships, with its surrounding satellites all held captive to the same supremacy. There they lie, steam up in trim to sail, but powerless to forsake their shelter. Even more significant of Britain's sea-power is the sign observable in the shipping quarter of the city. Here, where all the various transatlantic lines have their offices with notice-boards outside advertising the current sailings, hangs the board of the Nord-Deutscher-Lloyd Line a glorious magnificent blank—triumphant testimonial to the German navy keeping close to Kiel.

Of course, the contrast between New York and London is not confined to war-time. Everywhere in New York there is the spectacle of a city still in its growth, reaching out after the expression of its own individuality. The most characteristic difference is that which impresses itself first and last upon the visitor. In sharp distinction to the age-old architecture of the Old World comes the almost aggressive modernism of the New—that marvellous group of sky-scrapers which commands the harbour. To the Eastern mind these architectural efforts of the West are wont to appear fantastic, vulgar, and crude, and so the visitor is apt to approach them with a mind full of prejudice. Yet they have a beauty that is unique, but still is beauty. Seen dimly through the mists of the morning, the giant Woolworth building, shadowy and vague, with perhaps a glint of sunlight gilding the summit, or looming gaunt and sinister at nightfall, catches

the imagination with its almost unreal massiveness, and we fancy we have here a second Tower of Babel daringly reared to the skies, and destined to swift destruction. Looking at the pile of lofty buildings massed together, one feels something of the emotion evoked by a sudden sight of some vast mountain range, and realises something of the spirit that Pennell's pictures have so wonderfully expressed.

In little over a week pleasantly spent at sea without adventure, we set foot on English earth again, and about four o'clock on a Sunday afternoon found ourselves in London. Such a London! Our first realisation of the change wrought by war came with the difficulty we had in finding a taxi. Verily things *are* changed when one considers it a personal favour to be allowed to enter a cab! In the brief journey to our hotel we saw many different uniforms: here a husky, prairie-bred farmer would be hobnobbing with a bronzed Australian giant; South Africa would meet India's wondering eyes; while we got a glimpse of the terror of the time in the tired eyes and maimed limbs of some wounded Tommy. And then at nightfall! Could this be the London that we knew? Is it not hard to recognise the London of lights and laughter in this City of Dreadful Night? Here street lamps are darkened, and in the dimly gleaming asphalt streets run the usual taxi-cabs and buses, now tiny twinkling glow-worms shining in the surrounding dusk. Overhead the searchlights play, scanning the night sky for the dreadful Zeppelin. Yet in spite of it all London is typical of the entire nation in its dislike of the abnormal. Wearing the heart on the sleeve is not a national failing, and that is perhaps the explanation of why we remain such a perpetual enigma even to those allied with us.

I have never forgotten a letter which I read early last year. It was written to a Turkish-born Canadian in America by an American friend in Oxford. Von Tirpitz had just proclaimed his submarine blockade of the British Isles, and the writer, commenting on the situation in England, said something like this: 'It is dreadful, and I

fear worse will follow. Frankly, I am very much scared and apprehensive; but as I seem to be the only person here who takes it seriously, I do my best to hide my feelings.'

And so, despite the war, life in England is still fairly normal—too normal, as many will say. Step for a moment from the street into any of the parks in the centre of London, and who could dream that our people are at death-grips out yonder? For there is no trace here of the din and rush of panic-stricken Londoners so fondly gloated over by the German Press, but a picture of a people seeking their rest in familiar ways and places.

And, war or no war, the fact remains that for all its wealth and present plentiful supply of labour, New York has much to learn from the Londoner even in war-time in the cult and care of the people's pleasure-grounds. New York has not yet had time, perhaps, to turn her thoughts much in this direction; but it is an indisputable fact that the public parks and gardens in London are laid out and kept with a taste and care which those who are responsible for parks like the Central and the Bronx in New York would do well to imitate! It is a comfort to know that in these days of strain and sacrifice, when it is so difficult and so necessary to get what we can of brightness and happiness, there are such gardens of delight whose gates fly open at our touch. Of course, there are many throughout Britain to-day whose light-heartedness is neither a mask to conceal pain nor an attempt to be happy while recognising the seriousness of the time, but a stupid and heartless endeavour to deny the existence of a crisis while following their own pleasure at all costs; but in fairness to the nation it must be admitted that these are in the minority, and scarcely fair samples of the race. And, if a last contrast may be made, we see London to-day being purged in the furnace of affliction, and losing therein much accumulated dross; while New York, in her care for the things that perish, is, if she see not to it, not so much in danger of losing her own soul as of never coming to find it!

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

CHAPTER X.—WAR.

I.

[The reader is cautioned against accepting this story as an official narrative of the great war. The incidents described have actually happened; but, for obvious reasons, it has been necessary to give them fictitious colouring.]

DINNER in the wardroom had been over for some time, and the long table in the centre of the apartment was cleared. The mess, though it was close on ten o'clock, seemed very full of officers, far more crowded than on ordinary

evenings, and it was noticeable that all wore 'monkey jackets'—the ordinary eight-buttoned reefer coats usually seen in the daytime—instead of the customary mess-jackets, low waistcoats, and starched white shirts.

The unusual size of the gathering was accounted for partly by the fact that it happened to be the evening of 4th August 1914, when people were expecting things to happen, and partly because

a six-inch gun casemate, which ordinarily served as an officers' smoking-room, had been bereft of its furniture, supplied with a number of evil-looking shell, and had otherwise been converted to the grim legitimate function for which it had originally been intended—that is, as an armoured position for the gun and its crew.

Pipes and cigarettes were going full blast, and the air in the wardroom was blue with tobacco-smoke. A few of the occupants were seated in arm-chairs or on the sofas, re-reading the morning papers or assimilating the latest news from the early evening editions, which had arrived with the last post at eight o'clock. But by far the greater number were arguing and talking loudly, as was their habit.

The mess itself looked rather bare, for pictures had vanished from the bulkheads, and the carpet, the piano, and certain other not strictly necessary articles of furniture had disappeared. They had gone the way of a good many other things—ashore out of harm's way, where their presence could not be the cause of possible fires or splinters. Less than a fortnight later, however, the younger members of the mess were all clamouring for the return of the piano. They couldn't have their sing-songs without it, they explained—which was perfectly true. Moreover, they said, they were sick unto death of Peter Wooten's bagpipes, the *padre's* banjo, and Boyle's penny whistle, the only other musical instruments in the mess; and so, after some discussion, the piano came back, like the landlady's cat. The cabins, too, were practically gutted. Fitz-Johnson, who loved comfort, nearly wept when he entered his. His silk hangings and curtains, pictures, and photographs had been torn ruthlessly from their fastenings and sent ashore. They had filched his carpet and his chest of drawers. A score or so of exquisite striped shirts, many suits of plain clothes, his uniform full dress, frock-coats, and mess-jackets, which fitted his figure like a glove, and shore-going boots of all kinds, shapes, and colours, had been packed up in a box and sent to his long-suffering outfitter's for storage. Little had been left him beyond his shallow bath, the drawers under the bunk, a bookcase containing the King's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions, the Addenda thereto, and a washstand. Everything else seemed to have gone. He complained bitterly, poor fellow, for his exquisite soul rebelled at this wholesale desecration.

The general atmosphere in the wardroom was by no means gloomy or sad. On the contrary, every one seemed to be bubbling over with good spirits. In some cases, perhaps, the hilarity was a trifle forced, for when folk realise that war is practically inevitable they think they must appear to be cheerful whatever their personal feelings may be. As a consequence, they sometimes overdo it. But there were no signs of depression; neither did one see the

fierce aspect, tightly shut mouth, puckered brow, and general 'do or die' appearance usually associated with the eve of hostilities by sensational writers. They all knew that the chances were fully 100 to 1 that they were about to take part in the greatest struggle the world had ever known. Germany was already at war with Russia; Teuton troops had violated the neutrality of Luxemburg and Belgium, and had crossed the French frontier at various points; so it seemed impossible that Great Britain could refrain from joining in the conflict.

Ever since the early afternoon things had been humming. Urgent telegrams in cipher and wireless signals in code, the purport whereof were unknown to any but the senior officers, had been pouring in all day. Steam for full speed had been raised, and the ships were ready to move at an instant's notice; while Captain Spencer had been on board the flagship during the afternoon, and was away for a very long time. But not till afterwards did any of them know that the British ultimatum had already been handed to Germany.

Nobody was anything but cheerful. Their loyalty to their king, their anxiety to fight and overcome in a just cause, and, if need be, their readiness to die could not be expressed in mere words. There was no necessity for it. They took all that as a matter of course. They had been brought up to the idea ever since they had joined the service, so why talk about it?

'Peter, old son,' said the first lieutenant, rising with a yawn, and kicking the senior watch-keeper gently as he sprawled in an arm-chair, 'you're keeping the middle watch at the guns, aren't you?'

'I am, No. 1,' Wooten nodded. 'What of it?'

'Be a good chap, and have me called if war's declared, if any one fires a torpedo at us, or if you sight another Zeppelin.' He winked slyly at Fitz-Johnson. 'Also, at ten minutes to four; and tell the messenger to drag me out of bed. If you love me very much, Peter boy, you can have a nice cup of hot cocoa waiting for me when I come up.'

Peter rose from his chair and blinked sleepily. 'My love for you, No. 1,' he declared with great gravity, making a low bow with his hand on his heart, 'has long since passed its platonic stage. I will prepare your cocoa with mine own fair hands, and would even embrace your chaste cheek before you retire to your couch.' He stretched out his arms and advanced.

'Touch me if you dare, varlet!' Chase exclaimed, avoiding him neatly, and darting to the door.—'Well, s'long, all you chaps; sleep well.' He paused with the door open.—'I say, Dook, old man!'

Fitz-Johnson looked up.

'If you see another Zep, old bird, you might

take a photo of it. There's a camera in my cabin.' He vanished, chuckling.

Some time after eleven p.m., when the ward-room had been closed for the night and the officers had retired to their cabins, the sound of frantic cheering suddenly echoed out over the water. It came from the direction of the flag-ship; and Tickle, the officer of the watch in the *Belligerent*, paused in his perambulation. It could only mean one thing.

Ten minutes later he was reading his Majesty's message to Sir John Jellicoe, the Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet:

'At this grave moment in our national history, I send to you, and through you to the officers and men of the fleet of which you have assumed command, the assurance of my confidence that under your direction they will revive and renew the glories of the Royal Navy, and prove once again the sure shield of Britain and her Empire in her hour of trial.'

'And a jolly fine message, too,' Tickle muttered to himself. 'God bless him!'

Almost simultaneously came the official intimation that a state of war existed between Great Britain and Germany as from eleven p.m. on 4th August. The news spread like wildfire, and the 'Belligerents,' not to be outdone, left their hammocks *en masse*, crowded on the upper deck, and gave vent to their pent-up feelings and enthusiasm in volley after volley of cheers. They were quite irrepressible, and before very long the 'squeegie band,'* composed of two drums, a dozen fifes, many mouth-organs, and an unholy number of mess kettles and other noisy utensils, was marching round the deck making the night hideous. The noise did not cease till well after midnight.

War had come.

II.

Christmas came and went; but, though the ship's company made a point of keeping up the time-honoured traditions and customs, things were hardly the same as usual. They did not suffer from lack of seasonable fare, for volleys of plum-puddings and other comestibles from home had temporarily superseded the deluge of mufflers, mittens, and cigarettes; while the canteen did a roaring trade in turkeys, geese, boiled hams, fruit, holly, and chains of coloured paper for decorations.

On the morning of the 25th itself the squadron happened to be in harbour, and at daylight the *Belligerent* and every other ship appeared with the customary branches of fir and evergreen lashed to the mastheads and the yardarms.

At eight o'clock came a signal from the vice-

* Most ships, even those carrying proper musicians, have a home-made band formed by the men themselves. It always goes by the name of the 'squeegie band,' though why I cannot say.

admiral wishing all the officers and men under his command 'A Happy Christmas;' and at divisions at nine-thirty the officers took the opportunity of saying the same.

Then came church and the issue of Princess Mary's gifts; and if the donors to the fund could have seen the way these gilt boxes, with their cards, pipes, packets of tobacco, and cigarettes, were appreciated by their recipients they would have felt that their generosity had been repaid. A gift was always a gift and something to be appreciated, but a gift from a Royal Princess was to be treasured as an heirloom. As a consequence, the greater number of the men sent their boxes home by registered post without smoking the contents. They were far too valuable to be kept on board when there was a chance of the ship being torpedoed by a hostile submarine or sunk by a mine.

Shortly before noon the band assembled outside the captain's cabin, and as eight bells struck, Captain Spencer, preceded by the musicians playing 'The Roast Beef of Old England' and the 'funny party' with blackened faces and attired in a variety of strange costumes, and followed by a procession of all the officers, made the usual tour of the mess-deck. Some of the messes were embellished with festoons of paper chains, sprigs and bunches of holly and mistletoe, and home-made mottoes. Others were hardly decorated at all, but all the tables were well laden with food. At the foot of each mess stood a man with a plate of cake, pastry, or pudding, which he offered to all the officers in turn as they passed by. Every one of them took a small piece, wished the occupants of the mess 'A Happy Christmas,' nibbled the cake or whatever it was, and then hastily secreted the remains in his pocket. There were several dozen messes to be visited, and a few ounces of stodgy cake from each of them would provide more than enough for a schoolboy.

Opposite one of the chief petty officers' messes the procession came to a halt close to a black-board on which was chalked in large letters:

'The Ship's Company of H.M.S. *Belligerent* wish Captain Spencer and the officers a very happy Christmas and a bright and joyful New Year. They deeply regret that up to the present Captain Spencer has not had the opportunity of taking them into action, but are anxiously awaiting the time when he will.'

The captain smiled, took the proffered chalk, and made his reply.

'The same to you,' he wrote. 'Captain Spencer will be only too pleased to take the ship into action whenever the enemy give him the chance. When the time comes he and the officers know that they may rely on the "Belligerents" to give a good account of themselves. Let 'em all come!'

Loud and prolonged cheering before the procession moved on.

It took fully half-an-hour to do the whole round of the messes; but at last the officers disappeared to their own lunch, and left the men to go on with their meal. They acquitted themselves nobly.

Soon after lunch, when Tickle had retired to his cabin and was composing himself for his usual afternoon slumber, there came a knock at his door. 'Well, what is it?' he inquired lazily.

'It's me, sir,' said Petty Officer Casey, insinuating his head through the curtain. 'The foc's'lemen sends their compliments, sir, an' would yer be so kind as to visit 'em in their messes for a few minutes?'

Tickle yawned, hoisted himself out of his bunk, and stepped outside. Here he was promptly seized by four stalwart A.B.'s, hoisted shoulder-high, and, with a man in front playing triumphantly upon a mouth-organ, was carried off. Down ladders and up ladders they went, through cheering crowds on the mess-deck, until they finally allowed him to slide gracefully to earth among the men of his own fore-castle division.

They proceeded to drink his health in navy rum, a compliment which he was bound to return; but even then the ordeal was not over.

'They'd like yer to say a few words, sir,' Petty Officer Casey prompted him hoarsely.

Tickle cleared his throat nervously. 'I'm not much of a hand at making a speech,' he began; 'but I'm very glad to come here and wish you all a happy Christmas again. From what I can see—he looked round the tables—'you all seem to have been enjoying yourselves. My only regret—our only regret, I should say—is that we haven't had a chance of meeting the enemy yet; but that's a pleasure we all look forward to'—

Here he was interrupted by loud cheers and bangings on the tables.

'It's quite unnecessary for me to tell you that I know the *Belligerent* will do jolly well when the time comes, and that the men of the fore-castle division will do better than any one else'—

Loud cries of 'Hear, hear!' and more shouting.

'I've clean forgotten what I was going to say,' he went on, laughing. 'Oh yes. I'm sure the fore-castle men will do better than any one else when it comes to a scrap; but don't get down-hearted if we have to wait for some time before we get it. Other ships have had a run for their money, and we haven't; but we're all doing our bit for the country, and it's up to us to do our duty wherever the Admiralty choose to send us. At the same time, I hope the war will not be over before we have our look in. Well,' he concluded, 'I don't think there is anything else I can say, except to wish you all the best of luck.' He lifted the fanny* to his lips and sipped its contents.

'An' th' same to you, sir!' came a roar. 'Three cheers for Lieutenant Tickle!'

'One more, boys!' somebody yelled excitedly. 'Hip, hip, hip, HURRAH!'

Tickle, feeling very awkward and red in the face, bowed his acknowledgments. 'Thank you very much indeed,' he said quietly. He could not express his feelings in mere words.

The *Belligerent* was a happy ship, and the officers were popular with their men, and many of them, including the commander, the engineer-commander, all the officers of divisions, captain of marines, and most of the midshipmen and warrant-officers, were ruthlessly dragged from their afternoon slumber and carried forward to the mess-decks to make speeches. Christmas, the time of good-fellowship and goodwill, only came once a year, but it was one of the rare occasions when the men were able to show their officers what they really thought of them.

So, taking it all round, they managed to enjoy themselves, for bluejackets always succeed in being cheerful under any circumstances; but nobody could help having a feeling at the back of his mind that this particular Christmas was not quite the same as others, as indeed it was not. They were thinking of their homes and of what was happening there, and many of them, officers as well as men, had not set foot on shore for weeks—months, in some cases.

Boxing Day found the squadron at sea.

(Continued on page 617).

INVENTIONS OF THE DEVIL HOW THE MACHINE-GUN HAS REVOLUTIONISED WARFARE.

By FREDERICK A. TALBOT.

'INVENTIONS of the Devil!' Such was the terse, graphic description applied by General Sir Ian Hamilton to the death-dealing machine-guns which greeted our troops as they waded to the beach upon the invasion of the Gallipoli Peninsula. It is an opinion which is shared in many quarters, and by the enemy as much as by the Allies.

The Germans were undoubtedly the first to bring home to military science the deadly nature of this type of firearm, although they, too, blundered badly in its utilisation. The fact that Germany placed great reliance upon this weapon is not surprising. In the Franco-Prussian

* 'Fanny,' the receptacle from which a bluejacket drinks his rum.

war of 1870-71 the French virtually relied upon a quaint mechanical rifle, described as a mitrailleuse, which was an improved revival of the 'coffee-mill' used in the American Civil War. But the French made one great mistake. They thought that their possession of this weapon in sufficient quantities would completely counterbalance their weakness in heavy artillery, in which the Germans excelled.

That the French machine-gun was used with pronounced effect was borne out at the conclusion of the campaign by the Germans immediately setting to work to devise an improved arm similar to that which had been used against them by the French. They succeeded to such a degree that the weapon was distributed throughout the reorganised Teuton army. Moreover, the authorities carried out their work with all the secrecy they could command, so that other Powers were quite ignorant of the precise strength of the machine-gun elements in the German army.

Then came the momentous improvement evolved by Sir Hiram Maxim. His wonderful weapon rendered the German machine-gun obsolete. It could not compare in many respects with the latest development in this direction. The Maxim gun aroused world-wide interest, inasmuch as its principle of operation was completely new. The gun was automatic in the fullest sense of the word. The trigger was pressed to fire the first shot, and then the machine continued to fire upon its own account until the magazine, as represented by the belt, was exhausted. But this was not all. The military experts of the various Powers, when the occasion arrived for them to examine and test the gun, were astonished at its firing capacity. Never before had it been possible to discharge bullets in such a steady stream and at such a speed; and this from a weapon which weighed less than eighty pounds!

Considerable speculation prevailed as to the precise rôle the new gun would play in civilised warfare. The initial practical demonstration came during the South African war, and we were doomed to taste its real bitterness first. The Boers had acquired a certain number of these weapons from the German manufacturers, and they turned them upon our troops at the charge of Magersfontein, when eight hundred of the Black Watch were knocked over like skittles within three minutes! Incidentally this experience brought home the futility of frontal attack in massed formation. Unfortunately, however, although our troops were well equipped with Maxims, the fighting tactics adopted by the Boers precluded their effective use, so that at the conclusion of the war military experts were still somewhat undecided as to the exact functions they would fulfil in the game of war.

The Germans, however, cherished their own opinions. Massed frontal attacks were the alpha

and omega of Teuton military science. Consequently it was assumed that other nations would pursue the self-same principle. Moreover, the Teuton military advisers shrewdly surmised that a proper disposition of machine-guns in adequate force would be highly successful in both attack and defence, and thereupon two machine-guns became attached to each company of one hundred men. Although the Germans have adopted the Maxim whole-heartedly, it is by no means the only weapon of this type which is in their service. Other weapons working upon slightly different principles, more particularly the Austrian machine-gun, are distributed throughout the army in large numbers. Consequently, owing to the secrecy with which German military preparations were veiled, the Allies were far from knowing the precise machine-gun strength of the enemy, although it was known that at least forty-six thousand Maxims were in use, because the British firm holding the patents for the arm had received royalties up to this number.

The machine-gun strength of the Central Powers came somewhat as a surprise to all the Allies. It is estimated that in the advance upon Paris in the opening days of the war the Germans carried no fewer than fifty thousand of these weapons; and even then the workshops of the Empires were toiling feverishly to increase the numbers of this arm. The reliance of the enemy upon machine-gun fire was afterwards brought home to us very convincingly when he was thrown back to his present position upon the Western front, because the machine-gun strength played a prominent part in disputing the further advance of the Allies. Incidentally it contributed to the siege war which developed and has ever since been maintained.

Realising our insufficiency of these weapons, we speedily utilised our workshops to turn out unlimited quantities of this arm. The French were equally determined and energetic. Fortunately, in this instance we were not called upon to give France a helping hand to any great extent. Our Ally, although using the Maxim, is more impressed by an American machine-gun, the Hotchkiss, which has been persistently developed in that country, until now it stands as one of the finest arms of its type in the world. It is extremely light, and may be carried easily by two men, so that it fulfils all the requirements of portability, and assists the mobility of the army.

The Maxim gun has also been improved out of recognition. In its present form it is known as the Vickers rifle-calibre machine-gun, from the fact that it uses the self-same ammunition as the British service rifle. Weight has been pared down by the skilful employment of improved metals and alloys, until now it weighs only forty and a half pounds complete, so that it can be readily carried by two men. Its support has

also undergone considerable improvement, the present mounting being of a 'universal' character, enabling the gun to be adapted to any conceivable position with equal facility.

In addition to these improvements, the gun has been rendered more deadly. Its rapidity of fire has been increased until now it is possible to discharge up to seven hundred and fifty shots per minute, and with such accuracy that a complete belt of ammunition can be pumped into an area a foot square at a range of two thousand yards. In rapidity of fire, accuracy of aim, and range, the British Maxim, it may be mentioned, is superior to its Teuton brother of the same name, the German weapon having for the most part a lower rate of fire. On the other hand, the Germans have been every whit as enterprising in reducing the weight of the weapon so as to secure increased mobility.

The difference between the systems of operation in the Maxim and the French Hotchkiss is very marked. In the Maxim gun the cartridges are carried in a leather belt. The belt is slipped into position, and the trigger is pulled to fire the first shot. After that the machine continues to fire of its own accord until the trigger is released or the belt of cartridges is exhausted. The 'kick' of the gun is harnessed to eject the spent cartridge-case, insert the succeeding cartridge, reset the gun, and to fire again. This is done by causing the recoil set up by the discharge of the bullet to slide the breech-block and barrel backwards. The extent of this movement is controlled by a special (fuzee) spring, which in turn acts upon the mechanism of the gun in such a manner as to bring about the cycle of operations just mentioned.

The rapidity of the fire sets up intense heat; but the barrel is cooled by a water-jacket of special design, containing seven and a half pints of water, surrounding the barrel. The necessity of utilising water to overcome the heat set up by the combustion of the propelling charge constitutes, to a certain degree, an adverse feature of the Maxim; but this becomes pronounced only in extremely hot countries where adequate supplies of water may possibly be difficult to obtain. In the latest type, however, the cooling is assisted in a measure by the air. The use of the leather belt is considered also to constitute somewhat of an objection, owing to this material being liable to expansion and contraction under climatic vagaries, thereby conducing to jamming of the gun.

In the French Hotchkiss the functions performed in the Maxim by the forces of recoil are carried out by the blast set up by the burnt powder gases. These are passed into a tiny cylinder in which there is a piston. The gases move this piston, which in turn actuates the breech mechanism through a connecting-rod, thereby bringing about the ejection of the spent

cartridge, the introduction of the succeeding cartridge, and the resetting of the firing-pin. Another point in which the Hotchkiss differs from the Maxim is that it is air-cooled; while, furthermore, a rigid metal clip is used instead of a flexible leather belt to carry the cartridges.

The war has also served to bring to the front another and newer type of machine-gun which may be said to represent a decided forward step towards the realisation of what is known as the machine-gun rifle—a combined rifle and machine-gun. This is the Lewis weapon, the invention of Colonel Lewis of the United States Army, the rights to use which in the British army were promptly acquired upon the outbreak of war.

This weapon differs completely from any of its rivals. In general appearance it resembles the ordinary rifle, carrying on the top, near the breech, a flat disc or drum in which are placed some fifty cartridges set radially. This disc revolves, feeding the cartridges successively one by one into the breech after the spent cartridge has been ejected. The gun weighs only twenty-six pounds, so that it can be fired from the shoulder, although a strong, well-built soldier would be required for the purpose. Under these circumstances a small light mounting is recommended, and indeed is used. Owing to the character of the mechanism it is possible to discharge the weapon in the manner of the ordinary rifle—that is, one trigger-pull, one shot—or the fifty rounds may be discharged within four seconds, which is equivalent to seven hundred and fifty rounds per minute. The magazine, when emptied, can be exchanged for a charged drum, and firing resumed within two seconds. The Lewis weapon is operated by the gases of explosion, in which it resembles the Hotchkiss mitrailleuse; while the barrel is kept cooled by the aid of air, water thus being unnecessary. The bullet, as it travels towards the muzzle, creates a blast of cold air, which is utilised in such a manner as to cool the barrel immediately. The consequence is that, no matter how vigorously the weapon may be discharged, there is no risk whatever of its becoming overheated.

The machine-guns now in operation among all the belligerents are estimated to exceed one million in number. If these were concentrated into a single battery, and the whole were fired simultaneously, they would spit forth no fewer than five hundred million bullets every minute. It is the extraordinary voracity of the machine-gun which has made of the utmost importance the maintenance of an adequate stream of rifle-bullets from the small-arms ammunition factories of the world.

The vogue of the machine-gun has exercised a far-reaching influence upon the defence of trenches, which constitutes such a feature of the present campaign. It has solved the problem of the economical manning of field fortifications to

an extraordinary degree. A single machine-gun, with its crew of four men, is equivalent to forty infantry armed with the modern magazine-rifle, and is capable of throwing a hotter concentrated fire upon a given spot. Incidentally, it is this weapon which has rendered the taking of a few yards of trenches such a desperate and costly achievement, and which has invested such a capture with so much importance.

Nor is its application confined to any one phase of military operations. It is the only efficient weapon for the armoured car and the motor-bicycle. Its wonderful utility in this direction has been frequently revealed. The significance of the armoured motor-car equipped with an efficient machine-gun was first proved during the opening days of the war, especially upon the occasion of the German advance from Antwerp along the Flanders coast to Ostend. The British and the Belgians maintained a kind of guerilla warfare, and harassed the Germans sorely. All sorts and conditions of motor-propelled vehicles were impressed for this duty, the simplicity of the mitrailleuse and Maxim mountings facilitating these tactics. The Belgians, as well as some of our other Allies, have also requisitioned dogs for the hauling of these weapons, the guns being mounted upon light pneumatic-tired bicycle-wheels. The utility of the Maxim, as applied to the motor-cycle, was powerfully demonstrated on the occasion of the desperate German counter-attack upon Hill 60, which doubtless would have succeeded had not these fleet vehicles dashed up and assumed strategical positions, whence they were able to rake the onrushing massed ranks of the enemy through and through with fearful devastating effect.

There is one drawback attending the utilisation of the machine-gun, if it can be described as a drawback. Owing to its rapidity of fire and high consumption of cartridges it is imperative that adequate supplies of ammunition be carried. This constitutes the most critical phase of the whole problem, because the bullets are weighty. A box containing two hundred and fifty rounds represents a dead-weight of about twenty-seven pounds, and this supply is only adequate to keep the weapon going continuously for thirty seconds! Experience of the war has proved the necessity of at least twenty thousand rounds, which represent nearly a ton in weight, being within easy reach of a machine-gun.

But in the application of the Maxim to the motor-cycle considerable ingenuity has been displayed. A three-wheeled vehicle is favoured, the attachment, corresponding virtually to a side-car, being a small, compact, flat deck, on which the gun is mounted, with a seat for the gunner; while the ammunition is tucked away in boxes beneath the deck. Fortunately, owing to the extreme mobility and speed of the motor-

cycle, it is possible to recharge the ammunition-boxes from a conveniently adjacent centre, or vehicles can be delegated to the express duty of rushing to and fro, thereby providing the guns with an adequate supply of cartridges.

It must also be remembered that it is the machine-gun which has contributed most largely to aerial fighting; the magazine-rifle is only useful as a stand-by. With the machine-gun a steady hail of bullets can be kept trained upon an enemy aeroplane. Such a fire is severely demoralising, especially if the attacker has secured the superior position, inasmuch as the attacked cannot reply. It was the employment of the machine-gun in these tactics which enabled the Germans to secure an ephemeral triumph with the much-vaunted Fokker. The Teuton tactics were very simple. The Fokker rose to the attack. If the aviator discovered that he held the advantage in speed, he instantly rushed towards his antagonist, preferably from the rear, peppering him, once he had drawn within point-blank range, from the most advantageous position. Then, owing to superior speed, the Fokker could keep circling around the weaker aeroplane until the latter had been smashed or forced to descend. This circling method of attack was no doubt highly effective. It enabled the gunner in the Fokker to keep his weapon trained upon the enemy machine, which virtually represented the centre of the circle which the Fokker described. Consequently, once the range had been obtained, the gunner had only to keep it. On the other hand, the attacked plane could not retort effectively. Whereas the Fokker gunner had merely to keep his gun steady and in one position to produce a continuous discharge, the gunner in the attacked aeroplane having constantly to move his weapon, and being able to fire only through a limited arc, the discharge was spasmodic. The tactics of the Fokker, however, were partially overcome by a novel means of mounting a machine-gun in the aeroplane, which gave the craft acting on the defensive greater fighting-power, and to a certain extent deprived the speedier warplane of the advantages accruing from its high speed and ability to circle.

The machine-gun has also proved a highly efficient weapon for repelling aircraft attack so long as the aerial invader is within the range of the weapon. The mounting is such that the gun can be given a very pronounced degree of elevation. Indeed, it can be fired almost directly vertically. Machine-gun fire is extremely harassing to an aeroplane flying low. It can be picked up fairly easily, and its flight can be followed without undue effort. Meanwhile a steady stream of bullets is poured upon it, and this has a distinctly unnerving effect, more particularly as the aeroplane has no

efficient means of retaliating. As a rule, when the machine-gun fire from the ground commences to grow somewhat hot, and the gunner is perilously near the critical range, the aeroplane sheers off; the risk is considered to be too heavy. Whatever else the Germans may have achieved, they have certainly proved unable to combat anti-aircraft gun-fire from a Maxim or a mitrailleuse. The Teuton flier, while daring, is not inclined to take chances. He knows full well, once his antagonist on the ground gets the range, that his aeroplane is doomed to be riddled like a sieve.

Two weapons have proved practically invincible in this war. One is the famous French '75, and the other is the machine-gun.

The two acting in effective combination are irresistible. The '75, by rafale and curtain tactics, is able to isolate an attacking force by keeping the supports at bay. Then the machine-gun, faced only by the front attacking element, is able to mow it down like a motor-driven scythe cutting hay. The danger of the machine-gun defenders being rushed by sheer weight of numbers is removed by the support of the '75, and the combination of the two widely divergent arms, acting in perfect unison and with clock-like precision, is able to defeat the most determined attack, as the Germans in their desperate efforts to capture the defences of Verdun and to break through the British lines have found to their cost.

DEAR LADY OF THE STARLIGHT.

By M. F. HUTCHINSON.

THE guard closed the door of the first-class compartment with a decided thud. A woman who had been leaning out, trying with anxious eyes to pierce the shrouded darkness of the station, sat down with a sigh and glanced almost apologetically at the only other occupant of the carriage. 'My husband has missed the train. He thought he had time, instead of waiting here, to visit a wounded man in hospital. I ought to have got out!'

The train was moving out of the great station.

A gently sympathetic voice answered her. 'He may be in the back part of the train. You will be able to find out at the first stopping-place.'

Mrs Allerton sighed, and then did her best to laugh. 'Men will always count on the unexpected odd minute being in their favour!'

There was no use in feeling depressed; she disliked the idea of the long night-journey alone, and yet she was a great traveller. In these days of war there might be all kinds of unexpected and trying happenings. She was glad to have a companion; and yet when the other passenger had stepped into that compartment five minutes before the train started she had felt momentarily annoyed, because she had counted on being alone with her husband. But now the presence, an attractive presence, was comforting. The light in the carriage showed the figure of a tall, well-dressed woman, wearing a small travelling hat; the rather heavy veil obscured her features. Mrs Allerton tried to interest herself in deciding whether the owner of the voice with delicate intonations was dark or fair, but all the time her real self was occupied with the thought of her husband, and the dislike she felt at taking the long journey south alone. A soldier's wife should never listen to the whisperings of fear!

She was really foolish; at the first stopping-place, if he did not appear, she could leave the train and wire a message back to Edinburgh stating where she was.

Mrs Allerton glanced across at her companion and wished she would talk, then drew aside a blind and looked out into the dark. There were houses, many of them probably quite close at hand, but not a light could be detected. Great Britain in war-time! But she would not allow herself to think of the war, its deathless glories, its poignant tragedies, because she determined to be cheerful. She let the blind fall, and saw her travelling companion open a handbag and take out what looked like a mass of crumpled paper, glance irresolutely at the handful, crunch it up in one hand, only to smooth it out again and thrust the paper into the bag. The opening of the handbag seemed to fill the compartment with a very delicate scent, one unknown to Mrs Allerton, but it made her think of the lovely stretches of flower-filled meadows in southern France before the war. Anxious for forgetfulness, she made some tentative remark about the swift but easy rush of the great express, and was answered courteously but not expansively. The stranger wanted silence. Well, she would think of the end of the journey, the pleasant errand taking her husband—how she wished she knew him to be safely ensconced in a smoking-carriage!—and herself to London. Other people travelling in that express train might be on their way to see some sick, wounded, or even dying man.

Again her kind eyes, always bright with sympathy and interest, rested on the other woman. To what was she journeying? Though they were travelling alone together, she would never know; but at least she might hope, with all the strength of a kind heart, it was not

sorrow which had called her to make this night-journey.

Mrs Allerton closed her eyes and leaned back in her corner. She would sleep, since it was not easy to think of cheerful things. She believed they had a two hours' run before crossing the Border. Worry she would not. General Allerton always teased his wife about this habit, and said it brought a pucker to her forehead, and made her look a harassed woman, as if he were in the habit of ill-treating her in private! The wife suddenly smiled; she seemed to hear the bracing, cheery tones, and longed for his actual presence.

Two hours! The train swept on so steadily; after all, it was a very little time. Why was she so stupid as not to sleep? *Two hours!* The train rushed, but the minutes dragged; twice she looked at her watch, to feel positively angry with it. Surely the tiresome thing must have stopped; but, holding it to her ear, she heard its serene ticking.

Suddenly she sat erect with a start of joyful surprise; the train was stopping! Her hand went out eagerly to the window-strap. The train stopped. The blind, released, rolled up swiftly; Mrs Allerton let down the window, met the cold rush of night air, and saw nothing but a heavy darkness, not so much as one point of light.

She drew in her head and spoke to the other traveller. 'Can anything be wrong, or are we just outside a station?' The lady got up and moved down the carriage towards the open window. The light went out. Window after window was flung down; they heard a confused murmur of voices, and then came the sound of hurrying heavy feet on the metalled way, and words spoken hurriedly but with authority. 'No lights! Not so much as a match. No lights.'

'*Zeppelins!*' exclaimed Mrs Allerton. If only her husband were on the train! Surely he would find her somehow! She called to the guard; but he merely muttered his sharp order, and ran on intent on duty. She kept the window-strap in a firm clutch as she leaned forward to ask a question: 'Shall I shut the window?'

'Thank you; I like the air. Please leave it down if you are not cold. Everything seems very quiet; I hear nothing.'

'I fancy that I do hear many sounds, but I believe it is just the result of nervous imagination. How helpless we are, shut up in this train! I ought to have got out when I did not see my husband. He told me to make for a compartment in the middle of the train, and I did as he told me.' The wife sighed as she spoke.

'And I wrote telegram after telegram in the station to say that, after all, I would not take this journey, and here I am!'

Again Mrs Allerton detected the delicate fragrance of the unknown perfume; she guessed the handbag had been opened once more. The crumpled mass of paper was composed, then, of unsent telegraph-forms. She heard sounds as if the hands of the other traveller were endeavouring to smooth out the paper; then there followed a swift unmistakable noise of tearing, which ceased abruptly, and presently the sharp click of the catch of the handbag. Had the papers been returned to it? And then there was silence.

Mrs Allerton could not keep herself from shivering, but not with cold. She put up the window to within a couple of inches of the top, and drew down the blind. 'I have a small electric hand-lamp in my bag,' she said wistfully; 'but it would not be right to turn on the light even for a moment. One needs a disagreeable experience like this to make one realise the comfort in a safety-match, even the feeblest light.'

Mrs Allerton, always an impulsive person, wished she had not made this remark, because it sounded so prosy. The other passenger could not guess she had to make a tremendous effort to keep her self-control. If only her husband had been with her!

Her companion asked a question: 'May we have the blind up? The stars are shining so brightly!'

The blind went up swiftly; fingers found relief in the commonplace action.

'Stars! Do you know, I never even thought of them, and I have been sighing for light. How very bright they are!'

'I am so fond of stars.' There was a pause, and then the voice of delicate intonations went on speaking, to Mrs Allerton's relief. 'We are strangers, but I fancy you are in need of comfort. Shall you mind if I talk a little?'

'*Mind!* I shall be thankful. May I tell you who I am? My name is——'

'No, please don't tell me. It will be so much easier to talk, especially about stars, if our ordinary everyday names are not mentioned. We are two women alone in the dark, arrested suddenly in a journey south by a Zeppelin raid. I know one thing about you—a great thing—you are a devoted and very happy wife. I shall like to talk to you.'

'Ah,' was the quick response, 'are you married and not happy? That is so sad.'

'I am not married, but'—— There was a pause.

Mrs Allerton waited for the completion of the sentence, but waited in vain.

When the other passenger went on speaking it was of the stars. 'My love for the stars arises from a curious adventure. Six months ago I had a strange experience. I thought I was to know the meaning of terror and fear, but instead I spent the happiest hours of my life. I was going from London by car to a dear old aunt

taken suddenly ill, and it should not have been much more than an hour's run. The car, a hired one, as it happened, ran well. I was alone; I had no maid with me. Suddenly, startlingly, we were stopped by special constables, and the chauffeur was told to put out the lights. I got out; the car was drawn as close as possible to a dark mass of trees, and I stood there, not asking questions, but just shivering helplessly and realising that I was afraid.

'A Zeppelin raid! And now you have another experience of the same kind. That seems hard!'

'But to-night I am not afraid; then I was, until a voice spoke to me. I can hear it now, a wonderful voice. "This is a trying experience for you, but try not to feel alarmed. There happens to be a little hotel not more than a mile away; and as the special constables don't want help, I came through the plantation to offer mine. I am returning there; will you allow me to show you the way?" You see, I remember the actual words just like a child who has learned a lesson well. The stranger told me the Zepps were over London, and that it would probably be a long time before my car would be allowed to go on. He gave me his name and regiment, said he had been sent home on military business, and on its completion had been given forty-eight hours to himself.

'I accepted his suggestion at once. I wish I could explain the effect of his voice, that wonderfully inspiring voice heard first in the dark. I could understand its magnetic effect on fighting men. My driver would not leave his car; a policeman said that when things were safe he would guide him to the hotel. *When things were safe!* I forgot fear with the sound of the stranger's voice.' The speaker paused. 'Am I wearying you? Does it seem a long, tiresome story?'

'Tiresome?' Mrs Allerton spoke truthfully. 'I am deeply interested.'

'I do not know now whether the road to the hotel was long or short, easy or difficult; it seemed pleasant to me. When we reached the little place a kind woman was good to me. I sat for three hours, wrapped in rugs, on a small veranda, and listened to the voice of this officer. He talked of the stars. Other people listened too, but I felt all the time as if he were talking just to me. He said it was wonderful to look up from trenches and the openings into dug-outs at the stars. He repeated stories, legends, fables, which he said a brother-officer had collected from different nations. I liked one so much! Each of us has his or her own star, from which our spirits come for the experience of this earth, and to it we return when, early or late, we have learned that which is expected from us. He spoke of gradations of stars. Perhaps, for some of us, the earth experience will not be sufficient; there may be more schooling still until we reach our real star again. I wish I could repeat every-

thing as I heard it. But since then the stars are my friends.'

'I do not wonder!' Mrs Allerton moved closer to the window and looked up at the sky.

'The hours passed. The officer asked me to let him know if I reached my journey's end safely. From my doing this there sprang up a correspondence which—which—has meant a great deal to me.'

'You love this man,' exclaimed Mrs Allerton, 'and I do not wonder. You will meet again.'

'I have written to him two or three times a week, and I have heard constantly. His letters always begin, "Dear Lady of the Starlight!" Does it seem odd to confess, sitting here in the dark, that I do love to think of him? I wonder if you will understand or think me a strange creature! This man has said no word of love to me. I had a letter saying he was coming home on five days' leave, and that he might be going to Scotland. I wrote at once, impulsively, to France and to the London address he gave me, saying I should be going to town. But'—The speaker hesitated. 'But'—

A kind hand was stretched out and two words gently spoken: 'I understand!'

'I have lived a guarded, sheltered life; the war alters so many things. After my letters had gone I was wretched. If I went to London I had to acknowledge the truth to myself that it would be only to meet him, and I had no real right to go. His letters told me nothing of his family, his ties. He just sprang out of the darkness in the starlight to give help and comfort. And here, in the train, I experience another Zeppelin raid. But up above us are the stars he talked about. He spoke of the Star Gauge, and declared if we measured life's happenings by that things would be so different, because many of our troubles are the result of our own littleness. If I meet him, will he judge this action of mine by the Star Gauge?'

'I am sure he will, and that you are going to happiness.'

'When I wrote, it did not seem strange to say I should be staying at my club; but afterwards, and when I reached the station to-night, I wondered how I could have done it. I have heard nothing; perhaps silence will reveal the full measure of his disapproval.'

Mrs Allerton set herself to bestow comfort. 'I am sure it will not! I sympathise so much with you, and I do thank you for telling me. I know exactly what you mean by the influence of a voice. I fell in love with my husband's voice—Ah, *do you hear?* What is that?'

They heard the sound of feet on the metalled road. Did it mean the danger was over, and that the train would proceed on its way? A voice spoke—surely that of the guard who had done his duty so thoroughly? Yes, it was the guard's

voice. 'Keep close alongside me, sir. Don't show the scrape of a match. Middle coach is hereabouts.'

The two women sat in the darkness waiting. Mrs Allerton longed to hear an answering voice, that of her husband. She let down the window and thrust out her head and called three words: 'Is it you?'

If the gentleman piloted by the guard were her husband he would know her voice at once. She tried to speak calmly; but for the moment she forgot everything—the other passenger, the talk about the stars, and the words of comfort she had tried to speak—in the delicious possibility of his nearness and his safety.

She was promptly answered, 'Of course it is I! The guard refused to let me stir before. All right? I am coming in.—Thanks, guard, I don't expect to be under a better commanding officer.'

The door swung open, and a man scrambled in. At the sound of the voice the other woman had started, and then, unseen in the darkness, unheard, fell back in the corner with a moan of pain. As the door opened she nerved herself, and was able to creep down to the far end of the carriage.

Mrs Allerton, made momentarily forgetful by great joy and relief, remembered her companion. 'There is a lady here!' Her hands groped in the darkness. 'Ah, you have moved! I am sorry. Now my husband will take care of us both.'

'I am very glad you were not alone,' said the man in his inspiring voice. 'Poor worried wife! I hope the lady will not find me in the way.'

There was no answer.

He went on speaking. Of course, she was nervous. 'I believe we shall be on the move before long. We thought in our smoker we saw flashes and heard explosions. Were you very much worried? An ass of a porter gave me the wrong number of the platform, and I caught the train by the skin of my teeth. Well, here I am! What about the superior midnight supper we were to have on board? Have you ladies eaten all the good things?'

'I never remembered them! The flat hamper is in the rack just above here. Get it down, dear.'

The man laughed because his wife knocked against him. He put his arm round her, and very, very gently kissed her. He was sure the ears of the other lady could not have heard!

For a moment Mrs Allerton clung to her husband, and then she spoke, but not to him, in a light, caressing tone of voice: 'Please, dear and kind other passenger, where are you? Come back to this end of the carriage, and let us be cosy together.'

She was answered, but in a voice she would not have recognised, coldly icy in tone and

sharply metallic: 'Thank you, I prefer to remain here!'

A kind woman, momentarily baffled, sat down, while her genial husband wished ladies would not be disagreeable when Zepps were in the air. Probably this was an elderly person who had a horror for the scent of even a harmless cigarette, and who disliked men. Well, for once she must try to tolerate the presence of one, because he intended to stay with his wife. He knew, though he could not see the loved face, that the attitude of the other passenger distressed the kindest of women.

Mrs Allerton sat quite still, thinking desperately. Something had literally frozen the other woman at a moment when she was talking of intimate and tender things. What could it have been? *The sound of her husband's voice!* She forgot the possibility of danger from the air, and concentrated her mind on the problem. And then, swiftly, mental illumination came.

She sprang up, and drew a reproach on herself from her husband's lips. 'Now, Kitty, *why* try to upset the whole bag of tricks? Notwithstanding the dark, I am trying to set out this supper in the most workman-like, or, rather, waiter-like, manner!'

He was not even answered. His wife went to the far corner and sat down by a still figure. 'Please let me tell you that my husband and I are going to London to meet his brother, who is to have five days' leave. There are fifteen years between the two men, but their voices—I always say I fell in love first with a voice and not with a man—are exactly the same! One cannot tell the difference, and many times have they played tricks on me!'

General Allerton muttered to himself, 'Upon my word!' and reflected that women were undoubtedly the most curious creatures, doing utterly unexpected things. Here was his wife talking to a stranger in this rather absurd way. What was she saying now?

'Hugh, my brother-in-law—Hugh Allerton—is a bachelor, and, though he won't own it, superstitious. His mother was Scotch. He told me in a letter that he was deeply in love with a sweet woman, met unexpectedly; but even if she were dear enough to care for him, so many splendid fellows lucky in love had been unlucky in war!'

Curious and curiousest! General Allerton had certainly not tumbled through a looking-glass into another world, but the climb into a dark railway carriage had produced strange conversation and confidences. He heard, clearly, the sound of a kiss, and then realised that the other passenger was not disagreeable or elderly. Voices! He liked hers.

'How good you are to me! My name is Marjorie Dallas.'

Then his wife had made her strange little

confidences without even knowing the name of the other lady.

And then his name was called: 'Raymond, please come here and be introduced to Miss Dallas, who has met Hugh.'

So his brother was the link, the brother of whom he had always thought so much, and now admired and envied! General Allerton was serving his country at home, not like the younger men who were fortunate enough to be in the forefront of the battle. He had just completed some special work in Scotland.

Laughingly, he felt his way to the other end of the carriage, and in the darkness contrived, successfully, to touch the lady's hand and hold it for a moment with firm and comforting friendliness. He felt instinctively that this was not the moment to ask questions as to the acquaintance between Miss Dallas and Hugh. He talked cheerily of supper. Should they have it then, or wait until the lights went up, as they certainly would before very long? He was sure the raiders would be driven off.

Within an hour the train moved on its way, and drew cautiously into a station where lights showed dimly. The Zepps *had* been driven off; the danger was over! General Allerton got out of the carriage to see if hot tea or coffee could be obtained, and to discover if there were any lonely travellers who needed help and friendliness. His wife, alone with Marjorie Dallas, said tender things. It seemed as if the other passenger could not talk at all of the man who had filled her thoughts for so long, even blamed herself for confidences made in the darkness; but Kitty Allerton was full of happy confidence. Hugh must certainly love this Dear Lady of the Starlight, but she respected the dignified and quiet reticence.

When General Allerton returned, and the journey was resumed, with the comfort of light, his cheery friendliness made everything easy. He talked of many things, but not of his brother. He looked at the stranger with approval. Even in the dimly lighted carriage he could see she was of charming appearance. Was beautiful the right word? If there were anything between her and Hugh—well, then, his brother was a lucky fellow. Was she not the only daughter of a fine soldier, General Sir Henry Dallas? Curious she and his wife should make friends in a railway carriage, and through a Zeppelin raid! If only the lady would obligingly go to sleep, he would seize upon the opportunity and ask Kitty discreet questions in a whisper. But she showed no sign of any real intention of going to sleep, though sometimes she closed her eyes, and he was able to have a good look at the sweet face. It was not until the long journey was over that real enlightenment came. He saw his brother on the rather crowded platform filled with people anxious to welcome the belated travellers.

'Why,' he exclaimed, 'Hugh has reached town before us, after all! And we meant to be here to meet him.' He blocked the carriage window completely for a minute or two, until Major Allerton looked past him and saw his Dear Lady of the Starlight! The look on his face was easily read by a brother's eyes; General Allerton literally tumbled out on to the platform, and told his wife to follow him.

Hugh and the other passenger were lovers; there were worse places than a railway carriage for a tender meeting.

FROM BOSRAH.

WHO is this, in regal state, who cometh from afar,
His Tyrian purple garments dyed to a fierce
blood-red,
His sword unsheathed and rusted with dreadful
stains of war,
A crown of gold and jewels set on his royal
head?

Triumphantly he passes o'er Edom's tranquil plain,
Death with his captives following across the
ruined fields,
Unharvested, ungarnered, blood-stained the golden
grain,
Where war demands the tribute that stubborn
valour yields.

Before him spreads in radiance the glory of the
world,
God's splendid gift that all men are bound to
hold in trust;
Behind him grief and anguish 'neath terror's flag
unfurled,
Where flaming homes hide secrets of murder,
rapine, lust.

This is he, whose regal state proclaims him Lord
of War,
Death following in his footsteps, close as a new-
made bride;
With glittering spear uplifted he cometh from afar,
The crimson of his raiment in blood of thousands
died.

Who is this with wayworn feet and head in anguish
bowed,
Blood-drops upon His vesture, His forehead bathed
in sweat;
Thorn-crowned, and gibed and jeered at amid a
following crowd,
Who mock the stern endurance where God and
man have met?

Here, strong to save, One cometh, speaking in
righteousness,
Who in His blood-stained garments alone the
wine-press trod;
No one stood by to answer the cry of His distress
When in His love and pity He faced the wrath
of God.

This is He, the Lord of Peace, with travel-weary
feet,
In crown of thorns, and stained with blood, who
cometh from afar;
He who, upon the reckoning day when God and
man shall meet,
Shall show Himself a conqueror, triumphant over
war.

BEATRICE ALLHUSEN.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday*.

IN olden days of wars and warriors, when empires were shattered and reshaped, magicians had an inspiring part to play, and seem to have done their business well. Crafty fellows they were. We cannot tell how much or how little they believed in their own forecasts, or to what extent they dared ever, in secret communion with themselves, confess to purposeful imposture; but this is clear, that rarely have there been such opportunists, such time-servers and toadies, as those old magicians, who always prophesied for the best in the case of the most powerful. Good auguries were recorded everywhere when Alexander, Cæsar, or Napoleon went conquering on. They had a keen discernment, those old magicians; they conducted their profession with high intelligence. When Alexander was born they were quick to seize upon the portent that two eagles perched that day on the house of Philip, his father—a sure omen that the child would rise to be master of Europe and of Asia. Now, in these present times old and settled ways of thought have been disturbed. Life is tumultuously upheaved. There are incongruities, contradictions, wonders everywhere. There are those who say in all sincerity they have seen angels beat their wings in blessing on our armies. When a people in affliction strains towards hope, yearns with a strenuous passion, imagination gains intensity and assumes strange creative powers. Looking for 'signs,' one sees them in many places, some strikingly apposite. Never before in our modern days have these signs and portents been so frequent and so kindly looked upon as now. You may prove it by any issue of a morning newspaper; in some report or article there is a mention of an omen, a sign, a good augury; it is put forward as something to hearten us, a cordial from the gods. If now people seem to lean a little more to superstition, and give the sign a solid value, is there not a fair excuse?

* * *

Present-day literature illustrates this same superstitious tendency. Two cases in point stand out most clearly in my memory. One is associated with the work of the Zionist Mule Corps in the Gallipoli campaign. This was a fighting

unit made up of Russian and other Jews, commanded by an English officer, Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Patterson. Some hundreds of these men came down to Egypt out of Palestine, fleeing from the wrath of the Turks, and strongly desired to band themselves together and place their services at our disposal. A unit was made up of them, and the Grand Rabbi addressed them in stirring words, in which he compared them to their forefathers who were led by Moses out of Egypt. The corps as completed consisted of five hundred men, with seven hundred and fifty pack-mules for transport work. In Gallipoli these Jews did excellent service, of which Colonel Patterson has given us a vivid account; and in one picturesque passage he says that never since the days of Judas Maccabæus had such sights and sounds been seen and heard in a military camp. Had that redoubtable General, says Colonel Patterson, paid them a visit he might have imagined himself with his own legions. He would have found a great camp, with the tents of the Children of Israel pitched round about; would have heard the Hebrew tongue spoken on all sides, and seen a little host of the Sons of Judah drilling to the same words of command that he himself used to those who fought so bravely under his banner against Rome. And he would even have heard the plaintive, soul-stirring music of the Maccabean hymn chanted by the men as they marched through their camp. A strange sign was given to the soldiers of this willing corps, which took as its badge the representation of the Shield of David. That consists, as you may know, of three concentric circles, with two triangles in the innermost circle (one inverted and superimposed upon the other) and a dot in the centre. When the cold weather descended upon the peninsula, the colonel determined to have a good stone house built for his men, in which there would always be a big fire to keep them warm and to dry their clothes when they came back from the trenches. Only in the village of Sedd-el-Bahr could building-stone be obtained; and, as it was not in their zone, he had to obtain the permission of the chief engineer of the French army to take it from there. As they were pulling down a house and excavating the foundations, they dug up a slab of marble, on the outer edge of which was carved a beautiful filigree design,

and, lo! in the centre was the Shield of David! The officer remarks that the stone must have been very, very old, and adds that it was a complete mystery how it got there. Perhaps, he conjectures, it may have been taken from Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem! However that may be, the men of the Zionist Mule Corps were delighted with their discovery, took it in triumph to their camp, and kept it in the new house as a talisman to ward off shells. And it came to pass that though shells fell all around that house, none of them touched the building, nor was any man hurt when in its vicinity.

* * *

The other story of a sign is of a different kind. A fascinating book was written lately by the Viscountess Wolsley, a warm believer in gardening not merely as a pastime, but as a profession for women. She would like to see women's work in England have the same relation to that of man, and the two co-ordinated, as in Canada. These things cannot be done in old countries as they can in new, and even a mighty war will not dissolve all traditions and the customs and regulations of centuries. Still, vast changes are inevitable, and Lady Wolsley thinks women might do a great and profitable work by going to the land and becoming market-gardeners. But if they do that they must be skilled and well equipped; there is no room in work of this kind for ignorance and mediocrity; the land of Britain must be humoured and coaxed and brought to yield its utmost in future seasons. Years ago Lady Wolsley established a women's college of gardening at Glynde, in Sussex, where a large number of young ladies are trained in the most thorough and practical manner for market-gardening work. The institution seems to be conducted on unique lines, and to be highly successful. What impresses one most on reading this instructive book is the keen sympathy for nature that is exhibited by the writer in her daily labour in the garden, and the insistence that the students shall also cultivate an intense sympathy for the plants committed to their care. Highly practical as is this work, the outlook is that of the garden lover of poetic or romantic mood. Among the notices posted up at this college of gardening is one that no student must bang the greenhouse doors or shout loudly whilst working, because plants, especially cyclamen, tomatoes, fuchsias, and, in a lesser degree, carnations, do not like noise. 'It shocks their system and retards growth,' says this notice. Yet if flowers hate mere noise, they are said to be susceptible to music, and it is suggested to gardeners that they should try sympathetic singing when at work upon their borders. Is there not more consciousness in plant-life than we have suspected? All this has been something of a digression, and we must turn without further ado to one slender note in Lady Wolsley's narrative upon a sign or omen. She says that at

the beginning of the first year of war they hesitated about growing cornflowers, knowing that they were the Kaiser's favourite. Punishment was duly meted out for allowing them a place in the garden, because they had a very bad attack of rust, to which they had never been subject before. That comes of being allies of the enemy! Alas, poor cornflower!

* * *

In this space between two periods of the world an odd *olla-podrida* of literary labour has been flung; and to one who has read—has been obliged to read, one might say—a great conglomeration of war-time pages, it seems to be a good test of interest to take stock of what few memories, like the above, still flourish and survive from the mass. One might make up from one's reading a little bunch of memories, a few choice posies from a thickly planted garden. Such a diversion may pardonably be indulged in. A few weeks ago there passed from the world of war Lord Kitchener, himself, we are told, not free from the superstitious leanings to which we have referred. Our own writers seemed to boggle somewhat when they came to the endeavour to find words in harmony with the tragedy. There was excuse enough, no doubt; the circumstances were so stupefying. But on the second day one was reminded of the keener perceptions, the more sensitive spirit, of some of our French brothers of the pen, for it appeared that it was M. Jean Herbette, in the *Echo de Paris*, who hit upon the most apposite imagery, touched most exactly upon the wonder and the grandeur of this awful happening. Englishmen exclaimed, 'What a pitiable ending at such a time to this great life!' And this sentiment shows that though the Englishman's heart may be in the right place, his spirit too often lacks sympathy with circumstance. The French saw the magnificence of this end, and M. Herbette, declaring that the death that came to Kitchener in the discharge of his duty worthily crowned his career, continued: 'A personage almost legendary, the marshal of the steely eyes, vanished like a figure of romance. A battleship is his coffin, and the sea, heritage of Britain, is his tomb. The northern mists amidst which he has been lost seem to wrap clouds of apotheosis about his death. We imagine his great strong form ascending in space and watching, like a spectator from the Beyond, the battling of the armies that he created for the crushing of the German foe.' However carefully one may select English words, something must inevitably be lost in the translation of a few lines in a French newspaper which raise in our mind a scene that might have belonged to the *Nibelungenlied* itself.

* * *

Amid the hundreds of printed sheets that were filled with the history, the achievements, of the

great Kitchener, one looked vainly for any paragraph that would give information of what the lost leader in the depth of his own consciousness thought of war—the value of war in the abstract. Surely that is what we most often wonder about the great commanders who, inevitably and not of their own volition it may be, are the instruments of the killing of thousands and thousands of the human kind. Theirs is the profession of arms, necessary, it may seem, in this imperfect world, conducted for the good of their own people. But how do they justify it in high and fundamental ethics? The Germans, devoting themselves as a whole people to aggressive warfare, take the hellish doctrines of Bernhardi for their conscience salve. Do great Generals of peacefully disposed Britain also think of war as a splendid thing for national improvement? Not quite so; but Kitchener was not a condemner of war. So far as can be discovered, there is only one place in which there lies a record of his views on war in the abstract, and seemingly it remained undiscovered at the time the biographers laboured with their sudden task. When I found it stored among the divers reminiscences contained in an American book, it appeared of enormous interest. The volume was the *Memories of Mr George Haven Putnam*, the famous New York publisher, who has had an almost unique experience in meeting and conversing with persons of the best and worthiest celebrity. One time he found himself crossing the Atlantic on the same great liner as Lord Kitchener, who was going home that way from India. It was in 1910, and one evening Kitchener, despite his general reserve and silence, gave Mr Putnam the benefit of a talk all to himself on the essential importance and value of war for the development and maintenance of character and manliness in the individual and in the community; and in the narrative set before me I read that Kitchener said he could conceive of no power or factor that could replace war as an influence to preserve man from degeneracy. He did not lose sight of the miseries and the suffering resulting from war, but he believed that the loss to mankind would be far greater from what he called the 'rotteness' of a long peace. Speaking from recent experience, he pointed out that the princes and 'gentle' classes of India, who considered war as the only possible occupation (with the exception of hunting) for gentlemen, found their chief grievance against British rule in the fact that it prevented fighting throughout the Peninsula. Kitchener agreed with the Indian princes in the belief that they and their noble subjects were decaying in character under the enforced idleness of the *pax Britannica*, and he sympathised keenly with their princely grievance. Mr Putnam thereupon sug-

gested to him that during the periods in which Europe had accepted most thoroughly the domination of the soldier class and the influence of the military ideal—as, for instance, during the Thirty Years' War—there had been no satisfactory development of the nobility of character. Kitchener admitted this objection as pertinent, but contended that war could be carried on with methods and with standards that would preserve it as an instrument of civilisation. Mr Putnam asked whether it would be a good thing for India if the British force, once every ten years or so, were to establish a ring-fence within which the princes might, for the purpose of keeping themselves in condition, carry on a little fighting with their own followers, a kind of twentieth-century tournament. The great soldier replied that he could hardly take the responsibility of recommending such a plan, though he was convinced it would have many advantages.

* * *

Few as are the items culled from the new library of a season I wished to include in this small collection, their completion must be deferred till a later month. But one thing I remember in the new books, fair comment upon which would be very difficult. In a foremost journal the other day there was printed a very penetrating and thoughtful article on what was called 'our national vice of hypocrisy.' Where do we stand in this matter now? Look carefully upon this passage which I quote from the newly published volume of the authoritative *Life of Disraeli*. It is a letter from Disraeli to the Queen after the death of the Prince Consort: 'The Prince is the only person whom Mr Disraeli has ever known who realised the Ideal. None with whom he is acquainted have ever approached it. There was in him an union of manly grace and sublime simplicity, of chivalry with the intellectual splendour of the Attic Academe. The only character in English history that would in some respects draw near to him is Sir Philip Sidney: the same high tone, the same universal accomplishment, the same blended tenderness and vigour, the same rare combination of romantic energy and classic repose. Both left us in their youth. But there is no person in our history who has established such a permanent and almost mystic ascendancy over national feeling as Sir Philip Sidney; and the writer of these lines is much mistaken if, as time advances, the thought and sentiment of a progressive age will not cluster round the Prince; his plans will become systems, his suggestions dogmas, and the name of Albert will be accepted as the master-type of a generation of profounder feeling and vaster range than that which he formed and guided with benignant power.' This is amazing.



THE LAUGH.

PART II.

HE had long since lost all sense of time and distance when there came a change in the proceedings. Either he or the horse had come to a standstill. Yates was not sure which. Was it possible that they had reached home? He decided to risk it.

'Put the horse in,' he told the woman in a voice that sounded a long way off. 'I'm afraid I'— Then he crumpled down into the snow. The last atom of his unconscious energy had been expended.

He came to on his own bed, which in itself was something of a miracle. He lay quite still, allowing remembrance to filter slowly into his mind. Some one was moving about the shack. He heard the familiar ring of a stove-lid being lifted. Of course it must be the woman, the woman with red hair and wallflower eyes. Yates swung himself on to the edge of the bed with a suddenness that sent something crashing to the floor.

'Oh!' gasped the woman.

'I say,' said Yates, 'are the calves all right?'

There was a brief pause before the woman answered. 'Yes, quite,' she said. 'Are you?'

'Yes, thanks.' Yates drew his hand across his eyes. 'Bit blind, but it'll be all right in a day or two. What on earth happened?'

'Happened?' Yates heard the woman coming over to the bed. 'Do you mean to say you don't know?'

'Oh, all that, yes; but I wasn't here when—when I went off.' He flushed at the remembrance.

'No; you were down at the corral gate.'

'Then how the—how did you get me up here?'

'On a cowhide; it was quite easy in the snow.' Yates sat swinging his legs.

'I see,' he said; 'just as easy as levering a hundred and sixty odd pounds on to this bed, I suppose. Thanks.'

'Don't talk about it,' said the woman. 'Can you see anything at all?'

'I can see a sort of dark-red smudge,' said Yates.

'That's me,' laughed the woman. 'Drink this.'

Yates obeyed, and returned the bowl to the dark-red smudge.

'Are your feet all right?' he asked presently.

'A little sore, that's all,' said the woman; 'they must have only just "gone" when you found me. She paused, waiting for him to ask her something more about herself, but Yates said nothing. She had long since come to the conclusion that this was a strange man. It occurred to her to wonder now if he had ever laughed.

'I went out with my brothers to see what riding in a blizzard was like,' she went on,

because she found it impossible to remain silent with his sightless eyes upon her. 'They told me not to; we had a tiff about it, and I just went. We found the cattle, and started to drift with them, and then—I don't know how it happened'—

'You got separated?' Yates interrupted. 'I know. Half your bunch drifted into the War Lodge. That's what took mine there.'

'You mean'—

'Just that,' said Yates. 'The Priest boys went on with the other half, that's all.'

'You know my brothers, then?'

'Oh, yes, I know them.'

'They have never spoken of you.'

'No one ever does,' said Yates.

They seemed to have reached a *cul-de-sac* in the conversation. It was the woman again who broke silence at last, because she felt that she must.

'Well, then I rode and rode, and dismounted to stamp my feet and try to think, and'—

'Yes,' said Yates with his exasperating deliberation. 'I know just what it is when you lose control.'

'But I didn't,' protested the woman; 'not for one minute.'

'Not when you fell asleep in a six-foot snow-drift?' Yates's mouth curved into a grim smile as he slid to the floor and crossed the room with hands outstretched. 'Look here,' he said irrelevantly, 'can you find everything?'

His hands passed lightly over one familiar object after another until they came into contact with a plug of tobacco on the shelf behind the stove.

'Oh yes,' said the woman. 'I've never seen a shack so scrupulously neat.'

Yates pared the tobacco into the palm of his hand and rubbed it with a slow, circular motion. The woman watched him fill and light his pipe, then saw his hand go out and feel the surface of the table. It came into contact with the wash-pan standing empty, as she had left it. He frowned as he turned it upside-down and propped it against the wall. 'Where's the dish-rag?' he asked.

She brought it to him from the nail where she had hung it, and he spread it over the inverted wash-pan to air.

'I always do that,' he said. 'I think it's better.'

The woman regarded him wonderingly; then an understanding smile came into her eyes and curved the corners of her mouth. 'Very well,' she said gravely.

Yates found several things out of place. It annoyed him intensely, but he said nothing until

late that evening. He was sitting in the home-made rocker beside the stove, while the woman cleared away the tea-things.

'Where are you going to sleep?' he asked suddenly.

'Over in the corner, where I did last night,' she answered promptly.

'Last night?' queried Yates incredulously.

'Yes. You don't seem to realise that you slept forty-eight hours.'

'Good Lord!' said Yates, and relapsed into momentary silence.

'Well, to-night you must have my bed,' he announced presently; 'and to-morrow, I suppose, you could ride to Bear Creek? You can see it from here.'

The woman was putting the sugar-basin into the dresser cupboard. She paused before shutting the door quietly but firmly. 'I'm not going back to Bear Creek until your eyes are all right,' she said.

Yates appeared to digest this decision for a space. 'Afraid of losing your way again?' he suggested.

'Yes,' lied the woman.

A little later the work was done, and the woman sat at the table turning over the pages of a six-months-old magazine.

'This is very dull,' she announced at last.

'Down on Bear Creek we play poker.'

'Really?' said Yates.

'Yes; it's the only thing that keeps me alive—that and the thought that I'm going home in the spring. I only came out to my brothers to see how I should like it.'

'I see,' said Yates. 'And you don't like the prairie?'

'Like it?' flashed the woman, with unexpected heat. 'I hate it. I've never hated anything so much in my life.'

'Good gracious!' murmured Yates.

'And you?' The woman leant forward with some show of interest.

'I?' Yates appeared to ponder the matter, with his hands interlocked behind his head. 'I really haven't thought about it; there's too much to do. It's one kind of life, I suppose.'

'One kind of death, you mean,' corrected the woman. 'The prairie takes a man—usually the best sort—and deadens him, and goes on deadening him until he forgets that he has ever lived. Sometimes I think it must be alive, like the sea. Why do men go on living such lives when there's no need?' The woman paused as though awaiting an answer, but none came. 'Because the prairie tells them to,' she ended triumphantly.

'You seem to feel this pretty deeply,' said Yates.

'I do,' came the swift answer. 'Look what it has done to my two brothers, and—and others. They weren't like that three years ago. Of course, they say they are going to make their fortunes and get back to "God's Country," but they

won't. They'll go on and on like all the rest until the prairie has devoured them body and soul.'

'It came pretty near devouring you, didn't it?' said Yates whimsically.

'Yes,' agreed the woman. 'And that is another thing that I believe. Oh, I know you'll laugh at me inside, think I'm touched, perhaps; but this has all come to me during long, lonely rides. I believe the prairie knows those who don't belong. I believe she punishes those who hate her.'

Yates nodded slowly. 'Perhaps,' he said.

The woman gave him an appraising look, and saw that he had spoken in all seriousness. 'Was it possible that she had met some one who understood? 'And the prairie man,' she went on, 'he maddens me. Every one thinks that he must be a great big man, leading a great big life, because the prairie is a great big place, when he is really the smallest-minded thing on earth, crawling along a rut a mile deep and an inch wide. Why can't he climb up into the light just for one minute, think it out, and give the prairie the laugh? I can get amusement out of most funny things, but not out of the poor prairie man. He's too pathetic. To any normal person he's like—like a blind clown.' Her hand shot out and rested on Yates's sleeve. 'Oh, I'm sorry,' she added with swift compassion.

Yates smiled serenely. 'Don't apologise,' he said. 'It was rather apt, that's all. Please go on. It doesn't look as if we shall have such a dull evening after all.'

'I can't,' said the woman. 'Not after that. Besides, I may be all wrong.'

Yates got to his feet, felt carefully for the stove damper, and knocked out his pipe.

'You may,' he said slowly, 'but—I'm not so sure about it.' He felt his way to the door and stood with his hand on the latch. 'Just put the blankets over my arm, will you? I'm going to sleep with Pinto to-night.'

The woman hesitated, then obeyed. 'Shall I lead you down?' she suggested.

'Lead me!' scoffed Yates. 'I wonder how many millions of times I've been backward and forward between here and the stable. Pity the poor prairie man! Good-night.'

The woman watched him move off down the track with sure step. 'Good-night,' she called after him, and shut the door.

She sat for some time on the edge of the bed, her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes turned towards the tiny square of window-pane. Through it she saw an expanse of moonlit snow, the prairie asleep under its coverlet. A coyote howled somewhere out in the night, and others answered. The woman shivered, and went to bed.

In the morning Yates found that he could see—dimly, it is true, but sufficiently to carry on the day's routine. He fed the calves and went up to the shack. 'Are you awake?' he called.

'Awake?' The woman crossed the room and flung open the door. Behind her was the homely background of a steaming kettle and a table laid for breakfast. 'You can see!' she exclaimed, as he passed inside.

'Quite passably, thanks,' said Yates, and stood by the stove regarding her with his whimsical smile. The woman wondered what he thought of her, but Yates offered no information on the subject. 'Well, do you feel any kinder towards the prairie this morning?' he bantered her during breakfast.

She shook her head. 'Not a bit,' she said, with her eyes on her plate. 'You haven't forgotten, then?'

'No,' said Yates, 'I haven't forgotten.'

'And you still laugh at me inside?' Her wallflower eyes met his frankly.

'Not a bit of it,' he assured her. 'I never did that.'

'Thanks,' said the woman. 'It's a gorgeous day for riding to Bear Creek, isn't it?'

'You're going, then?'

'Yes.'

'I'll saddle the horses.' Yates pushed back his chair.

'No, please,' said the woman. 'I'm going alone. There's no need for you to come all the way down there. My brother will bring the pinto back, and—and thank you.'

'But I thought'—

'Oh, nonsense!' said the woman. 'You surely don't think me so helpless as that? You can see Bear Creek from here.'

Yates felt vaguely disappointed. 'I know,' he admitted lamely.

'Very well, then,' said the woman with the red hair. 'But I'm going to wash up before I go.'

'No,' Yates objected firmly. 'I always do the whole lot at one go in the evening.'

'And spread the dish-rag over the wash-pan,' added the woman, with a twinkle in her wallflower eyes.

Yates regarded her blankly for a moment, then smiled his slow smile. 'Yes,' he said.

The woman went out of the door laughing, and it was at that moment, with the sunlight full upon her, that Yates noticed her hair was not red, but auburn. Had she known it, Yates had paid her the highest compliment of his life.

Down at the corral they stood for a moment in the snow, the pinto champing at his bit. The woman held out her hand. 'Good-bye,' she said, and hesitated. Then, when he had helped her to mount, she nodded her head towards the snow-clad prairie. 'Try to give it the laugh,' she said.

Yates looked up at her. 'I'll see about it,' he said. 'But take care it doesn't gobble you up, that's all.'

The woman flung back her head with a gesture of defiance. 'Let it!' she said, and, laughing, rode out into the snow.

That day was a curious one for Yates. Never before had it occurred to him that the day's work could be wearisome. But it was. Quaint and wholly unaccustomed thoughts flashed in and out of his mind like a busy shuttle, weaving a mesh that hampered the ordinary routine abominably. Was he feeding the calves, then, instead of admiring their fitness; and saying aloud, 'Ought to winter all right,' he asked himself what was the use of their wintering well if they were to be caught in a death-trap like the War Lodge Coolie the following year?

Up at the shack it was the same. What sort of life was this perpetual round of trivial toil, the whittling of shavings for the morning fire, the bread-baking every Thursday that had become almost a rite, with its effeminate details of settings and raisings? Why did he work? What did he work for? What was he? 'A blind clown!' The answer came pat, as though the woman herself had spoken. He fell to thinking of her.

But the climax came with the washing-up. He was spreading the dish-rag over the inverted wash-pan to air, when his own action came home to him with a force that caused him to fling it to the ground in a sudden access of disgust. For a moment he stood staring at it, astonished at the thing he had done; then he carefully replaced it on the table and crossed the room to a cracked shaving-glass that he had not consulted since growing a beard.

For the next few minutes Yates stood, as it were, a detached spectator, viewing himself with critical eye. 'A blind clown!' He was, he always had been, and he always would be, if the prairie had her way. The woman was right to the last letter. She was sensible, that woman, unlike any other Yates had met. He sat in the home-made rocker, thinking, thinking.

It was about midnight that he opened the shack door and stood looking out over the eternal expanse of moonlit snow. His mind was made up. After the fashion of a machine that has run evenly and overlong, the stoppage was all the more sudden and complete. He would sell out to the Priest boys; they would jump at the chance of his range stock, and he would go home to 'God's Country' and the woman with the auburn hair. She would be pleased at what he had done. Yates experienced an overwhelming desire to see her, to speak to her again. Already he felt freer, more alert, as though suddenly rid of a spell. Already he saw the prairie with different eyes—her eyes. Heavens, how she hated it! So did he. Remembering all that it had caused him to endure needlessly, he looked upon it again, lying white and silent under the moon, and laughed quietly to himself, the short, satisfied laugh of the freed.

The melting snow was swelling the creeks into torrents, and the geese were flying up from

the south, flock after flock, when Yates drew rein at the Priest boys' homestead.

The elder brother, a long wire of a man with a prematurely lined face and sombre eyes, came out to meet him. It was the first time they had seen each other for six months.

'Breaking up,' said Yates.

'I guess so,' agreed the other.

'Loss many?'

'Bout 25 per cent.'

Yates crooked his leg round the horn of the Mexican saddle. 'I came down to see about selling out,' he said. 'I'm full to the teeth. Thought you'd like first offer of the outfit.'

Priest's sombre eyes lit up a trifle. 'I don't mind. What's it worth?'

'Twenty dollars a-head all round.'

'That's a go. Better put your horse in.'

'Is your sister in?' asked Yates.

Priest stood stone-still for a moment, staring at the ground. When he looked up, something in his eyes caused Yates to stiffen.

'My sister's dead,' he said.

'Dead!' It was little more than a whisper.

'Yes, two weeks ago—over Cooper's cut bank. Better put your horse in.'

Yates did not answer. He sat quite still for a space, then mechanically turned his horse's head towards home.

'Sometimes I think it must be alive, like the sea. I believe the prairie knows those who don't belong. I believe she punishes those who hate her.'

Yates went into the shack and closed the door.

THE END.

PITFALLS FOR THE PATENTEE.

By W. O. HORSNAILL, A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.E.

MOST of us have coveted at some time or another the fortunes made by the happy possessors of successful patents, and nearly every one has racked his brains for ideas which will 'rake up the shekels' in this easy manner.

More often than not the man or woman with an idea which promises a fortune if patented rushes off to the nearest patent agent and instructs him to apply for protection, the result being the dead loss of a considerable number of guineas. In many cases nothing more is done, but a few enthusiasts proceed to further reckless expenditure by having models of their inventions made. They then find not infrequently that the devices are well known or have been previously patented by some one else.

Nearly thirty thousand applications for British patents are made every year, and quite 90 per cent. of them refer to ideas which have been protected in the thoughtless manner described above. Many of the applicants, moreover, are poor men or women who can ill afford to waste their time and money in this way. Out of the few applications which have some real value, nearly all are made by trade inventors for business purposes, or by professional patentees who know all the tricks of the trade. One or two, however, will be good inventions which have been stumbled upon by lucky outsiders; but it by no means follows that the patentees in such cases will benefit to any great extent, as the development and sale of a patent requires great perseverance, coupled with a strong aptitude for business. Once, now and again, however, some fortunate man or woman succeeds in making a large sum of money out of a patent, and it is these occasional successes which make the game so attractive. Moreover, some of these successes are scored by very unlikely people. A clergy-

man, for instance, invented and patented a rotary fan for ventilating mines, which brought him in a large income from royalties. Perhaps not quite so improbable was the invention of the hump hook for fastening female attire by two maiden ladies, who did very well out of it. The best advice to would-be patentees is that given by *Punch* to those about to marry; but, if any man or woman persists in this course, certain procedure should be followed with a view to cutting the loss in case the invention proves to be valueless.

One of the first points to consider is the extent of the market for the article it is proposed to protect. For example, a new form of instrument for measuring the rainfall would have a very limited sale, while such articles last for many years, so that once the few people wanting them are supplied the demand ceases. On the other hand, a large and continuous sale can be confidently expected for a bicycle-tire which will not puncture.

To make the procedure recommended easier to understand, we will suppose that a school-master, or some other person quite unconnected with the trade, has invented a knife-cleaner, for which there would certainly be a large demand if it became popular. The first thing to do, for the simple reason that it costs nothing, is to find out what other knife-cleaners are already on the market. This information can be got from any wholesale ironmongery catalogue, where all kinds of machines for this purpose are illustrated and priced. The new invention must be at least as good value as any of them to have any chance of success. In other words, its effectiveness, wearing qualities, and convenience in working must be equal with other knife-cleaners, without costing any more. Naturally, also, it must be substantially different

from other makes, otherwise it cannot be patented. The next move is to search the patent records in order to find out whether any one else has patented a similar contrivance already. These patent records may be consulted at the Patent Office Library in London and in many of the larger provincial cities and towns. It would take up too much space here to describe how such a search is carried out; but, provided that the records are within reach, any intelligent person can do the work. If a previous patent is discovered which to some extent resembles the new invention, a detailed description and drawings can be obtained from the Patent Office for eightpence, and these should be very carefully studied.

So far it will be noted that our inventor has spent no money at all, while he has assured himself that there is no other knife-cleaner like his on the market, and that no one has already patented his device. It will now be advisable to apply for what is known as provisional protection, which lasts for six months. The application must be sent to the Patent Office on a prescribed form, which can be obtained at any post-office for one pound, although the forms are only kept in stock in the larger provincial towns. Whether the inventor should employ a patent agent at this stage depends upon his descriptive skill and the nature of the invention. Legal style is not necessary, only a clear description in simple language. Many inventors are certainly capable of drafting an application for provisional protection; others may have to employ an agent. The charge through an agent is seldom less than three guineas, including the Government stamped form; and for a complex invention the fee would be a good deal higher.

Having obtained protection for six months, our inventor can show his invention to any one likely to offer useful advice without any fear of having the design stolen. At this stage—if, indeed, it has not already been done—the new knife-cleaner must be made, and it is most important that it should be *well made*. The machine can then be tried against other knife-cleaners, and the results compared. If the inventor cannot borrow or have the use of all other types of machine, he may have to buy those which are not otherwise available. In any case he must be certain that his invention will clean knives at least as quickly and well as any other. In making comparisons he should obtain the candid opinion of his friends, as his own judgment is certain to be biased in favour of his own invention. If possible, also, the man who cleans the knives at a large house or hotel should be persuaded to try the new machine, as such a man's opinion would be most valuable, although allowance must be made for possible prejudice.

The above comparisons having proved favourable to the invention, the next important question is how much it will cost to make. The

best way of finding this out is to take the machine round to every manufacturer who makes knife-cleaners or similar domestic appliances. These firms will be glad enough to consider a new type which promises to pay, and for which the full protected period of fourteen years (the life of a British patent) is available; in fact, one of them may even offer to manufacture the machine after the complete patent has been obtained.

The inventor now has to decide whether to proceed further or not, and the comments of the manufacturers will form a useful guide for him in this respect. If every firm approached condemns the new knife-cleaner as being too costly, or having other faults, he may be pretty certain that there is no money in it. On the other hand, if one or two of them express a favourable opinion he can go ahead.

The next stage is the drafting of what is known as the complete specification, which contains a detailed description of the invention and the claims of the inventor for what is novel in it. It is most important that this work should be well done; hence a patent agent must be employed. Furthermore, the patent will be more easily sold or worked on a royalty basis if the complete specification has been drafted by a well-known firm of agents. The charges for this work vary according to the complexity of the invention and the number of drawings required to explain it; but ten guineas may be taken as a minimum.

Letters patent having been granted, the invention is now ready for sale or for manufacture on a royalty basis, the latter being the more usual arrangement. In the customary agreement between the patentee and the manufacturer, the latter agrees to pay a royalty to the patentee upon each knife-cleaner sold, and he should also agree to pay a minimum sum, increasing year by year, whether the royalties reach this figure or not. This arrangement ensures that the manufacturer will begin making and selling as soon as possible.

It will be gathered from the above description that the bringing out of a patent is not such a simple matter as many people suppose; in fact, it generally means a lot of worry and hard work.

So far we have taken as an example a simple appliance which is very easily tried at a low cost, and which can be patented or abandoned according to the results. Certain mechanical problems have always had a great fascination for inventors, and in these cases expert advice should be sought before any money is spent. Dozens of patents, for instance, have been taken out for various forms of tidal-power, or for obtaining power from the waves. One very attractive idea for tidal-power is to construct an enormous float which rises and falls with the tide, and which is made to give out power through a rack and pinion with multiplying gear. It is quite possible to produce power in this way, but the cost of the apparatus is so great that the interest on the

capital would much more than pay for the coal for a gas or a steam engine. Another favourite idea is a boat supported on rollers, an example of which on a large scale was actually built in France some years ago; while inventors with just enough knowledge of oil-engines to be dangerous are very fond of advocating a mixture of steam and gas to increase the efficiency. All these ideas, and many of a similar nature, can be proved valueless by any engineer worthy of the name; and money is well spent in getting an expert opinion before taking any steps to apply for a patent. In such cases an independent engineer should be approached in preference to a patent agent, as the former has the requisite

knowledge, and it is of no consequence to him whether the patent is proceeded with or not. The patent agent, on the other hand, loses his fees if the idea is abandoned.

Another direction in which inexperienced inventors often fail is in making models of their inventions. Many a good idea has been patented and subsequently abandoned because the working model was badly made, and failed to convince any manufacturer of the advantages embodied in the invention.

This dissertation on patenting may be concluded with the well-known dictum that any fool can think of an idea, but it takes a clever man to make it and a genius to sell it.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

CHAPTER XI.—BLACK FRIDAY.

I.

[The reader is cautioned against accepting this story as an official narrative of the great war. The incidents described have actually happened; but, for obvious reasons, it has been necessary to give them fictitious colouring.]

'APPY Noo Year, chum,' said the lookout-man on the starboard side of the *Belligerent's* bridge, as Pincher Martin came up to relieve him at five minutes past midnight on the morning of 1st January. 'Lawd!' he added with a shiver, stamping his sea-booted feet, 'I shall be glad ter git inter me bloomin' 'am-mick.'

'Noo Year, is it?' Pincher queried with a prolonged yawn. 'Well, th' compliments o' th' season to yer, Shiner White. 'Strewth!' he added, 'it's a bit parky, ain't it?' He undid the toggles of his thick lammy coat,* and gave the muffler another turn round his neck.

The other man nodded. 'There ain't nothink in sight,' he went on hastily, anxious not to prolong the conversation; 'but if yer sees a light or anythink, look out yer sings out sharp an' loud, so that th' officer of the watch 'll 'ear yer. S'long, chum!'

'S'long, Shiner! 'Appy dreams.'

Pincher, left to his own devices, looked about him. The squadron was at sea, and to his unpractised eye the night seemed unusually fine. What little wind there was seemed to be coming in from the south-westward in fitful, erratic puffs, and the great ship rode over a smooth, gradually increasing swell without perceptible movement. If he had been a weather prophet the state of the sea and the sky would have warned him to expect a change in the weather; but he was a novice at such things, and the signs and portents of sky and sea conveyed little to his mind.

* 'Lammy coats,' the name given by the men to the thick duffel coats with hoods served out in cold weather. They are fastened with toggles and beackets instead of buttons and button-holes.

The moon was up, and the night was not really dark as nights go; but every now and then the brilliance of the moon was temporarily dimmed by great high cloud-masses travelling down from windward across the face of the blue, star-spangled heavens. Away to the south-westward a heavy piled-up bank of dark hue, looking for all the world like a gigantic mountain range overtopping the horizon, was gradually encroaching on the sky as it mounted up and up into space. Its upper edges were frayed and fretted by the wind, and occasional wisps of cloud torn from the main mass were being flung off into space by the upper air-currents, to come scurrying to leeward in low-lying, streaky fragments like spun silk. They were mares'-tails, and the swell and the watery halo round the moon were other bad tokens. They portended wind—wind, and plenty of it. Soon the sky would be completely overcast. Before daylight it would probably be blowing hard.

The *Belligerent* was somewhere near the tail of the line of battleships. A short distance in front of her came the huge hull of the next ahead clearly silhouetted against the sky. Farther ahead again were the dark outlines of other vessels, their shapes getting smaller and less distinct as they merged in the deep shadows on the horizon.

On board the *Belligerent* herself half the seamen were at their stations at the guns ready for repelling a possible torpedo attack, and the other half, who had been relieved at midnight, had just retired to their hammocks for four hours' rest before being called up for the morning watch at four o'clock. The ship was in the charge of the officer of the watch, who leant placidly against the standard compass on the upper bridge gazing at the next ahead; while Colomb, the navigator, was asleep on the settee in the charthouse. Captain Spencer was in his

sleeping-cabin just underneath, and was dozing, fully dressed, in an arm-chair in front of the stove. The book he had been reading had dropped to the floor, and Joe, his fox-terrier, lay curled up in a tight little bundle at his feet. The captain was a light sleeper at the best of times, and the least unusual sound, even the opening of the door, would have brought him to his feet in an instant. As an extra precaution there was an electric bell screwed to the bulk-head close beside his left ear, and if the officer of the watch desired his immediate presence all he had to do was to place a finger on a push close by the standard compass. The resulting jangle would have roused the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, let alone the skipper, who never indulged in anything but cat-naps at sea. The officers of watches were well aware of it, for Captain Spencer had a habit of prowling about at night, and frequently came on to the bridge when he was least expected. Once or twice he had found the ship some distance out of station, and then there had been trouble.

Of what really occurred, how long it lasted, and of the actual sequence of events, Pincher had a very hazy recollection. He remembered noticing the captain come on to the bridge and start walking up and down with his hands in his greatcoat pockets and his dog padding softly after him. Then, quite suddenly, and for no apparent reason, there came the shattering roar of a heavy explosion. The ship quivered and shook violently; and, glancing aft with his heart in his mouth, Pincher saw a great column of white-gray water towering high over the boat-deck half-way along the starboard side. He watched it spell-bound. The mass hung for a moment glimmering in the half light, and then tottered and fell with a sound like a waterfall. He could feel the damp spray of it on his face.

The familiar throb of the engines died away, and there came the roaring bellow of escaping steam; and the ship, evidently holed far below the water-line, heeled over to starboard. Then the roaring of the steam ceased, and there came a moment's dead silence, followed by excited shouting as the men who had been asleep in their hammocks thronged on to the upper deck.

The whole thing happened so suddenly and unexpectedly that for the moment Captain Spencer was taken by surprise; and, running to the after side of the bridge, he stood there gripping the rail spasmodically with a look of utter astonishment on his face. A bare instant later, however, he turned forward again with a gesture of annoyance; while Joe, taking it for some new game for his especial benefit, frisked beside him. 'Down, Joe! down!' Pincher heard him say in his ordinary voice.—'Stop both engines!' came his first order.—'Officer of the watch!'

'Sir.'

'Go down and tell the commander to get the

collision-mat out, and then to turn out all boats. He's not to lower them without orders from me; and tell him to let me know the damage as soon as he can!'

'Ay, ay, sir,' said English quite calmly, leaving the bridge.

The captain turned on his heel and dictated a signal informing the flagship of what had occurred. Pincher watched, for even now Captain Spencer's face was absolutely inscrutable, and showed nothing of the awful anxiety which must have been in his heart.

The commander, who had rushed from his cabin when the crash came, had already taken charge on deck. Order was evolved out of chaos, and the shouting had ceased. An instant later a bugle blared the 'Still,' and the boat-swain's mates could be heard piping.

There was dead silence among the men as the word was passed, and then the bugle sounded 'Carry on,' and the tramping of feet could be heard as the ship's company ran to their stations.

All except a few unimportant watertight doors, which were closed at the last moment by specially detailed men, were always kept shut at sea; so little could be done to add to the safety of the ship beyond endeavouring to prevent the ingress of water.

The men were well disciplined. They must have felt nervous, must have realised that there was an enormous hole below the water-line through which the water was pouring like a mill-race; added to which, it was dark, and there were no lights on deck. But there were not the smallest signs of panic or confusion. They behaved splendidly, and worked silently under the orders of their officers as if it were an ordinary peacetime evolution instead of grim reality.

Pincher himself was undecided for the moment as to what he should do. Ought he to join his part of the ship and assist in getting out the collision-mat, or should he remain where he was? He had no orders to leave his post, but it was hardly likely that any one would trouble his head about him now. For a moment he was torn with doubt, but finally made up his mind that he would stay on the bridge. He might be of some use in carrying messages, he thought.

The stricken vessel seemed to be leaning more and more over to starboard; but before very long the collision-mat, a large square of several thicknesses of the stoutest canvas well thrummed with oakum, was being lowered into place under the bottom. It was designed, by being stretched taut over the orifice, to reduce the flow of water through a comparatively small hole caused by a collision with another ship, and it seemed hardly likely that it would be of any use in checking the inrush through the gigantic rent caused by an underwater explosion; but there was no harm in trying it. It might do some good.

'Haul away the bottom line!' the first lieutenant's voice could be heard. 'That's the way, lads! Away with her!'

'Vast hauling!' came the next order, accompanied by the shrill trilling of a boatswain's whistle. 'Away with the fore and afters!'

The mat was out of sight below the water, its bottom corner dragged taut against the ship's side by the bottom line passing under the keel and hauled taut on the opposite side of the deck, and the upper corner held in place by the depth-line. The fore and afters were the ropes secured to the side corners, and they, on being hauled taut and belayed, held it out square.

'Mat's placed, sir!' came Chase's voice again.

The wind had increased, and white-capped seas had replaced the smooth swell of an hour before. The ship, listing to an angle of about fifteen degrees, seemed to be remaining fairly steady, but she was appreciably lower in the water, and the starboard edge of the forecabin was barely six feet above the crests of the waves as they raced by.

The cutters at the davits had been turned out ready for lowering, but all the smaller boats, galley, whalers, and gigs, had been landed. Hatherley, who was working the steam boat-hoist used for getting out the heavier boats stowed on the booms between the after funnel and the mainmast, had the derrick topped and the largest rowing-boat in the ship—the forty-two-foot launch, which, at a pinch, could carry one hundred and forty men—hooked on all ready for swinging out into the water as soon as he got orders to do so.

Circling round the injured ship were a couple of light cruisers which had been sent by the vice-admiral to render what assistance they could. Flashing-signals were passing between them and the *Belligerent*, and they were evidently asking if they should lower their boats.

'Tell 'em to wait,' Pincher heard Captain Spencer say to a signalman without a tremor in his voice. 'Tell 'em to wait. I think we shall be able to keep afloat.'

The sky was nearly overcast, and the night had become very dark, and all the remainder of the squadron had vanished. They were only acting in accordance with their orders, however, for since the loss of the *Aboukir*, the *Cressy*, and the *Hogue* in the North Sea the previous September, it had been definitely laid down that heavy, deep-draught ships were not to go to the assistance of vessels which had been torpedoed or mined, lest they should share the same fate. It went sadly against the grain for British officers to be forced to leave comrades in distress; but every one realised the necessity for the order, and the two small cruisers were the only ships available for the work of rescue.

'Messenger!' the captain called.

No reply.

'Here, boy, come here!' he went on, catching

sight of Pincher on the starboard side of the bridge.

Martin went forward, and felt himself grabbed by the sleeve.

'Go down and tell the commander that I'm waiting to know what damage there is,' Captain Spencer said hurriedly. 'Away you go!'

Pincher scrambled down the sloping ladder with difficulty, but had barely reached the boat-deck to go aft when he cannoned into Commander Travers coming in the opposite direction. 'The capten would like ter know wet th' damage is, sir,' he explained.

'All right, I'm on my way to tell him,' the officer returned curtly. 'Get out of the way, boy!'

Martin stood aside, and followed him up the ladder again, without really meaning to overhear his conversation with the captain.

'How goes it, Travers?' was Captain Spencer's first anxious question.

'Pretty bad, sir,' the commander replied with the least trace of anxiety in his voice. 'Some of the boiler-rooms are flooded, and the water seems to be making its way forward and aft. One or two bulkheads have gone already!'

'Good God!' the captain exclaimed; 'is it as bad as that? Is the mat doing any good?'

The commander shook his head. 'Might just as well try to stop the hole with a bit o' stickin'-plaster, sir,' he said tersely. 'I've just seen the engineer-commander,' he went on, 'and he tells me he's doing all he can, but that the water's gaining on us fast. I've got men down below shoring up bulkheads to prevent their bursting, but I doubt if they'll do much good. However, sir,' he added hopefully, 'she hasn't listed much during the last few minutes, and perhaps we'll be able to save her yet.'

'Pray God we shall, Travers!' Captain Spencer returned gravely. 'You'd better get all the boats out as soon as you can, and keep 'em alongside; but don't allow the men into them until I give orders. I'll tell the cruisers to send theirs across, but we'll make 'em lie off for the time being. Well, so long, commander, in case we don't meet each other again. Do all you can.'

'I hope it's not so bad as I think, sir,' Travers said with a forced laugh as he turned to leave the bridge. 'It's a damned nasty night to go swimmin', I must say. It was a submarine, I suppose, sir?'

'Must have been. By the way, you'd better warn 'em to blow up their swimming-collars.' The captain was ever mindful of his men.

'I will, sir. What about you?'

'Don't worry about me, man. You see to the ship's company. I'll look out for myself.'

The commander disappeared.

The time passed. There was still a chance of the ship remaining afloat, and by about three o'clock, merely as a precautionary measure, the launch and the pinnace had been hoisted out and

the boats lowered; though one cutter, lowered too rapidly, had capsized and disappeared. During the interval the ship did not seem to have listed any more to starboard, and favourable reports had come from down below as to the chances of remaining afloat. In fact, they were all congratulating themselves that the damage had been overrated, when another heavy explosion roared out from the port side aft.

'By God!' muttered the captain under his breath; 'that's another torpedo!'

The *Belligerent*, with a fresh wound open to the sea, shuddered violently, and then gave a sickening lurch to starboard, and lay over until her masts were at an angle of thirty degrees from the vertical. The starboard side of the upper deck was under water, and the other lifted high in the air, while the inclination was so great that it was barely possible to walk. Realising that the end could not be long delayed, Captain Spencer dragged himself to the bridge-rail and raised a megaphone to his lips. 'Abandon ship!' he roared in a voice which could be heard above the howling of the wind and the raging of the sea. 'Save yourselves, men! Save yourselves!'

The word was passed along, but still there was no undue haste or confusion. Stokers and other men of the engine-room department who had been employed below until the last moment, some of them clad in their grimy working clothes, others nearly naked, came pouring up the hatchways leading to the upper deck.

A cloud drifted away from the face of the moon and a subdued silvery light lit up the awful scene.

The boats, plunging wildly on the rapidly rising sea, pounded and crashed alongside. A small group of officers stood beside each one superintending the disembarkation, and the men, standing in long queues, could be seen jumping into them one by one. Several, leaping too late or too early, fell between the boats and the ship's side, and were never seen again.

The doctors and the sick-berth staff, unmindful of their own safety, passed their sick and ailing into the boats, and remained behind themselves.

'Steady, lads! steady!' the chaplain, gallant man that he was, could be heard saying coolly. 'One at a time! Keep cool, boys! Keep cool!'

Many men, relying on their life-belts or swimming-collars, had flung themselves overboard and were swimming in the direction of the cruisers, whose rescuing boats were on their way across as fast as their eager crews could drive them. A certain number of the swimmers were eventually picked up and saved, but by far the greater proportion perished in the wild tumult. Every one knew that there was room for barely more than a fifth of the ship's company in the boats; but, in the face of almost certain death, there was no panic.

'Ullo, 'Orace,' a burly stoker remarked to a friend with a laugh, 'copin' swimmin'!'

'Looks like it, chum,' answered the other glumly, eyeing the white-capped seas with nervous apprehension. 'Ain't much o' a night fur a picnic like, this 'ere, is it?'

'Rottenest bloomin' regatta ever I saw,' rejoined the first speaker, who was attired in nothing but a singlet and an inflated swimming-collar. 'Ow's this fur a bathin' costoom! What'd my ole 'ooman say if she see'd me on th' beach at Margit in this 'ere? Ow!' he yelled, as a breaking wave deluged him with icy spray. 'Gawd! ain't it cold? Come on, boys; come an' 'ave a dip! Any more fur th' shore?'

The others hung back.

'Wot! not comin'?' he went on, walking to the edge of the boat-deck and gazing out at the sea. 'Well, s'long, blokes. 'Ere goes!'

He clambered down the ship's side on to the net-shelf, waited till a large sea came swishing past, and then slipped into the water, to vanish in a smother of foam. An instant later he reappeared, swimming strongly in the direction of the nearer cruiser. He was never seen again.

Somebody started the chorus of 'Tipperary' to cheer the flagging spirits of his shipmates, but the gallant effort met with little response. Numbers of men, trying to nerve themselves for the ordeal of leaping overboard and of saving themselves by swimming, shrank back at the sight of the raging sea. It was enough to appal the bravest heart, and the ship, though sinking fast, still seemed to offer a safer refuge than that wild waste of water.

The captain, holding on to the bridge-rail to prevent himself from being carried off his feet, surveyed the scene calmly. 'Jump, men! Jump!' he bellowed to a hesitating group on the boat-deck. 'For God's sake, jump! It's your only chance!' Turning round, he noticed that Pincher and one or two signalmen were still on the bridge. 'What are you doing here?' he demanded with a touch of his old asperity. 'The ship's sinking! Get down out of it, and save yourselves!'

Pincher and some of the others obeyed, but the chief yeoman of signals, noticing that the captain wore no life-belt or swimming-collar, calmly proceeded to divest himself of a cork jacket. 'Take this, sir,' he said, handing it across; 'I've got my collar.'

Captain Spencer pushed it away. 'Use it yourself, man!' he said firmly. 'Use it yourself!'

'But I don't want it, sir,' the chief yeoman persisted.

'Do what you're told, Grimes,' came the answer. 'Leave the bridge and save yourself; she'll go in another minute or two! I'll look out for myself!'

Grimes hesitated for another instant, saw his commanding officer was in earnest, and left the bridge.

'Good-luck to you, Grimes!' the captain called out after him.

'Good-luck, sir.'

Captain Spencer, alone with his dog, leant down and lifted him into his arms. 'I'm afraid we're done in this time, old man,' he whispered sadly. 'We may as well go together. Good-bye, old Joe!' His voice was husky with emotion as he buried his face in the animal's warm coat; and the dog, seeming to understand, turned his head and licked his master's cheek.

The end came almost immediately, for before some of the boats had got clear the ship lurched drunkenly to starboard, to hurl men and movable fittings in one awful chaotic avalanche into the water. For one moment there was wild confusion, and the sea was covered with the heads of swimmers fighting for their lives. The next, there came the muffled roar of bursting bulkheads, and the *Belligerent* hove herself back

on to an even keel, with the water washing across her decks.

A searchlight flickered out from one of the cruisers and lit up the scene. Lower and lower sank the doomed ship, until at last the waves were breaking across the top of the boat-deck, and only the two masts, the funnels, and the bridge showed above the surface. She seemed to hesitate for a moment as if unwilling to take the final plunge; and then, with a dull, booming sound as the water reached the boilers, slowly slid from view.

There was no vortex or upheaval of spray, merely a swift rush of sparks and a cloud of smoke and steam, which rapidly dissolved on the wind, and in a few more seconds the ship had vanished for ever. Nothing remained to tell of her presence except the boats, the dark heads of the battling survivors, some debris, and an ever-widening circle of calm, oil-strewn water, on the outskirts of which the waves leapt tumultuously. But on the bridge, game to the very last, two heroic spirits, a man and a dog, had gone to their long last rest together.

(Continued on page 631.)

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A SAFE SEDATIVE.

ALONG with the manufacture of aniline dyes from coal-tar, the German chemists have developed the production of several specifics which have come to be regarded as indispensable items in the pharmacopœia. The majority of these drugs, such as sulphonal and veronal, are nerve sedatives; and, owing to their excellent therapeutic qualities, and to the facility with which they could be obtained, they attained a remarkable vogue. But these drugs, especially those of the veronal type, suffer from the grave disability of being highly toxic, so that extreme care has to be observed in regard to the doses, the margin between safety and danger being somewhat slender. To realise the dangerous character of the drug one has only to recall the numerous cases of poisoning from overdoses of veronal, which resulted in the introduction of more stringent precautions concerning the sale of the substance. To obviate this danger, the Teuton chemists succeeded in evolving an improved drug of the veronal type, to which they gave the distinctive name of bromural, the outstanding virtue of which is that it is far less toxic than the more familiar sedative. The new and safer specific was soon in active demand; but as its manufacture was confined to the country of its origin, the outbreak of hostilities brought about a stoppage of supplies to this country. Inability to procure the drug produced a mild crisis in medical circles, for doctors were compelled to fall back upon the more dangerous

predecessor, or to resort to morphia. British scientists were urged to devise a process for the manufacture of bromural, and recently success has crowned their efforts, the British article, which is identical with that of German origin, being known as dormigene. A license to manufacture the drug has been granted to the British firm which carried out the preliminary investigations, such a license being rendered necessary by the fact that bromural is a Teuton patent fully protected in this country. Since the outbreak of war British science has been indefatigable in its efforts to rival German success in connection with coal-tar products, and many of the drugs for which we at one time depended exclusively upon the enemy are now being produced in these islands and sold under British names. The discovery of the process for manufacturing bromural is of far-reaching importance to our hospitals, both military and civil, although at present the drug is somewhat expensive, the retail price being about eight shillings per ounce. Still, the achievement is noteworthy, inasmuch as it proves once again that, provided adequate support is given, British scientists are perfectly capable of holding their own against their Teuton rivals in the work of harnessing science to the needs of industry.

LABOUR-SAVING MACHINERY.

The dearth of semi-skilled and unskilled labour in this country is affecting to a very severe degree those industries not intimately connected with the production of munitions.

This is especially noticeable in the handling of goods in our factories and warehouses. The gravity of the situation is accentuated by the fact that it cannot be met by female or juvenile labour. The true solution of the problem is the more extensive utilisation of labour-saving machinery, which often also produces an appreciable saving in time and expense. An interesting step in this direction is the introduction of the portable goods elevator, which has recently appeared upon the market. This apparatus, mounted upon four wheels to ensure mobility, is entirely self-contained, and can be adapted to the speedy and safe handling of almost any kind of packages. The principle upon which it operates resembles that of the familiar escalator, which has been introduced upon our underground railways to facilitate and expedite the movement of passengers between the platforms and the street-level. The elevator has an overall length of twenty-three and a half feet and a width of two feet. The free end of the boom may be elevated to any height between six feet and fourteen and a half feet, but greater or less distances may be arranged for by means of specially built machines. A three-horse-power electric motor furnishes the requisite energy, and this is sufficient to impart a travelling speed of one hundred feet per minute. It is a most serviceable device for lifting goods packed in bags, bales, or boxes from one floor to another, or from a dock to a warehouse, the only attention necessary being the loading of the escalator at the lower end, and the removal of the goods from the upper extremity. Inasmuch as the motor is reversible, goods can also be transferred from a higher to a lower level. The carrying capacity of the elevator is approximately five hundred packages of an average weight of three hundred pounds, or double that number of packages half the weight.

SAWDUST AS A BUILDING MATERIAL.

During the past few years sawdust, which was formerly regarded as a waste-product of the sawmills, has been turned to various economic uses, one of the latest being its utilisation as a building material. It has been found to form an excellent flooring material under certain conditions; while it is also valuable in the manufacture of hollow earthenware, semi-porous and porous bricks, and tiles for partitions. When used as a flooring material it is combined with concrete, and the mixture is laid in the usual manner. Its scope in this direction, however, is somewhat limited, as its tendency to absorb moisture renders it unsuitable for floors which are not intended to be covered—as, for example, factory floors. On the other hand, where the floors are to be covered with linoleum, say, the presence of the sawdust in the concrete softens the latter, enabling tacks and nails to be driven in without difficulty and without risk

of chipping the concrete. Semi-porous and porous bricks and tiles are obtained by mixing sawdust with the clay in varying proportions. To secure semi-porosity, 2 per cent. of sawdust suffices; by increasing this to 35 per cent. a highly porous brick or tile is obtained, which can be readily cut with a saw, and into which nails may be driven for the hanging of pictures and other mural decorations. The experiments which have been carried out in this field are said to be highly promising, and there seems no reason why sawdust should not become a useful addition to our building materials.

A GAS COOKING-STOVE ECONOMISER.

In a recent issue we drew attention in 'The Month' to a device which has for its purpose the more economical working of the familiar gas-cooker. Recently another simple, inexpensive, and effective attachment, having the same end in view, has been placed upon the market. This attachment consists of a steel plate of substantial construction, with steel sides about one and a half inches deep, which fits to the top of the stove. This plate is freely perforated with small round holes, forming air-vents; there are also two openings, corresponding to those in the top of an ordinary kitchen stove, over which saucepans may be placed and exposed directly to the gas-flame if desired. When the whole of the plate is in demand, however, these openings may be closed, suitable discs being provided for the purpose. The design of the plate is such as to secure the maximum heating effect with the minimum expenditure of gas. When a gas-stove is used in the ordinary manner it is only the vessel placed over the gas-ring which receives the heat, much of which is lost. But by means of this contrivance the whole of the top of the gas-stove is transformed into a hot-plate, on which as many saucepans as it will hold may be heated. In ordinary circumstances only one burner is required to heat up the hot-plate, but two, of course, will do it in less time. One advantage resulting from cooking upon this plate is the protection of the contents of the saucepans against burning, unless the heating surface is allowed to become red-hot. Cooking by this method is decidedly cheaper than by the open gas-ring when the stove is being employed to its utmost capacity, four saucepans being boiled with the gas which would under ordinary circumstances be used for heating one. But when the heating of only a single saucepan or kettle is required, direct boiling over the open gas-ring may be both more economical and more expeditious.

ROLLED SHEET-GLASS.

One disastrous result of the German invasion of Belgium was the cessation of the supply of common sheet-glass, which plays a vital part in many British industries, more especially in the

building trade. Previous to the outbreak of hostilities our glass manufacturers devoted but scant attention to this market. The consequence was that after the Belgian sources of supply were stopped common sheet-glass soared to a high figure in these islands. One enterprising native firm, realising the gravity of the situation, embarked upon a series of investigations with a view to meeting the deficiency with a product comparable in price and other qualities with the imported article. As a result of its endeavours, which have been attended with complete success, it is now possible to obtain rolled sheet-glass of British manufacture of excellent transparency at a moderate price. The new article ranks as the most transparent rolled glass which has yet been placed on the market. It is quite colourless, and transmits more light than common sheet-glass of equal thickness—features which make it an ideal glazing medium for factories, offices, and conservatories. In comparison with the common twenty-one ounce sheet-glass, the rolled sheet-glass is stronger, cheaper, and whiter; while there is the additional advantage that it is obtainable in larger sizes, being made in sheets measuring ninety by thirty-six inches, or eighty by forty-two inches.

A NEW MILITARY SHIELD.

A well-known engineer, formerly attached to one of our leading armament establishments, has devised a body-shield for the protection of soldiers upon the battlefield. It is made of special material, giving extreme lightness, with the maximum of impenetrability to shrapnel, sword, or bayonet; while it is rustless, cool, and comfortable. The shield is designed to protect the vital parts of the body, and is secured in position by neck and body straps. Owing to the design and the method of construction, perfect flexibility is secured, so that no hindrance whatever is offered to the free movement of the body and the limbs. It also protects the wearer against vermin; while, by immersing the shield, which has no cloth cover, in disinfectant, contagion may be avoided. The material of which it is made is of such a character that antiseptics—strong carbolic acid, for example—exercise no deleterious effects; while it complies with all hygienic requirements. The shield has been submitted to practical application in the trenches, where it has fully substantiated the claims which have been advanced for its protective qualities.

BOOT SOLE AND HEEL PROTECTORS.

Campaigning plays sad havoc with the stoutest boots, and it is the soles and heels, despite the use of the strongest leather, which constitute the most vulnerable part. Recently an improved type of boot-protector has been devised. It consists of thin rubber plates fitted with raised studs, which are attached to the ordinary sole and heel. Three protectors are fitted to each

boot. There is the toe-piece, carrying a protective toecap, and four side-studs of varying sizes disposed in pairs. Behind this, and attached to the widest part of the sole, is another plate having a round stud and two bars. The heel-plate, although of special design, recalls the india-rubber protector of familiar form. The disposition of the protectors is such as to secure the fullest protection for the leather sole, since it is prevented from coming into contact with the ground. The rubber also acts as a cushion, thus rendering marching less irksome; and, as the sole cannot become saturated with moisture, the feet are kept dry even in wet weather. Smoothness is imparted to the tread, and a firm grip is obtained even upon the most greasy surface, thus preventing slipping. Although primarily devised for giving longer life to service boots, these protectors are equally applicable to the footwear of civilians of both sexes and of all ages, being made in various sizes and weights to meet individual requirements. The protectors are readily fitted, and can be renewed inexpensively as occasion demands.

THE COLOURING OF FLOWERS.

The use of litmus-paper for the detection of an acid or an alkali is well known. It is prepared by soaking paper in a solution produced by the fermentation of the juices of certain lichens. On being dipped into an acid solution litmus-paper turns red; the presence of an alkali makes it blue. But how many people are aware that this reaction is based upon a natural phenomenon? The prevailing colour in the floral kingdom is a purplish pink, and the pigment which produces this tint will give either blue or red according to circumstances. If the sap of the plant be alkaline the purplish pink turns to blue, while if it be acid the tint becomes reddish. Hence, by varying the acid or alkali content of the cell sap, the colour of the plant's blossom will be changed. This undoubtedly explains why blue and red blossoms are sometimes found blooming simultaneously upon a single plant, although upon separate stalks—'sports,' as the freak is colloquially termed. If a little baking-soda (an alkali) is added to the water in which a red pickling cabbage has been boiled the liquid will turn blue, but the original colour can be restored by the aid of vinegar or some other acid. Beet and many fruit juices give similar results. An American botanical contemporary, which draws attention to this phenomenon of nature, states that many pink flowers may be turned blue by submitting them to the fumes of ammonia for a few seconds, while blue flowers will change to pink under acid treatment. But in conducting these experiments one often observes a startling result. The colour does not always change to pink or blue according to the treatment, but sometimes becomes green, a fact which, says the periodical

referred to, 'opens up other avenues of speculation, in all of which we discover how cleverly nature produces a variety of effects with almost identical materials.'

THE PRACTICAL PRINCIPLES OF PLAIN PHOTO-MICROGRAPHY.

There are few more fascinating fields of investigation than photo-micrography. By the combination of the camera and the microscope one is introduced to a new and little-known world of nature. This art has received an added stimulus during recent months from the combination of the microscope with the kinematograph, whereby we are enabled to follow the 'life' of the most minute organisms in nature upon an enlarged scale. Many to whom the art makes a powerful appeal would appreciate the opportunity to delve into this unfamiliar world of marvels. But they hesitate, not only because they fear that the study may be expensive, but also because the acquisition of the rudimentary principles of the craft is likely to prove laborious. Numerous works dealing with the subject are available, but the majority do not meet the contemplative student's requirements. Now, however, he is able to profit from the contribution to the literature of this art by Mr George West, Lecturer in Botany, University College, Dundee. In this recent work, *The Practical Principles of Plain Photo-Micrography* (price 4s. 6d. net, published by the author), the neophyte is afforded just that essential elementary information which is requisite if he is to become proficient in the art. The subject is perhaps treated in an unconventional manner, but the book is lucidly written and fully explanatory. The author does not confine himself exclusively to the subject of micrography, but deals with the principles of photography so far as is necessary. The volume treats briefly, yet adequately, of the microscope, of illumination, of the screen, and other essential apparatus; and describes at length the author's arrangements for prosecuting the work with and without a camera. But the most informative pages are those devoted to a supposititious dialogue between a master and a student, in which the latter is carried through the complete process of preparing, taking, developing, printing, and mounting a photo-micrograph. Each step is minutely explained, and the 'why' and the 'wherefore' cunningly introduced. A close perusal of this chapter should enable the beginner to master the rudiments of the craft, and to steer clear of many of the snares and pitfalls which beset the feet of the unwary. The list of photographic necessities given, the reasons furnished for their use, the exposure and development tables, the formulæ provided, and the information supplied concerning the various chemicals employed and their influence render the volume one of handy reference. It not only forms an excellent introduction to the

subject, but it may also lead the diligent student on to the latest development of this branch of knowledge—namely, micro-kinematography.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

SUMMER HEAT.

In the open fields
The barren sea of the brown bleached grasses
Droops and breathes heavily, overwrought:
The promise of summer is come to nought.
The hot, close air overpowers as it passes
The treasure of flowers July amasses
And trustfully yields.

The throbbing sky
Sickens the sight with its slumbrous burning,
And wearies the mind with the merciless glow
That beats on the prostrate earth below.
No cloud responds to her deep mute yearning
With promise of ease in the rain's returning.
No birds fly.

The silent lane
Lies still, like death, in the pitiless gleaming,
And white, like the dead whose veins are dry,
Pallid and parched to the torrid sky;
With glistening stones and dense dust teeming
Low in the haze that moves not, seeming
Dazed with pain.

The brook's dry bed
Is choked with the torture of weary grasses
And close stone-moss that the heat has browned.
No life seems here, neither motion nor sound,
Save a low, dull drone where the gadfly passes.
The gleam on the stones, like burnished brass, is
Blinding and dead.

Oh for the breath
Of the winged winds in the forests calling,
Cooled by a thousand leagues of the sea,
A loud-voiced herald of rains to be—
Sharp, fresh rains on the faint trees falling,
Laving the leaves that the dust is galling
Nigh unto death.

Water and air!
Rushing of boisterous winds and swift showers:
What is there left but these to gain,
Impetuous winds and silvery rain?
Now, faint in her fullness, Nature cowers,
With these for ever dreams through the brooding
hours,
These for her prayer.

G. H. BROWNING.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

AFTER MANY YEARS.

By C. A. NASH.

CHAPTER I.

LAYING down my pen, and shading my eyes with my hand to look out through the open window on the vineyard, which was bathed in the refulgence of the setting September sun, I said to my wife, '*He concluido*' ('I have finished'). Far in the distance I could see the heights of Fuente Sauco, and to the right the Tormes flowed like a river of molten gold. And surely I had good reason to pause for a while and think. I am now an old man, and my present surroundings seem little likely to suggest thoughts of far-off England and Taunton in Somerset county. And yet back thither must I go to tell the story which I have now finished. I am sitting in what was once the library of a Carthusian monastery. My wife, Doña Maria, is a Spanish lady. My eldest son, who is staying with us for the quail-shooting, is a captain of Engineers in the army of his Catholic Majesty. But to begin.

In the month of November 1864 I left Rock-hurst College, where I had spent the previous seven years of my life, and returned to my father's house at Cherston, some four miles from Taunton. Our family, an old one, had gone through many vicissitudes, and lost most of its ancient wealth and all its landed property through its adherence to the old faith during the penal times. My father had, unfortunately, sunk a large portion of his fortune, such as it was, in a London joint-stock company, whose failure, at the time I write of, had spread destruction broadcast, and ruined literally thousands. The intention of my father, therefore, that I should study for the Bar was impossible of fulfilment, and it became necessary to look round, and that without loss of time, for some other career, as I had completed my eighteenth year, and the education of three brothers and two sisters, all my juniors, was a heavy burden on the restricted family resources.

My father was himself the elder of two brothers; and my uncle George had—some twenty years before this time, breaking away from the traditional aloofness from trade, in those days so inherent a sentiment in old families—gone to Spain, and invested his small patrimony in a firm in the wine trade in Valencia. He had never returned to England, having

married a Spanish lady, but still kept up a very friendly, though somewhat infrequent, correspondence with my father.

'What about trying Uncle George, father?' I said. 'He has done very well in Spain. He might give me a helping hand by taking me into his business in Valencia. He has no children of his own, and he has always been very friendly. And, besides, I have always had a hankering after Spain—I suppose because of what we have heard of the country from Uncle George's letters. In addition to that,' I said, 'I fear I should not care to begin business at the foot of the ladder at home. I shall be nineteen next birthday, and in an English office I should find myself, as to usefulness, very much behind my equals in age.'

'Yes,' said my father, 'I think the idea is a good one. Your uncle, I have no doubt, will not refuse; so write to him, and if he should not fall in with your views you will be no worse off for having tried. Spain, too, you know,' continued my father, 'has interest for us in another way. Your great-uncle, James Lambert, left his bones there during the Peninsular War.'

'Yes,' I said. 'I have heard you speak of your uncle James. He was killed, I believe, at Salamanca?'

'Yes,' replied my father, 'he was a captain in the 60th Foot, and had been mentioned in a despatch by Lord Wellington only a month previous. My grandfather expected that a brilliant career was before him; but, as you have heard before, no word ever came of him after the battle.'

I wrote at once to my uncle, and in the course of a few weeks he replied:

'VALENCIA, 27th December 1864.

'MY DEAR ARTHUR,—I duly received your letter. A previous one from your father had informed me of the serious loss he has suffered, which gave me great pain. I shall be willing to do all I can for you; and as you think you would like to try the Spanish wine trade, by all means come. I have not been unsuccessful, and the house of Lambert & Cordero is not unknown. The steamer *Marqués del Duero* leaves Liverpool

on or about the 3rd of February. The line to which she belongs has all my trade, and I have spoken to Captain Rivas, her skipper, who will do all in his power to make you comfortable. Though the season of the year may give you a bit of rough weather in the Bay, still it will be better than the changing and trouble of the overland journey. Your passage-money will be my concern. I enclose a draft on London for £50 (fifty pounds), and, with kindest regards to your father and mother, and all at Cherston, which, I suppose, I shall never see again, I am, my dear Arthur, your affectionate uncle,

‘GEORGE LAMBERT.’

I arrived in Valencia at the end of February, and was cordially received by my uncle. My aunt was, as I have said before, a Spaniard; and though she was, I believe, some five or six years my uncle's junior, she seemed to my juvenile eyes quite an elderly woman. What she was conversationally I had at first no means of judging, as she was completely ignorant of English, and my knowledge of Spanish was limited to the few words I had learned from Captain Rivas and his mate. Indeed, during the first week at sea I had been prostrate with sickness, as the weather was terribly severe.

I was soon in harness and at work learning the alphabet of fining and blending wines. As there was no one in the *almacen* with whom I could speak a word of English, and as my hours were rather long—from about seven in the morning to five or six in the evening—I soon got a good working knowledge of Spanish.

So the first year passed away—somewhat monotonously, it is true; still, the novelty had not worn off. Besides, my uncle had held out the hope of sending me into the country after the next vintage, to accompany the *capataz*, or chief cellarman, to buy the new wine. My uncle had some vineyards of his own; but the greater part of the wine which he handled was purchased from farmers in the surrounding districts.

I had made few acquaintances in Valencia. My days were pretty well occupied in the *bodega* or on the wharf seeing to the shipment of the wine, and the only amusement I had I got at the *circulo*, or club, where I spent a few hours every evening.

I have said before that my uncle had no family. Perhaps it was this that made him take a somewhat narrow view of things generally. However that may be, he thought, apparently, that I should find sufficient entertainment in the society of the few old friends who visited him nightly—old Don Gaspar, the *parroco* of San Blas; Don Gumerindo, a very clever but somewhat melancholy lawyer; and Señor Villaroel, the manager of the largest of his outlying vineyards.

I had thus spent two years when I made the acquaintance of a young Spaniard who was studying law at the university, Gabriel Moreno by

name. He came from Old Castile, and had chosen Valencia as his Alma Mater instead of Salamanca, which would have been more convenient, as his maternal uncle held the position of Collector of Customs at Valencia, and with his family Gabriel stayed.

From the first our similarity of tastes created a bond of sympathy between us. My literary proclivities had been too well fostered at Rockhurst to be uprooted by two years of ‘business’ life, and I suppose my reading of Cervantes and Lope de Vega took my mind off somewhat from my work in the *bodega*. Be that as it may, my uncle spoke to me a few times, with what I thought needless severity, about some mistakes which were not, indeed, altogether mine, and that did not tend to smooth matters. The midsummer of my third year in Valencia saw the end of Gabriel's stay there, and I frankly told him that I was sick of the cellars and the wharf, and that I had serious thoughts of going to Madrid and seeking a position as teacher of English there.

‘*Amigo Arturo*,’ said Gabriel, ‘I fear that would be, as we say, out of the frying-pan into the fire. I tell you what you will do. The long vacation will be on in another month. You have never had a holiday. Nothing will be doing in your way until after the vintage in October. Come and spend the hot summer months with me and my people at Huerta. We will talk the matter over between this and the vintage-time.’

I told my uncle of the invitation which I had received, and he made no objection. What I thought strange was that his wife put no obstacle in the way, for she seemed to find pleasure in blocking anything in the way of amusement as far as she could.

My uncle had, I must say, fulfilled to a generous degree his promise of doing what he could for me, for, in addition to the present which he had made me before leaving England, he allowed me a salary of ten thousand reales, or one hundred pounds, although at the beginning I was of little use to him. Of this I had saved about a hundred and fifty pounds, as the only expenses which I had incurred were for my clothes and my club subscription, with an odd visit to the theatre.

So, bidding good-bye to my uncle and aunt, as it proved for ever, I left Valencia on the 29th June 1867, the hottest day I ever felt before or since.

In those days the only railway from Valencia went south; so, to get to Madrid, which was our first objective, we had five days of diligence travelling, sleeping at night at some wretched *posada*, or inn. But these little inconveniences weigh very lightly at twenty-one.

The great heat in Madrid prevented our making any stay there. So, on the day following that of our arrival, we took the train for

Avila, where we stayed the night, and next day proceeded by diligence to Salamanca. There we found awaiting us at the Posada de San José a ramshackle *tartana*, a kind of four-wheeled van with an awning, which had been sent to fetch us by Gabriel's father, and in this primitive vehicle we took our seats, and arrived in the afternoon at the village of Huerta. The village is some twelve miles from Salamanca, and is in the midst of a very extensive plain, altogether given over to the cultivation of vines and corn, chiefly barley and rye.

My host, Don Manuel Moreno, received me with the courtesy of a Spanish gentleman of the old school. It is said that every Spaniard is a gentleman. But in the case of Don Manuel I could easily see that his cordial reception was not of the perfunctory kind which places all a Spaniard's belongings at your disposal. I guessed that my friend Gabriel had in his letters home spoken favourably of me. Certainly we were great friends, and, thank God! our friendship has never waned.

The house of Don Manuel was situated about a mile from the village of Huerta, between it and San Morales. The property was called La Ribera. It was beautifully situated, some quarter of a mile from a small river called the Caudal, which flowed into the Tormes about two miles beyond Huerta, in the direction of Arapiles. The front of the house looked towards the river, and at the back were the wooded heights of Fuente Saucó (or 'the spring of the elders'), a delightful and shady retreat in hot weather. The hills were covered with wild thyme, and when the wind blew from that side towards La Ribera one lived in an atmosphere of the most delicious fragrance.

Don Manuel's family was small, consisting of himself, his wife, and two children—namely, my friend Gabriel, then twenty-two years old, and one daughter, Maria, known also by the diminutive name of Mariquita, then entering her eighteenth year. His wife, Doña Eulalia, was a typical Castilian lady, with much dignity, which was not in the least embarrassing to her new guest, as it was tempered with the most delightful frankness, and she put me at my ease at once. She told me at dinner on the evening of my arrival that her daughter was just then on a visit to some friends at Valladolid, but was expected home in a week or so.

Don Manuel had retired from the army after attaining captain's rank, and at the time of my visit held the appointment of inspector of the Guardia Civil of the province. His official duties were slight, and afforded him sufficient time to attend to the cares of his property, which was considerable, consisting chiefly of vineyards. Gabriel and I spent our first days—or, rather, afternoons, for the weather was very hot—quail-shooting, and the breech-loading gun which I had brought from England was looked upon as

an extraordinary novelty by the gamekeeper at Fuente Saucó and the rest of the neighbours.

I was walking, a few days after my arrival, with my host on the high ground at the back of the house, and asked him what was the large building, or, rather, cluster of buildings, some couple of miles to the west. 'A portion of it,' I said, 'seems to be a church.'

'You are right,' said Don Manuel. 'That building was, more than thirty years ago, a Carthusian monastery. At that time, as you know, the religious houses were suppressed and put up for sale by the Government of the day. This one, called La Cartuja, was bought for quite a small sum by a very peculiar man whom I barely remember seeing at San Morales, the village yonder, when I was a boy. He must now be an immense age. He has not left the precincts of his own property certainly for twenty years. You see, the Church property was sold at a time when many people thought that Don Carlos stood a very good chance of coming to the throne of Spain, and it was well known that if he succeeded the property would be restored to the Church. Hence the Government of Queen Isabella—whom may God preserve!—in many cases failed to effect a sale, and when one was effected the price obtained was, as in this case, ridiculously small. Indeed,' said Don Manuel, 'I should be afraid to commit myself to an actual statement; but I think La Cartuja was sold for something like seven or eight hundred pounds of your English money. And when you see, as you will some day soon, the immense range of buildings, and when I tell you there are some three hundred acres of the best vines in the province, you will understand that Don Diego, as the old gentleman is called, made a good bargain. I may tell you that Don Diego is not a born Spaniard. The old notary here, Don Martin, remembers Don Diego for more than fifty years. He was then living at San Morales, and it was some twenty years after Don Martin's first recollection of him that he bought the property of La Cartuja. He seems to have been at all times a mysterious kind of person; but, as I say, for the last twenty years or more he has never gone outside the bounds of his own domain.'

As we were returning to La Ribera in the evening, at a short distance from the house we were met by a young lady, who on seeing Don Manuel came running towards us, and, having first kissed his hand, embraced him repeatedly. She looked at me somewhat shyly at first; but Don Manuel immediately introduced me to her as his daughter Mariquita. How shall I describe what I saw for the first time? She was dressed all in white, even to a white mantilla. The only note of colour was the red rose in her jet-black hair. She was small and slight, and exquisitely proportioned. Her eyes instantly brought to my mind Espronceda's description

of Elvira in the *Student of Salamanca*, the *timida estrella* ('the timid star') 'reflecting to earth rays of light, brilliant, yet doubting.'

Our mornings were spent in fishing in the Tormes, and in the evening after dinner Mariquita, Gabriel, and I went up to the heights of Fuente Saucó, and sat there for an hour, or sometimes two, enjoying the cool breeze that generally came on after sundown. The subject of our conversation was mostly confined to the accounts of England which I gave them. Spaniards in the provinces in those days seldom went far from home, ladies never. So I suppose events in themselves rather uninteresting assumed in the eyes of Mariquita more importance than they deserved.

All this could only have one termination, and before I was two months at La Ribera, to say that I had lost my heart would poorly express the effect which the companionship of Mariquita had wrought in me. There was no talk between Gabriel and myself as to my future. Whenever he even distantly referred to the subject, I hastened to change the theme. The truth was that the thought of going away, and returning to Valencia, filled me with such despair that, like many another coward, I declined to give it thought, and trusted to Providence, or fate, or whatever you will, for something at present in the clouds to turn up to solve the difficulty.

I had, as I have said, been two months at La Ribera when the stock of cartridges which I had brought became exhausted, and to replenish it, and as I also required some small matters in the way of clothes, it was necessary that I should ride to Salamanca to make my purchases.

Early, then, on a September morning I mounted the horse which Don Manuel kindly placed at my disposal, and set out from La Ribera for my twelve-mile ride. My road led me past the buildings of La Cartuja, and when I reached the turning which brought me in front of the beautiful pile I pulled up to have a good look.

It certainly was worth it. The main building was a beautiful stone edifice of two storeys, flanked at each end by a tower. In that at the north end I could see a bell still hung. On the side facing me I counted thirty windows. Detached from the main building was a somewhat small church, with a very beautiful rose-window. The church, though a separate edifice, was connected with the rest by a covered way. The land all round was given up to vines, and on this beautiful morning their appearance—full as they were, some of golden and some of purple clusters—was delightful.

After satisfying my curiosity I resumed my journey. As the morning had now become somewhat hot, and I was anxious to get to Salamanca before the oppressive noonday heat should come on, I struck my horse with the switch which I carried. Whether the horse had not been accustomed to it, or he was ill-tempered, I do not know; but, in any case, he shied violently to the side, and before I could recover myself had thrown me from the saddle just at the edge of the road, which ran along a deep ravine. I remember rolling down the slope, and after that all was blank.

(Continued on page 642.)

THROUGH SEA AND AIR.

A VISION OF TO-MORROW.

By EDWIN L. ARNOLD.

WAR does not often give welcome gifts to peace, but it appears likely the present struggle may present us with at least one such legacy. Those who have time to think and observe during these strenuous months cannot fail to be impressed by the wonderful promise of air and submarine travel that the immediate future holds out to us. Before the war commenced the Zeppelin was but a dubious experiment, and even the aeroplane little more than an interesting innovation. Very few even of those whose business it was to foresee guessed that the conquest of the sky was actually at hand. Sir Alexander Bannerman, commandant of our air battalion in 1911, published two depressing articles in the *Army Review* on aeroplanes, pouring official cold water on the enthusiasm of flying men, and advising the public to restrain its expectations until the process of time enabled it to decide

whether the new invention was capable of practical development. At the end of the same year the nation claimed the services of no more than seven military pilots and a job lot of about a dozen machines, most of which had never stood a cross-country flight. Somewhat earlier the then First Lord of the Admiralty had politely refused the aeronautical patents of the Wright Brothers on the ground that 'they would not be of any use to the naval service.' Lord Tweedmouth, and Lord Haldane at the War Office, carried on the traditional attitude of British officialdom to innovations, and took the most despondent view of aviation. They were only following in the footsteps of the head of one of our great departments who once informed an inventor of a brilliant advance in the electrical transmission of messages that 'telegraphs of any kind were wholly unnecessary;' the nation had

no need of such newfangled ideas. These things are only mentioned to show how little officialdom, in continuation of its traditions, realised the military importance of the air two years ago; and by analogy we may be quite certain it now not only fails to appreciate the new era of international travel which is dawning for the world, but will oppose its development with customary inertia until such opposition is no longer possible.

Not only in high places but amongst the public generally there are always those to whom Providence seems to have assigned the duties of acting as skids upon the wheels of human progress, and these duties are rarely neglected. It was well-meaning folks of this kind who fought tooth and nail against the introduction of the first railway, seriously urging, amongst other kindred objections, that the steam-engine might affect the nerves of cattle through whose neighbourhood it passed. They lifted up their voices against the power-loom as unscriptural, they struggled against Jenner's beneficent discovery, and quite lately condemned the motor-carriage to proceed at a walking pace along our thoroughfares, with a man carrying a red flag in front of it, as though some novel kind of wild beast were approaching. The story of resistance to human progress, could it be written, would make one of the most delightfully quaint and humorous volumes in existence. And it must be remembered that the contributors to this volume are still in active existence amongst us. No doubt when we seek to travel generally by air or under water these timid counsellors will tremble for our chimney-stacks, and bemoan the outraged feelings of the crabs and cuttlefish whose privacy we violate. But the inexorable march of events, I am convinced, will in the long-run prove too much for such critics.

No crude speculation is championed, no fancy picture drawn of bare possibilities, in saying that submarine voyages to the remotest parts of the earth, and aerial travel only a little more circumscribed, are realities of the present moment. The journey which the murderous German Zeppelins make from their lairs on the Continent to our northern coasts and back again is more than equal to half the width of the Atlantic between Ireland and Newfoundland. Can any one doubt that, with their cargoes of bombs replaced by extra fuel and provisions, they will not very speedily be able to accomplish the remaining distance? It is to our national shame that all deductions as to the actual capacity of the long-distance Zeppelin depend on Teutonic data. According to the best information from this source, the lifting capacity of the average airship is about thirty tons. As the vessel with its engines weighs twenty-five tons, this leaves five tons for the carrying load. It is not much; but, accepting it for the moment, and applying it to the needs of the peace ship, then thirty

passengers and crew would weigh two tons. There would have to be, say, six hundred and fifty gallons of petrol and oil, amounting to another two tons, leaving a margin of one ton for food and water. Doubtless the figures will be improved on with greater experience; but as they stand they open up a fascinating vision of the voyaging possibilities of the sky-cruiser.

In regard to speed, the question as to whether the wind is for or against the vessel of course makes considerable difference. The opposition of air-currents at once lessens progress and reduces the distance that can be travelled with an available supply of oil. In a perfectly calm air a modern Zeppelin can easily journey seven hundred miles out and seven hundred miles home, or fourteen hundred in a straight line. In such an atmospheric calm, which, it should not be forgotten, can often be found somewhere when stiff breezes are blowing at other elevations, she can do seventy miles an hour at full speed. When a favourable wind is met with this can be increased to the tremendous rate of one hundred miles an hour. But, to be well within the margin of assured practicability, let us suppose that a Zeppelin is capable of making a flight of fourteen hundred miles at sixty miles an hour without once coming to earth. Under these circumstances, with a professional crew of five, and twenty-five passengers, on board, the nations being at peace below and the skies propitious above, what would the cruising capacities of the Zeppelin mean?

Northward from London a flight would include the whole of Iceland, the time occupied in transit being about seventeen hours. That is to say, the enthusiastic salmon-fisher or adventurous tourist would mount his airship about seven in the evening at some metropolitan terminus, sleep and breakfast on board, and by noon the next day would be amongst the glaciers and snow-mountains of the northern island. To the north-westward a non-stop flight would take him to Tromsøe, in Norway, for a week-end in the land of the midnight sun. It would deposit him anywhere he liked amongst the forests and lakes of Sweden or Finland, or carry him to Petrograd without a change. More to the east, a Zep cruise from London, across seas and continents, without halting for fuel or provisions, or troubling about frontiers, would convey the traveller to historic Moscow, to the western shores of the Black Sea, to Adrianople, within a few hours of Constantinople itself, and to northern Greece.

From another platform of the great London air-terminus which rises to the mind's eyes in this delightful forecast, a commodious 'liner' might start for places farther south. It would reach Paris in a little over three hours of luxurious travel compared to the eight hours of rattle, hurry, and probable sea-sickness which is now the

lot of the voyager. The seeker after sunshine could breakfast in the chilly gloom of a London fog, and be amongst the palms and orange-trees of the south of France in time for a game of tennis before tea. Having dropped some of its passengers at Nice or Monte Carlo, then Sicily, Malta, or the Algerian highlands would all be within the possibilities of this 'liner,' and it might be docked for the night in northern Morocco! Westward the vast expanses of the Atlantic offer fewer landing-places; but even in this direction our airship, starting from the coast of Ireland, could accomplish a non-stop run of twenty-three hours to the southern part of Greenland, to the Azores, to Madeira, or the edge of the Sahara. The passenger might take one breakfast in Belgravia, and the next in a mid-African village.

The objection may be raised that all such travel must depend on ideal atmospheric conditions. But that is not so. Nothing is more certain than that the upper air is marked by currents constantly playing in different directions, and it will be the business of the future sky-pilot to understand and take advantage of this fact. Actual earth-storms, no doubt, might keep the airship from setting out; but they hinder all sailing-vessels in the same way, and even steamers at times. When, on the other hand, the winds were favourable, the mind boggles at the wonders the airship might accomplish. I will not venture into this alluring field of speculation, but leave it to the intelligent imagination of the reader. As for the safety and comfort of atmospheric travel, they are matters scarcely needing argument. The mere fact that amongst the clouds commerce could go and come on an indefinite number of planes, while at sea it is restricted to one, would make collisions almost impossible. In regard to comfort, those who have travelled by the new means say no more delightful and soothing method of progression was ever discovered by the inventive genius of man. As a rest cure the airship will probably prove a great success; the idler will be able to doze round the world, taking only so much interest as he pleases in the parti-coloured pageantry of sea and land that slips by six thousand feet or more below his deck-chair.

Submarine travel is also a certain asset of the immediate future, even if it prove more strictly utilitarian. There are under-water craft in existence at the present moment capable of crossing the Atlantic, cruising on the American coasts for a month or more, and returning home all on their original supply of fuel. Submarine craft, to our chagrin, have left German ports, made the long voyage through the Bay of Biscay, and penetrated far into the Mediterranean, without, it is to be presumed, seeking supplies anywhere. If this is possible with every man's hand against them, amidst the

enmity and difficulties of active warfare, who will venture to say that the same thing would not be feasible on a larger scale in peace-time? The possibility is self-evident. The submarine can be run with an extraordinarily small staff. The jettisoning of her war stores and fighting men, and some moderate increase of her cubic capacity, as to which there are no real difficulties, would speedily fit her for many commercial and passenger-carrying purposes. We may still be some way from the day of the great under-ocean liner, with its hive of men and women on board; fares may still be somewhat high, as they are apt to be when all novel forms of travel are tried; but these are drawbacks of the moment. Germany is said to be even now preparing a submarine mail service between her coast and the United States; nor is there anything impracticable in the idea. The new submergible vessels are four hundred and fifty feet long by forty-five feet beam. They thus exceed in length our sixteen-thousand-ton battleships, though their own tonnage does not amount to two thousand. As another instance of the way in which the war has forced on development, it may be noted that the largest submarines in existence two years ago were the seven hundred and eighty-seven ton craft of the French *Nereide* class. The latest German boats carry in war-time twenty-five torpedoes, weighing, with their tubes, twenty tons, and an expert fighting crew of sixty men. By leaving out the war gear and reducing the staff by half, a carrying capacity for a paying number of passengers and choicer merchandise would readily be obtained.

It is most likely in this direction of mail service, pleasure tours, and 'urgent' traffic that the submarine will for a long time prove most useful. Those who do not care for travel under the clouds will have the alternative of swift and commodious voyages over the bed of the ocean. They must not expect to realise all Jules Verne has foreseen in the depths, but they will get very much. The navigator of the nether twilight will go aboard at Tilbury or Gravesend, and when the hatches close on the pleasant English landscape he will resign himself to reading and light amusements, comfortable quarters, and repose unspoiled by the accompaniment of the low, harmonious thrill of tireless machinery. He may be allowed an after-dinner cigarette on the whale-like back of his ship for the purpose of watching a sunset in the Bay of Biscay or somewhere else; but in the main he will know and care for neither time nor distance till the stewards begin to collect the light baggage, the hum of the screw drops down to nothing, and he mounts the companion-ladder to find himself, with astonishment, in a new world of light and colour, amongst strange surroundings, and a thousand miles from where he thought he was.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

A REALISTIC STORY OF THE INNER LIFE OF THE ROYAL NAVY.

By TAFFRAIL, Author of *The Bad Hat*, *The Decoy*, *An Eye for an Eye*, &c.CHAPTER XI.—*continued.*

II.

TO this day Pincher never really remembers how he got into the water. The events of that night still seem like some ghastly nightmare, a horrible dream in which incidents and impressions succeeded each other with such rapidity that the memory of them seems almost unreal. He recollects standing on the boat-deck with a group of other men and divesting himself of his thick duffel coat. He did it reluctantly, for it was bitterly cold. Then, after inflating the rubber swimming-collar round his neck, he waited. The ship lay over at an alarming angle, and it was all he could do to stand upright.

'Jump, men! jump!' an officer kept on shouting. 'For God's sake, save yourselves!'

A few, nerving themselves for the effort, cast themselves overboard, and were lost to sight in the raging sea; but Pincher and many others, eyeing the tumult with horror, instinctively hung back. Life was very dear at that moment, and it seemed sheer madness to cast one's self into that seething maelström of one's own free-will. Then it was that he remembered his heavy sea-boots. Fool! They would infallibly drag him under if he had to swim for it; and, bending down, he kicked and wriggled his right foot free. He was repeating the process with the other when the end came. The ship lurched horribly to starboard, and flung him to the deck with a shock which jarred every bone in his body. The next instant he started slithering and sliding down a steep slope, to bring up with a thud against a projection on the deck. The impact nearly knocked the wind out of his body; but, stretching out his arms with an instinct of self-preservation, he grasped something solid with both hands, and clung madly on to it with all his strength. For a second or two he hung there, gasping for breath, with sheets of spray flying over his head. Then something soft cannoned into him and tore him from his hold. He felt himself sliding again, then falling, falling.

Next a feeling of bitter cold and utter darkness as a sea snatched him in its grasp and flung him away. He went down and down until his lungs seemed on the point of bursting for want of air; but the swimming-collar was still round his neck, and with a swift upward rush he felt himself borne to the surface. On opening his mouth for air a gigantic white-cap promptly broke over his head and left him spluttering and gasping. At one moment he was carried

high on the crest of a sea, and the next he was deep down in a hollow; but by some miracle he still managed to breathe, and retained sufficient presence of mind to strike out away from the sinking ship.

He could see nothing, but the sea all round him was dotted with the heads of other swimmers. Some had life-belts, some swimming-collars or flotsam, and, like Pincher, were making the best of their way from the scene of the disaster. Others had no life-saving appliances at all, and were drowning in dozens.

Twice was Pincher clutched round the body, but each time he fought with the mad desperation of despair, and wrenched himself free of the suffocating embrace of a shipmate less lucky than himself. He was no coward, but it was a case of each man for himself, and his desire to live was overwhelming.

How long he was in the water he never knew. He merely battled on, fighting for breath. Presently, when all but exhausted and numb through and through with cold, he was carried to the summit of a huge wave to see the dark shape of a boat barely twenty feet from him. In the dim half-light he could see it was crowded with men, and raising his voice, he tried to shout for help. He emitted no sound but a feeble croak, and the next time he was borne aloft the boat had vanished. Then it was that Pincher commended his soul to his Maker. He could do no more.

He seemed to have been swimming for hours, and was breathless and very weary. His limbs felt incapable of further movement, and it was with almost a feeling of relief that he gave up the struggle as hopeless. But for his swimming-collar he would have sunk then and there. How long he remained quiescent he could not tell; but during this awful time his senses never left him, and he found himself wondering how long it would take him to die. He did not dread the prospect; anything seemed better than this awful shortness of breath and the constant buffeting by the seas. The most trivial events and the most important happenings of his short life crowded into his overwrought brain. His thoughts travelled to his home, and he pictured his mother the last time he had seen her, framed in the doorway of her cottage. He almost laughed when he remembered himself tearing down the road to catch the train. He must have looked funny, excruciatingly funny, but

he felt a slight pang of regret on thinking that he would never tread that road again. Next his mind reverted to Billings, and he wondered hazily what had become of him. Poor Joshua, he had been a good friend to him! He hoped he was not drowned. What was Emmeline doing at this moment? The recollection of her seemed indistinct and shadowy, somehow. He could not picture her face, merely remembered that she was pretty and fascinating. What would she say when she heard he had been drowned? Would she go into mourning and cry her pretty eyes out? Perhaps she would marry some one else.

Then, quite suddenly, he heard a voice. 'Ere's another on 'em!' it said gruffly. He felt his head come into violent contact with something solid and unyielding, and the next moment he was seized by the hair. The pain of it hurt him abominably, but he was far too weak and short of breath to expostulate. Then he was grasped under the armpits, and, after describing what seemed a giddy and interminable parabola through the air, heard himself descend with a crash on to something very hard. The impact should have hurt him, but he felt nothing, and merely realised in a hazy sort of way that he was in the bottom of a boat.

It was bitterly cold. He shivered as with ague, while constant showers of spray left him coughing and gasping for breath. Water washed over him perpetually, and a horrible, never-ceasing oscillation flung him violently to and fro. It was almost as bad as being in the water. But he was past caring. Then came a feeling of horrible nausea, and, rolling over abjectly, he was violently sick. Next, darkness, the utter blackness of absolute oblivion. Pincher Martin had fainted.

When he recovered his senses some hours later he could not for the moment recollect where he was or what had happened. He felt chilled through and through with the cold, but some kind Samaritan had removed his sodden garments, and had left him lying in the bottom of the boat covered with a portion of the sail and its tarpaulin cover. Several other men lay there with him. Then he remembered. He felt bruised all over, stiff, miserable, and very weak; but he could breathe, and found, on trying to shift his position, that he had recovered the use of his limbs, though the effort caused him agony. Glancing round, he saw he was in the stern-sheets of the *Belligerent's* forty-two feet launch, the largest pulling-boat she had carried.

The sea was still running very high, and the boat pitched and rolled violently and unceasingly, while constant showers of spray came driving aft as her bluff bows plunged into the waves. At one moment he found himself watching the dark clouds chasing each other across the gray sky overhead; and the next, as the boat rolled, he

was vouchsafed momentary glimpses of a heaving expanse of gray-green sea, lashed and torn into white, insensate fury by the wind. It was blowing a full gale.

The boat was half-full of water, and amidsthips some men were busy bailing, one with a bucket and others with boots and caps. Crouching down under the thwarts, with the water washing over them, were many more men in the last stages of misery. Some showed signs of life; some looked almost dead. Another melancholy party were clustered in the stern, huddling together to get some warmth into their numbed limbs. All sorts and conditions of men were there—stokers in their grimy flannel shirts and fearnought trousers, just as they had come up out of the stokehold; bluejackets in jerseys and blue serge trousers; some marines; and a ship's steward's assistant with nothing but a swimming-collar and a sodden white cotton shirt. Their lips were blue with cold, their teeth were chattering, they looked abject and utterly forlorn, but they were still alive. One or two of them were actually talking.

Standing up in the stern with the gunner and the boatswain was Petty Officer Bartlett. The last-named was attired in his undergarments, a cholera-belt, and one blue stocking, and in the intervals of gazing anxiously round the horizon he was flapping his arms to restore his circulation. How he managed to keep on his feet at all was a marvel.

'Anythink in sight?' somebody asked in a husky whisper.

'Not a ruddy thing!' Bartlett returned. 'I thought I seen somethin' 'bout ten minutes since, the smoke o' a steamer on the 'orizon, but she ain't there now.'

The questioner, an able seaman, cursed under his breath. 'Ow long's this — show goin' ter last?' he queried plaintively. 'I'm so — cold. Such a — picnic I never did see. Gawd! why didn't I join th' ruddy army? They kills yer quick there, not like this 'ere. I'll be a gonner in another hour, see if I ain't,' he added weakly, trying to get a little sympathy. 'Carn't feel me bloomin' legs no'ow; ain't got none p'raps.'

'Cheer up, Joe!' said the man alongside him, who seemed a little happier; 'we ain't dead yet. Like me ter give yer another rub dahn!'

Joe nodded wearily and closed his eyes.

Pincher, unwilling to leave the shelter of his canvas, tried to attract some one's attention. He endeavoured to speak, but could get no more than a husky, almost inaudible, whisper; so, withdrawing one arm from its covering, he moved it feebly up and down. After a lengthy pause one of the marines noticed him.

'Ere,' he said, patting Petty Officer Bartlett on the leg, 'one o' them 'ere deaders 'as come back ter life!'

Bartlett turned round. 'Deader!' he said. 'Which one?'

'One o' them 'ere blokes yer pulled out o' th' ditch,' the marine answered.

'Blimy! So he has!' the petty officer exclaimed, rather surprised. 'I thought he'd chucked his hand in long ago.—Here, me son,' he added, coming across to where Martin lay, 'how goes it?'

Pincher smiled wearily.

'Carn't talk, eh?' Bartlett remarked with rough kindness. 'Like a drop o' rum* an' a bit o' somethin' t' eat?'

Martin nodded.

'Hand us that there rum-jar,' the petty officer said over his shoulder. 'Easy now—easy!' as the man he had spoken to nearly let it fall. 'That there may have to last us for days!' He extracted the cork from the wicker-covered jar and poured some of the spirit into a small tin mug. 'Damn me eyes!' came an angry ejaculation, as the boat gave a particularly violent lurch and a few drops of the precious liquid slopped over the edge. He replaced the cork carefully, and, putting one arm under Pincher's head, held the pannikin to his lips. 'Try to swaller it,' he said. 'It'll do you good.'

Martin obeyed; and, though a certain amount of the liquor trickled over his face, the greater proportion went down his throat. The burning fieriness of the neat spirit made him choke and splutter, but the feeling of warmth it induced was very comforting.

'Here's a bit o' biscuit,' said Bartlett again, extracting a broken fragment from the waistband of his nether garments, where he had been keeping it dry. 'Put that inside you, an' when you've finished it I'll come along an' give you a bit o' a rub down like to warm you up—see?'

Pincher, still too weak to bite, consumed the flinty fragment by nibbling round its edge until he could nibble no more, and then, when the petty officer had rubbed his numbed and aching body with a pair of horny hands, which rasped him like a file and threatened to take every inch of skin off his long-suffering limbs, he felt tolerably warm and much better. The blood coursed through his veins. Life was again worth living.

'Thanks!' he was able to murmur feebly when the painful ordeal was over.

'That's all right, me son. See if you carn't get a bit o' a caulk,' said Bartlett, getting up from his knees.

It may have been the dose of rum, a spirit to which he was entirely unaccustomed, which had the desired effect, but five minutes later Pincher Martin was asleep.

Immediately on being hoisted out, the launch

had been dashed bows on into the ship. She had been badly damaged; but men, stripping themselves, had stuffed their clothes into the rents to keep the water out. Time after time breaking seas had nearly swamped her; but by dint of constant bailing with boots, caps, and anything they could lay their hands upon, they had somehow managed to keep her afloat.

Most of the oars had been broken in frantic efforts to fend the boat off from the ship, and none remained to keep her head on to the sea when they finally got clear of the wreck. Then they had lashed all the boat's lumber together, and had dropped it overboard to form a floating sea-anchor; and the launch, secured to it by a rope, rode head on to the waves. But still the wretched survivors were in a bad way. They had yearned, with all the longing their souls possessed, that a ship would be in sight when morning came. They had practically pinned their faith to it, for they were aware that they were in a part of the English Channel where traffic was constant. But when the night lifted and the gray dawn gave way to full daylight there was nothing in sight. Not the least vestige of a steamer or the welcome gleam of a rescuing sail; only the gray-white expanse of the raging sea, and the sombre, wind-driven clouds chasing each other across the gray void overhead. Then a faint feather of smoke had shown up over the rim of the horizon to the southward. It was fully ten miles off, but they all thought for one wild moment that salvation was at hand. Their drooping spirits revived; but a minute later the smoke had disappeared, and their hopes were dashed to the ground.

They were exhausted, wet through, chilled to the bone, and utterly miserable, and some of that little band of two warrant-officers and seventy odd men resigned themselves to their fate. They could not last much longer. And so the launch, with a woollen scarf lashed to an oar amidships fluttering as a mute signal of distress, drifted on at the mercy of the wind and sea. Her crew were past caring.

III.

Early in the morning of that fateful New Year's Day the Brixham trawler *Providence* was running back to her port for shelter from the gale; but when she was off Start Point the wind and sea had increased to such an extent that there was nothing to be done but to heave-to and ride out the storm. Between eleven o'clock and noon the smack was hove-to on the starboard tack, when the third hand, who was on deck, saw a large gray open boat to leeward. She was full of men, and was flying a muffer tied to an upright oar as a signal of distress; but so heavy was the sea that she was obscured for minutes at a time in the trough of the waves.

The smack's crew of three men and a boy,

* When a ship is abandoned a certain amount of water, biscuit, and rum is placed in all the boats.

Little Dan, were soon on deck, and promptly got to work to take another reef in the mainsail and to set their small storm jib. It was a hard tussle, for the wind was blowing with hurricane force, and seas were constantly breaking over the deck; but it was the only thing to be done if a rescue was to be effected.

The *Providence* was on the starboard tack, let it be understood. This meant that the wind was blowing from her starboard side; but, to reach the launch at all, she had to pass round on to the port tack. There are two ways of manœuvring a sailing-vessel from one tack to the other. The first, the shortest method, is by 'going about,' or turning the vessel round head to wind, and then allowing her sails to fill on the other side. The second way, a longer method, in which more ground is lost, is by 'gybing' or 'wearing,' in which the ship passes from tack to tack by turning her stern to the wind. Both are comparatively simple evolutions in calm weather, but any sailor will say that in a small fore-and-aft rigged craft both are dangerous in a heavy sea and a gale of wind. Of the two, however, gybing is by far the more hazardous, even perilous, for there is a grave risk of the craft being pooped by a heavy sea, or of her being dismasted when the large mainsail swings across the deck and suddenly bellies out on the other side. But Captain Pillar, the skipper, realised it was the only thing to be done. He was a thorough seaman, who knew his craft well, and he decided to take the risk.

The helm was put hard up, and the *Providence* paid off gradually until her stern was in the wind's eye, and then, sweeping round on the crest of a gigantic billow, came on to the port tack. An enormous sea broke on board as she did so, and the heavy mainsail came across with a crash and a jerk which nearly wrenched the mast out. But the men who had built the sturdy *Providence* knew their work, and the mast was a good sound stick, and the rigging honest steel wire. It was a good test

of their workmanship, for by some miracle the gear held.

Drawing close to windward of the launch, the smackmen hove a rope across as they drifted by. It missed. Another attempt, and yet another, but on each occasion the line fell short. Then, when those in the boat had almost given it up as hopeless, a fourth heave was successful. The rope was caught by the blue-jackets, held, and belayed, and slowly but surely the launch was hauled toward the stern of her rescuer. Then the warp was passed forward along the lee side of the *Providence*, and the man-of-war's boat was drawn cautiously ahead until her bows were level with the lee quarter of the smack.

The exhausted bluejackets were ordered to jump on board, and one by one they obeyed. It was a perilous business, for the waves were running twenty to thirty feet high, and at one moment both craft were lifted high in the air, while the next they were deep down in a hollow with an awful, roaring breaker threatening to overwhelm them. It took half-an-hour before the whole seventy of them reached their haven of refuge; but the work was accomplished without the loss of a single soul; while the senior officer present, the torpedo gunner, true to the traditions of the service, was the last man to leave. Then the launch was cast adrift. She had served her purpose, and was never seen again.

The rescued men, many of them in the last stages of exhaustion and numbness after their frightful ordeal, were accommodated wherever room could be found for them. What food and tobacco the smack carried were shared out equally, and hot coffee was served out all round.

The *Providence* then shaped her course for home, and, after being taken in tow by another vessel when close to her destination, eventually berthed alongside the quay at Brixham at eight o'clock in the evening. And so, from the very jaws of death, Pincher Martin stepped ashore.

(Continued on page 648).

TO 'SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE' AND BACK.

By the Right Hon. Sir J. H. A. MACDONALD, G.C.B., LL.D.,
Author of *Life Jottings of an Old Edinburgh Citizen*, &c.

PART I.

THE War Office authorities were good enough to give assent to my request as a Volunteer of fifty years' standing, now retired, granting me an official permit to proceed to France to visit the place of rest of one who gave his life in fulfilling his duty. As I am in no way associated with the military organisation in France, or with the Press, an account of my experiences and observations made in connection with the visit to the front may be of interest, particularly as

the present position of affairs makes it difficult to fall into dullness in description, the country being now, in the parts visited, in such different case from that of the France of the past.

Although armed with the War Office letter of assent, I soon found that this was not enough. Much procedure had to be gone through in preliminaries, before the journey could be undertaken, if risk was not to be run of being held back and forcibly kept in this country, or even

of being arrested on attempting to land at the other side of the Channel. Further, advice was given by officers of high position that it would be advisable to wear uniform, 'to avoid the formalities and questionings to which civil dress exposes one'—namely, the challenges by scores of sentries encountered on the road, the tedious examination of passports and permits at every town, and even the possibility of being locked up on suspicion of being a spy, at the order of some youthful officer desirous of showing zeal and initiative. Fortunately, long service in former days had been rewarded by sanction to wear uniform on retirement; and before leaving home, the old man, who had not donned military clothes, except on ceremonial occasions, for many years, arrived in London in a full suit of khaki, as worn by my old corps, now at the front. It came as something unwonted to find one's self receiving at every twenty or thirty yards a military salute from soldiers, and even from young officers. The unaccustomed action of acknowledging salutes some hundreds of times in the course of a couple of hours produced sensible fatigue to an unexercised shoulder.

What had to be gone through in completing the necessary forms was somewhat complex. A portrait had to be taken for attachment to the passport. Incredible as it may seem, three copies were ready printed and dried at eleven o'clock, although the camera was only snapped for the negative at five minutes past ten, the most rapid piece of official work in the whole proceedings. Next came War Office procedure; and although three different departments were visited, the door of that office was never passed. When that vast building was erected in Whitehall to take the place of the old dirty rabbit-warren in Pall Mall, it was supposed that ample accommodation would be found within the walls for all War Office requirements. But to-day, even with the aid of tables placed in corridors, room cannot be found in Whitehall for carrying on many departments of military business. Large hotels and old roomy mansions are crowded with busy officials, the only physical connection of their desks with the War Office to which they belong being the telephone wires. Thus it came about that — House, — Square, must be first visited, where the Director of the Graves Registration Units has his chief office. It was under his kindly care that the visit to the front was to be made, as he happened to be at home, and was about to proceed to his headquarters in France. He willingly proffered his safe conduct, and made himself a kind friend from the start. From thence, conducted by a most obliging staff-officer, I made the journey to a great wooden shed in the quadrangle of the Foreign Office, where the colour of eyes and eyebrows, and what colour could be traced in hair which had been parting with its natural

shade for many years, were all carefully noted, and the photograph duly pasted down on the passport by a bland official. Thence northwards to —, to an ancient mansion in — Square, where the Principal Permit Officer does his work. Here the formalities came to an end by the document of permit being handed over, and the passport *visé* by a French official, the likeness being stamped across the corner, so as to prevent the substitution of another physiognomy, should the document by any accident fall into wrong hands.

Some one might be inclined, going over this elaborate procedure, to ejaculate, 'Red tape.' It is but just to say that in these days of German thoroughness in intrigue and tireless espionage, it is only by such careful routine that danger of wrong people finding their way into places where their spying or bombing arts may be plied with possible destructive effect can be efficiently guarded against.

Next came the journey to —, and the embarkation. Khaki, khaki everywhere; not a trace of colour except when a staff-officer showed a red cap-band and red tags on his collar. There was only one bright spot in the crowd. As we walked along the lower deck, suddenly a mass of bright colours struck the eye, from which as we passed came most formal and polite salutes, which I need not say were responded to with equal formality. It was a group of Russian officers, gorgeous in their great silver epaulettes and belts, and with broad stripes in scarlet. Theirs were the only swords to be seen. The British officer of to-day never shows himself wearing a sword unless it be at a ceremony or a funeral. Many officers carry trench-daggers besides their revolvers. It may be doubted whether many officers at the front have swords in their kits. The contrast of this bouquet of colour in the midst of the mass of sand-toned uniforms was very marked. Indeed, nothing is more remarkable than the change in military dress. The time was, and that not so long ago, when show was the essential characteristic of the soldier's uniform, whether in peace or in war. A royal personage in the second quarter of the last century laid it down as a military maxim not to be gainsaid, 'A seam in a soldier's coat is permissible; a crease is a crime.' No such thing as a pocket was permitted in a military uniform; and the soldier was sent to war in the awful winter of the Crimea, or in the broiling heat of an Indian plain, in the same tight tunic and leather stock in which he paraded at home. The phrase 'the pomp and circumstance of glorious war' contained a true description as regarded dress. As Lord Wolseley expresses it in his *Life of Marlborough*, speaking of Monmouth's army, 'To officers of his class it was—and still is—heresy to hold that a man can be capable of doing a soldier's work unless he is dressed up like a cockatoo.' Now everything is business-like. The soldier

has as many and as roomy pockets as the civilian, and the officer is dressed as simply as the private. Common-sense has at last prevailed.

On our boarding the steamer, a seaman at once advanced with a lifebelt and a firm injunction that it must be put on, as that was 'the order.' It made a somewhat comical tableau—the hundreds in khaki, the civilians and ladies, and, most of all, the magnificent Russian officers, all bound up in gray canvas belts of great breadth, sewn over squares of cork.

The crossing to ——— (*horresco referens*) began. By reason of a very tightly packed and weighty deck-load of 'Tommies' with their rifles and kits, there was some top-heaviness, aggravating outside and relative inside motion—much of both. The repeated peals of loud laughter from a group of youths near were provocative to a sufferer, and even in one's own misery, grim satisfaction followed when the laughter died away, and sounds more in consonance with one's condition were compulsorily substituted. The worst of the sea is that, although in crossing the Channel but an hour or two has to be endured in actual time, the sense of the passage of minutes is lost, and the time of groaning seems immeasurable. Oh, the relief at hearing the ting, ting, tong of the Captain's Chadburn telegraph, which says 'Stand by' to the engine-room, and assures the prostrate one that the landlocked water of the harbour is at hand!

When we arrived at ——— the question presented itself very forcibly, 'Is this France?' Where are the *douaniers* in their long pale-blue coats, ready to demand whether there is anything to declare? Where are the many officials, *sergents de ville* and others, that one was wont to see on the quay? All seems to be British—khaki and kilts everywhere. Where are the *flacres* with their stout red-faced drivers, and the importunate touts, shouting, 'Here, ice ay, nice 'otel'? Instead of all this, khaki-clad motor-drivers stand in dozens, waiting for their chiefs to guide them to their cars. Another indication of change is seen in the absence of all horsed vehicles. Some fifty or sixty autocars stood side by side on the quay. My kind colonel led me to his car, by which the awful journey by rail was avoided, for at present he who enters a railway carriage going to the front has to face the probability of a crowded train moving at an average speed of ten miles an hour, including stops, the lines being so congested with goods trains conveying guns and stores of all kinds, and ambulance trains, that ordinary speed is not to be hoped for. Instead of this ordeal, within two minutes of stepping on to the quay the car was loaded up, the handle turned, the clutch let in, and the journey of seventy or eighty miles begun, to be accomplished in two hours and a half, there being no twenty-mile speed limit at the present time in France.

On passing out of the town, no doubt could remain as to the country being France, when

one looked at the long, straight stretch of switch-back road, flanked by the invariable poplars, very ragged and twisted near the seacoast from the buffeting of the storms, and drearily formal farther inland, all so unlike the sweetly wooded, curving, winding roads of home. But nothing else seemed to speak of France, neither the weather nor the sights. The hope that by going southwards to the Continent one would escape the frigid June of home was at once dashed. The landing had been made as the last showers of cold hail were falling, and a chamois jacket, a heavy military greatcoat, and a fur rug were not sufficient to defeat the cold air that searched every crevice.

As to what was seen, the khaki-clad soldier was everywhere. The returning of salutes was as fatiguing as in London. The *poilu* was not visible. For many miles scarcely anything was to be observed that did not speak of British occupation. Here would be seen what once was a London General omnibus, but was now a travelling larder for carcasses, toned down outside in colour so as to be unrecognisable. Then great lumbering wagons would roll past with the names of Daimler, and Thornycroft, and Straker Squire, and others, having W.D. in large letters and the official Broad Arrow on the sides. Standing here and there upon the road were seen vast convoys of wagons full of food for guns and Tommies, ready to be moved forward to the front when required. It gives an idea of the splendid organisation of the Army Service Corps and the Supply Department to learn that the number of road wagons used in the transport service of the British force is twenty-seven thousand eight hundred and fifty. The figures being so vast, it has been found necessary to group the wagons by distinguishing marks. For example, one set has a figure like a shamrock painted in red on the sides of the wagons; another has a figure like a sugar-loaf, probably suggested by the shape of a shell. By means of these and other marks, the risk of confusion is diminished in a way which would not be possible if numbers running up to so many thousands were the sole means of identification to aid in sorting.

Every precaution to prevent confusion is observed. That the troops and convoys may not go astray in using the roads, all the sign-posts and public notices prescribing routes, and forbidding heavy traffic on certain roads, &c., are expressed in English. In short, the whole of this great sector in which Sir Douglas Haig is in command is in the occupation of the British army, although, of course, the relations with the resident population are very friendly. But domination, though absolutely friendly, is quite complete. So strict is the rule, that all residents are required to be indoors by eight p.m., and not to be abroad till next day, under pain of arrest, unless a British permit has been ob-

tained. Strange it is to think that this state of friendly unity exists now in France, when it is recalled how rarely before were British troops in that country except as enemies. In driving forward, the route was not far from the fields of Crécy and Agincourt, where England fought the chivalry of France, and one's thoughts turned to many a field of battle of later times—Fontenoy and Namur, and still later to Ligny, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo.

It is not absolutely accurate to say that no French soldier was seen. The sight of a figure without arms, dressed in a short blue jacket, blue breeches and puttees, with a dish-cover helmet painted in the same colour, led to surprise and a question to the colonel, 'What is that man's uniform?'

'Oh, that's the dress of *gens d'armes* now.'

'*Gens d'armes*! Shades of the two Napoleons, is it possible? Where are the broad, heavily laced cocked hat, the great silver epaulettes, the ropes of aiguillettes, the long coat-tails, the clanking sabre, and the white duck trousers?'

All gone, and probably never to be seen again. No doubt it was a magnificent *tenue*, but absolutely unsuitable for police duties, a last remnant of senseless display. Fancy chasing a thief through a field in such a dress!

At every turn the temporary Anglicising of the country was manifest. First on one side of the road would be seen a vigorous football match, then on the other side a little farther on a game of cricket, and last of all at the same place an individual coming down the road, clothed only, if clothed it could be called, in the shortest of running-tights and track shoes, ready for a foot-race. Nothing could be more comical than his evident hesitation whether he should salute or not in passing, seeing that his sparse clothing could not be classed as uniform. Wisely, and probably correctly, he looked the other way; but his air of bewilderment made one laugh.

As final indication of British occupation comes an English postman in his old-fashioned shako, which, copied from the French dress of many years ago, reminded one of home. And, last but not least, a motor-van standing at a corner bore in gilt on its sides, 'LENA ASHWELL'S FIRING-LINE CONCERT PARTY,' a symbol of that unselfish ministering by the theatrical profession to the cheering-up of the soldier returning for a rest from the fatigues and horrors of the trenches, which doubtless wards off many a nervous breakdown. After more than an hour's run, we

reached the place which happened at the time to be the headquarters of Sir Douglas Haig, the Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force. The place was tens of miles behind the firing-line, which brought forcibly to notice how different is the conduct of war from what was the case in earlier times. At Waterloo, Wellington could see with the naked eye the review by Napoleon of his army before the battle; and although the story of the Duke's supposed shout, 'Up, Guards, and at 'em!' is legendary only, there is no doubt that he was near enough to his line of battle to have given a direct command with his own voice; otherwise the legend could never have arisen. To-day the commanders of the two armies struggling at the salient of Ypres are personally far apart. With eighty to a hundred miles of front to control, direct command is impossible. Each chief fights his battle from a room, where the progress of the combat is marked by shifting blocks on great maps laid out on a table. News arrives from all parts of the front by telephone or telegraph, aided when necessary by coveys of motor-bicyclists, whose machines may be seen in groups at the headquarters. By these means reports from the front are received, the blocks are moved forward or backward, and orders sent to the army corps commanders, who in their turn are working with the aid of maps, on which blocks representing their own forces are laid down, the blocks being moved about as reports come from the front or as orders arrive from the supreme commander at the rear.

Thus it has come about that a commander's staff-officers are no longer seen galloping about to convey orders and bring in reports. The distances are too great. They speak through telephones or send messages by telegraph or motorcycle. Indeed, such a thing as a General or a staff-officer on horseback is a very rare sight. When they have to move from their headquarters the autocar is the mode of conveyance, being quicker and more enduring than the horse can be. Spurs as insignia of rank may be worn, but they certainly seem out of place in a motor-car, and very often they are not worn. It is recorded of Hindenburg that on one occasion, when he desired to visit his command, a foot full of gout made a boot impossible, yet he was able to visit two hundred miles of front in amazingly short time by using a motor-car, from which he never alighted during the whole journey.

(Continued on page 645.)



WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES.

By JOHN BURNS, W.S.

THE HIGH INCOME YIELD.

WE have reason to know from actual experience that the high merits of the Government's war savings certificates as an investment are not thoroughly understood even by men accustomed to deal with financial matters. The official announcements are not models of lucidity or accuracy, and perhaps sufficient publicity has not been given to the merits of the scheme.

The idea of the scheme is that you pay in so much money now, let it lie fructifying, and leave it alone for five years, and at the end of that period draw out the whole accumulated sum. The least sum you are allowed to pay in is 15s. 6d.; the most that will be accepted is £387, 10s. Between these extremes you are allowed to pay in any sum you please, so long as it is a multiple of 15s. 6d. So long as the scheme is open you may pay in 15s. 6d. or any multiple of it—say £1, 11s. or £3, 2s., and so on—every month or at any other intervals you think fit or find convenient; but each investment will run its own five years' course from the day on which it is paid in, and altogether you are not allowed to pay in more than five hundred times 15s. 6d., which is the maximum sum of £387, 10s. above mentioned.

At the end of the five years each 15s. 6d. will have become £1, so that

£7, 15s.	becomes	£10.	£155	becomes	£200.
£15, 10s.	"	£20.	£232, 10s.	"	£300.
£38, 15s.	"	£50.	£310	"	£400.
£77, 10s.	"	£100.	£387, 10s.	"	£500.

There is no trouble about making the investment. No professional assistance is required. All necessary information may be obtained at any post-office and at almost any bank.

Let it be understood at the outset that the scheme is essentially applicable only to money which the investor or saver is reasonably certain he or she will be able to do without for at least two years. Further, the investor or saver must be prepared to dispense with the actual receipt of any income or interest for the period of the investment. Of course, the interest is daily mounting up in his favour on a splendid basis, but still it is not cash in hand half-yearly. In other words, the essence of the scheme is a savings fund. The investor saves what he puts in originally—the principal; he saves the half-yearly interest—the income; and he saves the interest on his income—the compound interest. It is all intended to roll up as one increasing snowball for five winters and five summers, and then at the end the saver steps into the possession of his thrifty accumulations. It must have

been a very careful man, even for a Scot, who said that the counsel of economical perfection was to live, not as Micawber preached but did not practise, within one's income, but on the interest of one's income. This war savings scheme is, however, an improvement on even that, for not even the interest of the income is to be drawn out till all shall be accomplished.

This is obviously the unsurpassable limit of thrift. But it is more; it is also patriotism and the securing of the highest yield and finest security ever offered in modern times to any investor anywhere. The patriotism consists in finding money to carry on the war, and lending it to the Government on their own terms. The security is equally clear; the investor is absolutely protected against the remotest possibility of any capital shrinkage or any loss of interest. But it is when we come to the interest terms that the very special attractiveness of the scheme comes into view.

INTEREST AND INCOME-TAX.

The Government advertisements bear that the rate of interest is 5 per cent. per annum, free of income-tax. But three things must be kept in view: First, apart altogether from the income-tax gain, the interest rate is £5, 3s. per cent. per annum. Second, this is not simple, but compound, interest. Third, the compounding or accumulating in favour of the investor is done not once a year, but half-yearly; that is to say, on each half-yearly date the income or interest which on an ordinary investment would be paid and received in cash is retained by the Government and treated as a new and further loan on that date, to bear interest for the future on the same favourable basis; and so the process goes on in favour of the investor half-yearly and half-yearly.

FREE OF INCOME-TAX.

These are well known as misleading words. We know that in this case the announcement as regards tax has been misunderstood. Many people still think that it merely means that the accumulation is made without deducting income-tax, so as to meet the case of those who, having incomes not exceeding £130, are not liable to tax; but that in all other cases the fortunate investors will be assessed direct for the income-tax on the accumulating interest, either year by year or at the end of the five years when the cash is paid out. But that is not so. There is total immunity from income-tax, no matter how large may be the investor's income from all

sources. It is this fact which makes the scheme so extremely valuable to many people. If the income does not exceed £130, this income-tax point adds nothing to the already great attractiveness of the investment, for the investor pays no income-tax at all, and so the freedom from tax under this scheme is no additional boon to him. In the case of people with incomes over £130 the benefit appears, and roughly that benefit becomes the more valuable as the income increases. But as considerations of space must be regarded, we shall illustrate only two cases—that of the man or woman whose income is over £700, and that of the ultra-rich man who is liable in the highest rate of super-tax. The former of these cases is the best example of the attractiveness of the scheme; the latter may be thought to indicate a danger.

COMPOUND INTEREST $6\frac{1}{2}$ PER CENT.

A few years ago any one who had asserted that the British Government would soon be paying such a rate as this on loans would have been considered insane. But test the figures on the basis of the new income-tax scale on non-earned incomes recently announced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, assuming its continuance during the five years. Take the case of a man whose income is over £700, but not over £1000. Every £100 of his original investment and its accumulations then yields per annum, gross, practically the $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., or, to be quite exact, £6, 4s. 10d. Deduct income-tax at 3s. 6d. per £1, £1, 1s. 10d. This gives the free yield above stated—namely, £5, 3s. It should be particularly noted that all the compound interest is on the same scale. The investor, to enable him to do as well in some other investment, must find as good a security (which he cannot) which pays $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Once this is realised we do not doubt that there will be a still greater rush of well-to-do people eager to put down the maximum of £387, 10s., for which after five years they will draw £500. The above figures hold exactly also for those whose income is between £500 and £700, if, as is probable, the abatement of tax on £100 or £70 to which they are entitled comes off earned, and not off unearned, income.

COMPOUND INTEREST 9 PER CENT.

If $6\frac{1}{2}$ seems almost too good to be true, what shall we say of a rate within a fraction of a shilling of 9 per cent.? That is how this scheme works out for the ultra super-tax payer. Thus, £100 in a year yields £8, 19s. 3d. Deduct 8s. 6d. per £1 for tax and super-tax, £3, 16s. 3d., leaving the free yield of £5, 3s. So if this wealthy man desires to do as well elsewhere he must find absolute security plus 9 per cent. interest.

OTHER INCOME-TAX ASPECTS.

A matter which still requires to be cleared up is whether the income on these savings is to affect the saver's income-tax rights and liabilities in respect of his *other* income. If a lady's income is only a little over the £130, can she bring herself below it by going in for this scheme to a small extent? If a man is only slightly over £500, can he by the same method get the lower rate as not exceeding £500? If his income is somewhat over £700, can he by adopting this scheme bring himself under that figure for income-tax purposes, and so obtain an abatement equal to the tax on £70 of income, and also the further very substantial abatements for, say, four children under sixteen years of age, which abatements are limited to those whose incomes do not exceed £700? If these questions are answered in the affirmative (as we believe will be found to be the case), then so much the better still; but even if they are answered in the negative, the parties are no worse off in these respects than with any other investment, and much better off in having the very handsome returns we have brought out, plus absolute security.

SURRENDERS.

All who purchase these certificates ought to do so with the intention of allowing the money to lie undisturbed for the full period of five years, and they ought to strain every nerve within reason to accomplish that purpose. Far better take a smaller sum to begin with, and carry it to full fruition, than a larger amount and find that the cash is required during the currency of the period. But, of course, no one can foretell the future, and many unexpected things may happen to disturb one's plans. A prudent person will for that reason desire to know how he or she would stand in such a case. On the whole, the position is, in this respect also, very satisfactory. In every case, and at any date, the investor is entitled to have his original money returned to him on demand, without delay, without conditions of any kind, and, in particular, without any deduction. In the unlikely case of the cash being required before the end of the first year, no interest is added. But even in that extreme case, if the amount were large, it might be possible to obtain the consent of the Postmaster-General to a sale to some one who would give a price which included something for interest. At the end of the first year, if repayment be demanded, there is an addition of 3d. for every 15s. 6d., which means that one who pays in the maximum of £387, 10s. can at the end of the first year draw out £393, 15s., which no doubt is a poor return, being less than 2 per cent. But after that date the terms gradually and greatly improve, the addition of 1d. per month after the

end of the first year being made on each original 15s. 6d., which is equivalent to £2, 1s. 8d. per month, or £12, 10s. per each half-year, on an original maximum investment of £387, 10s. As many people may attach great importance to these surrender values, it may be stated broadly that at any time after eighteen months from the date of investment there is really nothing of which to complain. More in detail, at the following dates the terms of repayment for an original £387, 10s. stand thus:

END OF SECOND YEAR,

The investor can receive £418, 15s. This includes £31, 5s. of interest, which is rather more than simple interest, and rather less than compound interest, at 4 per cent. per annum, free of tax.

END OF THIRD YEAR,

The investor can receive £443, 15s. This includes £56, 5s. of interest, which is simple interest at nearly 5 per cent. per annum, or compound interest at nearly $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, both free of tax.

END OF FOURTH YEAR,

The investor can receive £468, 15s. This includes £81, 5s. of interest, which is simple interest at $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, or compound interest at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, both free of tax.

NOT BEARER DOCUMENTS.

Most people will be glad to know that the certificate which they receive from the Government in exchange for their money is not, like a bank-note, payable to bearer, but runs in their own name. It thus shows on its face whose property it is, and the grave dangers of destruction, theft, or loss which attach to bank-notes and 'bearer' securities are all avoided. So little serious is the loss of the document that the statement is officially made that in such a case a new certificate will be issued to supply its place at a charge of one shilling.

TRANSFERS.

The investment cannot be sold or transferred except with the consent of the Postmaster-General. This has no doubt been thought to be a necessary condition in order to prevent evasion of the rule against one person holding more than the £500 limit. That limit itself is very necessary, for otherwise the yield of income-tax might be gravely prejudiced by wealthy people especially investing very large sums in this form, and buying up for that purpose certificates issued to other and probably less wealthy persons. In this connection it is interesting to observe that if a certificate were sold by one whose whole income is, say, not over £130 to a millionaire, the certificate would by the process of sale actually increase in value; for while the income return

to the seller was a little over 5 per cent., to the purchaser it would be nearly 9 per cent. Further, it has no doubt also been thought that transfers ought to be unnecessary in view of the very liberal surrender values which the Government offer. But, as we have seen, these do not fully meet the case of a desire to realise during the first two years; nor do they at any time meet the desire to use the certificate as a fund of credit by borrowing on the security of it. There is, however, no reason to believe that the official sanction to a transfer would ever be unreasonably refused.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE MATTER.

It is open to critics to suggest, as has already been done with less reason in the case of other war issues, that the Government are paying too much for their money. A separate objection might be that it is not right for the State to give a better return to the rich man than to the man of less ample means, who presumably needs it more; but that is an objection which must be inherent in every issue free of income-tax.

However, without delaying over questions of high finance or theoretical economics, here is the offer, and every wise man and woman who can will take advantage of it, and to the maximum if possible; and, as so far getting over the £500 limit, we expect to see nearly every father in easy circumstances taking not only a £500 certificate for himself, but also one for his wife and one for each of his children.

A WAR CEMETERY.

THERE is a windmill here which standeth high,
With straining timbers 'gainst the windy sky;
Old, tarred, and bent, with walls and flooring
riven,

It spreads its arms to court the winds of heaven.
The country rolls about it, mile on mile,

Like some vast ocean moved by far-off storm,
And in the gaps remote horizons smile,

Tenuous and blue, like phantoms void of form.

And here beneath the mill that feedeth still

Their children came the villagers to lie,

When the last furrow on the chalk-brown hill
Their hands had turned and the last cup was dry;

Nor dreamed they as they lay in their dark bed

The harvest of the fields they used to plough

Was turned to one of death, and the gray lead

Was all the seed men used to sow with now.

A ruined church stands up across the wold,

Round which the shells still shriek and spit
their fire;

'Twas there these hundreds fell that in the mould
Beneath us dream away their last desire:

Frenchman and Turco, Spahi from Algiers,

Here all together, as the battle goes,

Rest them 'neath crosses, while in their deaf ears

The din falls as on sun-kissed hills the snows.

ARTHUR W. HOWLETT.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

PAGES OF PEACE FROM DARTMOOR.

By BEATRICE CHASE, Author of *The Heart of the Moor* and *Through a Dartmoor Window*.

CHAPTER I.

'IT takes all sorts to make a world,' says the old saw. If we elevate the homely truth to the dignity of a philosophical principle, clothed in more stately language, we may find solace in the fact that compensation is a universal law of nature. The scales must balance one another. Weights must be readjusted and kept in equal proportions. At this epoch of world-wide turmoil—turmoil never before known in history—it is revitalising to visit, if only in thought and spirit, the earth's unspoiled places of peace, among which moor and hill and mountain country hold the foremost rank. To war-worn nerves, the restlessness of the sea is wearisome. Besides, that same sea, alas! cannot now be watched without sore memories. Forests also, except in the stillest weather, have almost perpetual sound and movement. It is to the eternal hills that we lift our eyes for peace materialised, and it is they which are adjusting the balance, silent and immobile, in opposition to the tempest of war which is ravaging the earth in other places.

I will confess at once, as I often have done before, that I hold a brief for Dartmoor. It is not only her wide undulating spaces, her unmolested reaches of bogland, which convey the sense of utter rest; it is, above all, the tors which crown every hilltop. The mammoth rocks composing each tor stand for majestic repose. Huge piles of granite suggest the immutable far more forcibly than any ordinary hill can. Again, each tor differs from all its kin in shape. There are two hundred tors on Dartmoor, and no two are alike; each has its own characteristics and its own name. These give it an individuality, even a personality. We dwellers on the moor are surrounded by these beneficent giants whom we know and love from childhood to old age. Nations may clash in deadly conflict; kings may pass; empires may fall. Here will stand Hey, Bellever, Rippon, Yes, with their kinsmen, unmoved and immovable, untroubled, unchanging, and at peace.

Many weary pilgrims are seeking the healing of Dartmoor this year, and I rejoice to see them, for I know by experience what she will do for them, body and soul. I am glad to see them

come, and I am thankful for the magic of print by which I may convey, however feebly, some faint touches of the glamour and gloom and peace of the moor to all who are captives on the wrong side of her hills. Many of the living seek the moor, and, I hope, many, too, of the so-called dead. If I wished to, I cannot forget that my sheltered home lying in the arms of the great moor is safe because of the men who are fighting and dying to protect us. Some of these men are Devonians, who will never again see the loveliness of their native county. After the loss of his boy, a Devon clergyman wrote to me: 'And Jack did so long to come again to "Dartymoor," as he always called it! Well, he sees now even a fairer land.' Yes, and it is sweet to think that these victorious young souls who have touched the zenith of human achievement may visit and rejoice in the land they died to save. If guardian angels are so busy all about the world's highways and byways, it is not overstretching our faith to think that the spirits of our guardian men are also very near to us, and I love to think of the great moor as visited by these radiant young warrior-souls.

The fittest time to commune heart to heart with the moor is at twilight, when the day's work is done. Only a stone's-throw from the house is the moor gate; and, once through that, we are among the bogs in a world ages old which knows nothing of war and twentieth-century ways. Up along the rough, narrow sheep-track that winds between two sweeps of bog, throw the plaid down on the short turf beside the same friendly boulder which awaits us every evening, then throw yourself upon the plaid, and open ears, eyes, and heart to the life, work, and traffic of the moor—to the things which really matter.

In the bog just below are still some lingering blossoms of bog-bean, with its filmy white flowers tipped with delicate old rose. In May month the bogs are white with it, white as though for a wedding. It grows so far from solid ground that it is impossible to gather it; I can only love it from afar, and watch, May after May, for its unfailing blooms. Gemming the edges

of the bogs, generally growing in a clump of moss, is the ruby-red sundew, that mysterious sentient plant which is nearest of vegetables to the animal world. Its tiny leaves, as round as the sun, are covered with fine hairs, and a dew-drop glitters at the end of each hair. These leaves always grow in a circle round the root, and in August a small white flower rises in the centre of the circle. I usually go on my knees to the sundew to watch her extraordinary operations. Each tiny dewdrop is in reality a drop of digestive fluid which both catches and consumes any little fly within reach. All healthy sundew-leaves contain the remains of the digested flies upon which the plant feeds and thrives by some wonderful process of absorption. In the emerald-green sponge of the bog's heart rises a stream of water as clear as crystal and as cold as ice. It steals, without a sound, along the quivering nursery floor of bog, and then, with a tinkle of laughter, runs out over the turf among the heather and gorse and bracken, around the gray old boulders, to make a granite path for itself down to the farm, where it is welcomed by beast and man for every need. It is not piped anywhere, but falls into the old granite trough, and we drink it, bathe in it, wash our clothes and houses with its water, which is like liquid silk. For countless centuries has the tiny moor-born stream been giving life to humanity in this hamlet. When it has done with us it ripples under the flower-flanked highroad, and travels over some fields to join the Webburn, which carries it into the Dart, which bears it out into the sea.

I sit in the twilight and watch the bog-world till it is too dusk to distinguish the plants. Then the wonderful birds of the moor call eyes and heart to themselves—those enviable creatures whose lives are lived half on earth and half in heaven. The birds are always very busy on the moor at sunset, not with returning home, because

the wise winged things do not leave it. I never can make out why there is such a stir at the close of day, unless it is that they all meet for complime or for a social evening to discuss the events of the day. The curlews are my favourites, with their long, plaintive, quivering cry. They wheel slowly round and round in circles, with their long bills outlined sharply against the dappled gray sky. Black-and-white crested plovers rise and fall fitfully in the middle of the curlew circle, uttering their peculiar squeal, which always sounds menacing. The little brown larks go to bed long before the bog-birds do, and you see one scurrying along among the heather to his nest, with an occasional chirp as he runs. Above the curlews' circle are some birds whose name I have never been able to ascertain. They are small birds with big, deep voices, and the cry is like the rapid bleat of a lamb or like the scraping on one deep string of a violin. They can only be heard hovering above the bogs, and never except at dusk.

Twilight these evenings, for some reason, is always robed in gray. She hangs a vast curtain of dappled gray right across the sky from rim to rim of the moor. Round the gray tors overhead are folds of dove-gray mist. The boulders, the bogs, all are gray. The west wind floats by on wide gray pinions. Gradually objects become less distinct. The robes of twilight grow opaque, and veil the outlines. The curlews and their satellites cease to circle and call. No sound punctuates the creed of the great silence except the occasional shrill bleat of a lamb in the flock near the distant farm. I sit in a dove-gray world beneath a dove-gray sky, steeping every tired sense in dove-like calm.

Verily, in the bogs of Dartmoor, at summer twilight, there is peace.

(Continued on page 662.)

AFTER MANY YEARS.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN I returned to consciousness, or, rather, to a semi-dazed condition, I found myself in what seemed a small but very lofty room. The one window was somewhat darkened by a *persiana*, or kind of venetian blind, but the window seemed to be open, as I felt the air blowing gently on my face. So weak was I that even the exertion of opening my eyes seemed to exhaust my strength, for I immediately fell asleep again. When I next awoke it was quite dark; but I felt some one was moving about the room, and heard the gentle rattle of what might have been a cup laid on a saucer.

'Who is there?' I asked, and the effort cost me something.

A voice, apparently that of a man, answered

me reassuringly. 'You must not talk. The doctor will come again early in the morning. And now drink this. You are with friends.'

I heard the striking of a match, and saw by the light of a small hand-lamp the figure of a man, who came to me with a cup in his hand. Raising my pillow very gently from behind, he held the cup to my lips. I drank its contents, and immediately fell asleep again. I was told afterwards that my sleep lasted fully ten hours.

My mind was much clearer on awaking, and looking round, I saw two persons in the room. One, who sat by the side of my bed, was a middle-aged man dressed in black. He was holding my hand, evidently feeling my pulse.

He smiled, and said, 'Good! we are getting along. Now, *señorito*, I will do all the talking; and even of that, one-sided though it be, there must not be much at present. All I can say is, you must be built of very good material. You had a bad fall. Luckily no bones were broken, and the trouble in your head will soon be over.' He laughed pleasantly, and added, 'Though I am a Spanish doctor, I am not of the school of Sangrado. We will not bleed you or starve you. I will come again to-morrow; and, meanwhile, Señor Luis here will take care of you. But no talking.'

He then took leave of me, and I had time to have a look at Señor Luis, to whose care I was committed. He was a rather small man, very slight, and with a most comical, good-humoured face. Round his head was tied a brilliantly variegated handkerchief, the knots of which stuck out over his ears like a pair of flexible horns. His dress was made of something like brown frieze, and consisted of a short jacket with silver buttons, and wide trousers, while round his waist he wore a red *faja*, or cummerbund. On his feet were gray felt slippers.

'Well, *señorito*,' he said, 'as the *señor medico* told you, you must be pretty tough to escape as you did. There is nothing to be done now but to be a bit patient. Your friends at La Ribera know all about your accident, and that you are being taken care of.'

'But will you tell me,' I said, 'where I am?'

'You are in your comfortable bed at La Cartuja, with old Luis to look after you just now. But, as the *señor medico* ordered, you must keep very quiet for the present. There will be plenty of time for talking later on.'

'Only one question, then,' I said, 'and I will be dumb till to-morrow. How long have I been here?'

'Just ten days,' said Luis. 'But now I must go and tell *el señor* the master how much better you are. He has been very anxious about you, though just now his gout has prevented him from coming to see you.'

The doctor came next morning, and found me so much better that I was allowed to sit up in bed, and in a few days I was propped in a comfortable arm-chair that might have belonged to a cardinal, its brown leather back was so beautifully decorated with a gilt mitre and other armorial bearings. This was placed close to the window, which overlooked a vineyard in which were perhaps twenty men and women, some pulling the bunches of ripe grapes, while others carried the baskets, when filled, to the mules which took them off to the wine-press. Oh, how good it was to look on the sunlit world again!

Up to this time Luis was the only one of the

household to visit me; but on the second day of what I may, I suppose, call my convalescence, he brought with him in the afternoon an elderly lady, who, he told me, was Doña Felisa, the housekeeper. The old lady was dressed as if for a visit out of doors, wearing her black mantilla, and carrying a most imposing fan. She was dressed altogether in black, and struck me as being very well-bred. I was simply presented to her as Don Arturo, which Don Manuel's people had said was my name. She was most gracious, and told me that Don Diego wished me to feel very much at home, and that he hoped I would soon be able to pay him a visit, as he himself was at present unable to move about. At the same time, he wished me to know that if I desired a visit from my friends at La Ribera I was quite welcome to invite them, always subject to the doctor's permission.

I need not say that at the doctor's next visit I asked for the desired leave. He said that as I was going on so well it might be prudent to wait for another week; and at the end of that time, which seemed an eternity to me, I was allowed to send a letter to Gabriel, inviting him over.

Gabriel lost no time in coming. After congratulating me on my recovery, he told me that they had been anxious at home on account of his sister's sudden illness. On the day subsequent to my accident she had fainted. As she had always been very healthy, this caused much alarm. Old Don Francisco, the village medico, was quite puzzled, and after a couple of days suggested that they should take advantage of the presence of Dr Azevedo of Salamanca, who, he had heard, was attending the young gentleman at La Cartuja. This was done, though my friend the doctor had made no mention of it to me. I suppose, indeed, he would have considered doing so a breach of professional etiquette. In any case, after one visit from Dr Azevedo, Mariquita improved at once, and was now quite well.

I had my own idea—perhaps somewhat sanguine—as to what caused her faintness, but I kept it to myself.

Gabriel's visits were now a regular daily event, and always lasted some hours. I was permitted to walk for a short time every day in the corridor which ran the whole length of the building, and on to which my room opened. I had written to Valencia, informing my uncle of my accident, and he had replied in a very kind letter, telling me that I should have patience, and not be in too great a hurry to return to Valencia. 'When you are leaving La Cartuja,' he added, 'let me know, so that I may write a letter of thanks to your kind host for all his goodness to you.'

Luis came into my room one morning as usual with my breakfast, and after arranging the tray

he told me that Don Diego would be glad to make my personal acquaintance. 'So,' said Luis, 'I will come about eleven o'clock, and conduct you to him.'

At the hour mentioned he returned, and we crossed the *patio*, or courtyard, and ascended a noble flight of stairs to the upper floor, round which ran a gallery looking into the *patio*, and, stopping at a door just at the end, Luis knocked, and we entered.

The three large windows of the apartment were darkened considerably by the half-closed *persianas*, and on coming in from the brilliant sunshine my sight was at first somewhat dim. At the end of the room, however, I saw a very massive form seated in an arm-chair, which might have been a twin brother of that in my room; and, on my approaching, the occupant said, '*Señorito*, I am glad to be able to congratulate you on your escape, and doubly so that it should have been my privilege to put my poor services, such as they are, at your disposal.' He excused himself for not having risen, and invited me to a chair which had been placed by his side.

By this time my eyes had grown accustomed to the shaded room, and I was able to see my host distinctly. He was, to all appearances, very old, but a figure which must have claimed attention in the largest assembly. Though he was seated, I could see that he was of great height and of unusually large build. His beard, which was clipped, was white, but still preserved, here and there, some reddish patches. His hair was perfectly white, and he had no signs of baldness. His eyes, which were remarkably bright, were overshadowed by very thick eyebrows. The expression of his countenance was very grave, but pleasing. He wore a long, loose-fitting kind of overall, of some gray material, edged with red braid or piping, like what was formerly called, I think, a *gabardine*.

The table by his side was covered with books and papers, and the walls of the room were all fitted with old walnut shelves, packed from floor to ceiling with books, chiefly bound in parchment.

'I must apologise to you personally for not having visited you during your imprisonment,' he said; 'but, unfortunately, I am a prisoner myself. I have been for years a martyr to *erysipelas* in the feet, which prevents my moving about while it lasts; so much so, that when the cold weather sets in about December I am obliged to stay in bed, as I find the cold affects my complaint very much, and I cannot go near a fire, as that seems to be equally bad. However, I cannot complain. When I tell you my next birthday will be my ninetieth you will allow that I have no cause for grumbling.

Your friend Dr Azevedo thinks that I should try the mineral waters at Montemayor, which is only one long day's journey from here; but I tell him that I am hardly worth mending now.'

He certainly was a most astonishing old man. The only thing old about him was his age. His mental activity was amazing. He spoke with the greatest interest about the vintage, of the quality of the wine, which he expected would be above the average; in fine, of everything local. But in the doings of the world at large he seemed to take no interest.

'But, sir,' I said, 'why not take Dr Azevedo's advice, and try the baths at Montemayor?'

It seemed almost ridiculous talking like this to a man in his ninetieth year, but it would be impossible to describe the total absence of the usual concomitants of old age in this wonderful old man.

'Well,' he said, 'the truth is I am thinking of doing so. In fact, I am only waiting for the pressing of the grapes to be finished, to see the quality of the must.'

'Well, sir,' I said, 'it is possible I might be of some use to you in this matter. I have had three years' experience in a *bodega* in Valencia, and I think I may say there is not much in the making of wine that I do not understand.'

'You are very good,' he replied, 'to make such a kind proposal. Indeed, I did not connect you in any way with commerce. From what old Luis told me about you, I concluded you were a student. Old fellows like Luis will talk, you know, and when once they are set going it is not easy to stop them. Besides, Luis is privileged. You will be surprised to hear that he was, forty years ago, a lay brother in this very house. He has been for more than thirty years my most respected servant and friend.'

I told Don Diego of the reasons which had led to my giving up the professional career originally intended for me, and how it was that I had come to Valencia. He seemed to be much interested in my story, and said that if my uncle in Valencia was willing, he would gladly take advantage of my offer to remain some time longer at La Cartuja.

I wrote the same day to my uncle, who replied that there was no reason whatever why I should not do something, however inadequate, to pay the great debt of obligation which I owed to Don Diego. He added in his letter that I had omitted, up to now, to mention Don Diego's family name, and asked me to do so, in order that he might write to thank him for all he had done for me.

(Continued on page 659.)



TO 'SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE' AND BACK.

PART II.

ON leaving this place and going forward towards the front, it was at once seen how communications were provided for. The existing French telegraph-poles were crowded with extra wires on military insulators. Telephone-lines were run up in the fields alongside the roads, the Royal Engineers having commandeered hop-poles wherever hops were being cultivated. Driving along and seeing these networks of wires spreading out in all directions, I thought, with curious feelings, how it might be that most momentous messages were passing by these lines from minute to minute; and indeed it must have been so, for it was just at the time that the Colonials were to make their dashing attack in front of Ypres, recovering the ground which had been lost shortly before.

Reaching H—, the colonel's headquarters, and receiving a kindly welcome from the major and other officers of the G.R.C., I ended the day's journey in an old château, which displayed the mixture of style and tawdriness so often seen in French mansions. I was most hospitably put up and entertained by the group of officers who were on duty there, one, the major, being a friend of some standing and a close comrade of him who was gone, and the others having been friends of his, and some of them chums while they served together.

The following morning, under the major's care, the journey was made farther forward to B—. One of the sections of the Commission was located there, nearer the front than H—, and here I first came in contact with symbols of the grimness of war. In the garden behind the house, which was occupied as an office, stacks of plain wooden crosses were seen piled up ready for use wherever burials might take place. A drive with the major to a little distance outside the town brought me to the British military cemetery, established beside the town burying-place. Here those remains which could be brought back from the firing-line were laid close together, officers and men, side by side, and a simple cross, with a metal label giving name and corps, was placed at the head of each grave. Row upon row, closely set together, spoke of the sacrifice of all ranks without discrimination, the officers with the men, comrades in death, as they had been in life, still together, silent witnesses of love for King and Country, resting in peace after the good fight. On coming to the grave which was the object of the visit, it was touching to find that kind hands had planted young trees at the head, and that flowers were blooming at the foot; and gratitude flowed at the knowledge that the members of a French family, who had become close friends of him who lay there, came

every third day and brightened the spot with fresh flowers. The memory of such loving kindness will never fade.

It cannot but be comforting to those who mourn for the dear ones they have yielded up to the good cause to know that everything possible is done, even at personal risk to the doers, to keep record of where they are laid. It will come as a surprise to many to learn that a staff of eight hundred officers and men are daily engaged on this duty, and it is most carefully performed. When burials took place close up to the trenches it was usual to put a note of the name, &c., in a corked bottle at the grave, from which a record could be made up. Now labels are supplied, and these are fastened down at the graves, and when the cross is erected the label is nailed to it, thus making a permanent record. But this is not all. Such graves may be obliterated by the ploughing effect of shell-fire, and the further work is done of laying off the positions by exact measurement on plans, so that the graves may be traceable with certainty.

It was at such work that he whose resting-place was visited had been engaged when he fell. Some flowers from his home and a sprig of white heather were added to the gifts of the good French friends.

On the road that day, returning from B—, something was seen and heard of the great struggle. By going up to the top of a rising ground it was possible to see Ypres and Poppeinghe at a distance of four or five miles. The great church tower of Ypres was seen still standing in the midst of a once attractive town laid in ruins. This view had a special melancholy interest, as it was in front of Ypres that he whose resting-place had just been visited was locating a grave near a trench, and met a bursting shell which brought him to his end. Those who worked on the Graves Registration had often to take risks, so that the graves near the front might be registered on the plans, and a certain record preserved.

There were great contrasts that day. In looking towards Ypres, the view was across a slightly undulating plain, charmingly wooded here and there. With a bright sun and great white clouds, like those of a typical Scottish summer day, the light was breaking here and there, shifting over the landscape. All seemed to speak of a peaceful countryside. But as one gazed the serenity of the scene was marred by the sight of 'sausage' balloons at rest in the air for observation, and by bursts of smoke rising in columns near the town as shells exploded, followed to the ear by the boom of the great

guns which caused the marring of the sweetness of the landscape. It was about the beginning of the activity which ended in the recapture by the Colonials of the terrain which had been lost a few days before.

A little farther in a different direction there was another disturbance to the peacefulness of the scene. An aeroplane was visible, round which there burst out puffs of white smoke from shells, as the enemy, with aircraft guns, tried to bring it down. But the attack failed, and soon the aeroplane was heard approaching; and, coming down low, it passed over the car I was travelling in, descending at its hangar a short distance forward, where it was seen safely settled on the alighting-ground.

On the afternoon of this day, the calmness with which the inhabitants are taking their troubles was quite remarkable. The children were seen coming from school as if everything was as usual. From an open window came the sound of scales being worked out laboriously upon a not over well-tuned pianoforte, as if no guns were pounding at the trenches a few miles off. But the patient serenity of the people was shown in a more touching manner. There had been held that day within the sound of the guns a reception of young girls to first communion in the parish churches of the district, and they were to be seen, singly and in twos and threes, returning home after the celebration, dressed in their veils and in pure white from head to foot, bright and happy, with no fear of the need of an escort while the British soldier was their protector. Truly, the incident spoke to the heart of that 'peace which passeth all understanding'; a people going through a very furnace of trial, devoting their young maidens in God's house, in the midst of the sounding of the guns, which seemed to mock the *Gloria in Excelsis*, the song of 'peace on earth and goodwill to men.' It would cause a shudder to think what the fate of these young girls, just budding from sweet childhood into womanhood, might be should those who have invaded France succeed in pushing their way forward over this pleasant country once more. Let the reader judge when an incident is brought before him, the story of which was narrated at first hand. When the advance of the Germans from Mons to the Aisne took place, the town of B—— already referred to was occupied by the enemy. A number of officers were billeted in the house of a well-to-do citizen, and showed their gentlemanly feeling by using the drawing-room as a stable for their horses. This was blackguardly enough; but worse was to follow. The senior officer, described as a great hulking brute, greeted the lady of the house thus: 'I want your sons who are of military age.' Receiving the reply that there were none, this exemplar of German *Kultur*—this 'officer'—went on to say to the terrified mother, 'Then I want your daughters.'

Surely if any novelist were to invent such an incident, it would be criticised as an overdrawn piece of imagination of shameless blackguardism. But it took place in actual life, this heartless brutality, this devilish demand to a woman to deliver up her dear ones to worse than death. There was but one daughter, a young girl, who was kept concealed in an attic until this ghoul went his way. Such a case of bestial scoundrelism, known to be a fact, tends to lead to the belief of many another story which has been received with doubt of its truth as being beyond belief, or with a feeling that it must at least be exaggerated.

When we were at B—— a rumour spread through the town that Lord Kitchener had been drowned. It received little credence, as he was not known to have left London. But on the way back to H——, when we were passing through a small town, English papers—*Times*, *Morning Post*, &c.—were seen in a rack outside a small shop; and on my securing a copy of the Paris edition of the *Daily Mail* of that morning, which had just arrived, the sad fact was no longer doubtful. All has been well said of this calamity, and this is not the place to comment on it. But the incident at the little French town was another indication of how France in some parts is for the time Anglified. Before the war it may well be doubted whether a newspaper printed in English was ever seen in that little place. Yet here, within twenty hours of the catastrophe to the *Hampshire*, an English newspaper giving the full news of the event was offered for sale seventy miles inland in France.

The last day of the visit was spent at H——, where some interesting things were to be seen. On leaving the château to go down to the Registration Office, some uncertainty as regarded direction led to the stopping of a soldier in khaki, and a request for guidance. The reply was, 'Jist ye gang doon, sir, to the saykint tuurn te ye left, an' ye're there.'

'Hallo,' I replied, 'you're a fellow-countryman of mine! Where do you come from?'

'Me! Ah come fra Glesca.'

At parting, pleasure was expressed at meeting a compatriot; and, as does not always happen when a direction is given to the traveller, it turned out to be correct. As I entered the street to reach the office, an English regiment, led by the fife and drum band, was crossing the end of it, the inhabitants rushing to door and window to watch it pass.

One of the officers kindly came with me to show me the little lions of H——, which is quite a typical French country town, with its wide market-place, its quaint Town Hall, and its ancient church. This last, it was said, dated from the thirteenth century, as its style seemed to indicate, showing a splendid specimen of a great Norman doorway; while the interior was in a style somewhat transitional, the arches

being very slightly pointed, much like Early English. The proportions are beautiful, and the pleasure to the eye was not marred by the too common garishness and tawdriness of fittings and carpets, which so often detract from the architectural beauty of Continental churches. The Town Hall is typical of the Mairie of the French market-town, and there are interesting relics in the museum in the building. Once a fortress, here are to be seen many plans of the Vauban-like ramparts, and on a plaque hang the old keys of the fort's gateway. On the walls are specimens of the very finest tapestry, well worth seeing, and numerous portraits of royal personages and mayors, not so well worth seeing.

On visiting the market-place, the weekly market was found in full swing. To me, who remembered the noise and gesticulation of a market bargaining in France in time of peace, the more subdued tone observable to-day told its own tale of the solemnising influence of a cruel war. While nowhere was there any sign of depression or gloom, the predominant black of the crowd, where scarcely any colour in dress was to be seen, was in marked contrast to the brightness of former days. As one would naturally expect, business was done in more subdued tone and manner than of yore. The bustle of the days of peace was toned down.

It was amusing to see the British sergeant bargaining for onions or leeks to be a relish to the rations of his unit. The conversation was carried on in English on the one side and in country French on the other, neither party comprehending the other's words, but both getting in some mysterious way to an understanding to mutual satisfaction. A kilted man is seen with two eggs, and the following occurs between him and a comrade meeting him.

'Hoo did ye ask for thae, then?'

'Oh, sez I to the wummin, "Uff."

'Ay, bit ye've gotten twae.'

'Weel, wantin' twa, sez I, determined-like, "Twa uff," and she gied me three, and I hands her back yin.'

Sawnie's gruff 'twa' had evidently been taken as *trois*.

This incident naturally drew attention to the egg department of the market, which was held in a street apart from the market-place, and was a wonderful sight. There must have been tens of thousands of eggs laid out in boxes, which in the course of an hour or two were almost all purchased. I shrewdly surmised that most of them went to form part of the millions of eggs which cross the Channel to take the place of the eggs which Great Britain ought to produce for herself. The spread of intensiveness in the breeding and management of poultry, which is going on rapidly, and which we are bid to expect will result in many flat roofs in London and the great towns becoming egg-producing areas—that is *not* a bull—may tend

towards a measure of self-supporting improvement.

All I saw of the intercourse between the occupying army and the inhabitants spoke of hearty good feeling. And that is no cause for wonder. The British 'Tommies' and 'Jocks' are the very opposite of the proverbial 'brutal and licentious soldiery.' The contrast to the people of town and country, who knew the tender mercies of the enemy, who held them in durance vile, and pillaged them, till he was thrust back from the Marne, must have been very great. Cheerful and kindly, the British soldier's good offices are always at the service of the women of their billets, who are having the time of their lives. Of the tens of thousands of British pounds sterling that are expended daily at the front, no small proportion finds its resting-place in the thrifty store stockings of the French peasantry and small shopkeepers. When the day comes for evacuation at the end of the war, the feelings of those who see the British troops returning towards home will be like those of the Britons who mourned when the Romans took to their ships to return to the Continent, called there to fight the Goths. The beneficent stay of our army will be remembered for generations, not only for the aid given in overcoming the invader, but also for the prosperity brought in hard cash to France.

Taking farewell next morning of the G.R.C. friends, whose kindness will be a lasting memory, we made the journey back to — without special incident. Only one thing was observed which calls for mention. In crossing a canal, a great barge with a roof set on the deck was seen moored at the landing-stage, having brightly curtained windows, and numerous Geneva crosses on the sides. In this and similar barges bad cases of sickness and wounds are taken to the coast, by which mode of travelling freedom from aggravation of suffering by the jolting which must be undergone in even the best ambulances going by road is secured. It was another indication of the thoughtful care given to the disabled in the present war, by which so many lives are saved, and the evil effects of so many injuries mitigated.

It is a pleasure to be able to make a statement in conclusion, as the result of observation during the journey from start to finish, bearing a testimony to the British army. Amid the many thousands of soldiers seen in travelling, both in London and in France, not one single case of drunkenness was witnessed, all looking pictures of steadiness and health, and a state of discipline was observable on all hands. And as with the human machine, so with the mechanical. No sign of shakiness was visible. Many hundreds, indeed some thousands, of motor vehicles were seen on the roads—and roads not always of the best—all run for duty, none for pleasure, yet nowhere was there a sign of a breakdown. To

be absolutely accurate, a platform luggage-trolley trundled by a railway porter at a station was seen to lose a wheel, but this may well be held the exception which proves the rule. All the motor vehicles were run by petrol except two, which were driven by steam, and all were working most efficiently. Their use enabled the contest to be carried on with a vigour which would have been quite impossible had animal power only been available. This war has demonstrated that for all distribution of food and munitions, and even movements of large bodies of men for such distances as eighty to a hundred miles next the fighting front, the road vehicle is more efficient and more rapid than the railway train. Facts have convinced authority on this point—authority which formerly brushed aside the contention that the railroad was not the most efficient mode of conveyance on a large scale. 'Of course,' it was said, 'the railroad is the only efficient mode of transit.' There was a refusal even to consider the other side of the question, in entire forgetfulness of the possibility that in many places in which war was being carried on there might at certain parts of the

country be no railways, or, if there were any, they might not lead satisfactorily to the places where delivery of men and munitions was called for. Authority sometimes has had its eyes forced open by facts, when exercise of imagination at an earlier date would have prevented loss of time—ay, and loss of life—at the opening of war, and waste of much money in obtaining what should have been ready.

A smooth passage brought an interesting journey to a pleasant end, the more pleasant because I came back with a mind free from all doubt that the work which remains to be done will be done, and that the day of peace will come, not by the enemy talking about it, and suggesting that the Allies should ask for it, appealing to maps to convince them. All this indicates his anxiety to avoid a fight to a finish. It is the enemy only that is talking of peace, and trying to show that the Allies should sue for it. They will not sue for it. Peace will only come when the conviction is forced upon our enemies that they must ask for it themselves, and accept terms instead of dictating them.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

CHAPTER XII.—H.M.S. 'MARINER.'

I.

[The reader is cautioned against accepting this story as an official narrative of the great war. The incidents described have actually happened; but, for obvious reasons, it has been necessary to give them fictitious colouring.]

YOUR modern destroyer differs from her prototype of twenty years ago in much the same way as does the present-day Rolls-Royce from the early motor-car of 1895. She is just about four times as large, is infinitely more seaworthy, is much faster, and better armed. She is an ocean-going craft which, with judicious handling, can keep the sea in practically any weather, whereas her more elderly sister usually had to run for shelter in a really bad gale of wind, and was unfit for constant work in the North Sea except in summer.

Pincher had seen destroyers at work, and had heard a great deal about them in one way and another; and when, in the first week in February, he found himself detailed as one of the crew of a new craft of this type on the verge of completion in a northern port, he was happy. True, he knew he 'wouldn't be 'arf seasick,' as he put it, and did not at all relish the idea, though the extra sixpence a day 'hard-lying money' was always something to be grateful for. He was aware, moreover, that life in a destroyer in wartime was considered rather a hard and risky existence; but he would probably be in the thick of anything which took place in the North Sea, and he owed 'them 'Uns' something for

sinking his first ship and drowning many of his shipmates.

He wondered why he had been sent to a destroyer at all, however, for he knew that as a rule ordinary seamen were not eligible. As a matter of fact, it was Peter Wooten, the late senior watch-keeper of the *Belligerent*, who had worked the oracle. Wooten was the sort of person whom nothing could kill. I don't know how many times he had been wrecked, or how often his life had been in danger; but after the battleship sank he had been in the water for half-an-hour in nothing but a singlet and a pair of socks, in one of which was stuffed his last five-pound note. He had been picked up by a boat from one of the cruisers at the last moment, and purely by a lucky accident; but even then he had been rather annoyed with his rescuers because they laughed at his scanty and unofficer-like attire. He also had a grievance because he had lost his best uniform cap, a brand-new article which, he informed any one who cared to listen, had cost him the sum of twenty-two shillings and sixpence, and had last been on his head when he jumped overboard. Incidentally he had saved the lives of two men by helping them to reach pieces of wreckage; but, being as hard as nails himself, he was not one whit the worse for his aquatic adventures.

He eventually got ashore in a borrowed overcoat, proceeded on a fortnight's leave, and then,

as the result of a visit to a friend at the Admiralty, found himself appointed to the *Mariner*, a new destroyer. Naturally he was delighted, and at once set about collecting a good ship's company for his new ship. He far preferred having men he knew to strangers who had never served with him before; and, by dint of a little judicious conversation with the officer in charge of the drafting-office at the barracks, Petty Officer Casey, Billings, M'Sweeny, and Pincher were officially detailed for his ship. It was Casey himself who had suggested Martin's inclusion, though that youth was unaware who had caused a point to be stretched in his favour.

Pincher was not really a nervous, highly strung individual with a vivid and preying imagination; but even so, five weeks had elapsed before the doctors consented to allow him to go to sea again. His nerves had been badly shaken, and the sudden banging of a door or unusual sounds of any kind brought him out in a cold and horrible perspiration. Crossing a street through traffic or entering a boat was an ordeal which caused him many moments of poignant mental agony.

They had sent him on three weeks' leave, and the twenty-and-one days of blissful ease, during which he saw nothing of the sea, and was treated as more or less of an invalid and as very much of a war-worn hero, helped to restore him to his normal self. The presence of Emmeline, by special request, also had its effect, for with the girl as his constant companion he was able to forget many painful incidents which it was as well should be forgotten.

Some of the *Mariner's* ship's company and all the officers had been sent up north beforehand to become acquainted with their new ship; but at last came the day when the remainder—some sixty odd seamen and stokers—were put into a train with their bags, hammocks, and some mascots, in the shape of a monkey, two cats, and one small goat, for which they had not taken tickets.

The goat, Pompey, was young, but had a voracious appetite, for before they got to London he had eaten two pork-pies, the property of Pincher Martin, three packets of Wild Woodbine cigarettes of M'Sweeny's, and half a magazine belonging to some one else, while the respective owners slumbered peacefully. On arrival in the Metropolis he was so overcome by his miscellaneous diet as to be violently and unexpectedly ill in the omnibus on the way to King's Cross, whereupon the conveyance was stopped for brandy to revive him. As a consequence, they very nearly missed their train to the north; while Pompey, unused to potations in any form, spent the remainder of the journey in a state of coma.

The two cats behaved well; but, in the small hours of the morning, just before the train was due to start from one station, Jane the monkey

was discovered to be missing. The whistle had already blown, but the train was stopped, and forty-three bluejackets, vowing that nothing on earth would induce them to be parted from their pet, swarmed from their carriages and went off in search of the truant. Ten minutes later, Jane, gibbering like a lunatic, but with absolutely no malicious intent, was discovered chasing a middle-aged, portly, highly respectable, and very terrified female round and round the table in the third-class waiting-room. The monkey was enjoying herself hugely; not so the lady.

'Such goin's on didn't oughter be allowed, young man!' she panted breathlessly when Billings stormed her retreat, and Jane abandoned the pursuit.

'Lor' bless yer, marm!' laughed Joshua, helping her to collect her scattered parcels, 'she's that tame she'd feed out o' yer 'and.—Come 'ere, Jane,' he added coaxingly. 'Come an' show th' lady 'ow nice ye kin be 'ave.'

The animal, busily investigating the contents of the water-carafe on the table, clucked twice, and evinced no further interest.

'Them wild hanimals didn't oughter be allowed!' the woman retorted nervously. 'An' you, young man,' she went on, fixing Joshua with a horny eye, 'is a disgrace to your uniform! You oughter be fightin' them Germans instead o' chasin' monkeys round railway stations at this time o' night. I'm a respectable married woman, I am, an' if my 'usband knoo o' these goin's on 'e'd be very angry. My 'usband's a foreman bricklayer'—

'I'm sorry yer takes it that way, marm,' said Joshua apologetically, picking up the protesting animal by the scruff of her neck, and then touching his forelock. 'I'm sure our Jane didn't mean no 'arm. I'm a respectable married man meself, an'—'

'Married man, are you?' interrupted the lady, with a snort, as the seaman, with Jane perched on his shoulder, prepared to take his departure. 'Married? Shame on you! What'd your poor wife say if she see'd you be'avin' like this, an' chasin' respectable women with your wild hanimals instead o' fightin' for your country? I've a good mind to 'ave the lor on you! The wild beast nearly bit me; would 'ave done if I 'adn't run'—

There was no pacifying her, and Joshua, smothering his amusement, beat a hasty retreat. Her strident remarks followed him down the platform.

It took some time to collect the others, who had scattered all over the station in search of the deserter; but eventually, after a long and heated altercation with two ticket-collectors and three porters, reinforced by the guard and a sleepy stationmaster, the train was suffered to proceed on its journey twenty minutes late. The travellers, hungry, irritable, and very peevish, arrived at their destination at six

o'clock in the morning, in a thick fog and a depressing north-country drizzle, to discover, on disembarking with their menagerie, that half-a-dozen hammocks and three kit-bags had, by inadvertence on some one's part, been left behind in London.

But all's well that ends well; and, two hours later, after breakfast, and slightly more cheerful, the party arrived at the shipyard where the *Mariner* was being completed. They found the workmen still busy upon her; and as she would not be ready for commissioning for another week, the men were billeted in lodgings for the time being.

But they were not allowed to kick their heels in idleness. There is always plenty to be done before a new ship is ready for sea; while in war, when every one is working at full pressure, the labour of a fortnight has often to be crammed into three or four days. Ammunition had to be transferred from railway trucks to the magazines and shellrooms; torpedoes had to be placed in their tubes; and a whole trainload of stores unloaded, sorted out, checked, and carried on board—dozens of drums of oil, tons of paint, bolts of canvas, bundles of cotton-waste, coils of wire and hemp rope, broomsticks and boat-hook staves, oars, cooking utensils, crockery, knives, spoons, forks, bedding, provisions, rum, and many other things too numerous to mention! It was like furnishing a new and empty house, except that a dwelling is not expected to cruise about the countryside at something over thirty knots, and does not as a rule contain sufficient in the way of lethal weapons and explosives to sink a squadron of battleships. Neither does the average residence accommodate eighty odd people. It was hard work, for the men were busy all day and every day, from early morn till dewy eve.

The shipyard was a depressing place, full of gaunt cranes, overhead gantries, grimy buildings, and huge corrugated-iron erections with tall chimneys which befouled and blotted out every vestige of the sky with their oily black smoke. Besides two destroyers and some other small craft, the firm were building a battleship, and the noise and clatter of the pneumatic riveters and drilling-machines was deafening. Cranes, with steel plates hanging precariously from their jibs, staggered drunkenly to and fro on their lines, screeching as they went. Piles of rusty plates, which presently would be built into some ship, lay everywhere in seeming confusion for people to bark their shins against after dark; while pale, apathetic youths stood here and there working the bellows of huge brazier affairs with coke fires for heating rivets. A shout from a grimy gentleman perilously balanced on a plank some ten feet overhead would warn them that another rivet was wanted; and, seizing the morsel of red-hot steel in a pair of tongs, the boys, with a dexterous flick of their

wrists, would send it flying through space, to be caught as cleverly by a man with a bucket. To an outsider the whole yard seemed to be in a state of chaotic confusion, but in reality it was very highly organised, for gang relieved gang, and the work went on night and day.

II.

At last came the day when the *Mariner* left the river to carry out the first of a series of steam trials. As yet she was not a full-fledged man-of-war, and, being still in the hands of the contractors, was in the charge of a pilot. Wooten was present merely as a spectator, and to take over the command in the rare eventuality of their happening to sight an enemy. They sighted no enemy; but the trip shook many of the civilian voyagers to the core.

It was a cold and blustery day. The wind was off the shore, and had raised what Wooten called 'a little bit of a lop,' but what, in the opinion of the contractors' men, was 'a terrible storm.' It is true that the motion was supremely uncomfortable, and that when the destroyer was travelling at something over thirty knots she was deluged fore and aft in sheets of spray. The ship was very crowded, too. To start with, she carried the eighty odd souls which formed her proper naval crew. Then there were the Admiralty officers, overseers, and officials, the builders' representatives and foremen, and others from different sub-contracting firms who had supplied various portions of the machinery. The firm, who never did anything by halves, provided lunch in the wardroom for the officers and the more important officials. And such a lunch it was, brought on board in three enormous wicker hampers which filled the officers' bathroom! It would seem that food and drink were presently to circulate as freely in the wardroom as would lubricating oil and north-country blasphemy in the engine-room. But most of them had no food until the ship returned into harbour in the afternoon. They had reckoned without that fickle mistress, the sea, and she flattened most of them out. Beer and brandy were more to their liking than solid food. Moreover, some of them were rather nervous about going out of the harbour at all.

'I say, commander,' one of the firm's bigwigs had said to Wooten as they steamed down the river, 'is it true that the Germans have been laying mines off the coast?'

'M'yes,' said the lieutenant-commander; 'I believe it is.'

'Is there any chance of our being blown up?'

'No-o,' said Wooten slowly; 'I don't really think there is, though of course this bad weather we've been having lately will have broken many of 'em adrift.'

'And what'll happen if we hit one?' his companion wanted to know.

'Happen?' said the naval officer. 'The

bloomin' thing'll probably go off, and we shall take single tickets to heaven in a puff of smoke. We're chock-full of lyddite and gun-cotton, and'—

The civilian seemed rather perturbed. 'Of course, I'm not really nervous,' he hastened to explain, looking rather white about the gills as he fidgeted with an inflatable rubber life-belt round his middle; 'but I do hope you'll keep a careful eye on the pilot.'

'Of course I will. I'm not going to let him bump one of the bally things unless I can't help it. She's still your ship, though,' added Wooten, 'and I'm not really responsible.'

'No, I quite understand that,' said the other; 'but, you see, I'm not used to—er—risks of this kind. I'm not paid for it, and I've a wife and five children.'

'You're insured, I suppose?' asked Wooten, smiling to himself.

'Yes; but my policy doesn't cover war risks.'

'H'm! that's bad; but I shouldn't worry about it if I were you. If we do go sky-high'—Wooten paused.

'What were you going to say?' the bigwig asked apprehensively.

'I was thinking,' Wooten went on with a malicious twinkle in his eye—'well, I was thinking that if we are blown up there will be quite a merry little lot of us—nearly a couple of hundred—what? I can almost see myself as a nice fat little cherub sitting on a damp cloud twanging a harp—eh? They'll probably serve you out with a trombone. Can you play one?' He laughed, for somehow his companion reminded him of the man who had played that instrument in the orchestra of the Portsmouth Hippodrome in pre-war days.

'I do wish you'd be serious,' the contractors' representative observed sadly. 'This is no joking matter.'

'I am serious,' Wooten protested, trying hard to control his face.

'But you seem to like the idea.'

Wooten shook his head. 'Don't you believe it,' he replied. 'But just think what a glorious death it would be for you if you did go sky-high! Why, your name would be in the Roll of Honour, and your photo in the *Daily Mirror*. You'd be a public hero!'

'Better be a live convict than a dead hero,' observed the bigwig glumly, going off to seek consolation elsewhere.

But when they did get to sea, and the *Mariner* started first to bob and curtsy, and then, as she gathered speed, to kick and dance like a bucking mule, the violent motion drove all thoughts of mines or German submarines out of their heads. They were seasick—fearfully and wonderfully seasick. The joys of a sailor's life were not for them, and most of the contractors' men and not a few of the ship's company wished that they might die. The very thought of food made

their gorges rise in disgust, so lunch was delayed until their return into harbour just before dark.

Wooten and the officers were enthusiastic about the ship. 'She's a rattling good sea-bout,' the former remarked, rubbing the caked salt out of his eyes as he sat down in the wardroom when the ship had secured alongside her wharf. 'We hardly took a green sea on board the whole time.—Give me some of that game-pie and a whisky-and-soda, steward! I'm perishing with hunger.'

'Green seas!' laughed a lately revived contractors' official, busy with a plate of galantine on the opposite side of the table; 'the water seemed to be coming on board everywhere. I thought the weather was absolutely poisonous.'

'Poisonous!' echoed the skipper, looking up with his mouth full. 'My dear sir, it was a ripping day. Nearly flat calm.'

'You call that nearly flat calm?'

'Course I do. There was nothing but a little bit of a lop.'

'A lop, d'you call it? And what the deuce are these craft like in a gale?'

'A bit lively, and most damnably wet,' said Wooten.

'Well, thank God I'm not a destroyer sailor!' exclaimed the civilian with a sigh of heartfelt relief. 'I think you fellows ought to get treble pay in bad weather.'

'So do I,' the naval officer agreed. 'But none of us get our deserts, thank Heaven!'

Every one laughed.

The first trial was not a complete success, and the ship was delayed for a few days with defective fan engines. Then, with the faults rectified, they went to sea again, and this time everything worked smoothly—far more smoothly than Thompson, the engineer-lieutenant-commander, had dared to hope.

The *Mariner* was a flyer, or at least she flew faster than any other ship most of them had ever been in before. The ship's company talked of her being able to do thirty-seven knots, and thought themselves no small beer in consequence; but as a matter of fact their estimate was exaggerated.

They carried out several more trials, and eventually, in the third week of February, the ship commissioned. Her officers and men shifted themselves and their belongings on board from their respective hotels and lodgings. Pompey, Jane, the two cats, and a newly acquired fox-terrier puppy rejoicing in the name of Tirpitz were dragged ruthlessly on board, and the destroyer hoisted her pendant and ensign. She was a man-of-war at last.

Two days later she sailed to the southward. The good wishes of her builders went with her; for, if anything serious went wrong with her interior economy within the next few months, they, by their contract, were due to pay the piper.

And so the *Mariner* put out to sea.

(Continued on page 665.)

INVESTIGATIONS IN EASTER ISLAND.

By OSWALD H. EVANS, F.G.S.

MR LOUIS BECKE, in one of his South Sea stories, hits upon a phrase very happily descriptive of Easter Island; he has called it 'the ghostly outlier of Polynesia.' Easter Island—Isla de Pascua, Rapa Nui—is indeed a ghostly land, this arid scrap of volcanic desolation lost in the vast Pacific, two thousand miles from the South American mainland, and one thousand from the nearest of the Polynesian Archipelagoes whence came the forefathers of the handful of present-day inhabitants.

Every one knows something vaguely of Easter Island, if only through the dumb testimony of that stolid god who sits through London fog and watery sunshine at the portals of the British Museum, sung by Stevenson:

The rude monument
Of faiths forgot and races undivined,
Sits now disconsolate, remembering well
The priest, the victim, and the songful crowd.

While Pierre Loti was a naval cadet on board the *Flore* he visited Easter Island in 1872. His diary on this occasion is printed in his volume entitled in the translation *On Life's By-Ways*.

The chief interest of Rapa Nui—to use its native name—lies in its extraordinary monuments, the remains of stone buildings and terraces, and hundreds of statues, some of them of giant size weighing up to fifty tons, carved from the volcanic rock which constitutes the mass of the island. Many of these statues have been transported for considerable distances over very irregular country to the places where they were erected. There have been found, also, objects carved in wood, which are probably of later date than the stone giants, together with the scanty remains of an elaborate but hitherto undeciphered picture-writing graved on wooden tablets or on the backs of stone figures.

These wonders have been a puzzle to the learned since the discovery of the island by the Dutch navigator Roggenwein on Easter Day 1721. The population of the island, even in its most flourishing state, can never have exceeded a few thousands, a number wholly inadequate to accomplish, even in a long succession of uneventful years, the quarrying, carving, and transport of the huge masses of stone. Needless to say, scores of theories, most of them of a fantastic character, have been put forward to account for the facts, and it is no wonder that the strangest ideas have sprung up in a soil so well adapted for the growth of wild speculations. Much serious work has been carried out on the spot, with the result of a great addition to our knowledge; but it cannot be said that the problem has yet reached a satisfactory solution.

Easter Island remains 'the ghostly outlier of Polynesia,' and its uncouth, grim, gigantic statues, with rigid brows and compressed lips, guard their secret well.

The Routledge expedition has been at work in the island, and the result of the self-sacrificing labours of Dr and Mrs Routledge is awaited with the utmost interest by the scientific world. Their motor-yacht, the *Mana*—which looked so tiny when she lay moored among the big mail-boats and warships in Valparaiso Bay—made a long and adventurous voyage from England, and a residence of many months in so isolated and barren a spot must necessarily have involved many hardships. It is impossible to refrain from an expression of admiration in the presence of such an example of zeal for the advancement of science.

The schooner-yacht *Mana*, after a stay of more than sixteen months, sailed on 18th August 1915, and arrived at San Francisco after a three years' series of adventures in a world tour, commencing in Southampton, through the South Seas, and round to California. She brought the news that the German fleet operating in the Pacific Ocean had repeatedly and flagrantly violated the neutrality of Chile, and had not only sunk French vessels within the three-mile limit of Chilean territory, but had coaled from captured vessels in a Chilean port, and had landed at Easter Island and violated Chilean neutrality to the extent of an armed force of Germans erecting a huge signalling station for observation purposes and the despatch of wireless messages.

A correspondent of the *Scotsman* related that 'the eye-witnesses bringing first word of these violations to the United States were Mr W. Scoresby Routledge, M.A. (Oxon.), and his wife, Mrs Katherine Routledge, M.A. (Dublin), who were commissioned by the British Museum of London to visit the South Seas in an important archæological expedition, chiefly for investigation at Easter Island, where they excavated giant monoliths, and where they met German warships—first the Pacific fleet of Admiral von Spee (destroyed by the British in the battle of Falkland Islands), and then the auxiliary cruiser *Prinz Eitel Friedrich* (interned at Norfolk, Virginia).

'The *Mana*, magnificently fitted out, was specially designed for the British Museum expedition by Mr Charles Nicholson, of Gosport, the designer of the new *Shamrock*, owned by Sir Thomas Lipton. The *Mana* is of twenty-three registered tonnage, is ninety feet over all, and boasts a beam of twenty feet; "but," says her captain and owner, Mr Routledge, "although she has travelled over forty thousand miles, and has been

buffeted in terrible storms, she rode buoyantly over the waves, and is a tribute to her English builder of seaworthiness, and has proved herself one of the finest boats that ever went afloat." Captain and Mrs Routledge tell tales picturesque to a rare degree of the German ships encountered, of a native uprising on Easter Island, and of a quaint ultimatum addressed to the English manager of the Chilean ranch there; of how the inhabitants of Pitcairn Island are Seventh Day Adventists, and have residing among them an Australian missionary of that faith; and of how they have aboard the *Mana* two descendants of Midshipman Young, of the British frigate *Bounty*, whose crew went ashore at Pitcairn.

Captain and Mrs Routledge bore away with them photographs and sketches of the stone terraces and monoliths of Easter Island, which were to be published soon after their return to England.

The lot of the people of Rapa Nui is not a happy one. While they are nominally of Chilean nationality, and proud of it, they enjoy few of the privileges of citizenship. Both mentally and morally they are in a very backward state, and unless considerable efforts on their behalf are made in the near future their prospects are not bright. So far removed from the outside world and its myriad interests, hemmed in by the barrier of a thousand miles of ocean, they are a weariness to themselves, a thorn in the side of the company which farms the island, and a hopeless, everlasting minor problem for the Chilean Government. Men, women, and children, there are to-day some two hundred and fifty of them, of Polynesian race, with a trifling foreign admixture. In number the sexes are about equal, with a tendency, shown by statistics, to increase very slowly.

Once a year on an average the Chilean steam-corvette *General Baquedano* visits the island, and may be considered as the only means of communication with the mainland, save for the chance visit of a whaler or the still rarer call of a tramp steamer.

The *Baquedano* is a very beautiful little vessel, which serves as a school-ship for the future mariners of the Chilean navy. With her graceful white-painted hull, fine spread of snowy canvas, and glittering brasswork, she would look like the pleasure-yacht of some wealthy amateur were it not for her long quick-firers and wireless installation—features, contrasting with her general aspect, which vividly recall the seafaring of an earlier day. Her commander, appearing suddenly from outer space as the only representative of authority the islanders ever see, listens with what patience he is master of to the 'chronicles of small beer,' consisting mainly of the disputes between the company and the natives begotten of mutual irritation, pronounces his common-sense decisions, and generally patches things up for another year; then, no doubt with a sigh of

relief, turns the prow of his vessel towards Valparaiso and his mind to the preparation of a report.

The report of the commander of the *Baquedano*, Don Carlos Ward, dealing with the last voyage, has recently been published in Chile, and is a document of considerable interest, as containing recent and authentic information. The only representative of the Chilean Government resident in the island is Don Ignacio Vives, who is also in charge of the school. This gentleman occasionally communicates his impressions of exile in well-written letters to journals on the mainland, and he has many curious tales to tell of the queer doings of his charge.

The general conditions of life are very miserable. The country is barren, and, save for a few trees planted of late years, is almost entirely lacking in wood, a fact which very probably determined the extensive use of stone by the statue-builders for their great figures of chiefs or gods, for the Oceanic peoples who practised carving on the grand scale carried out their works in wood.

Restricted as they are to what is practically a reservation, the natives lack all incentive to improve their condition. No great labour is required to produce sufficient vegetable food-stuffs for their simple needs, and there is no surplus energy available for any attempt to better the general condition of the community by co-operative work directed to a useful end. It has only been with extreme difficulty that provision has been made for the construction of a water-tank. About a score of the men are employed by the company in the work of tending the flocks, repairing the fences, and the like. These workmen receive pay and food, but a labour dispute is always in progress. At certain times—lambling and shearing, for example—a much greater number of hands are required, but are not, it appears, readily obtainable. Hence a burning question exists as to the rights and wrongs of compulsory labour during these seasons.

To quote the discreet official report (in which the assignment of Government land to the people is recommended), 'they do not cultivate the ground on a larger scale, because they are not the owners of the lands they occupy. The natives feel discontent and resentment against those who represent the *Compañía Explotadora de Pascua* by reason of its possessing the greater portion of the lands which belonged to their forefathers, and of which they can take no account, since they have passed into strange hands. Formerly they possessed animals and lands; to-day they have nothing, and occupy ground that they know is not theirs; as a consequence, they do not cultivate, and continually murmur against the managers of the said company, attempting at times to take justice into their own hands.' In other words, it is the old story of the conflict

of a native race brought against its will into contact with a more complex state of culture. The natives cannot resist the temptation to appropriate a sheep now and then; the company accordingly takes measures to protect its property by restricting the free circulation of the offenders in a country which they can scarcely be blamed for considering as being in justice their own. This restriction has even gone so far as to render difficult the fishing expeditions, because, it was said, these sometimes took the form of cattle-raids. So the irritation grows, and leads sooner or later to more serious trouble.

The Easter Islanders are 'a tall people, thin and small-muscled, but agile and hardy, and of lively intelligence. A considerable proportion speak Spanish fairly well, and some read and write it, and not a few have picked up English easily since the residence in the island of individuals of this nationality.' The one and only centre of population is the town of Hanga-Roa. Here are congregated the poor dwellings of the natives, about thirty in number, badly overcrowded, surrounded by the gardens and cultivated patches, on the produce of which they chiefly subsist. The company runs a 'store,' in which necessities and a very few luxuries (from the Robinson Crusoe standpoint) can be obtained at fair prices. It is commonly supposed in Chile that the islanders are without clothing; but this is not correct, only some of the children being nude, a matter of no great importance in a warm climate. When the *Baquedano* is expected to leave Chile for Isla de Pascua it is customary for an appeal to be made in the papers for gifts of old clothing and other oddments for these poor people; and, as charity is a virtue honoured in this country, it is likely that a very varied assortment reaches them.

Until recently a crying problem was that occasioned by the lack of proper nutriment for the children, since the people possessed no cattle. Action has been taken in the matter, and to-day, says the report, 'the children are very well fed with the milk of forty-five cows which, according to an arrangement made on the previous voyage with Señor Merlet (of the company), this gentleman provides, without any compensation, to the natives of the island.'

Education, also, is not utterly neglected. In the 'mixed' school primary instruction is given to forty-seven pupils. (It looks as though 'one child one cow' was the law of the land.) 'No great progress in instruction can be noted, owing to the children having first to learn Spanish, a fact which has weakened somewhat the energy and enthusiasm of the teacher.'

A dark shadow ever hanging over the island is the presence among the natives of that fearful scourge of the South Seas—leprosy. The plague appears to have been introduced from Tahiti within comparatively recent years, and it is stated to have at one time affected 10 per cent.

of the population. According to the statement of the medical officer of the *Baquedano*, there are at present seven persons who are suffering from the disease in a clearly defined form. Those affected by the complaint live 'in a group of houses removed from the centre of population. These are four in number, each surrounded by sufficient ground to produce, when cultivated by themselves, enough for subsistence. . . . The sick lack absolutely any other resource than that which nature gives them. It is a problem for science, and an easy one, to free the island from this plague, and a duty in the highest degree humane to succour the unfortunates suffering from it,' says the medical officer above quoted.

The religious condition of the Easter Islanders is a matter of considerable interest. They profess, nominally, the Catholic faith, and have a pastor of their own race; but they have very imperfectly assimilated the doctrines of the Roman Church, incorporating a strange medley of beliefs peculiar to themselves, and admitting without censure an extremely loose code of morals. It seems that the marriage tie is somewhat insecurely knotted. On this point the report very faithfully enlarges. One negative virtue they possess, at any rate—they firmly refuse to do any work on Sundays.

A prominent figure among the native population died recently. This was the old prophetess Anata, who, like the Kaiser, claimed to be intimate with the Almighty. Her revelations were received without question by the majority of her hearers, the more readily perhaps from her habit of 'propheying smooth things,' and directing her followers along the lines in which their inclinations already urge them. A notable example was furnished not long since. I have already referred to the sore feeling of the people against the lessees of the island, whose operations have so restricted the activities of the original owners of the soil, the latter objecting strongly to prohibited areas and to barbed-wire fencing. It was, therefore, with great glee that they obeyed the injunctions of the prophetess, which she communicated as a revelation from heaven to Taniera, a person who looks upon himself as the rightful king of the island. I quote from the columns of *El Mercurio de Valparaíso*: 'Anata stated that the island did not belong to Chile, but had been given to her by God. The animals on the island did not belong to Señor Merlet, the manager, but to God, who required that a great sacrifice should be made of them. This news being communicated to the inhabitants, it was received with great rejoicing, and at once an expedition was organised, which rounded up many animals, an enormous flock, towards the native holdings. The wall which separated the lands of the populace from the *hacienda* was broken down for the passage of the animals, and a great slaughtering began, only part of the meat

being made use of, since they had no salt to make *charqui* of the remainder. In the desire to preserve some of the meat, and lacking salt, they put quantities of it into sea-water; but all was lost, together with the hides.'

The old prophetess, on her deathbed, told her followers not to weep, 'since in a short time she would come to life again; and ordered that she should be buried upright, as she wished to rest on foot.' She was, it is stated, buried in a vertical position, according to her wish, between two mattresses.

The recent history of the natives has been a sad one. In the early years of the last century the place was so seldom visited by ships that the inhabitants retained their primitive simplicity, and did not do so badly. In the year 1863, however, a sorrowful event, which still looms darkly in the memory of the older people, brought awful ruin upon the lonely little community. Strange vessels appeared off the anchorage—thirty of them, according to vague native tradition. The crews landed, and behaved in a friendly manner to the simple folk, who made them welcome, the more so as they brought gifts of beads,

tools, and other desirable things. After a few days of intercourse, when the confidence of the natives had been won, the blow came. The white men, if Peruvians could be so called, showed themselves in their true colours—surely the livery of Satan—and by a sudden attack captured nearly all the male population, including the king, old Kay-ma-Koy, and his son Maurata, and carried them off to work as slaves in the deadly guano deposits of Peru. The scandalous outrage met with little success, as the poor wretches nearly all died within a very short time. At the instance of the French Government the few survivors were returned to the island; but the mischief had been done; epidemic sicknesses, smallpox, and the rest had been introduced, and since that time the number of the people has never greatly augmented, and their spirit has been broken.

From the tenor of the passages which I have quoted from the reports of the commander of the Chilean warship and his medical officer, it will readily be gathered that an earnest desire is felt for the improvement of the moral and physical condition of these people.

SOME UNFAMILIAR METALS.

By L. L. BLACKNELL.

SEVERAL unfamiliar metals have come into prominence since the outbreak of the great war, on account of their greatly increased use in connection with the production of armaments. A great demand has arisen for 'special' steels, the hardness and toughness of which depend on the presence of such ingredients as the metals tungsten, chromium, and vanadium. One of the most important uses of these specially hard steels is for making 'high-speed' machine tools—that is to say, tools which retain their hardness, and hence their cutting power, even when heated to redness by the friction of the work which is being done. A machinist can cut steel or iron six times as fast with a lathe tool of high-speed steel as with one of carbon steel, because with the latter the cutting speed must be slow, so that the tool is not heated by the friction above a certain temperature, lest it be softened.

Orders for special steels have been received by Sheffield steelmakers during the past eighteen months from Russia, France, Italy, and the United States, as well as from users at home, of a magnitude never before experienced or even contemplated by them.

In the manufacture of hard steels, ferro-tungsten, ferro-chromium, or ferro-vanadium, which are alloys of these metals with iron, is added to steel, either alone or in combination with nickel or manganese, or with each other.

Sheffield steelmakers have experimented with

electric furnaces for making high-speed steel, but they are not yet convinced that as good an article is obtained as by the old-established crucible process in which smaller quantities are handled at one time. Nevertheless a number of electric furnaces have been installed during the past year, and a largely increased output of alloy steel for motor parts, aeroplanes, and small castings has resulted.

TUNGSTEN.

Before the war British steelmakers were almost entirely dependent on Germany for supplies of refined tungsten, notwithstanding the fact that the chief source of supply of wolfram, the ore of tungsten, is in the British Empire—namely, in Burma. Important quantities of wolfram ore are also produced in Australia, whilst there is a not inconsiderable output in Cornwall. On the outbreak of war it was speedily realised that the establishment of a tungsten refinery in this country was of the utmost importance, and by co-operation and energetic action on the part of the steelmakers this was very quickly accomplished. Regulations have been made for controlling the export of wolfram ore from the British territories where it is mined, and it is hoped to induce the Government to continue these regulations after the conclusion of peace, in order that the refining of tungsten and the manufacture of high-speed steel may be retained in British hands.

The quantity of tungsten present in cutting-tools is often as much as 14 to 19 per cent. In addition to its use for alloying with steel, tungsten has been largely used in Germany for the manufacture of metal filament electric lamps. During 1913 the exports of such lamps from Germany amounted in value to over two million pounds. Tungsten is also used for spark-plugs and voltage-regulators, and for needle-points for gramophones. The price of ferro-tungsten, containing 75 to 85 per cent. of tungsten and a maximum of 1 per cent. of carbon, is from six shillings and sixpence to seven shillings a pound.

CHROMIUM.

To the majority of people, chromium is most familiar in the 'chrome' compounds which are used as pigments, dyes, mordants, and tanning powders. The value of chromium compounds in tanning lies in their property of rendering the leather specially resistant to moisture. Large quantities of chromic iron ore are used in the manufacture of ferro-chromium, which is employed, either alone or in combination with nickel, manganese, or tungsten, for making steel for cutting-tools, projectiles, and armour-plates. The largest deposits of chromic iron ore occur in British territory—namely, in Rhodesia. The ore is mined at Selukwe, and transported by rail across Portuguese East Africa to Beira for shipment. The next most important deposits of chrome iron ore are in the French colony of New Caledonia, whose output runs that of Rhodesia very close. Ore of high quality is also mined in Baluchistan, and shipped from Karachi. The price of ferro-chrome alloy is from thirty-five pounds to thirty-eight pounds per ton.

VANADIUM.

The principal commercial source of supply of vanadium at present is Peru, where the chief deposits known and worked are at Minas Ragra. Here a black mineral called patronite is found, having the appearance of slaty coal. It contains about 30 per cent. of free sulphur, which is burnt out, leaving a mineral containing about 52 per cent. of vanadium oxide.

The addition of ferro-vanadium, the alloy of iron and vanadium, to steel produces a very tough and durable metal, which is specially resistant to the effects of vibration. An important advantage in the use of vanadium steel is that weight can be reduced in the construction of heavy machinery by the use of a smaller quantity of the tougher and stronger steel. Vanadium was first used in steel in France about twenty years ago in making armour-plates, tests of which showed them to possess exceptional toughness and resistance. The quantity of vanadium added in the form of ferro-vanadium to ordinary engineering structural steel is only about .25 per cent.; that is to say, a hundred pounds of vanadium steel would contain a quarter

of a pound of vanadium. In high-quality tool steels as much as 2 per cent. may be present. Ferro-vanadium is worth fourteen shillings and sixpence a pound.

MOLYBDENUM.

A few years ago molybdenum was of quite small importance. It was during the war between Turkey and Bulgaria in 1912 that the value of molybdenum steel in the manufacture of field-guns was first demonstrated, and during succeeding years the demand for molybdenum increased and the price rose rapidly. Now the chief ore of molybdenum—molybdenite—is worth four hundred and seventy pounds a ton. The addition of a small proportion of molybdenum, in the form of ferro-molybdenum, to steel greatly increases the hardness and toughness of the metal, and machine tools made of molybdenum steel retain their cutting properties even though raised to a high temperature. Ferro-molybdenum containing 70 to 80 per cent. of molybdenum realises fifteen shillings and sixpence per pound. New South Wales and Queensland are the world's largest producers of molybdenum ores. Canada possesses deposits of molybdenite which will no doubt become of commercial importance, but at present the production of the ore is small.

Of molybdenum ores, as of so many other valuable minerals, the British Empire possesses ample supplies, and it is to be hoped that regulations will be made so that after the war the deposits may not get under foreign control, but be exploited by British enterprise for the advantage of British industries.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

OH mystical Night, with your wondrous beauty
and your tender silence encompassing spheres,
With your stars full of passionate trembling, looking
down on sorrows that come with the years;
And to me you're the loveliest things in the heavens,
though I worship you smiling through tears.

From the scented rose-garden under my window
comes the sleepy 'good-night' of a bird,
And from the ivied tower an owl answering a mate
stirred by love for you too can be heard;
While the hush of your tender silence comforts
sore hearts, though with never a word.

I can see your fairy-like touches on dewdrops
making love to the heart of a rose,
As far off they are sparkling on spiders' webs
down where the streamlet flows;
And dusky twilight 'neath starlit heavens turns to
silver world as day comes to a close.

Come near—creep close, silver moonbeams—in this
hour when I hold you supreme,
For your exquisite touches seem to help and caress
me as you ride with the stars in between,
While sleeping blossoms waken to waft you sweet
perfumes, as I greet you, my Queen! my Queen!

EVELINE A. STARKEY.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

FRAUDULENT ART.

By W. J. STEVENSON.

THE advent of the multi-millionaire collector, perhaps more than any other single factor, has been instrumental in sending up to a truly appalling figure the prices of those masterpieces of ancient and medieval art which have been preserved to us. There has always, of course, been a market in such things; but in the past it has been mainly among the cognoscenti who really understood and appreciated the articles they collected. Now the wealthy individual collector—often quite ignorant both of antiquity and of art, and inspired mainly by the sheer lust of possessing costly and envied things—has changed the situation in more than one respect. And among the more curious and less desirable of these has been the enormous impetus given to the trade in forged antiques.

Not, of course, that his trade is of recent origin. On the contrary, it probably goes back almost as far as the history of art itself. In fact, in the literature of the subject, a literature which is fast assuming huge proportions, at least one volume has been already devoted to the forgeries of classical and ancient times. The Renaissance was almost as notable for its activities in this respect as in the more legitimate fields of literature and art, and at no time since has the industry fallen altogether into abeyance. And, curiously enough, the work of forgers of past times, recognised to-day as such, has of late acquired a value of its own, and has even become the object of imitation by forgers of our own day. It must, in fact, be recognised that many of these spurious objects of art possess, apart from any question of their origin, a very distinct artistic value of their own, and not the least interesting departments of some of our great museums are those devoted entirely to proved forgeries and imitations.

Among the earliest instances we possess to-day we may class the forged scarabs and ornaments found in such quantities in perfectly genuine and untouched Egyptian tombs of the later dynasties. These were imported from Greece, and as a rule are easily distinguished from the genuine article, being by no means such good imitations as those turned out in immense quantities from Birmingham to-day, and destined to be palmed off as genuine on the guileless tourist beneath the very shadow of the Pyramids.

In their turn, Greek artists were imitated by the Romans, and both became the subjects of attention on a large scale in Italy when the Renaissance brought classical antiquities again into favour in Europe. Indeed, as possibly the most illustrious of all 'fakers' we must mention no less a name than that of Michelangelo, a good many of whose earlier works were chipped and buried, to be later resurrected and passed off by the dealers of his time as classical antiques. One example at least is still preserved in the shape of the 'Hercules' at Turin, bought by Cæsar Borgia from the sculptor for a mere trifle after it had been returned on the latter's hands by an indignant purchaser who had discovered the trick played upon him. And this is not an isolated instance, for such artists as Fra Filippo Lippi, Andrea del Sarto, Botticelli, and others of equal fame were not above turning out the most amazingly exact reproductions of famous pictures, either to the order of a patron or occasionally as a mere exercise in technical skill. In fact, in more than one instance the question of which is original and which reproduction has been ever since hotly debated. And to come to a somewhat later period, it was by no means unusual for a son or other relative to inherit alike the family name and skill, and go on turning out paintings long after the reputed artist was laid under the sod. Such an instance was that of Jacob van Huysum, who signed most of his work with the name of the more famous Jan; while artists as skilful as Teniers the Younger would confine their talents largely to work in the style of others, notably to that of Titian. Indeed, so prevalent was this practice that it is only in the case of a very few works assigned to the Old Masters, even those in the best-known collections, whose authenticity is usually regarded as beyond question, that we can really be certain that they are the work of the artists whose names they bear. Thus, for instance, a painting so well authenticated by history and record as that known as the 'Rokeby Venus,' bought a few years ago for a record sum for the National Gallery, and not long since brought prominently into notice by the hatchet of a misguided Suffragette, is not by many experts believed to be the work of Velasquez at all.

In the above instances the question of authorship does not, perhaps, seriously affect even the pecuniary value of the work ; but this, of course, does not apply to the more modern and properly so-called forgeries. Of these the best still come, as is natural, from Italy, where Sienna may perhaps be regarded as the headquarters of the industry. Works sold for thousands of pounds have often been turned out by Italian workmen who received no more than a few shillings a day as the reward for their labours, of the valuable nature of which they had naturally no idea. Many of these pictures, even including the panels on which they are painted and the very worm-holes in the panels, are 'fakes,' but sometimes a genuine picture which has been ruined by age and neglect or by improper cleaning by ignorant owners is used as a basis for more ambitious efforts. Signatures offer no difficulty at all, for there is not the slightest difficulty in getting the signature of any artist, ancient or modern, imitated with the utmost exactitude ; and one very favourite trick is to have the signature concealed by dirt or varnish, so that it shows only after the picture has been restored. In the case of a collector supremely ignorant of his subject, but possessed of the highest opinion of his own judgment, this trick is particularly successful in removing any lingering doubts.

Fly-specks, dirt, cracks, the effects of damp and neglect, all these can be, and are, perfectly imitated ; while the mastery some of these obscure modern copyists have over the characteristic tricks and methods of the Old Masters is little short of miraculous. Of late, methods of chemical analysis have been called in to the aid of the art expert ; but while these have revealed more than one forgery of past date, the present-day artist has, as the Americans say, 'got wise' to the methods. These consist, of course, chiefly in the knowledge of the pigments used at given dates, and if analysis reveals the presence of colours unknown to the supposed artist, the inference is clear. More intricate tests may reveal the effects of age on the pigments, but it would scarcely be correct to say that the data thus given are very reliable at present. More useful in certain cases has proved the employment of X-ray photography, which reveals to some extent corrections and alterations in the work, which of course would not usually be found in a copy. Still, the need once being understood, the copyist is again perfectly willing to oblige. As a means of instituting minute comparisons as to brushwork, micro-photography in low powers has also been found useful.

Even in paintings of late date and by living artists it is quite possible to go wrong. Some artists, in fact, have of recent years turned an honest penny by giving—for a consideration—expert opinion as to whether certain pictures attributed to them are authentic or not. One

very well-known man declared that some 92 per cent. of those he had examined were not. And, of course, in these instances it is practically always the private purchaser who is victimised.

In plastic art quite the most notorious fabricator on record was the wonderfully gifted Bastianini. As a youth he was the assistant to a Florentine sculptor, and he developed an astonishing genius at imitating the best Italian work. About the middle of the nineteenth century his gifts were recognised by a Florentine antiquary, who gave him the means of studying the subject systematically, and of employing his talents in the work he genuinely loved. Work of his was sold as that of the best Italian sculptors, and examples found their way even to the Louvre and to South Kensington. A good deal, doubtless, passes unsuspected even to-day ; but the fact of Bastianini's existence was revealed to the world by his claiming a reward of six hundred pounds offered by the Director of the Louvre to any one who could execute a work in similar style to a bust of the Italian poet Girolamo Benivieni. This bust had been bought by the Louvre for a large sum as genuine, though actually it had been made by Bastianini for his master, who had paid him fourteen pounds for it, and the offer had been made as a challenge to some experts who expressed their doubts of its genuineness.

But this is by no means the only, or even the worst, instance where the experts of the Louvre have been imposed upon. In 1896 the Louvre purchased for eight thousand pounds a splendid example of Greek goldsmith's work said by the inscription on it to have been presented to the Scythian king Saitapharnes. It was in the shape of a magnificent crown, or, rather, tiara, and the opinion of experts was unanimous in its favour. Some years after, however, it was found that the crown had been made by a goldsmith of Odessa of the name of Rouchomouski, who was paid two hundred pounds for the work. Rouchomouski was brought to Paris, and in a room of the Louvre actually reproduced from memory a part of the crown, the ornamentation of which was most elaborate.

Odessa, it may be noted, is the home of the 'fake' antique jewellery trade, at least so far as gold and silver work is concerned. Cameos, intaglios, and engraved gems of one kind and another mostly hail either from Switzerland or from Vienna, though the finest examples come as a rule from Italy. Often genuine settings, which are fairly common, the stones having been taken away and either remounted or sold at one time or another, are used, but by no means always. The jeweller of to-day can imitate the old setting to perfection, and a few tricks of the trade will give it the finish associated with that of centuries ago.

Statuettes of all kinds in clay, marble, alabaster, wax, and so on are turned out in

Paris in immense numbers. Ancient Italian bronze statuettes are imitated to perfection in Tuscany, the fine green patina which so many collectors regard as a guarantee of age being produced by chemical means. Ancient iron-work is also a specialty of Italy, especially of Florence, and wonderfully exact reproductions of ancient armour and weapons are made both in France and Italy. Italy excels more particularly in the plainer and ruder work of the earlier period, while French workmen turn out the most magnificent imitations of the highly ornamented and inlaid armour which was a feature of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, and of which some splendid examples—genuine of course—are to be seen in the Tower of London.

Coins of every date, again, constitute a veritable trap to the collector. So well and perfectly are they imitated that, except when the origin is known beyond doubt, no expert, however skilful he may be, will be prepared to vouch unquestioningly for the genuineness of any single specimen. Coins may be imitated *in toto*, or they may be touched up, restruck, or on occasion split through the middle and remade, the obverse of one being fitted to the reverse of the other. This may be done either to produce a singularly fine specimen from two imperfect examples, or, more often, to produce a coin unknown to numismatics, which some unwary collector may be induced to accept as unique. All these methods of sophistication, of course, leave traces which can be detected by sufficiently competent and thorough examination; but they are almost always successful in imposing upon the average collector. The real expert, however, when taken in at all, is, strange to say, most likely to be deceived by the out-and-out modern forgery.

Pottery and glassware, too, as everybody knows, are regularly imitated and 'improved,' very few even of the best collections being altogether free from questionable work. Certain modern makers specialise, quite honestly, in reproductions of the work of the best makers of past centuries, the results being sold at

moderate prices as what they really are. To this, of course, no exception can be taken; but fine specimens of such work are very often sold, after the distinguishing marks have been ingeniously altered, as genuine examples of the work of ancient potters. But a very great deal of pottery and glassware is to-day manufactured expressly to impose on the collector, and it must be admitted that in one important department, the manufacture of bogus Sèvres and Dresden ware, London may claim the dubious honour of being pre-eminent. Paris manufactures the work of French potters from Palissy downward; while Italy, which does not disdain any species of fabrication, does perhaps most in the direction of ancient Græco-Roman ware. Venice still turns out 'ancient' Venetian glass, while German and Bohemian ware of the best periods is still made in Hamburg. The iridescence which is such a lovely feature of long-buried glass until lately presented a difficulty; but more than one secret process now reproduces it more or less perfectly, the most popular being the application of a chemical compound of unknown composition, followed by burial in damp earth for a year or so.

Nor are the instances quoted a tithe of those which could be given. It would, indeed, seem that the particular foibles of the collector are exploited to better purpose than any other human weakness, and certainly than any other weakness of such amiable character. Probably the fabricator of forged antiques himself regards his business as quite a legitimate sphere of activity, and there is something to be said for this view. For he does, in fact, supply a genuine demand, which must otherwise in most cases, owing to the ravages of time and a thousand destructive agencies throughout the centuries, go unsatisfied, and to this extent it is possible that his nefarious activities do on the whole add to the sum of human happiness. And it is almost certain that many a collector, gloating over the possession of some fancied treasure, would thank little enough the expert knowledge that would reveal to him that same treasure's true value and real origin.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

CHAPTER III.

THE doctor was anxious that Don Diego should start as soon as possible for Montemayor; so, through the medium of Luis, I was introduced to the manager of the *bodega* of La Cartuja, who was told that any directions coming from me were to be taken as coming from Don Diego himself.

The next morning the old man was helped to his carriage, a very ponderous but comfortable machine, drawn by four mules; and, accompanied

by his servant, a young man who attended him as valet, he started, intending to go only as far as Bejar the first day, and complete the journey on the morrow.

I arranged to write to him every day, and give him an account of our proceedings during his absence. He at first said that such frequent despatches were unnecessary; but I had my way. I was to address my letters to Don Diego Lombardo, Baños de Montemayor.

I had my usual daily visit from Gabriel; but as I was determined to give all my attention to the business I had undertaken, he had to accompany me on my rounds, and I was eagerly looking forward to a free day on Sunday to go over to La Ribera.

Don Diego had set out on Monday morning, and I wrote my promised letter on Tuesday. I had a great deal to say in it, for I could see my way to effect many improvements in the antiquated methods employed at La Cartuja, and that without any violent innovations, which would naturally be displeasing to the *capataz* and his underlings.

On the Wednesday forenoon I was in the large overground *bodega* where the pressing of the grapes was being carried on, when one of the servants of the house came in and told me that the Señor Luis wanted to see me at once in the *despacho*, which was a little office in which he used to sit keeping the accounts of the household. I found him much disturbed, and he said, 'Don Arturo, I have what I fear is bad news. Look at this,' handing me a telegram which ran:

'PARADOR DE LAS DILIGENCIAS,
BEJAR, 7.40 A.M.

'Á LUIS AGREDO, La Cartuja, Huerta.

'Venga Don Arturo en seguida' ('Let Don Arturo come at once').

It was then one o'clock. The telegram had been sent on by a special messenger from Salamanca, as there was no telegraph office at Huerta. The only thing I could do was to ride into Salamanca that afternoon, and wire to Bejar saying that I would go on by the diligence leaving at six next morning, and asking that a telegram should be sent on to me at the hotel in Salamanca. All this I did, and about eight o'clock that evening I had a wire saying simply: 'Don Diego no worse.'

I then called on Dr Azevedo, and arranged that he should go with me in the morning. We accordingly set out about six o'clock on Thursday morning, and arrived at Bejar about noon. On reaching the inn at which the diligence stopped we were received by the local doctor, who told us that on Tuesday evening Don Diego had had a slight paralytic seizure involving the lower part of his left side. It seemed he had reached Bejar late on Monday night, and was staying over Tuesday, intending to go on to Montemayor on Wednesday. It was after dinner on Tuesday evening that the stroke occurred.

'I have been fearing a recurrence,' said the doctor; 'but, as I wired last night, he is no worse, and is in good spirits, and expecting you. He will be very pleased to see Dr Azevedo with you.'

We were immediately ushered into the room occupied by Don Diego. We found him in bed, but well propped up with pillows. There was

no change perceptible, to me at least, in his appearance. His sight and hearing were quite unimpaired, his mind as alert as ever.

His first words were to Dr Azevedo. 'Well, was I not right,' he said, 'when I told you that I was not worth mending, or, rather, trying to mend? However, thank God, you have come, even if it is to see the last of me.'

'*Vamos, vamos!*' ('Come, come!') said Dr Azevedo, 'who is talking of seeing the last? My opinion is that you will be off to Montemayor in a day or two.'

'Well,' replied Don Diego, '*veremos*' ('we shall see').

During the next few days he seemed quite comfortable, and Dr Azevedo's hopes that no second attack would supervene seemed well founded. He thought it better that his patient should leave his bed, so he was put sitting in a chair, and was very much interested in my history, which I now told him in its entirety, with full particulars, for the first time.

When I had concluded he seemed greatly agitated, and later in the day said to me, 'I think it is as well you should return to La Cartuja. Dr Azevedo is of opinion that I am much better, and that in a couple of weeks I may go either home or on to Montemayor. He will go with you as far as Salamanca.'

So it was arranged that I was to leave next morning.

That evening at dinner Dr Azevedo said to me, 'Don Arturo, I fear your long conversation with Don Diego to-day has been rather trying to him. I find him very much excited this evening. In his present condition it is above all things imperative that he should have the most perfect quiet.'

'I should be very miserable,' I said, 'to think that I had been the cause of retarding his progress by my chatter. But he seemed to take such an interest in my talk that I thought I was doing him good, rather than harm.'

'Of course that goes without saying,' replied the doctor. 'But the fact remains, and I have made up my mind that you shall go alone to-morrow.'

I therefore started next morning at five o'clock, and, hiring a mule in Salamanca, reached La Cartuja that evening.

Dña Felisa and Luis had both been much alarmed at the announcement of Don Diego's seizure.

Luis especially was greatly affected. 'Don Arturo,' he said to me, 'I have never met any one who was such a father to those dependent on him as Don Diego. From the *capataz* down to the youngest lad in his employment, every one was the object of his solicitude. But, please God, we shall have him back again.'

I resumed my duties next morning, and two days passed without any news from Bejar.

I had returned on the Monday, and on Thurs-

day I had a letter from Dr Azevedo stating that after my leaving Bejar Don Diego had sent to Salamanca for the notary who had for many years conducted any legal business in which he was interested. Orders had been given that they were not to be disturbed; and so, with the break of a few minutes' visit on the part of the doctor, the two were alone for several hours. The doctor further informed me that the landlord of the inn and the parish priest had been asked to witness a document which had been drawn up.

'Since then,' added the doctor, 'Don Diego has been very silent, which in one way is good, as I think he made too free while you were here. At the same time, I do not like to see him so pensive and uninterested in any topic which I may touch down. I even mentioned your name to-day, saying you were, no doubt, busy at the *bodega*. But he only said, "*Mas vale tarde que nunca*" ("Better late than never"), which seemed to me to have such little bearing on the subject that I forbore saying any more.'

A few days passed without any news, but on Monday we were alarmed by the arrival of a telegram from Dr Azevedo. The message was: 'All over. Died at four this morning.'

I started at midday, and on reaching Bejar at eleven o'clock that night saw Don Diego in his coffin.

The end, as I heard from the doctor, had come suddenly. About one o'clock Miguel the valet had aroused the doctor, who found that a second seizure had taken place, and at four o'clock, as the telegram had stated, all was over.

We had the remains conveyed next day to La Cartuja, and the same evening they were interred in the old cemetery of the monastery.

It was then evident in what affection he had been held by his people. His old friend the *parroco* of Huerta, who read the burial service, was quite overcome, and all seemed to feel that they had lost a friend.

I asked the notary if there was anything against my continuing my present work until it was completed, or until the testamentary wishes of Don Diego should be revealed. 'It is the least I can do,' I said, 'for all his kindness.'

He replied, 'I am staying here to-night, and to-morrow Don Diego's will is, by his instructions, to be read in the presence of the household.'

About ten o'clock next morning I was returning to the *bodega*, where I had been at work from an early hour until breakfast-time, when the notary told me he was to read Don Diego's will in the library at three o'clock that afternoon.

'I do not think, sir,' I said, 'that I can claim to be one of the household, and perhaps my presence might be looked on as an intrusion.'

'I think,' he replied, 'that you will find there is a very good reason for your presence,' and left me.

We assembled in the library at the hour appointed, and Dr Navarrete, the notary, began by saying that the will of the late Don Diego Lombardo, which he was about to read, had been made under very exceptional circumstances. He told us that under a previous will, made some years since, certain bequests had been made in favour of the workers employed at La Cartuja, and a few personal friends of the deceased. All these remained in the present will unchanged. These bequests were the first recited in the will, and included a sum equal to one year's wages to each man and woman employed on the estate at the time of the testator's death, an annuity of one hundred pounds to his old friend and servant Luis Agredo, the same to his housekeeper, various bequests to the *parroco* of Huerta, the local doctor, and others, and a considerable sum for the poor of the district. These sums, in themselves, were but a very small fraction of the value of the property and of the large amount of money which must have been saved year after year.

And then came the thunderbolt: 'And all the rest of my property, whether in land, buildings, or cash in the bank or invested, I leave absolutely to Don Arturo Lambert, who is at present assisting me in the management of my property at La Cartuja, provided that it shall be proved to the satisfaction of the law that he is the lineal descendant of my late father, James Lambert, of Cherston, in the county of Somerset, England. And, should his claim not be established, I appoint as my residuary legatee the eldest surviving male descendant of the said James Lambert.' And he appointed as his executors Dr Enrique Navarrete and Don Alfonso Hurtado, manager of the Bank of Spain's branch at Salamanca.

Dr Navarrete remained with me in the library after the others had left. 'No doubt,' he said, 'you are overwhelmed with astonishment.' So was I when Don Diego dictated to me the terms of his will at Bejar. I had known him as intimately for some thirty years as was possible, for he was always of a reserved disposition, and I understood that he was of English descent. But I knew no particulars of either his birth or youth. He gave me, however, to understand when I was with him at Bejar that in early life he had been an officer in the British army, and had fought against the French at the battle of Salamanca. He also told me that in the event of your proving to be his great-nephew, of which he had little doubt, you would find amongst his papers the account of his life, written by himself from time to time at La Cartuja. All this occurred two days before the second attack, which ended fatally. He seemed very much relieved when his will was made, and it was his intention that you should return to Bejar and remain with him. However, it was otherwise ordained.'

I am nearing the end of my history. Making due allowance for the law's delays, it did not require many weeks to establish my identity. There were many affidavits and interviews with consuls and notaries; but there was no difficulty to be got over, and in less than two months after Don Diego's death his will was proved, and I entered into possession of my inheritance. There was what, to me, was a very large sum invested by my great-uncle—more than thirty thousand pounds. His expenses had never been very great, though at one time he had kept up a certain amount of state; and money put by and never drawn on, but continually added to, will at the end of some thirty years fructify to some purpose when compound interest is considered.

I may here tell Don Diego's story, very briefly, as I found it recorded in his own writing among his papers.

At the battle fought at Arapiles on the 27th June 1812, in the fields which I can see from the room in which I write, he was severely wounded, first by a musket-shot which broke his arm, and afterwards, while lying on the ground in a fainting condition, by a spent cannon-ball which struck the back of his head. On the morning following the battle he was found by the party of peasants who were employed in the burial of the dead, and laid aside, being recognised as an officer, while the privates were buried in the field. Later in the day it was found that he was still alive, though barely breathing. He was removed to the house of one Paco or Francisco Arrevalo, the *fiel de fechos*, or town clerk, of the village of San Morales, and nursed back to consciousness. He spoke in his diary, with much gratitude, of the kindness of this man and his family, as well as of the care and skill of the local doctor. Some months elapsed before he was restored to even partial convalescence. Meanwhile the army under Lord Wellington had gone on to Valladolid, and by the beginning of the following year it was at San Sebastian. My grand-uncle seems never to have communicated with his family—why, I do

not know; and after spending nearly nine months, as his diary states, at San Morales, he went to Mexico, where he spent some eight years, returning to Spain in the year 1821, having meanwhile acquired a considerable amount of wealth in the Mexican gold-mines at Durango. He bought some land in the vicinity of San Morales, and farmed it with much success.

Thus, on the property of La Cartuja coming into the market, he was not only in a position to purchase it, but had sufficient capital to develop its resources beyond anything thought of by the previous owners. He was always known by the name of James (or Diego) Lombardo. I have never been able to get rid of the idea that the injury to his head was the cause of some slight brain lesion, which, though he could never be considered more than 'peculiar,' still rendered him averse to mixing with his fellow-men.

From the time he bought La Cartuja his life was almost patriarchal. His whole interest centred in the well-being of his dependants and the relief of the poor of the surrounding country.

I was thus, in my twenty-second year, in the possession of much wealth both in money and land. A year later I was married in the little church of Huerta to the first and steadfast love of my life. It seems but yesterday, but it is close on fifty years ago. Almost all the friends of those days have long since vanished. Don Manuel and his wife sleep in the Campo Santo at Huerta, my own dear father and mother at Cherston. Mariquita and I paid one visit to England with our eldest boy when he was ten years old. My father and mother were then living. Since then our life has been passed at La Cartuja. When I came to Spain the world of Europe was at peace. The great fratricidal strife in America was just coming to an end. As I write these lines all Europe, I may say, with the exception of my adopted country, is convulsed by the greatest war the world has ever known. Shall we, too, be drawn in?

THE END.

PAGES OF PEACE FROM DARTMOOR.

CHAPTER II.—CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS.

I AM frequently asked how we on Dartmoor like the Daylight Saving Bill. To which I reply that I like it very much, except that it has plunged us into another winter. We have had three winters this season already. The only five warm days of the year were the days before the bill came into operation. After them the weather changed back not merely to cold but to Arctic conditions, and the hour earlier in the morning necessitates every fire and stove we can light. The bill may save light; it certainly

consumes much fuel. Apart from this, which is not exactly the fault of the scheme, I like it greatly. Early rising has always been a mania of mine, and it is a mania not shared by my near neighbours—for instance, my mother, more generally known as the Rainbow Maker. Every summer I grieve at the waste of the best morning hours in bed, but have not nerve to annoy my fellow-creatures by early rising. Now we are compelled to get up, and I revel. On the other hand, Tom Willcocks, the wright, who

in wet weather wears a sack skewered together with a gimlet, and who in all weather adores *Punch*, considers the Daylight Saving Bill to be 'much foolishness,' and 'a lot of ole rummage.' I burrowed into the reasons for this scathing criticism, but found only a general feeling that it was teaching the Almighty His work. Of course, as most of the natives here rise at four o'clock in summer, and work till dark, the thing seems unnecessary. Also, there are one or two drawbacks. The first is the necessity for early morning firing farther into the year. The next trouble will be in hay and corn harvest. On the moor the dew is so drenching in hot weather that they cannot begin to save the crops till ten o'clock in the morning (sun time). Consequently the labourer's early hours will be wasted, and his overtime harvest-work in the evening will make a very long day. I await the solution with interest. Probably they will balance it by beginning work an hour later in the morning, and keep to the sun time.

The real amusement of the scheme, however, is derived from the way in which the animal world ignores it. I call them the conscientious objectors. By great good luck, the cows, during the first few days of the new time, were in the little field exactly underneath our windows, and we could study their demeanour at our leisure. To me, that field so near the house is sheer luxury. All May month it is a sheet of flaming gold buttercups. Behind it the tors rise, darker by contrast with the stretch of cloth of gold which forms the foreground. Our windows have curtains of blue willow-pattern like the china, and the vista from the interiors of the golden field between the folds of blue curtain is inebriating. It is inebriating, too, to rise with the sun and throw wide the casements to the gold of earth and sky. Our windows are all casement, and consequently worth opening. The feeling is utterly different from opening a sash window. When you open a casement you feel that your soul takes a leap with the window into the outdoor paradise beyond. No one could live on Dartmoor with sash windows. The noise would be unbearable. As each of our rooms has two windows, and as it is not possible to sleep with two open if you wish your bed to retain its coverings, there is always the joy of opening one window every morning.

Early on the first morning of daylight saving I was hanging out of my east casement in time to see the cows called. Some were lying, some standing in the buttercups; but all were obviously not really awake. The farmer opened the gate and waited. Usually this is sufficient. That morning they took no notice. Then he called. Heavy heads turned slowly in his direction. He called again, less amiably. Large eyes goggled in silent amazement. Every cow might have been suddenly petrified where she stood or lay. Then he began to call continuously and with rising inflection. The cows remained

literally stupefied. At last one turned her head slowly to the nearest, and her expression said plainly, 'Surely it's not possible he wants to milk us at this hour of the morning? You have been here longer than I have. Has he ever been like it before?' The oldest cow obviously gave it up, utterly unable to face the phenomenon. By this time the man was tired. He scurried across the field, fell upon the rear of a lying cow, and smacked it hard. In due time she gathered that she was intended to awake and rise, and she did so. He went round to the others and administered the same persuasion. Finally one led slowly, with an expression of blank amazement, to the gate; and, with much vocal encouragement in the rear, he marshalled them out of the field. It is still the same. The fact that they are milked an hour earlier overnight does not appear to weigh with them in the least. The first week of the scheme *Punch* had a very amusing series concerning the objections of the animal world, and the artist who drew the cows being kicked awake might have been watching the process from my window. About one of those pictures there is an irreverent tale. The first morning that I went to call the Rainbow Maker at six A.M. (sun time) instead of seven A.M., her inhospitality, not to mention her incivility, struck me as petrified as the farmer had struck the cows. Such a stream of unbroken eloquence flowed from the Rainbow Maker's pillow that it glued me to the ground with a miserable feeling that I was responsible for the whole affair, and was perpetrating outrages upon a helpless invalid. Something had to be done. Quickly I went for *Punch*, cut out the inset of the sulky lark asleep in its nest, pasted it on a tinted card, ran a piece of pale-blue ribbon through the card, returned to the Rainbow Maker's room, hung it over the head of her bed, and said, 'Never mind. You shall stay in bed with the lark, and have your breakfast when you like.' The spell worked. It struck the Rainbow Maker as a fine thing for an invalid to outvie the lark, so she now rises without a murmur at the newly appointed hour.

Other creatures which still keep sun time, and this to their own undoing, are the snails and slugs which infest the old walls of moor gardens. I sometimes wonder if there is any place on earth where what one of the farmers calls 'small slug' abounds as it does here. Snails are comparatively easy to extinguish. They are easily seen, and you know where to look for them. Small slug, about a quarter of an inch long, and earth-coloured, is my despair. There is no trace of them on the ground at the root of the plants. They apparently arrive in airships, and begin at the tops of the hollyhocks and lilies, and eat until nothing is left but stark stems. For years have I struggled with them. It is so disheartening to spend time, strength, and money rearing madonna lilies and hollyhocks only to have them eaten to sticks the first week that they bloom.

Once, in desperation, I wrote to a very high-class horticulturist, describing the scourge, and saying that if he could not advise me adequately I should commit suicide. It was no real business of his to reply to a lunatic woman on Dartmoor, but I suppose all horticulturists are humane men. No one can spend his life among flowers and not be tender-hearted. Possibly he too had suffered something of my woes. Anyway, he wrote sedately back on thick white parchment paper, peppered with gold medals, beginning, 'Madam,' and ending, 'Your obedient servant,' and he refused to charge any fee for his advice, as I begged him to. This was the advice—the soundest I have ever received: 'Take a spoonful or a trowelful of bran, mix it to stiff paste with water, dip a slate into water, put it over the bran beside your favourite plant, raising the slate at one end with a stone. Go to bed and sleep dreamlessly. In the morning, come down and find every small slug in creation under the slate, gorged to repletion, and an easy subject for massacre. You can buy unbound slates for a penny each.' This remedy does answer. I rarely take good advice, but this bit is worth taking. However, the daylight saving obviates the trouble of setting slug-traps. The first few mornings, I arrived in the garden to find the whole army retiring in good order from the lily-bed. Not one slug was left to hand down the story of the Great Massacre to future generations. After that I went round to every part of the garden where the enemy had lurked for years, and I had them all. Beside one of my most tortured hollyhocks I found a snail entering a tiny unsuspected hole in the wall. Out of that hole I raked thirteen snails. Some of them were great-grandfathers. In another bed, near my pet tulips, where not one tulip has lived in spite of all my efforts, I found three slugs six inches long, which I have been after for two years. Yes, there is a great deal to be said for the daylight saving scheme, whatever Tom Willcocks may feel to the contrary. Now and then, though, it is a little bewildering. For instance, when you go out after dinner in the evening, and find the best mother-hen and all her chickens in your flower-bed, you inquire, heatedly and unreflectingly, what on earth she is doing there at this time of night, forgetting that it is not this time of night, and she knows it is not. You open the gate, in a chastened spirit, and bow her back into her own domain with a few mournful remarks as to the privacy and wormlessness of your flower-beds, remarks which she does not in the least believe.

Two other conscientious objectors are two small, black, clean, innocent pigs which live in the other little field below our windows. In this field there is a ramshackle little shanty, thatched, and much prized by the farm tenant as a shelter for young pigs and calves. There is no door to it, and the pigs are not barricaded

in with faggots. Every morning from four-forty-five (sun time) I watch for the uprising of those piglets. At five A.M. (sun time) the cows are fetched to be milked. They have to pass the pigs' gate, and they make some noise in doing it. Dead silence reigns in the shanty. You imagine that the piglets are murmuring in their dreams, 'There goes breakfast. Another hour and a quarter before we need turn out.' The cows are milked, and the milk separated and mixed with meal by six-fifteen (sun time). Then the foaming pail is carried to the field at six-twenty, and emptied into the stone trough. Five minutes before the farmer appears the piglets rise and saunter into the open. How they know the time is a mystery. They are never early; they are never late. They never get a fit of panic as the cows go by, and think, 'I say, we have overslept.' Four mornings ago my clock went wrong, and I rose at what I fondly fancied was six o'clock (freak time). To my amazement, the pigs emerged at six-fifteen. I eyed them complacently, even patronisingly, while doing my hair, glad to see they were becoming less lazy. Suddenly the clink of crockery from below shattered my delusion. The pigs were right, and I was wrong—an hour wrong—and it was almost my breakfast-time. I wish animals could tell us how they know.

This morning I played a low practical joke on the piglets. It was not intentional on my part. For several weeks I have longed to know what goes on or does not go on beyond the opening of that shanty, and what the mysterious influence is which keeps the piglets in it until the same minute every morning. To-day curiosity conquered, and at six-thirty (freak time) I whispered through the gate, crept across the field, and looked into the Abode of Silence. I wish I could have snap-shotted them. There they were, two black, clean, guileless piglets, fast asleep in each other's arms. Four large ears quivered fitfully in their dreams. They were lying in a great heap of dried bracken, and the whole place was spotless enough to sit in if one had wanted to. They were so fast asleep that they did not even hear me, but one of them must have been aroused by the click of the gate-hasp after my departure. It ran, squealing, across the field to the trough, evidently fearing it was late for breakfast. On finding the trough empty, and me gazing over the gate, it said things about me which surpassed even the Rainbow Maker's remarks of the first morning, and trotted straight back to bed, where its wiser mate was still peacefully sleeping. Three-quarters of an hour later they both emerged together, punctual to the minute. Their table manners are of the most artless description, for they invariably feed with their forefeet in the trough.

The evening conscientious objectors are, of course, the wild birds. They do not begin their evening performance till we are thinking of bed.

It is extraordinary to see the farmhouse locked up and all quiet for the night while the birds are singing their loudest. The other evening, as I lay in bed, the curlews were hard at it at

twenty minutes to eleven (freak time). To me, it is another real luxury to hear curlews in my bedroom at that hour of the night.

(Continued on page 680.)

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

CHAPTER XIII.—FRITZ THE FRIGHTFUL.

[The reader is cautioned against accepting this story as an official narrative of the great war. The incidents described have actually happened; but, for obvious reasons, it has been necessary to give them fictitious colouring.]

PINCHER soon discovered that life on board a battleship and life in a destroyer were two totally different existences.

In the *Belligerent* a cast-iron routine had always been adhered to, at sea or in harbour, fair weather or foul. Nothing was suffered to disturb that routine, unless it were occasional excursions to sea in the small hours of the morning and frequent coalings. Times were laid down for everything. Day after day bugles blew or pipes twittered at exactly the same hours; and to the ship's company, the actual workers, things seemed to run as smoothly as clockwork with a minimum of effort on the part of every one. They all knew what to do, and when to do it; and the men themselves never realised the forethought, the energy, and the capacity for organisation on the part of the commander and other responsible officers which were necessary to produce such a result. They took it for granted. Their groove was made for them, so to speak, and they suffered themselves to slide along its well-oiled length without troubling their heads as to what supplied the motive-power. Moreover, men were told off for their jobs collectively, not individually. Their bodies seemed to be regarded as machines capable of so many units of work, and there were such numbers of them in the ship, and the vessel herself was so huge, that the labours of any single person, provided always he was not a very important person, did not seem to have any effect on the community as a whole. Indeed, a seaman could even go on the sick-list, or leave the ship altogether, without his absence being noticed or felt except by his own mess-mates and friends.

But in the *Mariner* things were very different, for here the labours of every single individual counted. If a man neglected his work or idled his time away, his shortcomings had their effect on some one else. They were soon noticed, and the laggard speedily found himself chased and goaded into a proper state of activity by Petty Officer Casey; and Casey, a glutton for work himself, always had a persuasive way with him, and a horny fist to back up his arguments.

There was a routine, of course, and very nice it

looked on paper; but the life was so full of sudden surprises that as often as not any preconceived time-table went by the board. It was not surprising, for the *Mariner* and the other destroyers of her flotilla had always to be ready for service at the shortest notice, and her men frequently found themselves bundled unceremoniously out of their hammocks in the middle of the night to get the ship to sea. It did not matter whether it was blowing a gale, raining, or snowing; go to sea they must, and did.

Sometimes they chivied Fritz; and he—a wise man, but no gentleman—waited for no one. It was not the fault of the destroyers that he had usually vanished into space by the time they arrived to strafe him. Fritz was the ubiquitous Hun submarine, any 'untersee-boot' which happened to come into their domain, and a merry little dance he sometimes led them. Occasionally, to vary the monotony, they called him Hans, Adolf, Karl, or some other Teutonic appellation; but more often than not he was just Fritz, and Fritz he will remain until the end of the war. Sometimes, though reported as such, he was not really Fritz at all.

'The skipper of the trawler *Adam and Eve* reports having sighted a periscope flying a large flag in latitude $xy^{\circ} z'$ N., longitude $a^{\circ} bc'$ E., at six-thirty this morning,' was the sort of thing they were sometimes told. 'Proceed to the vicinity with all despatch, and search.'

Proceed they did, hot-foot and full of warlike energy, only to find that the skipper of the *Adam and Eve* had been mistaken, and that his periscope with its large flag was nothing but some other fisherman's dan buoy broken adrift from its nets. Dan buoys, seen in the half-light of the early morning or evening, are apt to be deceptive, particularly when the imagination is stirred at the thought of the substantial honorarium to be earned for authentic information of the enemy.

But even battleships and cruisers make mistakes sometimes. The newspapers have never mentioned one fierce engagement which took place in a certain northern harbour, in the chill gray light of an early dawn, when a long black submarine was suddenly seen approaching the outer cruiser of a line of men-of-war lying peacefully at their anchors. He came in on the flood-tide, grim and menacing, causing a great commotion in the water, and with his periscope

raising its flutter of spray. Now and then he disappeared altogether.

It was Fritz, they thought, come to pay them an early morning visit, and with all the joy in the world the officer of the watch in the cruiser opened fire. It was easy shooting. The guns barked angrily, and four-inch shell spouted, foamed, and burst round the invader until he was a submarine no longer. The fleet was flung into a state of considerable excitement; but the submarine sank gracefully to the bottom, while the officer of the watch, metaphorically patting himself on the back, told his agitated pyjamad-clad commanding officer of what had occurred.

'Are you quite certain you got him?' the latter inquired anxiously.

'Absolutely certain, sir,' the lieutenant replied. 'We all saw him hit several times. He sank by the bows.'

'Have sunk hostile submarine,' was the signal made to the flagship a few minutes later. 'Request permission to send down divers to investigate.'

'Approved!' came back the answer. 'Report results.'

'Divers have been down, but report they can find no traces of the alleged submarine,' another semaphore message went across three hours afterwards.

The flagship did not deign to answer, but her signalmen tittered; the 'alleged' tickled them.

'I'm absolutely certain he was hit, sir,' the officer who had opened fire reiterated for the thousandth time. 'I'm positive I saw him sink—absolutely positive!'

'Well, where the deuce has he got to, then?' the captain wanted to know, shrugging his shoulders unbelievably. 'The damned thing surely can't sink and not leave a trace of anything behind him!' He seemed rather irritable.

Three days later a light cruiser anchored towards the entrance of the harbour, and started talking. 'There is a large black object stranded on the beach abreast the ship,' she said by semaphore. 'Am sending boat to investigate.'

'Object previously reported is a whale,' came a supplementary message in less than half-an-hour. 'It has been dead some days, and appears to have been killed by shell-fire.'

The defunct monster advertised his presence far and wide when the tide fell. People approached him wearing gas-masks and with ammonia-soaked handkerchiefs held to their noses. How the authorities got rid of him history does not relate. One cannot very well bury a thing the size of a house. Perhaps they sold him for fertiliser.

There were no C.B.'s or D.S.O.'s conferred for that battle, though the shooting certainly had been good.

But all this has carried us rather far from the *Mariner* and her men. They always found Fritz, Hans, Adolf, Karl, or whatever they

chose to call him, as cunning as a hatful of monkeys; but the destroyers and other craft which sought to compass his destruction admired him for his efficiency, for efficient he certainly was. He combined boldness with seaman-like caution, and would suddenly appear in an area crowded with traffic, sink a merchant ship or two, and then disappear into space. Occasionally he behaved as a sportsman, and towed the boats containing the crews of the ships he had just sunk in towards the shore. Sometimes, when it came to sinking liners and passenger-ships with women and children on board, his reputation was unsavoury; but even the righteous wrath and indignation of his pursuers, who always played the game themselves, were not levelled so much at Fritz himself as at those who had given him orders to go out and do his dirty work.

The *Mariner* was once working in an area in which Fritz was very active indeed, when Hills the telegraphist clambered on to the bridge in a state of purple excitement, flourishing a sheet of paper.

'Well, what is it?' Wooten demanded. 'What's the matter?'

'There's a steamer down to the south-east'ard makin' the S.O.S. call, sir!' the man ejaculated agitatedly. 'Says she's bein' overhauled by a submarine, who's firing on her. I've got her position, course, and speed!'

'The devil you have!' said Wooten, putting the telegraphs to 'Full speed,' and giving the helmsman a new course. 'Let's have her position.' He took the paper from the telegraphist, and laid the latitude and longitude off on the chart. 'Lord!' he remarked, rather perturbed, 'we're a good forty miles off. It'll take us over an hour to reach her. They'll be strafed by then, poor devils!'

The *Mariner*, meanwhile, with smoke pouring from her funnels and a great bow-wave creaming aft from her sharp stem, was dashing off at something over thirty knots.

Wooten scratched his head. 'Hills,' he said at last, as an inspiration seized him, 'call her up by wireless, and make her in plain English, not in code, mind, "Hang on. Destroyer will be with you in twenty minutes." Got that?'

'Yessir,' said the man, writing it down.

'Very well. Don't make our name, but use all the juice you can, so that they'll think we're very close. Understand?'

'Yessir,' nodded Hills, leaving the bridge rather mystified.

'You see, sub,' the skipper went on, 'we can't possibly get to this chap in time to save him from being sunk. All we can do is to try to frighten Fritz and to make him abandon the chase. D'you see?'

Hargreaves nodded vaguely.

'I don't believe you understand in the least what I'm driving at,' Wooten continued, smiling. 'Fritz has got wireless, and is on the surface.'

If he's the wily bird I imagine him to be, he'll have a fellow in his box-office listening to what's going on. He'll hear my signal, will take it in, translate it—they all know English—and there's just a chance it'll scare the life out of him, and make him shove off out of it. Savvy?' Hargreaves nodded.

The scheme actually did work successfully, and Fritz was badly had, for in less than twenty minutes the unknown steamer was talking again. 'Submarine has abandoned chase, and has dived,' she said abruptly. 'Who are you?'

'Mind your own perishing business!' went back the reply in rather politer language.

Fritz seemed to work in spasms, for a fortnight would go by without a sign of him; and then, quite suddenly, there would come another recrudescence of his activity in another and quite unexpected locality. But the small craft were always hot on the scent the moment he bobbed up. They made his life a misery and a burden; and, though it is true he succeeded in sinking many a merchant ship, many of his species did not return to Wilhelmshaven. There were various effective ways of dealing with him, though exactly what those methods were must perforce be left a secret.

(Continued on page 676.)

COUNTRY FOLKLORE.

IN days far removed from us a fierce war was waged between educated and uneducated people as to the existence or non-existence of the 'good folks' of the outer world—the fairies. The educated mass came out best in all cases. The present writer keeps an open mind.

There are two kinds of sight—one is not usually recognised—the real sight of the optic member, and the inward sight which gives as real a vision to those possessing it. Thus no two people see alike. In consequence, we hold that the man or woman who 'saw a fairy' actually did see one; the expectation arose, the thought became so strong that it resolved itself into a vision, and—hey, presto!—the thing was done.

A sober country farmer, who could read his newspaper and make correct calculations in figures as quickly with his mind as a bank clerk could with pencil and memory combined, seriously told me that he was cutting down a holly-bush—hollies are said, in Ireland at least, to be sacred to the fairy races—and that he actually heard a voice bidding him desist, and threatening certain penalties. He was scared, but went on with his cutting. Next day one of his cows died! We are far from ascribing the animal's death to the fairy agency; but it is remarkable as a coincidence, and might well make even an astute lawyer think. One matter we are not absolutely certain of is whether there may not be beings, unseen by most, who inhabit woods and wildernesses, and who sway our actions. In such a case the fright received would cause him to neglect the cow, and so death might occur. This, doubtless, looks very silly on paper in the twentieth century; but far more silly are the unbelievers. Time and again men have waged war through long centuries against certain notions, such as, for instance, the 'old woman with the herbs,' who makes up a salve or gives a medicine which has been proved to be more effective than the medicine given by

a medical man. A doctor to-day admits the possibility. He will tell you that it is possible for even a simple-minded person to become acquainted with herbs, by test, and so learn the effect of such on various diseases. Why should we admire the glimpses we get of magic potions in Shakespeare's pages, and the fairy-like gleams in those of the renowned Spenser, and yet condemn the peasant for an uttered belief in what has made poetry such a potent instrument for attuning life? All of us, too, profess to believe that 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy;' and also that there is 'a light which never was on sea or land,' the 'poet's dream.' Pushed to its full conclusion, what do we mean by this? It must mean that any form of thing, any object, any appearance, may exist independent of the lore of the schools and universities. Shelley, and many other poets as well, entertained, after all, but a rather poor opinion of the lore of the universities; they preferred to go to life, to the meadows, to the stars, for their great and weighty arguments.

Sir Oliver Lodge has lately been giving us distinctive glimpses into other worlds than our own. The word 'distinctive' here implies the death of narrowness. He goes on to show that nothing is fully known, and that, even when known, each subject has many sidelights. History, we think, is to be respected equally. Charles XI. of Sweden had a vision; he saw the 'Unseen,' he saw lights in a chamber not then occupied, on benches there he saw forms, he heard words, which words afterwards came true. His vision is attested by four sane men of his day; it has come down, undenied, through generations; it is a history as substantial as that of the battle of Waterloo. The man who doubts the vision of Charles XI. of Sweden might dispute anything. We once heard a man say that Queen Anne had no existence save on china!

A belief in flaming swords in the heavens, in

old-time records, was almost universal. There may also, for aught we know, be portents. We are inclined to think that heavy lightning, or the Aurora Borealis, was all that the ancient chronicler beheld. Yet he may have seen a flaming sword. Warnings are not disbelieved by all, and the writer's father had a premonition of his death while walking over a lonely moor; something spoke to him, in some sense of the word, and the end came soon! Many folks so fear ridicule that the most wonderful personal experiences are held back for fear of ostracism or the light laugh which such stories evoke from some very superior person.

A man well known to the writer in his early youth once told him a strange story of seeing a person in a narrow lane in a country hamlet. On one side was a hedge, on the other a row of country outhouses—sheep-cotes, byres, dwellings, &c. What was his dismay to notice a man well known by sight, but long since dead, coming towards him! He braced himself up to speak; but instead of coming towards him, the man vanished into the wall of one of the buildings mentioned! Meeting the teller of the story later in life, we tested him. 'Do you now believe the story you used to tell me about So-and-so?' 'Oh yes, there is no doubt about it. I saw Blank; he entered the wall.' What are you to make of this? An impression which goes is not so much to be relied on as an impression that stays. We think this a fair statement of the case. Also, in all cases of modification of the story we are rather inclined to doubt. Stories of phantom sailors, stories of phantom shepherds, stories of miraculous birds, fishes, and all things that fly, have some substructure for the belief. The ignorant man who has read nothing, or little, is liable to a somewhat distorted vision if hasty-tempered or impatient. The story of a stolid man must be accepted on his evidence. There is no other way out. Science shows that we are for ever learning. The wireless system has revolutionised theory. Telepathy, the wireless of the mind, is accepted by the larger number. All could not, possibly, be affected by telepathic messages; but numbers are so affected. It is needless to cite instances. Dream-revelations occur to show that things exactly happen as in the dream. Deny telepathy, you deny dreams; deny dreams, and you deny dream-inventions of which correct records are to be had—in the case of the inventor of the sewing-machine, for example. Is it anything more plausible, then, to believe in a dream-revelation—a thing seen by one, which the crowd does not see—than it is to believe that a man saw a vision of a 'small man' in a woodland path? We hold that all stands or falls in one solid phalanx. Science is spreading her sails, and we shall see much. In the great day that is dawning so rapidly it will be found that the simple peasant of yore, dwelling close to nature, sensed what we have

laboriously discovered. It may even yet be found to be possible that plants, trees, bushes, flowers, have feelings, as we have; that they actually suffer pain, that transplanting them gives to each transplanted thing the pang of home-sickness; that the *manes* of men, as of animals, haunt this globe of ours; that eyes watch us out of every clump and mossy stone, and that, in fact, an unseen 'cloud of witnesses' walk the way we tread, breathe our air, and talk to each other of us in a language unintelligible save to those with a 'gift.' By the way, this 'gift' in the Highlands takes the form of second sight, and there are numberless clear instances of it on record.

In the neighbourhood of Drumbarnett, near the village of Newtoncunningham, in County Donegal, Ireland, a rather strange instance of the verification of old beliefs occurred. A farmer dug up thoroughly an old and stunted thorn-tree, such as is frequently found in fields in Ireland, and levelled its original site. He thoroughly manured the spot, put fresh clay on it, and sowed it with seed-corn when sowing the remainder of the field. Nothing grew on it, however; not even a single stalk. Next season, in rotation, it was tried again, with the same result. In addition, when reaping the surrounding corn the reaper ceased to act when he neared the spot where the blank was—the site of the tree. On taking the reaper to the engineer, it was found that nothing whatever was the matter with it. He tried it next day, but no reaping could take place. Afterwards, in digging on the site of the tree, deep down, a peculiar stone was found, marked like a cornelian with lines of dark brown and black, smooth as oiled cloth. The stone is about the size of an egg, and very beautiful. The farmer who told me this story—which is known also to his sister and his brother—is a man of calm, deliberate character, devoid of peculiar notions, and sober in the extreme—a gentleman of most friendly demeanour. The talk came up in the course of a conversation about peculiar happenings, phenomena, &c., and was only, as it were, forced out of the narrator as about his only experience of what seemed supernatural. A tradition obtains throughout County Donegal—as well as in other counties—concerning trees which grow in fields, especially when they are hawthorns. Most of these bear a very large type of haw. The present writer does not say, of course, that these superstitions are all correct, or that the tales of buried treasure beneath tree-trunks, which is said to occur, have any truth in them. He would merely remark that we know but little of the phenomena of created nature or the mind of man, and that there are unproved stories quite correct; also asserting that all legends, however far-fetched, have some root-basis, otherwise these stories would cease to travel from father to son, as they do, in rural and other districts.

NOT EXACTLY ON THE CARDS.

By ÆSCULAPIUS.

I.

'CHEER-O, Lingate!' murmured several wardroom officers of H.M.S. *Alcibiades*.

'Cheer-o, everybody!' responded the subaltern of marines, who was having a birthday. 'In a quarter of an hour,' he sighed, glancing at his wrist-watch, 'I've got to go on night patrol.—I say, doc,' he said, brightening, 'I'll play you a round of whisky poker. If I win, you'll give me the pleasure of your company on patrol. If you're the lucky one, I'll stand you "bubbly" to-morrow night.'

'Your cheek is colossal,' Staff-Surgeon Michael O'Brien said; 'but, in view of the auspicious occasion, I'm inclined to accommodate you.'

The cards were dealt out.

'Confound your cunning!' O'Brien said, making a grimace.

'Hurrah!' shouted the onlookers.

'Good work, Lingate!' the senior watchkeeper commended; 'and please to do all you can to enlighten the medical branch as to the nocturnal mysteries of our glorious service.'

II.

'Come along, doc,' Lingate urged, as soon as the staff-surgeon appeared on deck in his British 'warm'; 'the drifter is waiting.'

A couple of the drifter's deck-hands held a ladder in position while the two officers descended. Several young seamen from the *Alcibiades* were already on board.

'Shove off, skipper!' Lingate ordered.

The skipper signalled the engine-room to go slow ahead.

It was still light, and there were hundreds of men on the deck of the *Alcibiades*. Some walked the fo'c'sle; others talked and smoked in groups; a few leaned over the ship's side.

'Blime me, Bill,' one of them said, 'if it isn't a fine night for patrol!'

O'Brien thought so too. 'It's my own dear Old Ireland they remind me of,' he said tenderly, alluding to the hills and mountains which loomed up through the clear air.

The subaltern of marines' thoughts took a more practical turn. 'Leading Seaman Morrow,' he called.

'Yes, sir,' the young sailor said, coming up and saluting.

'How many rifles have you aboard?'

'Six, sir.'

'Ground them in front of the wheelhouse, and arrange your watches. And, Morrow,' Lingate said to him as he was turning away, 'you may carry on smoking.'

'Thank you, sir.'

'Have a fag, doc,' Lingate said, offering the staff-surgeon his cigarette-case.

'Thanks.'

Lingate held a lighted match for the staff-surgeon between the palms of his hands. They puffed a few minutes in silence.

'A night like this makes life seem worth while in the navy,' O'Brien remarked.

There was something soothing, too, in the steady throb of the engines, and they both felt a thrill of conscious pride in being out there, helping to shield the fleet from those sudden thrusts which modern warfare renders possible.

'All the same, doc,' Lingate said, voicing the traditional moan of his branch, 'I don't think the sea is any place for a soldier.'

'My lad,' the staff-surgeon replied, 'forget that you are a soldier, and concentrate all your ability on being a sailor. Meantime we might go below and see what these people's mess looks like.'

III.

A narrow hatchway led down to an oval-shaped compartment where the crew of the drifter lived. The place was brightly lighted by an acetylene-gas burner. A linoleum-covered table stood in the centre, the damp surface of which a deck-hand continued to rub for some minutes after they had entered.

'Good-evening to you,' O'Brien said, as they sat down.

'Eh, what's that?' muttered a man with a yellow beard and red, inflamed-looking eyes, who had been dozing in his bunk, and who promptly subsided into a state of somnolence.

'Good-evening, sir,' genially answered a young Scotsman who was reading in one of the opposite bunks.

'Well, how do you like your present life?' the staff-surgeon asked him.

'I'd rather be fishing,' he replied.

'But think of the glory you're achieving. The papers are full of the gallant part your branch is playing in the navy's work.'

'That may be,' said the man, unabashed; 'but it doesn't bring me any nearer to Broughty Ferry.'

'And where may that be?' O'Brien inquired.

'It's in the Firth of Tay.'

'But surely it's very dull there.'

'It's the grandest place in the world for me,' the fisherman said simply; 'it's where my wife and child are.' He put his hand under the pillow, and pulled out a post-card photo, which he handed to the staff-surgeon. 'That's them,' he said proudly.

O'Brien regarded it intently. 'It's the eternal conflict between hearth and empire,' he mused.

'Never mind,' he assured the fisherman; 'it'll seem like another honeymoon when you get back.'

'Indeed, it's long enough for that now, sir,' the man said wistfully.

'Beg pardon, sir,' Leading Seaman Morrow said, thrusting his head in, and addressing the young soldier, 'would you mind coming on deck?'

'Right-o,' responded Lingate.—'Coming, doc?'

IV.

It was now quite dark; and as they made their way cautiously to the starboard side of the drifter the seaman said apologetically, 'I don't know whether I ought to have bothered you, sir, but I thought I saw a craft of some sort moving to leeward of Lowther's Island.'

Lingate peered intently into the darkness through his binoculars. 'You're quite right, Morrow,' he said; 'she's creeping along in a westerly direction.'

Morrow heaved a sigh of relief. He had the sailor's dread of being accused of 'seeing things.'

'Skipper,' Lingate commanded, 'we must cut her off.'

The skipper's answer was to ring 'Full speed ahead,' and to shout down the voice-pipe, 'Give her all the steam you can.'

The drifter gave a perceptible bound ahead, and the bearings began to squeak as the engines were forced on. In about half-an-hour they had neared a projecting point of the island, and they could then make out one of those gallant little vessels which the war has made so familiar to everybody, with her high bow and receding stern, and taut brown sail set up on the main-mast.

'Trawler ahoy!' Lingate called out; 'stop! Who are you?'

'We're the hospital trawler *Industry*,' the skipper responded from the wheelhouse window in a broad-Scotch voice. 'There's been a sea-plane accident off Bell's Point, and we're taking the injured man to the hospital ship.'

By this time the two vessels were side by side, and the figures of several men were visible on the deck of the trawler.

'Perhaps I ought to have a look at him?' the staff-surgeon suggested.

'Oh, I think he's all right,' the skipper said.

'The devil you do!' O'Brien replied. 'Are you a surgeon?'

'No, sir,' the skipper said.

'Well, I am,' O'Brien stoutly asserted.

The skipper hesitated. 'Of course, if you think so, you may see him,' he said; 'but my orders were to make all possible speed.'

'Orders from whom?' the staff-surgeon inquired.

'The people,' he answered, 'who brought the man down.'

'All the same, I'd better see him,' O'Brien said decidedly, stepping from one vessel to the

other.—'I'll only be a minute, Lingate,' he called back to the young soldier.—'I suppose he's for'ard?' the staff-surgeon said to the skipper, indicating the shelter used for stowing away tackle.

'No, sir,' replied the skipper; then, talking in a low voice to one of his crew, 'Show the doctor the way, Jock.'

V.

'Aren't you pursuing a rather unusual course to the hospital ship, skipper?' the young soldier asked suspiciously, after he had waited for about ten minutes for the staff-surgeon to return.

'Oh, no, sir,' the skipper replied. 'I only wanted to skirt the fleet on account of the possibility of night firing.'

'It seems to me you're running into it,' Lingate said fretfully.

At this moment Jock reappeared. He looked at the young soldier earnestly, and said slowly and methodically, as if he had an impediment in his speech, 'The doctor sends word to say he'll see the patient to the hospital ship. We're to shove off immediately, as time is precious.'

'This is damn funny!' the young soldier muttered. 'However, I suppose it's all right. You may proceed,' he said to the skipper grudgingly.

'Ay, ay, sir,' the latter answered.

The deck-hands were about to cast off the lines which held the two vessels together, when there occurred one of those seemingly trifling incidents which often decide the fate of great issues. The *Industry* blew off steam, and Lingate fancied he heard a distinctly German oath.

'Stop the steam escaping,' angrily shouted the skipper down the voice-pipe.

'It's probably pure imagination,' the young soldier exclaimed; 'but I'm going to investigate this funny old trawler.'—'Men of the *Alcibiades*,' he ordered in incisive tones, 'take up arms.'

They lined up with their rifles ready.

'Ready! Board!' commanded Lingate.

They flung themselves over the side of the vessel. When they reached the deck of the *Industry* half-a-dozen pairs of arms suddenly grappled with them in such a way that the rifles were held in a vice, and before they could wrench themselves free they were ordered to put up their hands. As for the young soldier, an unlucky slip sent him sprawling, and gave the skipper an opportunity of hurling himself upon Lingate, and pinning him to the deck.

VI.

'We thought it best to put him in our mess, where it's warm, sir,' Jock said, conducting the staff-surgeon aft. 'You'll find him in one of the bunks, sir,' he added, as he held the door open at the foot of the ladder.

O'Brien entered a compartment very similar to the one he had visited in the patrol, only

larger. Jock quickly reascended the ladder, and a moment later there was a dull thud above as the hatch-cover fell into position over the ladder.

The staff-surgeon paid no attention to this strategy on the part of Jock till, a moment later, he found no patient, and all the bunks unoccupied.

The ever-changing nature of naval life develops a contempt for surprises of all sorts, but in the present instance the staff-surgeon was startled. 'This is a pretty kettle of fish!' he exclaimed, as he went up the ladder, and put his shoulder to the hatch-cover, only to find it securely fastened and immovable. 'There must be a conspiracy on foot.'

Now, O'Brien was accustomed to the avernian-like spaces at the bottom of a ship. His medical dressing-station during action in the *Alcibiades* was below the water-line, and, when all the watertight doors were closed, coming up on deck for a whiff of fresh air or to succour the wounded was like extricating one's self from a Hampton Court maze in the darkness of an anti-Zeppelin night. He therefore proceeded in a methodical way to find an outlet. There was a trap-door in the deck of the messroom, and, raising this, he squeezed himself into the small space below, and by means of his electric torch discovered a small door in the bulkhead. Through this opening he began to make his way along a narrow passage which ran on one side of the boiler. 'It's as hot down here as if Old Nick himself were stoking,' he muttered, as he crawled along, finally reaching the entrance in the forward bulkhead which led to the hold. Entering on all-fours, he stood upright, and balanced himself on a couple of round objects beneath him. At the same time he flashed his torch about him.

'Jehoshaphat!' he exclaimed, as the significance of the many iron spheres, with their sinister-looking horns, was forced upon him; 'if I haven't struck a mine-field!'

O'Brien shuddered as the sound of muffled groans reached him from the starboard side of the hold. Cautiously treading his way between the mines, he came to a space which was partially screened off, and, to his astonishment, found several men there bound and gagged. Searching for a jack-knife among them, he cut the cords which bound them, and removed the gags from their mouths.

'Who are you, and what has happened to you?' he asked, after they had assumed the erect position.

'I'm the skipper of the *Industry*,' one of them said, 'and these are my crew. A couple of hours ago we were tied up alongside of Bell's Pier, when a fishing-smack came in with these scoundrels on board. We were just about turning in, but before we knew where we were they had overpowered us and deposited us down here. They afterwards stowed away these mines, using

our own tackle to do it with,' he concluded bitterly.

'Well, my lads, you've been hardly treated,' the staff-surgeon said; 'but you may yet have your revenge. I'll see how the land lies up top before telling you how. Meantime arm yourselves with marline-spikes and whatever implements you can lay your hands on,' he ordered. — 'Tell me first, skipper,' he inquired, 'is there another hatchway besides this?' pointing to a large planked-over opening above them.

'Yes, sir,' the skipper replied; 'there's a small one for'ard,' indicating the bow, where O'Brien was able to make out the dim outlines of a ladder leading up to it. 'It comes out just in front of the shelter,' the skipper explained.

'Good!' O'Brien said, raising himself up on the mines, and cautiously pushing up one of the planks which covered the hold. It was fast becoming light, the two vessels were still together, and he was just in time to witness the lamentable failure of the young soldier's offensive. Letting the plank down again, he addressed the men in the hold.

'Our situation is a critical one,' he told them. 'They've practically got our people in their power; but I think I see a way out. As Nelson said, "the boldest way is the safest way," and what I propose to do is this. By means of a ruse I hope to make them drop their arms. What I want you to do is to go on deck by way of the forward hatch. The shelter will screen you, and when I say, "Now then!" you're to pounce on them as if you were possessed with a thousand devils, and overcome them the best way you can. Do you understand?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the skipper; 'you leave it to us;' and they prepared to act in accordance with his instructions.

VII.

'Disarm them,' ordered an authoritative voice just as the head of Staff-Surgeon Michael O'Brien appeared above the hatchway but a few feet from where Lingate and his men were in such an awkward predicament.

'Wait a moment!' thundered the staff-surgeon.

The melancholy wail of the seagulls on the island and the flapping of the waves against the trawler were the only sounds that broke the stillness, as the crowd on deck held themselves rigidly, and waited in strained expectancy for what was to follow.

'You know the hold is full of mines,' O'Brien shouted, 'because you put them there yourselves. I have my foot on one of the horns, the pressing of which will cause it and all the others to explode. It's for you to decide whether or not we go to glory together. My terms are simple. You drop your arms, and I'll come on deck.'

There was a hurried whispering among them, and some angry expostulations. Finally O'Brien said impatiently, 'What's your answer? Do

you agree? Who's in command? I don't believe he is,' meaning the erstwhile skipper.

There were a couple of sharp thuds, as of revolvers being dropped.

'Now then!' The staff-surgeon intended adding 'hurry up;' but the fatal words for which his confederates were waiting had been spoken. There was the patter of many unbooted feet, and hoarse cries from several infuriated throats. Simultaneously the clear tones of the young fisherman's voice rang out, 'At them, my lads!' Under cover of a powerful stream of water, which he directed so as almost to knock friend and foe prostrate, the deck-hands of the patrol sprang across just in time to join forces with O'Brien's demons. The effect was pandemonium, and they pounded the common enemy force into insensibility.

'Look out for our own people,' the fisherman warned them, as with fire-hose in hand he followed his mates across the trawler.

'Stop!' roared the staff-surgeon; 'they've had enough. A few minutes more, and you will have them in the mortuary instead of in my lovely little operating-room in the *Alcibiades*.'

The young soldier and his men began to secure their prisoners.

'Thanks awfully, doc.,' the sub. murmured, 'for getting me out of a very nasty fix.'

'Don't mention it,' O'Brien said. 'I've always been noted for the munificence of my birthday gifts,' he added somewhat sardonically.

'You may shove off,' Lingate said to the skipper of the patrol; 'we'll return to our ship in the *Industry*.'

'What's your name?' O'Brien asked the young Scotch fisherman, as the latter left the trawler.

'Murray,' he replied.

'I'll do what I can to get you leave for that honeymoon of yours,' Murray said. 'O'Brien called out, as the two vessels were parting.

'Thank you, sir,' Murray said gratefully.

VIII.

When they had got under way in the *Industry* the staff-surgeon began to examine the prisoners, who were beginning to show signs of returning consciousness. 'They may wear cloth caps and fishermen's jerseys,' he said, 'but they're no more Scotch than I am, and they're more accustomed to the deck of a German warship than they are to a trawler.'

'Hello!' he said, as his eye fell on a pair of well-cared-for hands. 'Here's a fine signet-ring for a deck-hand.' He looked at it closely. 'It's the German Eagle,' he said. The owner of it was a comely young man with flaxen hair. 'He's probably a German naval officer,' O'Brien said.

The man opened his eyes. '*Gott im Himmel*!' he exclaimed, attempting to rise.

'Take that,' the staff-surgeon ordered, giving him stimulants, 'and don't waste your strength.'

Then O'Brien took advantage of the psychological fact that a man on regaining consciousness, whether it be from chloroform, or concussion of the brain, or any other form of head injury, will readily answer questions.

'You're in command of these men,' O'Brien said, indicating the stricken ones, 'and it's easy enough to surmise you came over from the Fatherland in a submarine, captured a fishing-smack, and eventually transferred your mines and your flag to the trawler,' he concluded sarcastically. 'Is that not so?'

The prisoner nodded sullenly.

'You thought you'd drop the mines in a favourable current, trusting to the early morning tide to carry them against our ships. Am I right?'

Again the man nodded.

'Where and when is the submarine going to meet you again?' the staff-surgeon said suddenly.

'Off Cape Pharaoh at noon to-morrow,' he answered.

'You mean to-day,' O'Brien said.

'I suppose so,' the officer answered.

'That's all clear enough,' O'Brien said; 'but what I can't understand is how, in the name of all that's holy, you and your myrmidons speak like Scotsmen.'

'Learning to speak different dialects,' the officer declared, 'is part of our Wilhelmstrasse training.'

'I hope you don't include Irish in your repertoire?' O'Brien asked.

'Indeed,' the officer answered, 'Jock speaks it very well.'

'If ever I hear him violating the tongue of my forefathers,' O'Brien declared savagely, as they came alongside of the *Alcibiades*, 'there'll be no more Jock left.'

IX.

The officer of the watch accosted them on the quarterdeck.

'You're back early,' he said. 'I may be wrong, too,' he added reflectively; 'but it isn't usual to do night patrol in a hospital trawler,' referring to the Red Cross flag which flew at the masthead.

'That's not the point,' the young soldier snapped. 'We've got several prisoners, and they'll need a guard. My further report will be made to the commander himself,' he concluded.

'Don't get huffy, old thing!' the officer of the watch said, as he summoned the quartermaster. 'Call the captain of marines,' he ordered, 'and tell him we need some men for sentry duty.'

'Very good, sir,' the quartermaster said, saluting, and departing on his errand.

'And they're always asking what the navy is doing,' O'Brien muttered peevishly, as he went forward to the sick quarters to make arrangements for the reception of the wounded.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE POOR MAN'S TRIBUNAL

By Sheriff R. L. ORR, K.C., Edinburgh.

TO spend a day in the law courts is a form of holiday recreation which scarcely appeals to the ordinary man (excluding, of course, an occasional member of the Saddletree family), but the student of human nature and social life finds in that scene much to attract and instruct. That is true of any court of law; it is true in an eminent degree of the court which is resorted to by the people with a capital P. The Small Debt Court as we know it in Scotland to-day touches the life of the country more intimately, and affects more deeply the relationships of masses of men to one another, than any other legal tribunal. A few figures will show how the matter stands. In the five years ending 1914 the number of actions before the Sheriff (Small Debt) Courts in Scotland was on the yearly average 70,831. The nearest approach to this is the Sheriff (Ordinary) Court, which is a poor second, showing a yearly average over the same period of 9127 actions. A long way behind comes the Court of Session, with a yearly average of 3207 actions in the same period. Looking more closely at this yearly average of 70,831 actions, we find that of that number final judgments were pronounced in 53,302 cases. This figure includes decrees or judgments in contested and uncontested cases. Of contested cases the yearly average was 14,091; of uncontested cases, between two and three times that number, or 39,211 cases. Taking the test not of numbers of actions, but of money claimed in them, it appears that the contested actions disposed of—namely, 14,091 in the yearly average—represent a total sum claimed of £71,399; uncontested cases represent a total of £152,605.

The utility and popularity of the Small Debt Court to-day is due to several causes. Its jurisdiction is now large enough to cover the great mass of transactions which arise in the lives of the majority of men. Beginning in the sixth year of George IV. with a maximum cautiously fixed at £8, its jurisdiction has risen by successive steps to the present limit of £20. The last of these steps—the rise from £12 to £20—has been proved by the experience of seven or eight years to be an undoubted success. Its real importance is even greater than appears on the surface. It has led many persons to come to the Small Debt Court with claims considerably

above £20, restricting them to that amount in order to secure the benefits of a more rapid and inexpensive decision than can be obtained elsewhere. Actions of damages arising out of accidents caused by collisions, running down, and the like are now familiar features in the lists of causes. Many of these claims might be stated at sums far beyond £20; some of them bear a close resemblance to actions which in another court occupy—often far from profitably—the time of a jury. A claimant who is advised by a prudent agent finds that by stating his claim at a more modest figure he can have his case disposed of promptly and finally, and spare himself the luxury of the bill of costs which tempers the joy of many a successful litigant.

The secret of economy in time and in money is the absence of written pleadings. Along with the summons there is served a copy of the account, if the action be for a merchant's account or the like; if otherwise, a statement in a sentence or two of the nature and ground of claim. Beyond that, written pleadings are unknown. Parties appear at the date named in the summons; the defence is stated orally at the bar; in the greater number of cases the question is decided at the same diet after a short discussion. Where evidence requires to be led the practice varies in different courts; in the Edinburgh court the practice is to adjourn the case for that purpose to a diet fixed one, two, or three weeks ahead, when parties appear with their witnesses, and the case is heard and disposed of. This does not mean that the questions raised are always simple or easy; tangled questions of fact and knotty points of law frequently crop up, but the summary method of procedure, the absence of written pleadings with their statements and answers, and the fact that the judge's opinion does not need to be written, all favour rapid rather than leisurely disposal of cases.

If 'the law's delay' can hardly be said to have any existence here, a second great advantage is the finality of the court. The judgment of the sheriff is final both in law and in fact. There is, indeed, a means of review; to the untrained eye the door appears wide and easy, but experience has proved it to be narrow and difficult.

To say that an appeal can be taken on the ground of 'corruption or malice and oppression,' or on 'deviation in point of form from the statutory enactments' taking place wilfully or preventing substantial justice being done, or on 'incompetency, including defect of jurisdiction of the sheriff,' seems to offer to a litigant quite an embarrassing number of optional avenues of appeal. This, however, is a pleasing delusion; each apparently well-defined road becomes a track, and disappears as he advances. The grounds of review have, very properly, been strictly construed, and appeals are few and far between. In the period of five years to 1914 the average yearly number for the whole of Scotland was only two; at Edinburgh, in the six years 1910 to 1915, in a total of contested cases numbering 5490, not a single appeal was taken.

The usefulness of the court to litigants has been further enhanced by the provisions which are now in force with regard to the employment of law agents. Originally the idea seems to have been that the parties should themselves state their cases to the judge. With the view presumably of saving expense, the employment of law agents was discouraged; they were not allowed to appear without leave of the court. But litigation is a troublesome business to a layman, even though the sum in dispute be not large; it is rarely possible to get through it without skilled assistance. The attempt to shut out the law agent has now been abandoned. Under the most recent statute, that of 1907, agents are entitled to appear in any case, but the fees allowed are carefully fixed and regulated at very moderate figures, and the results of the change are satisfactory, both to litigants and to the bench.

In other matters also the small debt code shows indications of having been built up gradually, under the teaching of experience, to be the serviceable and, at the same time, considerate and humane instrument it has become for securing rights and mitigating burdens. Its scope was widened by the provision making competent actions not only for pecuniary claims, but also for delivery of movables. An excellent feature in the interests of debtors in poor circumstances is the power lodged with the judge of ordering payment by instalments—weekly, monthly, or quarterly.

A noteworthy enactment in recent legislation calls for mention as further illustrating the humane spirit of the law where it touches the interests of the poorest and most helpless. The House Letting Act of 1911 contains a provision that all bedding material and all tools and implements of trade used by the occupier of a small dwelling-house or any member of his family as a means of livelihood which are in the dwelling-house are to be exempt from the landlord's right of hypothec, or distrait. It further provides that, in addition to the above, all such further furnish-

ing and plenishing in a small dwelling-house as the occupier may select, to the value of £10, are also to be exempt from the right of hypothec. While, therefore, the landlord's right of hypothec remains, and in virtue of it he may still apply for power to sequester and sell a tenant's effects for recovery of rent, the latter can no longer by this process be stripped absolutely bare; enough is saved to him to make possible a fresh start and a new home.

It may be thought that this legislation has gone too far against the interests of the landlord; it has certainly led, as might have been expected, to the virtual disuse of the machinery of sequestration for rent in houses of this class (that is, up to a rental of £21). It is still open, however, to a landlord to reach very much the same end by means of an ordinary action, because under a decree he may poind and sell the tenant's effects. But it is satisfactory to know that this latter remedy—poinding—has also largely fallen into disuse for the purpose of recovering rent. The reason of this is still more satisfactory. The system of short lets introduced by the Act has set up a healthier state of matters all round—a short credit instead of a long credit system. A tenant finds it easier to pay a smaller sum than a larger sum at a time, there are fewer defaults in payment, and fewer actions at law.

Turning from the legal machinery in operation in the Small Debt Court, we find in the picture which it presents of human nature and human life a subject of deeper and wider interest. That picture of the humbler classes of our fellow-subjects is no doubt incomplete; it shows us probably neither the best nor the worst. Of the well-ordered lives and quiet homes which form the great majority we see little, little also of those at the other end of the scale which are darkened or destroyed by vice or crime. We are concerned chiefly with human relations and transactions which are expressed in terms of pounds, shillings, and pence; but the annals of the poor consist to no small extent of those very things, and round them play the lights and shadows which make the study of them attractive.

Where a dispute arising out of any of the domestic relations finds its way into a law court, it may be taken for granted that the seamy side of human nature will be exposed. Actions for aliment are by no means uncommon in the court we are dealing with, mostly by parents against children. A penniless old age after a life of manual toil, and after the rearing of a family, is a pathetic sight. Old age pensions have done much to brighten and soften that lot, but many an aged father or mother still needs to seek help from son or daughter. Candour compels one to say that filial affection is too often conspicuous by its absence; where that is lacking the compulsion of law is useful in supplying the want of a higher motive. Sometimes a bit of romance

appears where it is least expected. Here is a widowed mother suing her sons for aliment. One of them, oddly enough, bears a surname different from hers, and his defence is that he is not liable because he is not her son. A nice question to unravel under an innocent-looking crave for aliment! A strange tale is unfolded of a family falling into financial difficulties and disappearing. Under a changed name they settle in a different part of the country, where this son is born, and bears from birth the assumed name. By-and-by the family shift their camp again and resume their original name, but this boy continues to be known by the name given him at birth. He grows up to manhood bearing a name different from the family name, not knowing whether he is one of the family or not, and never able, in spite of frequent efforts, to penetrate the secret of his birth. The parents refuse to disclose to him what they regard as a discreditable chapter of family history. The lad leaves home to push his fortunes, and repudiates the mysterious bond of connection with the family. But the mother knows her boy, and years after, in the hour of necessity, turns to him for help. At length the secret is out; there is no stain, as he had feared, on his birth; the son has found his mother.

The lurid light of the war has revealed splendid pluck and uncomplaining patience in many an obscure man and woman carrying a heavy burden. A widow has fallen behind with her rent. She appears in court in answer to a summons, her face seamed with the lines of toil and sorrow. Her only son, on whom she leant, has been killed in battle. But she makes no complaint, no appeal for sympathy; she has found work and will pay her debts. The discretionary powers which the emergency legislation has placed in the hands of judges come to the aid of this and many another one struggling with unwonted difficulties. Soldiers' wives and mothers are not all drinkers; the good and strong among them far outnumber the bad and weak.

Narrow means, dreaded as an evil, have produced many fine fruits of character; wealth and comfort, desired by all men, are the parents too often of a hard selfishness. One of the evils of poverty is that, by a singular irony, the man who is least able to pay for an article is generally charged the longest price for it. In most cases, too, either through want of knowledge or want of imagination, he does not realise that this is the case; he thinks he is making an excellent bargain. The payment-by instalment system flourishes with tropical luxuriance among the poor. It may be a necessity of their existence, but its bad effects are numerous and obvious. It leads the unthinking and unwary into buying what they do not need; it conceals from them the fact that they are paying extravagant prices for what they do need. The matter is bad

enough in regard to such things as clothing and furniture, but when the plague of book-canvassers and vendors of every species of useless article invades the homes of the poor they fall an easy prey to the disease, and suffer severely from its effects. There is the servant-girl who is induced to subscribe for a gorgeous family Bible, and goes on paying for weeks or months before the absurdity of the affair dawns upon her. An enthusiastic young man signs an agreement for a useless gazetteer, or a series of text-books warranted to carry him triumphantly through some examination. For a time all goes well. By-and-by his ardour cools; he has difficulty in making the payments; he repents his bargain. Finally he puts on a bold face and refuses to pay more; but just as he imagines he has slipped out of the business, he is pulled up with a jerk in the form of a summons demanding payment of the whole staggering sum for which he has made himself liable. This method of dealing breeds a peculiar type of morality. A debtor will maintain he is not liable for goods he has ordered, because the creditor's canvasser has not called on him for a certain week's instalment of the price. A victim of the book-canvasser who has been inveigled into signing an order form for Dickens's works, the delivery of which would last into the distant future, will maintain, in his desperation to escape from the meshes, that he was assured Dickens was an entertaining writer, and that he has been grossly deceived, for he commenced by trying to read *Pickwick*, but found it so insufferably dull that he had to give it up.

The instalment system reaches its full flower in what is known as the hire-purchase agreement. This document is a highly finished product of legal art. It is packed full of clauses, provisions, stipulations dealing with every imaginable contingency designed to secure that the piano or sewing-machine shall remain the property of the seller till the price has been paid up. Then, and then only, it is to become the property of the purchaser; up to that time payments made are to be regarded as payments for the hire of the article. As might be expected, a document of so refined an ingenuity has been the battleground of many litigations. I fear it has to be added that it has been made the ground of not a few attempts—some of them probably successful—to do serious injustice to poor people. The price, let us suppose, has been paid up to within a few shillings of the full sum; then a failure to pay occurs, it may be through temporary illness or slack trade, and proceedings are taken to recover the article, which, on the theory of the agreement, is still the property of the seller. The result, if this succeeds, is that the owners carry through a profitable, if not a very scrupulous, transaction; they have at the end of the day the piano in their store, and the price of it in their pocket. Shylock's bond was sealed and in order,

but a court which administers equity as well as law generally finds means to defeat an unconscionable reading of a contract.

There is another sinister figure which looms large in the lives of many of the poor—I mean the moneylender. One must try to do justice to this person. He lends generally without security. He runs great risks, and occasionally makes considerable losses. Recent legislation has attempted to protect the borrower from his rapacity by giving the courts power in certain cases to interfere with and modify contracts. This well-intended legislation has, I fear, been somewhat of a disappointment. Like many another product of parliamentary wisdom, it has neither fulfilled the hopes of its supporters nor realised the fears of its opponents. The judicial decisions show that it is not so easy as it often seems to brand a moneylending bargain as unconscionable, and to tear it up. But after every fair deduction has been made in his favour, the business of the

moneylender, as we know it, is an ugly one. The unhappy borrower has little real prospect of escape from the toils; after years of struggle he finds himself, like Sisyphus, still staggering under a hopeless burden. Borrowing is a cancer which eats into the life of many homes, and destroys their peace. Yet even in this dark region one sees gleams of the goodness of human nature. A bill of exchange produced in court by a lender bears on it in many cases not only the borrower's name, but the names also of three or four friends, all as poor as himself, who have agreed to become guarantors. This neighbourly act, generally done with the vaguest possible notion of what it involves, simply spreads the mischief over a wider area. It may be sanguine to expect that even a time of abundance for the working-classes like the present will bring the evil to an end, but happily it is possible to discern signs in the records of the courts, if one looks with care for them, that it is growing less.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE NORTH SEA.

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[The reader is cautioned against accepting this story as an official narrative of the great war. The incidents described have actually happened; but, for obvious reasons, it has been necessary to give them fictitious colouring.]

WHO would not sell a farm and go to sea?

Life in the navy, even in war, has its compensations. At any rate, the sailor's commodious residence conveys him, his belongings, his food, and his weapons to the scene of his activities at a speed of anything between seven and a half and thirty-six knots, according to circumstances. The soldier, on the other hand, though he may sometimes ride upon a horse or travel in a train, generally has to rely upon his own flat feet for locomotion. Moreover, he carries on his person several days' provisions, spare clothing, a rifle, bayonet, ammunition, and equipment, together with an assortment of bombs, gas-masks, and entrenching tools. Any spare space or weight-carrying capacity which may remain to him is presumably at his own disposal, and may be utilised for accommodating gifts of tobacco, magazines, and socks from home. So the sailor is lucky in a way, while he also escapes the mud of the trenches, the plagues of flies, and other abominations—for which he is duly grateful. It is true, though, that his floating home, particularly if it is a small one like a destroyer, is very subject to the vicissitudes of the weather, and has a knack of being abominably wet and very unstable in a seaway. But life at sea in peace and life at sea in war are not so very different. The ocean, with its gales, calms, and fogs, is always the same, and hostilities only mean more

time spent at sea, a few extra dangers thrown in, in the shape of mines and submarines, and the chance of a 'scrap' with the enemy.

Sometimes, during their expeditions to that region known as 'the other side,' for the express purpose of discomfiting the Hun, the *Mariner* and the light cruisers and other destroyers with her had bad weather. Occasionally it was very bad indeed, and until they got used to it some of the ship's company wished fervently that they had never joined the navy at all. When their little ship was punching home against a rapidly rising gale, the green seas had a playful habit of breaking over the bows and of washing waist-deep over the upper deck; while, even in the quiet intervals, sheets of spray came flying on board until every one was soaked through and through, in spite of oilskins.

The movement was dizzy and maddening. It was usually a combined pitch and roll, a horrible corkscrew motion which left one wondering what antics the ship was going to indulge in next. At one instant the bows would be flung high into the air on the crest of a wave until the forefoot and some length of the bottom were clean out of the water. Then the sea would fall away from underneath, and, after hesitating a little, the bows would fall into the next hollow with a sickening downward plunge. Then a great gray wall of advancing water, topped with a mass of yeasty foam, would rear itself up and obliterate the horizon ahead. Sometimes the ship lifted in time to ride over it. Sometimes she seemed to hang, and the liquid avalanche broke on

board and surged over the forecastle with a crashing and a thudding which made the whole ship quiver and tremble. At such times the mess-decks, wardroom, and cabins, however watertight they were supposed to be, were usually inundated with several inches of water. Hot food was often out of the question, for even if the cook were not seasick, or his fire were not extinguished by the sea, he, not being blessed with the tentacles of an octopus, could hardly prevent himself from being hurled violently forth through his galley door, let alone retain an array of saucepans, kettles, and frying-pans on the top of a nearly red-hot stove. Something was bound to go, and 'cookie' took very good care it was not he. Then it was that officers and men ate and drank what they could. Wooten favoured Bovril from a vacuum flask, corned beef sandwiches, and cheese; but some people, having no appetites, preferred to fast.

Destroyers cannot steam very fast against a heavy head-sea, and with bad weather from the west there was always the possibility that the enemy's battle-cruisers might emerge from their lair and chase and sink the retiring British ships one by one as they punched slowly homewards. Small craft are not suited for fighting in very bad weather, and such an eventuality might have been disastrous; but nobody seemed to trouble his head about it.

Life at sea in the summer, when there was hardly a ripple on the water, with a brilliant sun and no fog, was enjoyable, though it is true that they always ran a certain amount of risk from mines, floating or otherwise. The dangerous red squares, oblongs, and circles on the chart were abundant and well scattered. Ships did not willingly venture over them; but summer sun and absence of wind breed fogs, and they might be at sea in misty weather for a couple or more days with no glimpse of the land, no chance of taking an observation of the sun, and nothing but a dead reckoning position to work from. This—since tides, currents, and wind have a variable effect—might sometimes be anything up to twenty miles wrong, so destroyers occasionally trespassed upon the red danger areas without really meaning to do so. How could they help it?

Liberties should not be taken with mines. They are inventions of the Evil One, and at the beginning of the war caused many people to suffer from insomnia; but later on those who did nothing but traverse waters in which some unscrupulous mine-layer had deposited her eggs lost much of their dread of them. Familiarity had bred not actually contempt, but a species of fatalistic indifference which is rather difficult to describe. A mine explosion is always serious, sometimes disastrous, and it is never exactly pleasant to know that your ship may be blown up at any moment, and that you and your ship-mates may have to take to the boats, if there is

room in them for all hands and the cook, or if there is not, to go bathing in life-belts or swimming-collars. Moreover, some of you may be killed or wounded by the explosion itself, particularly if it occurs under a magazine; and if it happens close to the enemy's coast one may possibly be rescued by the Huns and incarcerated in Germany for the duration of the war. There is a chance of being saved by a British ship if one is anywhere near; but whichever way one looks at it, an under-water explosion is never anything but unpleasant to the victim thereof.

But there is nothing to be gained by worrying. In war one can go to Kingdom Come in such a variety of ways, all equally violent and all horrible, that it is as well never to allow the mind to dwell on any particular method of extinction. People never run unnecessary risks, naturally; but risks have to be taken, and mines moored beneath the surface are invisible at any time. 'Floaters,' too, are a source of danger; and, though mines which have become parted from their moorings are nominally supposed to be harmless, Hague Conventions and the tenets of International Law are sometimes disregarded. War has lost its old-time chivalry. It is now a dirty and an ungentlemanly business—one at which the modern Hun excels.

II.

One dark winter evening the *Mariner* and three other destroyers were groping their way back toward the British coast after being at sea for two days and two nights. They had had the usual North Sea weather, thick haze and some rain; but during the later portion of the trip there had been a gale of wind from the southwest and an unusually bad sea. Even now, when they were close to the coast, and should have been more or less under the lee of the land, it still blew hard, with a heavy perpendicular lop which made the little ships pitch and wallow as they drove through it. The evening was as black as the mouth of the nethermost pit, and the sky was completely overcast, while for the last forty-eight hours they had never had a glimpse of the sun or the land. Their position, as usual in such circumstances, was more or less an unknown thing, a mere matter of dead reckoning and guesswork, which even the constant use of the sounding-machine could not verify.

Making the land after dark in peace-time, with all shore lights blazing, sometimes gives cause for anxiety; but in war, when all the lighthouses and lightships are extinguished, when many buoys are removed, and there are various dangerous mined areas to be dodged and avoided, it becomes something more than a joke. If mines are known to be present, the feeling is not at all a pleasant one. It is rather like being blindfolded and trying to find the door in a

pitch-dark room, the floor of which is well strewn with bombs ready to explode on being touched. That was the sort of sensation at the back of Wooten's mind.

The *Mariner* happened to be the third ship in the line of four, and at five-fifty-one precisely, when the skipper, the sub-lieutenant, and the usual quartermaster, signalman, and lookouts were on the bridge watching the next ahead, there came a rumbling, crashing roar from somewhere close astern. It made the ship dance and tremble, and was nothing the least like the sharp report of a gun. The sound was more or less muffled, and the violent, reverberating thud could only be compared with the sudden banging of a heavy steel velvet-covered door in a jerry-built villa, if such a thing can be imagined.

Wooten, who had heard such reports before, knew at once what it was. 'God!' he exclaimed anxiously, looking astern; 'some one's got it in the neck!'

Some one had—the *Monsoon*, the ship astern—and a moment later her arc lamp was flickering agitatedly in and out in the darkness. 'Have struck a mine!' she spelt out hastily. 'Stern appears to be blown off!'

Wooten cursed under his breath. 'These things always happen on nights like this!' he observed bitterly. 'Just like our rotten luck!—Signalman!'

'Sir?'

'Tell *Monsoon* I'm coming to her assistance.' He gave the necessary orders to the quartermaster at the wheel.—'Hargreaves, have the boats turned out ready for lowering in case she goes, and send down to No. 1, and tell him to be ready for taking her in tow. As fast as you can!'

The sub hurriedly left the bridge, and Wooten, working the helm and the twin screws, circled round until his ship was about fifty yards abreast of the damaged vessel, which had fallen off into the trough of the sea. The *Mariner's* men, meanwhile, in all stages of deshabille, had thronged to the upper deck at the sound of the explosion, and were making the various necessary preparations.

'Are you all right?' the skipper bellowed as the ship slid slowly past, rolling heavily.

'I don't know about being all right,' came back a voice. 'My stern, with the rudder, screws, and the whole bag o' tricks, is missing. I think she'll float, though!'

'Right! I'll take you in tow!' went back the reply.—'Good Lord!' added Wooten, swaying to the heavy rolling and looking at the sea; 'it's going to be the devil's own job.'

It was. When a searchlight shone out and illuminated the scene, the *Monsoon* seemed to be in a very bad way. She was not rolling very heavily, for some portion of her damaged stern was still connected to the hull, causing her to lie over to starboard toward the wind until the

mast was at an angle of thirty degrees to the vertical, and broken water could be seen washing half-way across her upper deck. The spectacle was an alarming one, for she seemed to be in imminent danger of capsizing.

The *Mariner*, meanwhile, had drawn slightly ahead. She was rolling so heavily that at one moment her rails were under water, and the next were high in the air, while the men working on the wet and slippery deck had the greatest difficulty in preventing themselves from being hurled bodily overboard.

Wooten manœuvred his ship until her stern was on a level with the *Monsoon's* bows, and about thirty feet distant; whereupon men stationed aft endeavoured to hurl heaving-lines across on to the forecastle of the damaged vessel. If a small line could be got across from ship to ship, the end of it would be made fast to a coir hawser in the *Monsoon*. The coir would then be dragged over to the *Mariner*, and on the end of it would be secured the steel-wire towing-hawser, one end of which would be hauled on board and secured in the towing ship, and the other in the vessel being towed. But, try as they might, they could not bridge the space. The wind simply laughed at them, and hurled their lines back in their faces, while all the time the throwers were in constant danger of being shot into the sea by the movement. Except for the glare of the searchlight, it was pitch-dark. Wooten could not approach any closer for fear of bringing the vulnerable stern, with its rudder and screws, into collision with the *Monsoon's* bows, and if he allowed that to happen his own ship would be disabled and rendered helpless, and the last state of affairs would be worse than the first. There was only one alternative, and that was to lower a boat to take the lines across; but this again was easier said than done.

Hargreaves, the sub-lieutenant, and five men took their places in the whaler hanging at her davits, and the boat was then lowered gradually toward the water. The skipper watched them with his heart in his mouth, for as she descended, and the falls lengthened, the scope of her oscillation became longer and longer, and dizzier and dizzier. The ship herself was still rolling horribly, and at one instant the whaler was swung giddily out at an impossible angle over the water, while the next she came into contact with the ship's side with a crash and a thump which threatened to stave in her planks and to precipitate every mother's son of her crew into the sea. Watching the business was a ghastly nightmare which seemed to last for minutes. In reality it must have been over in a few seconds, but Wooten heaved a sigh of heartfelt relief when he saw the boat fall with a splash on to the top of a gigantic sea. But the next moment he held his breath again, for she was flung bodily aft on the crest of the billow until she was all but

deposited on deck as the ship rolled drunkenly toward her. Then she sank out of sight somewhere under the bottom as the *Mariner* lurched over the other way, to reappear a few seconds later, with her crew plying their oars lustily. How they ever succeeded in getting clear nobody quite knew, for in that sea only a merciful Providence saved Hargreaves and his five men from disaster.

The line was passed across by the boat, and the end of the *Monsoon's* wire hawser was shackled on to a length of chain cable at the *Mariner's* stern, and when this had been done the two ships were connected and everything was ready for going ahead. The whaler was then rehoisted after another series of hair-breadth experiences, and the struggle began to get the damaged ship head on to the sea and wind preparatory to towing her into safety. A bare hour and twenty-four minutes had passed since the explosion had occurred. To Wooten and his men it had seemed like half the night.

Pincher Martin, who was on the bridge at one of the engine-room telegraphs up till midnight, saw and heard all that went on. By the time the *Monsoon* was safely in tow both vessels were lying broadside on to the wind and sea, with their heads to the south-eastward. The course to get the damaged ship head on to the waves and toward the shelter of the coast was south-west, and at first Wooten went dead slow ahead with both engines to tug her round. But it was a more difficult task than he had bargained for. He could not go fast, for the violent motion on his ship and the consequent jerking on the tow-rope would have caused the latter to part like a piece of thread; and even as it was, the wire was jerking out of the sea one minute, humming like a harp-string, while the next the bight of it was sagging loosely under the water. Moreover, a destroyer is not an ideal ship for towing another at the best of times. The tow-rope necessarily has to be made fast in the extreme stern, not, as is the case in a properly fitted tug, more or less amidships in the spot where the vessel pivots when turning. The consequence is that manœuvring-power is reduced almost to a minimum, while on this particular occasion the *Monsoon*, with her stern cut off and some of the wreckage trailing behind her, lay like a log on the water, and did her very utmost to pull the *Mariner* round the wrong way—that is, to the east, instead of through south to south-west. It was rather like trying to tow a derelict motor-bus with a bicycle.

The skipper worked his engines very gingerly, and tautened out the tow with his helm to port. Then he gradually increased the revolutions of the turbines until they should have been travelling at eight knots.

'How's her head, coxswain?' he asked after an interval.

'South sixty-five east, sir,' said Willis.

Wooten sighed deeply, and verified the statement by glancing at the compass. 'Lord!' he said, 'she was there ten minutes ago. Isn't she moving at all?'

'Wagglin' about a bit,' the coxswain answered, gazing at his compass-card in his usual imperturbable way. 'She's all over the shop. Up to sou'-east one minute, an' back to south-eighty the next. She's just startin' to move to starboard now, sir,' he added eagerly an instant later. 'Blarst!' in a very audible undertone; 'no, she ain't. She's startin' to fall off the wrong way.'

'Damn!' Wooten muttered; 'I don't believe we'll ever get her round.'

Willis gave vent to a throaty sigh. He evidently thought the same.

It certainly did seem an impossible job, for with the drag on her stern the *Mariner* was practically stationary, while using more speed was out of the question without running a dangerous risk of snapping the towing-wire. Time after time the ship's head came round to south-east, sometimes a few degrees farther; but on each occasion, after hesitating for a moment or so, she fell back to her original starting-point, south sixty-five degrees east.

They tugged and tugged for over an hour with no effect. Wooten exhausted all his unparliamentary vocabulary, and Willis became speechless and purple about the face; but nothing happened—absolutely nothing. The *Monsoon* was making signals all the while—urgent signals, signals of real distress. 'Please tow me head to sea and wind as soon as you possibly can,' they said. 'Sea may smash in my after bulkheads, and cause ship to sink.'

'Am doing my very utmost,' said the *Mariner* in reply.

They certainly were. They could do no more.

By about eight-thirty, at which time both ships were still in the trough of the sea, and the *Mariner* was oscillating like the pendulum of a clock, thin, drizzling rain came to add to their discomfort.

'Damn it all!' growled Wooten between his teeth, 'we must do something drastic. We haven't budged an inch since we started.'

'For heaven's sake, don't go any faster, sir!' protested MacDonald. 'The wire won't stand it. It's on the verge of carrying away as it is.'

'We shall have to chance it, No. 1. We can't spend the whole night messing about here like this.'

He solved the difficulty by going slow astern with the starboard propeller and putting the port engine-room telegraph to 'half-speed ahead,' and gradually increasing the revolutions of the port screw to sixteen knots. This exerted a

greater thrust, tending to turn the ship to starboard, and at last, after ten minutes of it, she actually began to move.

'How's she going now?' Wooten inquired five minutes later.

'Comin' round very, very slow, sir,' said Willis. 'She's at south-forty east.'

They persevered. Sometimes the ship swung round a matter of ten degrees or so in the right direction with a rush, only to fall back seven of them a moment later. Sometimes the lubber's line of the compass went back beyond the original starting-point, but generally they managed to gain a degree or two. The *Monsoon* had been in tow at seven-fifteen, and it was not until three hours later that they finally got her on to the desired course of south-west.

The mere recital of the incident seems commonplace and trivial enough; but to Wooten the period was one of poignant anxiety, for the damaged ship, judging from what could be seen of her in the glare of the searchlight, seemed to be on the verge of capsizing. Her signals said as much, too; and if her bulkheads had burst, and she had turned over, the *Mariner*, with a wire made fast to her stern, and a gale of wind blowing, and a sea running in which a small, heavily laden boat had very little chance of remaining afloat, would have been able to do little toward saving her crew. They would have attempted it, of course, but all would probably have perished together. Moreover, in the darkness and generally bad conditions which prevailed, there was always the chance that Wooten would have had luck, and damage, if not lose, his ship. If he did that people would call him a silly fool behind his back, and would say he should have known better, while his career in the service might be marred. If, on the other hand, he succeeded in doing what he set out to do, the powers that be might pat him on the back and call him a good boy, but very possibly would refrain from doing anything of the kind. The standard in the navy is ever a high one, and in time of war incidents of this kind are all in the day's work.

But all's well that ends well, and on this particular occasion Wooten did succeed, and the *Mariner*, with the *Monsoon* in tow, steamed slowly off toward the land. The speed they made was roughly three and a quarter knots, perhaps a trifle less; but it was all in the right

direction, and by midnight the damaged vessel was under the lee of the shore and in safety. They finally dropped the tow at six o'clock the next morning, when the skipper, in a sudden fit of exuberance, went on faster than he really should have done, and promptly parted the wire. But no harm was done, for by this time they were in calm water, and a light cruiser was in attendance.

The same afternoon he met the commanding officer of the *Monsoon*.

'Well, Peter,' said the latter, 'we got jolly well out of that show last night.'

'By George! yes,' Wooten agreed. 'I thought we'd never get you round head to wind. How did your chaps take it?'

'They weren't particularly cheery at first,' said the other, laughing. 'But as soon as you got us in tow they spent their time singing "Lead, kindly Light." You know how it brings in "The night is dark, and I am far from home," so it was quite suitable to the occasion. The ship was in a shocking mess, though; and when the mine went up it blew the after storerooms and most of the wardroom into the sea, so we hadn't any food. We were all jolly glad to get back into harbour again, and it was only by the mercy of God that we had no casualties.'

Wooten nodded.

'I suppose you know, Peter,' continued the other, 'that we were bang on the top of a Hun minefield.'

'Minefield! I thought the one that got you was a floater.'

'Don't you believe it. They tell me the place we were in is strewn as thick as peas. You can thank your lucky stars you didn't bump one.'

The possibility of the *Mariner* also being blown up had never really occurred to Wooten at the time. Perhaps it was just as well for him that it didn't, and that the taking of the *Monsoon* in tow gave him little or no time to think of anything else. 'Great Scott!' he observed, with his usual slow smile and a little whistle of astonishment; 'I'm glad we didn't come a mucker—jolly glad! What about a glass of sherry to celebrate the auspicious occasion?'

'I'm on, Peter,' said his friend; 'but I really think it's up to me to pay for it.'

(Continued on page 711.)

PAGES OF PEACE FROM DARTMOOR.

CHAPTER III.—PILGRIMS.

IN my last book I described the traffic that goes on through the Dartmoor window with the natives. Since that book was written, eighteen months ago, a new traffic has arrived in the form of those who, either in person or by letter, are

sufficiently interested to come. Sometimes I am accused of being an idealist. This annoys me, because the term suggests a person who is always star-gazing rather than seeing reality on earth, or else some one who wilfully ignores the

worst in human nature, and who portrays only the best. But if every one lived my life for a week he would view humanity as I do. Sometimes I wonder if there is something magnetic about the moor which attracts kindness and repels conventions. This country is of volcanic origin, and it seems to me that the human hearts which come into contact with it are always burning with love, and ready to pour it forth at the least pressure in countless gracious ways. During the past year the Dartmoor window has become quite a place of pilgrimage for persons of all shades of thought and from all parts of the world. They arrive by various means—on foot, by bicycle, on horseback, in carriages, by motor-cars. Some spend much time and money in getting here. They all reach here as strangers, and depart as friends. We are too far ever to be a prey to the merely vulgar curious, so we are quite certain that we want to see every one who comes. It is impossible to do justice to the unfailing kindness of these pilgrims; but it is good to try to, for it is good to describe, however feebly, the great fire of kind-heartedness which burns steadfastly here in the arms of the tor-crowned hills.

To begin with, the humility of the pilgrims makes me weep. They behave as if I were doing them a favour in seeing them, instead of the other way round. Then they all love and understand and appreciate everything they see. They miss nothing. If they do, they ask for it. That, I think, is the most touching. Some trivial thing mentioned in one of my books is asked for—a thing I have often entirely forgotten. Yesterday three ladies came—strangers as usual—and were really hurt because my typewriter was not in its usual place in the Dartmoor window, I having taken it into the drawing-room to write these articles, where I should not disturb people. Well, fancy caring whether some one else's typewriter was in its place or not! One man, with his sweet wife, came, saw everything, and said 'Good-bye.' He had actually reached the door, when he suddenly exclaimed, 'There now! I have forgotten the crystal ball.' He returned solemnly, found my writing-table, inspected the ball, and left. And he was a hardened lawyer. Some of them arrive with a list of certain things they wish to see, and they work conscientiously through them from beginning to end. Sometimes I wonder what I should do if all my pen-work or any of it were not literally true to life—even down to the crystal ball. It is pathetic beyond words to find how people care for the tiniest thing so long as it is real. It has always been my instinct to write only exact fact, but the past year has perfected my education upon that point.

Sometimes people are too shy to come to the door. They walk meekly up and down the road till we speak to them. One lady, I remember,

who arrived in a beautiful car, left it round the corner and walked back past the window, remarking in loud tones, 'Is any one at home to-day in the Dartmoor window? Is any one at home to-day in the Dartmoor window?' It is almost superfluous to record that she was a thoroughbred. It takes a thoroughbred to do such things. Men are, of course, much the shyest. They lack the brazen nerve of my sex in such matters. Usually their sheet-anchor is to ask the way to the nearest town. I think the prettiest thing that ever happened with the pilgrims was one autumn Sunday afternoon last year. A car drove up, and three men got out. Two had not nerve enough to do anything; but one, braver than the rest, walked several times sadly past the window. I was out; but the Rainbow Maker, who is conversant with the symptoms, humanely smoothed his thorn-set path by sending out to inquire if he wanted to know the way, or if she could do anything for him. He took the tide at the flood, and said boldly, to be quite frank, he wanted Miss Beatrice Chase. He was informed she was out, but would be in at four, if he cared to wait. He did. So did his two friends. They came in, and were sweet to the Rainbow Maker, who, to entertain them, said they might go by themselves and look round the house, since she was too lame to escort them.

So they wandered about, and eventually came back to her, full of a certain old Indian tortoiseshell cabinet, one of her most beautiful possessions. During the conversation about it, she told them of the theft many years previously, before it came into her possession, of four silver Hindoo gods which used to stand in olden days at the four corners of the cabinet roof. A week later came a heavy little registered parcel for the Rainbow Maker, and when opened it was found to contain four wonderful and exquisite engraved silver Indian gods for the cabinet, to make up to her for those which had been stolen. One of the three gentlemen happened to have a collection of these little images. We often tell this sweet fairy story of how three strange men drove up to the Dartmoor window and handed in four silver gods to the Rainbow Maker. Do such things happen anywhere else? If so, let us hear about them, please.

On another occasion a family came—father, mother, son, and daughter. How sweet those people were to us and to each other! It was good to watch their mutual devotion by all sorts of little signs of which they were unconscious. During their visit they noticed several little cardboard boxes lying on the table beside the Rainbow Maker's lovely Venetian glass necklaces that she was making. They asked if she had difficulty in obtaining such boxes, which are necessary to put necklaces into for travelling either by post or when ladies come and take the

necklaces away with them. When she answered, 'Yes, great difficulty,' father and son whispered together, and a few days later came a beautifully packed box containing several dozen small cardboard boxes of exactly the required size and shape. The young officer, on his last leave before going on active service, had packed and sent them himself to the Rainbow Maker. Well, think of a young man caring or taking the trouble!

The people who cannot come in person come by letter, and send countless gifts. All last July every day was like a birthday. Presents came from all parts. Perfumes, cut-glass, lace, books, pictures, old brass—it is impossible to enumerate them all. And everything is sent in the same spirit, as if I were doing the sender a favour by accepting the things, instead of being under a glad obligation to them for their sweetness in giving. At times my presents take a very practical form, which amuses me and my friends vastly, and shocks the Rainbow Maker. Intimate friends write and ask me what I would like for my birthday. Well, I tell them exactly what I should like. It seems to me both silly and ungracious to let people waste money on something you don't want when they really care to make you a present. A girl wrote last year asking the question, and I replied, 'Jam and a cake.' It was in the days when I was practising war economy, a thing I have long since abandoned. She answered, 'I sha'n't send you either. You only want them for soldiers.' I replied, 'If you didn't want to know, why did you ask me? I have never sent cake or jam or anything else to any soldier in my life, and I never intend to. From all I hear, they are much more able to send such things to me.' The girl was so overjoyed that she sent me two huge cases of home-made jam, sufficient to last six months. And an iced cake appeared once a week for the same period of time.

Another and still older friend asked the same question once upon a time, and to him I promptly replied, 'A cooked lobster and some blocks of camphor.' He answered begging me not to 'jest on so serious a subject as my birthday present.' I explained that lobsters and camphor are my two passions, and I never get either, because the Rainbow Maker restrains me. She disapproves of my passion for lobsters, because she says they are unclean feeders, and she actively dislikes me when I steal her blocks of moth camphor to suck, because she says it is poison. She has the most alluring squares of camphor—real camphor, not that horrible carbon

stuff—which she plants on the top of every drawer against moth, and then locks up. I watch my chance till a drawer is left inadvertently unlocked, pounce on the camphor, and remove it. When the Rainbow Maker finds me sitting in a corner peacefully sucking the block, she is so disagreeable that it struck me it would save much wear and tear on both sides if my friend would send me a supply for myself. I lose my self-control in the presence of blocks of camphor. I carry a block in my pocket. I suck it on and off all day. I pick little bits off the corners to get at the tiny glass ball things inside. I rub it over my hands and go generally mad about it. But my friend sided with the Rainbow Maker, and I never got either the lobster or the camphor.

This year, for my birthday, a friend is sending me two tins of poison. They are not for me, but for the weeds. My conscience still has war spasms, and I feel it is wicked to buy weed-killer when, if I put in a week's hard work, I could weed the cobbles inexpensively by hand. My friend differs violently. He has beautiful illusions that I can do better work in life than weeding. Hence the poison, which does the job in ten minutes. But what present could be more acceptable? Think of the time, the heat, the backache, the black finger-nails it saves. This is where the gifts are so touching. They are such intimate, personal things, affecting my daily life.

Last autumn, when we were all longing to buy bulbs, and virtuously not affording them, just about the time that *Punch* published a most amusing little poem about a man who lost his self-control and bought a whole five shillings' worth in war-time, a stranger from afar sent me a munificent gift of bulbs and bulbs and bulbs. At the same epoch a sweet crippled lady living in the Channel Islands, where vegetation is, of course, beautiful and luxurious, presented me with wonderful things. Between these two, the garden beds and walls this spring have been 'a proper show,' as they say in the vernacular. Every possible shade of magnificent tulip was here, golden trumpet daffodils, lots of the tiny vivid heavenly blue hyacinth; and I was even able to share my joys with the inhabitants of the farm and the cottages. Another friend sent two purple clematis, and a Reine d'Or climbing rose; and, as all these things are perennials, my home will blossom indefinitely with the sweet and gracious kindness of these pilgrim 'ships which pass in the night.'

THE END.



A SCOTTISH LAIRD OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

By LADY SKERRINGTON.

A GREAT deal has been said and written about the state of barbarism in which our Scottish ancestors lived until after the time of the Union; and if a thing is repeated sufficiently often, and with sufficient assurance, it is generally in the end accepted as true. The descriptions of the country that gave rise to these traditions were mostly written by English travellers, who recorded in far from flattering terms their impressions of the country and of the people. But it would have been too much to expect that after the two nations had lived at enmity for hundreds of years, they should suddenly settle down to live in brotherly love merely because they happened to be both ruled by one king. It is easy to comprehend that the English traveller would look upon all things Scottish with a prejudiced eye; and it is equally probable that the Scots looked upon these travellers as strangers spying out the land, and therefore did not trouble to show them what was best in their country.

Even though the Union is an old story now, Scotland has retained her distinctive nationality to this day. It often happens that a Scotsman when travelling abroad will be asked, 'Monsieur is English?' And he will immediately reply, 'Oh no; I am Scotch.' He knows, of course, if he comes to think of it, that he is *British*, but he would never allow himself to be described as *English*! This is a peculiarity that few English people realise.

Fortunately a few documents have come down to us that emanated from Scottish sources; and of these not the least interesting is the diary of George Home of Kimmerghame. He was not merely a laird of some importance in Berwickshire, but was related to many of the most influential men of the day in Scotland; therefore these records, which cover a period between 1694 and 1705, ending only ten days before the writer's death, give a wonderfully vivid picture of the life of a Scottish laird of that period.

The diary is a model in its way. It is beautifully written, but in such minute characters that it is almost necessary to use a magnifying-glass to read it. Scarcely a day was allowed to pass without some entry being made. The state of the weather, the direction of the wind, and careful details of his domestic arrangements were recorded, as well as matters of graver importance.

George Home seldom alludes to his early life, though he had been made the hero of a curious and romantic story. The Laird of Ayton, in Berwickshire, who must have died some years previous to 1677, had left his whole estate to his only child Jean. As she was very young,

she was bequeathed to the care of the Countess of Home, who was directed to bring her before the Bar of the Privy Council when she should be twelve years old, so that she might choose her curators in the presence of her general kindred.

Certain members of the Home clan, however, seem to have thought that they could arrange the child's future better themselves. Accordingly, in December 1677, when she was nearly twelve years of age, a number of them, amongst whom were Sir Patrick Home (afterwards first Earl of Marchmont), Robert Home of Kimmerghame, Home of Ninewells, Johnstone of Hilton, and others, abducted the child, and carried her over the Border. There 'they, in a most undutiful and unchristian manner, carried the poor young gentlewoman up and down like a prisoner, protracting the time till they should know how to make the best bargain in bestowing her, and who should offer most. They did, at last, send John Home of Ninewells to Edinburgh, and take a poor young boy, George Home, son to Kimmerghame, out of his bed, and marry him to the said Jean the very day she should have been presented to the Council.'

The ceremony was wholly irregular, and performed by an English minister, 'opening thereby a new way to slight the clergy of Scotland.'

The Council dealt with the offending parties in strict terms of the statutes which they had broken. The young husband lost his interest *jure mariti*, the young wife hers *jure relictæ*. The former was fined in five hundred pounds Scots, and the latter in a thousand merks. Ninewells and Hilton were also fined, the Earl of Home was imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle, and the young couple suffered three months' imprisonment there.

Of the after fate of the poor little bride nothing seems to be known, except that she died in 1684, and left no children. Lord Crosrig, in his *Domestic Details*, mentions that George Home went to France in that same year. Probably, like many other Scottish gentlemen at that period, he found it advisable to seek the hospitality of some other country during these troublous times. 'This was a sad year for the country,' Lord Crosrig writes, 'with circuit courts, and imprisonments, and Polwart fled in harvest'—Polwart being Sir Patrick Home of Polwarth, who was afterwards first Earl of Marchmont. Lord Crosrig adds later that 'against the mind of all his friends, George Home returned to Scotland in 1687.' His second marriage must have taken place shortly after, for in 1694 he is again a widower with one little boy two years old. The second wife

was the only child of Sir James Primrose of Barnbogle, elder brother of the first Viscount Rosebery, who is frequently alluded to in the diary.

A thing that strikes one as particularly noticeable, after reading George Home's careful record of his daily life, is that the life of a country laird in those olden days must have been a good deal livelier than it is now. Rarely a day passed without at least one visitor turning up at Kimmerghame, and often there were half-a-dozen or more. Certainly the visiting hours were much less restricted than they are now. Friends occasionally appeared as early as four o'clock in the morning, which in our more sophisticated days we might find embarrassing, but which seems to have been taken quite as a matter of course by George Home. When he was not receiving visits he was busy paying them. Polwarth House (afterwards called Redbraes Castle), Nisbet, Wedderburn, Kaims, Blackader, The Hirsell, Hutton Hall, Duns Castle, and many others were frequently visited; and all the neighbours seem to have taken a keen interest in one another's affairs.

Another thing that is very noticeable is the wonderful standard of culture that seems to have prevailed amongst the circle of friends who are alluded to in the diary. It is doubtful whether, in the present day, country lairds anywhere in the United Kingdom are in the habit of taking up for their recreation biographies and histories written in French or Latin. Yet these were in such request in Scotland at the end of the seventeenth century that, when visits were paid, volumes were generally carried round and exchanged. George Home apparently suffered in very much the same way as lenders of books do nowadays, and he kept a special book in which he carefully recorded the borrowing and the return of his books. In June 1694 he writes: 'Came home by John Fish at Castlelaw's house. He was not at home, but I found his wife. I found upon the table Bacon's *History of Henry the VII.*, which I lent him ten years ago. I brought it home with me; but he has spoilt the binding of it miserably; and beside inked it so in several places that it is not, or hardly, legible.'

On another occasion the diarist mentions that Sir John Home of Blackader—his cousin, and near neighbour—had been over to see him; and they had spent the afternoon reading 'Boileau's Letters,' an occupation that might overtax the energies even of the enlightened and civilised country gentlemen of the present day.

One extravagance that George Home laments is his expenditure on books. In 1694 he found that he had spent during the past two years one hundred and seventy-one pounds nineteen shillings, and remarks sadly: 'A little money given out from day to day comes to a considerable sum at the year's end.'

Though George Home's general reading was of such a solid description, he seems to have taken a very vivid interest in the events of the day, and constantly mentions that he has written to some friend in Edinburgh or London for news of what was happening; indeed, his correspondence seems to have been voluminous. Sir Patrick Home, who was first made Lord Polwarth, and afterwards Earl of Marchmont, and who was one of the last of the Lords Chancellor of Scotland before the Union, was a near relation and also a near neighbour. George Home was frequently over at Polwarth House, and he always seized the opportunity to read the *News Letter*, *The Gazette*, or the *Flying Post*; and he enters carefully in his diary any matters of importance he may have gleaned from them. These were the days of the ill-fated Darien enterprise, and George Home has much to say about it, and about the 'African Company.'

At present it is the habit to write and speak as if interest in education had entirely originated in this enlightened era. It is, therefore, instructive to read of the trouble and anxiety expended upon the subject by Scottish lairds more than two hundred years ago. In 1697 we find recorded by George Home, who was in Edinburgh, and had left his sister Julian in charge of his only child, Robie, who was then five years old: 'I wrote to Julian to see if she could entice Robie to ask a lesson from her by engaging John Lidgate to ask one.' John Lidgate was the manservant. This shows not merely anxiety about the child's education, but a kindly and tactful way of dealing with a child, which one would scarcely have expected.

In another place he says: 'Sir John Home came over to see me. We spent much time considering the best way to teach our little ones Latin.' It is to be doubted whether a consideration of this subject would seriously disturb the equanimity of the Berwickshire lairds of the present day!

George Home and his friends were constantly lending one another books which dealt with the subject of education, and also books for the instruction of the children. When Robie was eight he was already learning Latin, had begun to study French with his father, and had been provided with a tutor.

The care bestowed upon Robie's education does not seem to have been exceptional, for the school at Duns was already of some importance. In 1700 we find the scholars acting a play, to which their friends and relations were invited; and the description of the performance might serve quite well for that of a similar entertainment at a modern school.

At another time George Home mentions that the two sons of Sir John Home of Blackader had passed by Kimmerghame on their way to stay with their uncle, Sir Walter Pringle of Stichell, so that they might be taught writing

by the tutor of their cousins, who was a specially expert writer. Robie and the other boys seemed to be supplied with lesson-books, dictionaries, &c. with the same painful frequency that is deemed necessary for the modern schoolboy.

In agricultural matters, as in education, the interest and knowledge seem to have been much greater than is generally credited. We find George Home recounting, quite as a matter of course, that having found blight on the barley, 'like a small orange-coloured dust just under the beard,' he took some of it home with him, and examined it under a microscope. He adds: 'It looks round and transparent like amber, whence I imagine it is the spawn of some fly.' Whether or not he was right in his idea, it at any rate shows what an intelligent interest was taken by country lairds of that time in agricultural matters. In the present day country gentlemen do not generally keep a microscope at hand wherewith to puzzle out such questions. If they had such an instrument, it is doubtful if many of them would know how to use it.

In ordinary household matters we might, with advantage, take some hints from our far-away ancestors. Whenever a new servant came to Kimmerghame a careful inventory was taken of everything that was placed under her care, and two copies made, one for the servant and one retained by George Home. When the servant left, this inventory was checked. In his choice of servants the diarist was very particular, and in 1695 he writes: 'Margaret Johnstone came home yesternight, and this night told me that she was going away, but had engaged one of her sisters in her place. I told her I did not desire to have servants till I had seen them and agreed with them myself.'

In September 1700 the terms of the engagement of a manservant are entered in the diary in a most business-like manner: 'I hired Jammy Orange, who was once with Lady Hiltone; he is to come home after Aytone Fair-day. I am to give him a livery coat, and breeches, and a pair of shoes in the half year, and £6 Scots. The livery is mine, and he is to wear his own clothes at work; and is to run and ride as I shall order him, thrash, ditch, and go to the coals.'

English writers have constantly stated with horror that no drinks were known in Scotland except light sour claret and thin new beer. If a large variety of alcoholic drinks is really the hall-mark of civilisation, this stigma of barbarism may be for ever removed from the Scottish people, as George Home and his friends had quite a goodly assortment of liquors: beer and ale, brandy, rum, French light wine, sack, and flasks of wine from Florence. 'But these last,' George Home remarks, 'we did not care for, as we thought them composed.'

If we were to believe English writers, roads suited to vehicular traffic were unknown in Scotland until after the Union, 'even the most

delicate ladies being obliged to make all their journeys on horseback.' It is, therefore, interesting to read that most of George Home's friends owned carriages in which they drove about paying visits, and in which they travelled when they made journeys. 'Coaches,' 'caleches,' 'Berlius,' 'chariottes' are all mentioned; and there were, at any rate, three routes by which the Berwickshire gentry used to drive to and from Edinburgh. One route was by what is called 'the west road.' This went by West-ruther, Lauder, Ginglekirk (now Channelkirk), and over Soutra Hill. Another route was by the 'post road,' by Preston, Quixwood, and Butterdene, Blackburn, Eccle, and Fulfordlees to the post-house at Cockburnspath. As there is generally a good deal of discussion as to the old pronunciation of names, it is interesting to note that George Home always spells Cockburnspath 'Coberspeth'; and, as his spelling of names is always phonetic, we may conclude that that is how the name was then pronounced. The third driving route went from Berwick through Ayton, and over Coldingham moor to Cockburnspath and Dunbar.

George Home himself generally travelled on horseback, and very often used another road by Preston, and across the moors to Gifford. But this was probably only a bridle-road, as he never mentions meeting any coaches upon it, as he does upon the others. Even this road cannot have been very bad, as he records, on one occasion, that he left Edinburgh at twelve o'clock, dined at Gifford, and reached Kimmerghame at eight o'clock. This meant good going, as the distance must have been at least forty-two miles, and for a good part of the way over wild hill and moorland. On arriving in Edinburgh, on another occasion, he writes: 'The way was extremely well-paved and good, so that I told them that asked me that the sands of Musselburgh was the worst way I had got; and they were as good as they were used to be.'

In the present day people are fond of recording the time taken for runs by cycle or motor; but the taste is not a new one. Over two hundred years ago we find George Home timing himself on a ride from Kelso to Kimmerghame just as carefully and minutely as might be done now: 'About 2 o'clock I took horse, and came home. From Kelso to Ednam I rode in 21 minutes, from that to Eccles in 33, to Mersintone in 24, from that to Thos. Mitchel's in 29, from that home in about as much.'

Before the end of the seventeenth century there were both hackney-carriages and mourning-coaches in Edinburgh. At the funeral of Lady Anne Hall, a daughter of the first Earl of Marchmont, three mourning-coaches followed the hearse to Dunglass, and 'a hackney with the Lord Provost of Edinburgh.'

In those early days Scottish lairds had already begun to take a great interest in their gardens

and in arboriculture. Frequent mention is made of orders for large consignments of fruit-trees from Holland, and of seeds of various kinds of trees and of vegetables, which were got from London. Several of the neighbouring lairds seem to have combined, and sent an order at the same time, which probably reduced the cost of carriage. The packages were sent by sea to Berwick or Leith. It seems likely that thorn hedges were already being used, as in February 1699 the diarist notes: 'I got a letter from Sir John Swintone for 1000 thorns, which I granted, he promising me that number of Dutch ones next year.'

It is pathetic to read how many out of the circle of George Home's friends and relations seem to have died from consumption. People were constantly sinking into a 'decline,' and then wasting away. As the favourite remedy for all ailments was bleeding, it is perhaps scarcely surprising that it is never recorded that any one recovered. On two occasions, however, quite a modern course of treatment was followed. On the one occasion two ladies who were threatened with consumption were sent to Alva 'to drink the goat's milk.' On the other, Baillie of Jerviswood, who was suffering from rheumatism and deafness, was sent to Prestonpans for steam baths at the salt-pans; but, as with the salt-water treatment of modern times, the relief seems to have been only temporary. Doctors were apparently quite well paid, for the diarist records the fees he pays on the occasion of their visits, and a guinea seems to have been a usual payment.

George Home was evidently not a greedy man, as he seldom writes anything about food, except on such occasions as when he was invited 'to eat a solan goose,' which was apparently deemed a delicacy. But he always records the orders he has sent to Berwick or Edinburgh for things for the household, and the lists are curiously reminiscent of our own. Oranges, lemons, prunes, coarse sugar, a sugar-loaf, spices, and so on seem to indicate that the style of living cannot have been very rough; and whenever a messenger was sent to one of the towns, he was always ordered to bring back 'a loaf of white bread.' At other times scones were probably used instead; and mention is made of peas being stored for the servants' bannocks. The appearance of the first dish of asparagus, green peas, strawberries, &c. is generally noted, and the dates compare quite favourably with the dates at which they appear in the present century.

An old diary brings back with wonderful vividness, across the mists of years, scenes and people that have long passed away. Little incidents and anecdotes are recorded that would have been ignored as trivial by the historian, or probably might not have been known to him. But it is just such small details that clothe the dry

bones of history with life and interest. Here is an account of an incident in Edinburgh in 1700: 'We have had an account that the Spaniards had sent 3000 men from Carthage to attack our colony. Our people, having intelligence, sent 300 men, who lay in ambush and defeated them, killing 300 of them. It seems, on the news of this, the Marquis of Tweeddale had some friends with him, and put up illuminations; several others did the like. Upon which the mob gathered, and, having first secured the Ports, went and broke all the glass windows in the street that had not out illuminations. Then they fell on the Town Guard, and disarmed them; then went to the Advocate, and desired to be admitted, which was presently done. There they demanded a warrant to set at liberty Heugh Paterson, the apothecary, and — Watstone, the printer, whom the Council had imprisoned for printing and disposing the Grievances.

'The Advocate was wise enough not to deny them anything they demanded, telling them, "My hearts, you shall have it," and presently signed it.

'And, when they were going away, he said to them: "My hearts, cast no more stones at the glass windows." Being asked "Why?" "Lest it be ye miss the windows, and the stones hit the walls and come back, and hurt some of yourselves!"

'From that they went to the Tolbooth, and the Keepers having retired, they set fire to the door, and got in; and not only took out the two mentioned, but dismissed all the prisoners (except two). Lantone got out, and is come home, and gone to England. They broke up Seafeld's cellar, and drunk out his wine. The magistrates durst not appear. B. Johnstone, who thought he might have friends amongst them, returned, but was beaten by them. There are some killed, either of the guard by the mob, or of the last by them. They say there were several gentlemen with them, and that Earl of Marcell and Lord Drummond were seen with them. Row's regiment is now in possession of the Ports, and I think there is a design to make trial, and prosecute the ringleaders.'

A few days afterwards there is an entry which, at the present time, one reads with an understanding sympathy.

'I got a letter from Sir John with a doleful account of our Darien affair. He tells me that when all were big with the former account of our victory, there came on Wednesday night account that the Spaniards had attacked us by sea and land, and routed us, and forced our people to capitulate. This, it seems, he looks on as certain, but tells not what way it came; but says that the Spaniards could not have done it without the help of their allies. God, who brought light out of darkness, I hope will yet bring good out of all these troubles; let

us pray our sins may not stop His mercies ; and grant, Oh Lord, that I may so number my days that I may apply my heart unto wisdom.'

'It gives one to think,' as the French say, when one reads the daily jottings of a man who died two hundred and eleven years ago, and when one realises how little progress we have made since his day in the things that really matter. Of course, there were men then, just as there are now, who acted meanly and dishonour-

ably ; but on the whole, after finishing the reading of the diary of George Home, one's chief feeling is that one has had the privilege of being admitted into the society of cultured, honourable, and interesting people. Their readiness to help and advise one another, and to sympathise in one another's joys and sorrows, might well serve as an example to us in the present day ; and they deserve to be honoured and remembered, as this old manuscript ensures shall be the case.

THE KOLA PENINSULA, OR RUSSIAN LAPLAND.

By G. LINDSAY.

ACCORDING to information recently received from Norwegian sources, it would appear that the line of railway which is to place Petrograd in direct communication—*via* Kun, on the south-western shore of the White Sea, and Kandalaks—with an ice-free harbour on the Murman coast of the Kola Peninsula will in all probability be completed before the end of the year. Interest, therefore, attaches to that remotely situated portion of the Russian Empire.

The great Kola Peninsula, which may be described as bounded on the east by the White Sea, on the north by the Arctic Ocean, on the west by Norway and Finland, and on the south by the White Sea and Karelia, covers an area of approximately forty thousand geographical square miles, of which at least one-half consists of treeless and barren tundra, about three-eighths of forest (pine and birch), and the remainder of lakes and swamps. Its water-systems may conveniently be divided into two groups : those which flow northwards into the Arctic, and those which discharge into the White Sea. Of the former, the most important, between the Norwegian frontier and the Kola Fjord, are the Peisen, Bomenijok, Latscha, Ora, Tschadnajok, Tulern, and Kola or Guollejok ; while the vast tracts of desolate tundra which extend from the Kola Fjord to the east coast are traversed by a number of streams, of which the largest are the Tiriberka, Vuronje, and Jokonga. The Tsohavanga, Varsuga, and Umba flow southwards, as does the Niva, which discharges the waters of the beautiful Imandra Lake into the Gulf of Kandalaks. The only river which runs from west to east is the Ponoï, a majestic stream, which is more than half a mile wide at the mouth. With the exception of the Niva, which has a very rapid course, none of these rivers presents any natural obstacles in the way of falls to the migratory fish, and salmon ascend without difficulty to their upper waters. As a rule, ice begins to form on the lakes about the end of October, and does not break up again until the following May. By a provision of nature, heavy falls of snow invariably occur before the setting in of severe cold, so that the ice is

prevented from attaining a degree of thickness which would be injurious to fish-life.

In addition to salmon, the inland waters of Russian Lapland abound with trout, grayling, and pike, so that when peace returns once more it is probable that British anglers will take advantage of the new railway in order to exploit this wide field of enterprise. Here, however, it may be interpolated that whereas salmon may be taken with the rod in Finmarken in the middle of June, they do not make their appearance in the Kola Fjord until a month later, and in the Gulf of Kandalaks until August. The Murman coast, which extends for a distance of nearly three hundred miles from the Norwegian frontier on the Jakobselv to Svjatoimos (the Holy Cape) at the entrance to the White Sea, has long been celebrated for the quantities of fish which frequent it. Of these the most important species is the cod ; but halibut, coal-fish, haddock, and flounders are also captured in large numbers.

With regard to the herring, a well-known Russian writer states that 'they occur along the coast from the Kola Fjord to Archangel, a distance of one thousand versts. They are also taken in the Gulf of Kandalaks and along the coast to Petschora, a distance of fifteen hundred versts, and they are captured still farther to the eastward at the mouths of the Obi and Yenisei.' 'To the Kola Fjord in autumn,' says Boguslav Bjelomorski, 'there come such shoals of herring that the inhabitants catch more than they know what to do with by means of nets set just outside their houses ;' and in his *Statistical Survey of Russia* Nabolskin remarks : 'When the herring come in from the Arctic to the White Sea—generally in July—they are often so closely packed together that they form huge solid masses. Followed by other fish, they enter the fjords, bays, and mouths of the rivers in such numbers that they cover the shores for long distances. . . . The White Sea herring,' adds this writer, 'are fat, white, and of good flavour, and when salted are not at all inferior to the Dutch.'

In the middle of the sixteenth century the

monk Trifan of Novgorod, the apostle to the Lapps, built a church and founded a monastery at the mouth of the Petschenga, where it enters the Peisen Fjord. In 1556 he journeyed to Moscow, and there obtained from the Grand Duke Ivan Vasilivitch a deed of gift, according to which all the surrounding district was conveyed to the monastery. This document proved a valuable one; and owing to the advantages it conferred, the Peisen Kloster became the most important place on the Murman coast. The monks had their own flocks and herds, they had whale and other fisheries, they built vessels, and they did a considerable trade with foreign countries. Amongst other matters, they despatched twenty thousand pood of salt annually to the interior of Russia by way of Kola, receiving in return flour, wax, linen, &c. The monastery would seem to have attained the height of its prosperity in 1590, when it was attacked and burned down by the Swedes, some two hundred persons perishing in the defence. After that the monks re-established themselves at Kola, and about the beginning of the eighteenth century the monastery which they had erected there ceased to exist.

For the terminus of the Murman Railway, as it is already called, the Russians have selected a spot near the outer end of the Kola Fjord, where the ice presents no difficulties to winter navigation; and at the head of that long Arctic inlet stands the little gray town of Kola. Hither in 1556 came Burroughs in search of intelligence concerning the unfortunate Sir Hugh Willoughby, who, it was afterwards ascertained, perished of cold and hunger, with the crews of his two vessels, on the Arzina River, near the entrance to the White Sea. In the bay he found thirty *ladjes* about to start for Nova Zembla; and here in 1594 Barents found many Russian craft lying. Archangel, Onega, Kem, Mezèn, and other White Sea ports used to vie with Kola in fitting out vessels for the Arctic island groups—Spitzbergen, Jan Mayen, &c.—the principal objects of pursuit being the bear, reindeer, beluga, fox, walrus, and seal. In 1835 no fewer than eighty vessels carrying one thousand men left these ports for Nova Zembla alone. They sailed at midsummer, and most of them returned in autumn; but they were provisioned for eighteen months.

Two important rivers enter the fjord close by the town of Kola. The largest of these, the Tulern (Flood River), is navigable by boat all the way up to Miot-javre, next to Imandra the most extensive sheet of water in Russian Lapland; and salmon not only enter that lake, but ascend its main confluent as far as the frontier of Finland. The lower reaches of the Tulern are slow-flowing and lake-like in character; but at a place called Galjebokkanjarga, fourteen miles from the mouth, the river contracts to a width of about one hundred and fifty yards, and there is a fine rapid, where salmon rise well to the fly.

The route for travellers from Kola to Kandalaks, a distance of one hundred and forty miles, runs along the water-system of the Kola River as far as the lake Guolle Javre; and should the weather be favourable the journey is an enjoyable one. More than a half of it is made in boats on lakes and rivers, the remainder by comparatively short tramps through forest.

Immediately to the south of Guolle Javre lies the narrow swampy neck of land which forms the watershed between the Arctic and the White Sea river-systems; and soon after passing it the traveller reaches beautiful Imandra (four hundred and seventy feet above sea-level), a fine sheet of water nearly sixty miles in length. On some of the numerous and large wooded islands with which it abounds, the Lapps keep reindeer all the year round; and it may be imagined that, when breathing the mosquito-laden atmosphere of the summer months, these animals frequently cast longing eyes upon the distant peaks and cool, snow-clad slopes of Umbolek Dunder, which for a distance of over seventy miles stretches away towards the north. At different points on the shores of Imandra log huts for the accommodation of travellers have been erected by the Government, and from one of these—Jekostrov—Mogylni Ostrov ('the Island of the Dead'), a Lapp place of burial, may be visited. There is plenty of sport with large trout, char, and grayling to be had on this lake, while salmon and grilse also are sometimes captured at the lower end. The remainder of the journey to Kandalaks can easily be performed in a day; but owing to the turbulent character of the effluent stream, the Niva, most of the distance—about twenty-one miles—must be traversed on foot.

FANCY'S WEAVING.

OUT of the purple dusk is Fancy weaving
End for a broken dream,
And her quick shuttle, through the dimness cleav-
ing,
Fashions a golden gleam.

The pattern long since wrought for Time's swift
folding
Was woven sombre-wise,
With here and there a brighter colour holding
Something of sunset skies,

Something of moonlit nights or twilight shading;
But this which she now weaves
Shows not the sunset colours softly fading,
Nor gray of summer eves;

Rather, 'tis as the noontide, great and glowing,
Heart of a golden flower
On its strong stem erect and proudly blowing—
Queen of the day and hour.

Busy the shuttle goes, her will attending,
Flying her fingers seem;
Till comes the golden thread to sudden ending,
Ending once more the dream!

CLARA SINGER POYNTER.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday*.

THE month of October may follow the summer with such a season of mellow lights, of cool and exhilarating air, sparkling with a generous measure of sunlight, as to make of it the most pleasant of all the periods. Of late years nature's forces seem to have been disposed to brighten the atmosphere and the conditions of living for the people of these islands as the end of the cycle approaches, and so October, November, and even December have often afforded a fine climax to the glory of the year. The smell of damp autumn earth is like divine perfume, and the soft sunlight falling gently upon leaves of gold and red and brown makes a colouring than which nothing in the year is better. Incomparable is the beauty of the English autumn when in its happiest mood. And yet, if we but knew it, we are attracted to this season because of a certain pathos associated with it. Our emotions seem to have acquired a new and sudden tenderness. Here are some things, that were very beautiful, dead so soon. Where are the glorious roses? And this golden autumn, flaming in its brilliance, it too will soon be dead. It is but nature's final flash. There are few men who have described the passing effects of the changes of season on the emotions as has that prince of living essayists, M. Anatole France. One thinks of him now for a number of reasons. We have just read in *Le Temps*, of Paris, one of the finest newspapers in the world, a pretty semi-editorial account of his return to the Académie Française. For many years, so acute have been some feelings and differences of opinion, he has absented himself from all the sittings of the forty immortals who are such an authority upon literature and the arts as the world knows not elsewhere. Here is a high tribunal of true culture. One cannot imagine the foes of France achieving such a fineness of spirit as is represented by this body—despite all its mistakes and its little conceits—though they studied and wept and scourged themselves for a thousand years. It is a matter of race and the evolutionary product of ages. Whilst we are concerning ourselves keenly with the tremendous trade problems that will arise upon the conclusion of the war, and wondering how we shall grapple

with them, France and her Academy have paused to reflect that after the war the needs and circumstances of the higher civilisation, the affairs of the mind and spirit, the æsthetic, will most imperatively demand the closest attention, and so a little should be done in advance, in preparation. How splendid are the French! For spiritual quality there is none like them. We see how they have suffered in the war; we may try to realise their appalling losses, how prodigally they have shed their blood, while the invaders have been practising every conceivable kind of horror; yet invariably we find day after day in the leading French newspapers, and particularly in the majestic columns of *Le Temps*, a treatment of matters of art and literature at such length and with such a rare discrimination and exercise of the finest critical faculty as nowhere else, in the war or out of it, at the present time. The French Academy then, like the Chambers of Commerce elsewhere, has its mind upon the future, and doubtless it considers that the work and responsibility with which it is occupied will be the most important in the new time of peace. If we are fighting this war for the preservation and nourishment of ideals, and not for poor commercial reasons, should we not hasten afterwards with the application of the ideals to the best work of mankind? So the Académie Française seems to think, and in all likelihood on the day of peace it will find itself greatly enhanced in the opinion of the civilised world. Its friends declare that it will be one of the first institutions to benefit from the *éclat* that the victory of a people causes to shine upon all it is surrounded by, from its ideas, its sentiments, and its manners to its history and its institutions. The Académie, it is prophesied, will present the point of view of the intellectual world. Now an Académie without M. France would indeed be wanting in something for which no sort of substitute can be found, so the other immortals, as they are called, needing him for his authority, his counsel, and particularly for his share in the election of future Academicians, beckoned to him to resume his seat, and he has done so. It was feared there might be some embarrassment after such an absence, that the exchange of greetings on his return

might be a little awkward; but are not the French masters of every nicety of conduct and deportment? The Académie was delighted to the uttermost upon the occasion; yet it betrayed not a trace of its joy, nothing of surprise, and only showed a smile of welcome. It regarded the exigencies of the case as simple. Here was a guest, as it were, who, for reasons best known to himself, had not had occasion to visit them for some time. It was not for them to assail him with questions upon the subject of his absence if he himself did not wish to speak of it, or even to express anything in the nature of surprise. The mistress of the house invites him to take his place among the guests, and the conversation flows on from the point at which it had been momentarily interrupted. M. France has resumed his seat under the cupola.

* * *

M. France, we set out to remark, has a fine touch with his pen when, as is his wont, he opens one of his shorter essays with a passing reference to prevailing and extraneous circumstances. It was *Le Temps*, by the way, to which years ago he contributed that matchless series which has its place in permanent literature with the title of *La Vie Littéraire*, and in which he used to write with a certain sadness or gentleness when the autumn sped on. You may picture him on the eve of his departure from the country to the lights and life of Paris at the end of the pleasant season. 'The first cold winds of winter,' he writes, 'are beginning to drive us back to town. The days are getting short and gloomy. While I am writing this, by the fire-side in a lonely house, I can see the red moon rising at the end of a glade now strewn with dead leaves. Everything is silent. An infinite sadness spreads out to the horizon. Farewell, ye long sunny days, ye luminous and tuneful hours! Farewell, ye fields, and your untroubled rest! Farewell, earth, beautiful, flower-strewn earth, mother earth from which we all come, and whither one day we shall all return!' And he proceeds to tell us that then, when his boxes were all packed, he had but a single volume loose for his reading, a volume which he goes on to discuss. It was a book on the life of words by M. Darmesteter. And this tempts us to make a further note of something he once wrote in like circumstances, which has an increased significance for us to-day. Again it was autumn. The leaves had fallen, the cold winds were blowing, and the people had returned to the towns. 'Our schoolboys,' he wrote, 'have resumed their satchels, and are once again studying sound learning in those halls where so much ink has been spilt and so much chalk dust scattered around the blackboards. The first day of term is not generally feared. It is even more and more wished for as it draws nearer. The holidays are long and idle. The reopening unites com-

rades who have so much to say to one another. In short, it causes a change. That alone would make it welcome. The young like novelty. We should like it as much as they do if the unknown still inspired us with any confidence. But we have learned to distrust it. And then we know that life never brings anything new, and that, on the contrary, it is we ourselves who give it its novelty when we are young. The universe is just as old as each of us. It is young to the young. It is clothed for fifteen-year-old eyes with the tints of the dawn. It dies with us. It is born again in our children. Who of us is not anxious about a future which he himself will never see? For my own part, I follow the fortunes of our classical studies each year with a more eager and more anxious interest. Consider this, that our French culture is the noblest and most delicate thing in the world, that it is becoming impoverished, and that the most dangerous attempts to regenerate it are being made upon all sides. How, in such a critical time, could one look without emotion at a little schoolboy going to his school in the morning, with his nose in the air and his books upon his back?' What a new and ever fuller meaning have such sentences and thoughts for us now in this straining situation, when we look to the generation that is coming on for the justification of man and for a fair acknowledgment of the sacrifices that have been made for it. The world everywhere and in different ways is now anxious for the children. The other day I read in a newspaper of Madrid some beautiful lines written by a special correspondent in Russia. The ceremonies of one of the religious festivals were being described and commented upon with that nice feeling of which the Spaniards are as capable as any, and the writer declared: 'One of the most arduous duties that life imposes upon us is that of maintaining a firm foothold, so that our children may rest safely in our arms, and that of hiding from them our wounds, our disappointments, so that the rosy hours of their morning shall not be clouded by our sadness.' Yes, '*no se nullen con nuestro desaliento las rosadas horas de su mañana.*' The pathos and the sweetness of the words with their meaning seem to glow more beautifully in the Spanish in which they were written than in our English. And each of us realises now how the world is for the children, how to the best of our ability, and with all our strength and blood we have saved it for them. They will do well with it, they who now again are tripping gladly back to school eager for the renewal of their recent experiences. A glorious Britain and France are to be given to their keeping.

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For the elders it seems more than ever that they must live on memories. There can be little placidity in their future times; the earth will seethe for long after peace is made. The highest

happinesses must often have been in the past ; and so at this time, when autumn comes hurrying on, leaves are falling, the fires are already set alight, and the blinds are lowered early, we inevitably turn to reflection, to memories ; and it is well we should. Surely this will be the last of the war winters that have borne so harshly upon the spirit. At all events we are now no longer to be accounted optimists for thinking so. Men in highest places think it ; and in the City, where, as we are assured, money always talks, they make wagers continually—at Lloyd's and at the Stock Exchange—that it will be so. True, nobody knows, but—the signs. We shall face this winter with a better heart. We move onwards. The spring shall smile upon our victory. Let us think of that as we draw the curtains with a sigh for the hour that is surrendered to the night again, and betake ourselves to the fireside to feed upon our memories. We realise again more acutely than before that the original moments of happy experience are but the preparation for a lasting pleasure, and therefore we should be most careful for the proper choice and ordering of our acts. Fine as may be the emotions of a moment, they are evanescent ; they are thin and vaporous. It is in memory that they are enriched and strengthened, and that their full value spreads through the spirit. Memories are like books and wine and friends ; they are often better for their age. If with a certain envy we consider the children now in their happy carelessness hurrying eagerly again to school, let us reflect that in one respect their elders have an advantage over them. They have the store of memory for the fireside nights.

* * *

There is a test at hand for the truth of this. Some of us, back again in towns for the last of the war winters, may consider long excursions in the way of needed holidays that shall be made again when the world upheaval no longer interferes. Many in the summer that has gone changed the old order of their arrangements, and in some lonely way went into the heart of Britain, and looked upon her in a fashion they had not done before. They have come to know England and Scotland, Wales and Ireland too, in a way they might not otherwise have done, and they have memories that will for ever hold the happiest places in their minds. They have come to realise the beauty of their land. They have known, for example, the ineffable charm, the solemn grandeur of mountains and lakes in Italy and Switzerland ; but, until strange circumstances led them to it, they knew nothing of the wondrous sweetness of the English Lakes. They did not understand that in their own splendid way there is nothing on the surface of the earth to equal them, and that Wordsworth, who lived his life among them, and loved them so, was right when he wrote that this is 'the

loveliest spot that man hath ever found.' Here are the sweetness and grandness of nature at their best, and the mark of England is on them all. There are mountains in full glory, and their majesty and their outline are none the worse if the Alps are taller. There are wild bleak passes, and there are the loveliest lanes. The view of the peaks at the head of Derwent-water from Castle Head, the solemn grandeur of Ullswater, the delicacy of Windermere, the commanding way of the Langdale Pikes, Helvellyn, Skiddaw, and Scaw Fell—these are unforgettable things. You do not know the possible charms of a journey on foot if you have not wandered from Ambleside by the leftward route past the dainty Rydal Water to Grasmere, where Wordsworth lived. Hereabout is an infinite variety of the higher pleasures ready for the taking, but there are some of them you will specially dwell upon in memory afterwards. You will realise the spiritual power of the colour of green. It is nature's colour, and nowhere in the world is it to be found in such perfection as in England, and nowhere in England as by the still waters of the Lake District. Here from the nourishing atmosphere it gathers a richness, a lustre, that is beyond imagination. As it is banked in varied shades up high from the water's edge in a stippled mass, it seems to lay itself soothingly, restfully upon the very soul of him who looks upon it, and makes him feel that indeed this is God's favourite colour, that in green there is His glory as in no other. And here, too, is a land of lovely flowers, with a rare wealth of roses everywhere, hanging over the walls of the waysides for a wanderer to pluck as he passes along. And no imagination is so weak but that it may be strung to many captivating fancies when even in the height of summer, with heat continual, there are seen silver threads in abundance on every mountain-side, the tumbling rills that started only just below the peaks that caught the water from the clouds. Here is exhibited one of the marvellous processes of nature. On the summits of the mountains we often find that the earth is soft and spongy ; it is laden with the water that the peaks have taken from the clouds. Soon it is collected sufficiently to make a little stream, and then, in gay freedom and independence, it slips and scampers down its narrow course on the mountainside. From below you see these silver threads in many places. They glitter on the rough flanks of Helvellyn, and, when their race is run, into the waiting lake of Thirlmere they flow. So ends their freedom. No more of the mountains and the clouds. No more leaping along the rocks. Thirlmere catches them for the use of the lowland creatures. For a while they are held still in this spacious compound, and then away they flow in the dark captivity of pipes south to Lancashire, for the Corporation of Manchester has bought this lake and

all its natural supplies, and depends upon it for the watering of its people. So you may think of rough Helvellyn snatching the water from the clouds that hug her, of the rills that splash from peaks to base, and then of dainty Polly far away setting on the fire a kettle laden with this liquid fruit of the clouds of Westmorland, that in a parlour of Lancashire all may sip their tea. From the spout of the kettle the steam flies hissing with a song; but there is some pathos, if you knew it, in this kitchen scene. It is like a swan-song of the dying water. Here at the happy hearth a little of it is vapour again, just as once it was in those days of freedom when it played about the high points of old Helvellyn.

* * *

They tell us in these parts that people from the south of England go seldom there. They do not know; and they appear not to wish to know. To them it seems to be only England. At a large lakeside hotel last summer there was only one person from the capital; but there were seven Chinese, persons of some distinction in their own country. At a local shop it was said that foreigners like these are their best customers. One salesman asserted strangely that more pictorial post-cards go to China in a summer season than are addressed to London. This is cold information to reflect upon. The war, at any rate, should have brought us nearer to England in this and a hundred other ways. For the sense of peace you should rest upon

these waters in the evening when the sun is setting. Row to the middle of Windermere, and let the boat lie still in solitude, as darkness gathers round. Here is a scene of loveliness. Over the tops of the Langdale Pikes the sun gives way in a dazzle of rose and gold. A copper glow is spread upon the waters, and the surface seems as if it were aflame. The fires burn low, and shades of saffron spread about the peaks instead, and then at last a pale, thin blue tells of the end of this majestic transformation scene. The sense of glorious solitude increases as the night comes on. From far on the waters come the voices of English girls singing a homeland song. From their boat they will try the echoes of the mountains, and the cry they utter flies from hill to hill, and seems to be heard again miles away somewhere around the Scaw Fell range. Over the castle of Wray the harvest moon ascends, and shoots a silver gleam across the water. On the other shore the dull lights of Low Wood make a feeble but harmonious gleam. Then, with the dissolving warmth of day departed, the mists descend. They wrap themselves round about their beloved hills, and hide them from the world until the morning breaks again. No voices, no singing now, no light but from the moon. The water is so still and wide. One is so much alone, and yet, as one feels, alone with England. It is one of the good memories for the fireside, as the autumn marches on to winter, and the war is nearly done.

THE POWER OF THE DOG.*

By DOROTHY E. PAUL.

WHEN the spring winds shrilled over the Land that is Desolate, and the sun, waxing daily in strength, brought to life the mosquito and black fly, there came forth from the interior of Labrador a gray wolf seeking a mate. He chose a bright-eyed, red-coated 'husky.' Her temper was quick and vicious. She snapped, howled, and fought at the approach of her lover; but he caught her ear, he worried her throat, and he was master.

In the course of time Tosok saw the light of day. He was of a litter of three. Amid the reek of seal-oil, decaying fish, and unwashed humanity, in a foul-smelling *igloo* he was born. His two brothers did not survive their birth for many hours, for the summer had been one of undue hardship and privation for the red-coated mother, and so her litter had not been a healthy one. But Tosok the husky was strong. From the first he was sturdy and full of vigorous movement. He nursed fiercely and often, and day by day he grew in strength and size. His coat was thick, and like his mother's it was of a rich red-brown. He had her neat quick limbs,

her bright eyes. He had her vicious temper too; but, unlike her, he did not show it quickly. His was rather the long-drawn snarl, the bared fangs, the 'bide-my-time' temper of his sire, the gray wolf.

His master, the squat, moon-faced Esquimaux, considered him a beauty, and, what was more to the purpose, he judged he would be of value later on when he had attained the full strength of his limbs, and had been broken in to the harness of the *komatik* and the feel of the long whip of walrus hide.

As Tosok the husky grew older the joys and problems of dog-life were unfolded before him. Very early he learned that winter was the time of plenty for such as he. Then, when work was to be done, there was fish to feed on, seal blubber, and deer's flesh. But in the summer, when the 'husky' dog is not required for purposes of transit, he has to forage for himself. What he could find or take away from others was his diet, and this meant a perpetual hunger.

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His thick coat lost its gloss, and became tangled and lustreless; his sunken eyes glared with the savage light of starvation, and all the howling he was capable of—and it was much—could not appease the gnawing within him.

When he discovered that howling did not fill his stomach, Tosok the husky became a thief. He was but following the instincts of his kind; only he was more adroit than some of the others. Also, as he grew older, stronger, and very fierce, he took to fighting. He found this a better way out of the difficulty than stealing, and less likely to bring the walrus-hide whip singing about him; and soon there was not a dog in the whole of Okkak that could equal him in a combat of tooth and nail.

Among the hordes of husky dogs which swarm in the settlements of Labrador, every team has its bully and its bullied. The weakest are harried, attacked, and torn to pieces by their fellows, and when hunger drives the maddened beasts to roam over the settlement looking for prey they are a very great menace indeed. Men who have fallen, and who are unable to defend themselves, have been attacked by them; children left unguarded have been torn to pieces and eaten. No wonder then the dwellers in the northlands, beset on all sides with dangers from elements and from beasts, sing with fervour from the 22nd Psalm, their voices rising unanimously as they congregate in the churches and missions: 'Deliver my soul from the sword; my darling from the power of the dog.'

Tosok the husky became the bully of Okkak. Mothers feared him, men kicked him, and the other dogs slunk off as he made his approach.

His master, the Esquimaux, had not overrated his value; for when he was full grown and had been broken in to the harness and the whip he proved his worth. None pulled quicker than he at the first sound of the word '*Ooisht!*' or stopped so instantaneously at the cry of '*Aw!*'

Tosok liked the harness. He revelled in the mad rush through the keen pure air, the plunge through the snow, the buffeting of the icy winds, the singing of the sledge-runners behind him, the crack of the long whip, and the occasional cry of his fur-clad master. It was work, real hard work, but worth the doing; for afterwards there would come the feed of fish, flesh, and blubber. What mattered if his feet were sometimes cut and bleeding, and if the cruel ice-laden winds bore down upon him, sweeping back the *komatik* and making it a hard task to drag it along? All this became part of the life of Tosok, and he loved it as a husky dog should do. Very soon, by showing his superior strength, his greater intelligence and quickness over that of his companions in harness, he became the leader of the team. His master learned to depend upon his sagacity to guide the other dogs over the best pieces of the road, to single out for avoidance those drifts which were too

deep, and by his own striving to get the greatest amount of work out of his fellow-huskies.

So far as his work in harness is concerned, the 'husky' is faithful enough, and will perform his duty conscientiously when driven by one who understands him and compels his respect. Otherwise, contrary to popular belief, he is a lazy animal, ungrateful and obstinate, and from the tip of his black nose to the end of his bushy tail he is utterly treacherous.

Tosok differed not in these characteristics from any others of his kind. He never failed in his work in the harness; and if his black eyes sometimes shot forth green lights of undue savagery, if his nose was a little sharper than is usual with a husky, and his red-brown coat a trifle coarse, then it was the blood of his sire the wolf that was to blame for these things. To blame also was this fierce blood when Tosok, moved by impulses he did not understand, but could not disobey, would sometimes turn upon his master, and it was only the long association with him and the stinging lash of the walrus hide which would drive him off. Then he would squat on his haunches, nose pointed skywards, and howl. How he would howl! The rest of the team would keep up an incessant chorus varying in pitch as the night advanced and the round cold moon mounted the sky. Sometimes from the distance, out of the silence would come an answering howl, low, throbbing, mournful. When he heard it, the wolf-blood of Tosok would tingle with excitement, and he would howl back strenuously in answer to the voice of his kin, until a flaming bough from the fire, a tin pot, or something hard thrown by his master would catch him on the ribs and bring his song to an untimely end.

Then came the day when the master of Tosok the husky sold him. At the beginning of winter, when iron frost was binding all beneath its seal, and the snow covered the ground and the frozen rivers, there came into Okkak two men from a far-off country. They brought with them a large amount of supplies, tents, cooking utensils, and all the appendages necessary for prolonged travel in a dangerous and difficult country. They had been exploring the coast; their intention now was to travel right into the vast frost-bound silences of the interior, and on over the snow to the frozen seas of Ungava Bay. They needed dog-teams and a guide.

Although the master of Tosok very firmly refused all tempting offers to make the journey himself, he was quite willing, if the sum were large enough, to sell his dogs. Inclusive of Tosok, he had twelve huskies and two *komatiks*. A bargain was struck. Tosok, along with his companions, was turned over to the strangers—men who, in spite of the warnings and tales told of the hardships of the way, the long darkness, the shrieking winds, and immeasurable cold, persisted in attempting the journey.

From the very first Tosok not only disliked

and despised them, but he had a violent prejudice to making the journey at all. Some vague premonition stirred within him. He felt that the journey would be by far the worst he had ever experienced. Had his master accompanied him he might not have been so unwilling; but here were two strange men, strange in all senses of the word, inasmuch as they knew not the country or the conditions of the way, neither did they understand the characteristics of Tosok and the rest of the team. There was, moreover, a third man who had been found willing to act as a guide. This was an Indian half-breed. Tosok both hated and feared him, for he saw that the half-breed too well understood the treatment of dogs and how to wield the walrus-hide whip to ensure the best results. The Esquimaux master had been cruel, but this Indian driver was worse. He never indulged in that encouraging small-talk which helped the animals over an extra rough piece of ground; he only used the whip as a method to urge them on. Tosok in his harness would bare his fangs and grin his hatred as the lash fell about him, and when the teams rested he would squat in front of the half-breed and howl out his venom until a kick sent him away.

'Bad-tempered beast that,' commented one of the strangers as the above-mentioned performance occurred.

'Him very bad dog—dangerous,' assented the half-breed, his fingers curling over the handle of the whip. 'Feed him always—others starve maybe—but feed him!'

As Tosok had suspected, the journey was the worst he had ever been forced to take. Not only was it seemingly endless, but he was in a part of the country he did not know, where the way was incurably difficult and dangerous, where there were unsuspected cliffs and ravines and great snowdrifts. Also, the wind blew with a force he had never experienced before. Down it would come in shrieking gusts, and catching the team sideways would send them staggering out of their course, and the heavily laden *komatik* would jerk and rear, hold back and plunge forward, like a thing possessed.

Tosok, along with the rest of his companions, suffered with cut feet, and they left crimson stains in the snow to mark their trail. The men made some attempt at attending to these hurts, with no result so far as Tosok was concerned beyond being viciously snapped at. After that they left him alone, and he howled and whimpered, strained in his harness, twisted round and lay down, writhed beneath the whip, snarled, and bit. He was a most unhappy dog, and his companions shared his misery.

There came at last something which Tosok had never had to endure in the winter, something which was far worse than hard work. It was hunger—not the hunger that is endured in the harness, and which is satisfied at the end of the day, but the hunger of short rations. By-

and-by there came a day—two days—when Tosok and his companions had no food at all, not even a morsel of dried fish. That night they gathered in a circle and howled out their wrongs in dismal chorus.

They did not know, of course, that the men who drove them were on the verge of starvation themselves. They were unknown miles from the shores of Ungava; they were uncertain of the way, and a violent snowstorm had entirely obliterated such landmarks as the half-breed knew. Thus the little expedition—cut off in a land that is unutterably desolate, with the fury of the storm, ice, snow, and shrieking winds raised against them—was face to face with disaster.

Day after day they travelled in the teeth of the storm, from the first sickly gleam in the sullen sky until their way glimmered before them radiated by the eerie flickering of the 'devil lights' from the Pole; lights which stained the tundra to a blood crimson, now shifting from soft rose to a sulphur yellow, gleaming green and blue and gold. Northern lights! dancing, crackling, evil flames which lead the wanderer over the snows to death!

So exhausted were the men, so weak the dogs, that progress was very slow. The *komatik*, now much less bulkily laden, was nevertheless a heavy weight to pull. Then came a day when three of the dogs were killed to feed the others.

Tosok was the first to fasten his teeth in the flesh of his slaughtered companions. Cannibalism having begun, Tosok and some of the bolder huskies saw to it that it continued, and when starvation again threatened they fell upon two of the team, and tore them to pieces before the men could succour the helpless beasts. Speedily the teams were demolished to serve as food for Tosok and his stronger confrères. Then the *komatiks* were burned for fuel, and the end seemed in sight. There remained now but two huskies, Tosok and a large sulky black dog. These two would eye each other greedily, wondering which would fall to the thirsting fangs of the other. The black dog was a match for Tosok in sheer weight and strength, but Tosok had the sly, quick wits of his wolf sire. Their skill was not to be put to the trial, however; for one day the half-breed slew the large black dog. He served the three men for food, and the offal was thrown to Tosok, who gulped it down ravenously.

So far Tosok had been found sufficiently useful for carrying purposes to escape the fate of the black dog. A blizzard arose, however, which raged several days in succession. To attempt to struggle against it was useless. The three men pitched the tent, and, huddled within around the tent-stove, listened to the voice of Famine. It was then they decided Tosok must go into the cooking-pot. The half-breed went out in search of him. The husky saw him coming; he

read his fate in the hunger-gleaming eyes of the man, and he turned and ran, to be swallowed up in the gloom of the driving snow.

'Him gone!' announced the half-breed, dramatically entering the tent again after an ineffectual search for the dog.

'Well, he wouldn't have lasted us long; he wasn't over fat,' replied one of the men. 'It would only have prolonged things.' He sighed drearily, and cast a look of concern upon his friend, a man who lay helpless and exhausted on the other side of the tent. Silent and uncomplaining, he had lain there since the blizzard had forced the party to pitch their camp. He was obviously dying of starvation, and it was on his account that his friend regretted the loss of Tosok. It is so much worse to see a friend starving than to starve yourself. When you have got over the first days of the pain it hardly troubles you; and as you grow weaker and weaker you cease to desire the food you incessantly think and dream about.

When the next day came with no lessening of the storm, the half-breed decided to try to get help. He knew, he said, that there were Esquimaux not far off. He could travel quickly on his snowshoes; he was more used to the hardships than they were. If he failed in his search, then he had only done what he could; it was better than just waiting for death to claim them. There was a morsel of flour left in the bag, a little pemmican, and some beans. This meagre supply was equally divided; and, taking his share, he left the two men in the tent and disappeared in the gloom.

Meanwhile all had not gone well with Tosok the husky. Certainly he had scented some rotting deer's flesh beneath the snow, and, burrowing for it, he had obtained enough of the fetid mass to appease his hunger for the time being. But alone, out in the vast storm-rent solitude, he missed the cheery glow of the tent-stove and the company of living things, even though they were men he hated. Occasionally, too, the gaunt, shadowy forms of wolves would disturb him, and when he howled and they answered, instead of being filled with the fierce joy he had hitherto experienced at their cry, he was seized with a great terror, which caused him to slink on when he saw them, shadowy and indistinct, looming through the darkness of the falling snow. Instinctively he feared them. The wolf in him taught him to shun his own kind, and so it was that one night saw him slinking back to the tent wherein he had left his masters.

He squatted outside, noiseless and still. In the morning he saw the tent flap open, and one of the men emerge. He caught a glimpse of the interior, and saw that it contained only one other man. Like a flash he darted away to a safer spot from which to observe things. The half-breed, the one he feared, was gone.

There were only two to deal with. It might be possible.

The eyes of Tosok the husky shot forth a green, evil flame, and his tongue licked his chops with eager anticipation. When the short hours of daylight had gone he would set his plans into operation. The wicked slyness of the wolf was uppermost in him now, and worked as one with the hunger which goaded him to madness.

That night again Tosok the husky squatted outside the tent; close against it he crouched, still and silent as a frozen thing, only his eyes were ever watchful and his ears on the alert to catch the slightest sound from within. The side he had craftily chosen was that nearest to the dying man. The glimpse he had had of the interior of the tent had shown him where this man lay, and into his canine brain had flashed the understanding that this man was the weaker of the two, and therefore the easier victim.

When for long past there had been no sound or movement from within, and the fire in the stove had burned very low, Tosok the husky nibbled at the cords and pegs of the tent. Soon he was able to thrust his nose beneath the waterproof silk, and as he did so it came in contact with something cold and stiff—something so cold and stiff that he involuntarily jumped back. Hunger urging him, he thrust his nose again beneath the tent. The cold, stiff object had not moved, and after a cursory sniff of investigation he bit with his fangs deep into the cold flesh and dragged out from beneath the waterproof the arm of the unconscious and dying man.

But even as he tore at the frozen flesh, and his snorts of satisfaction aroused the other man within, there stole out of the darkness and whirling snow a gray shadowy shape. Noiselessly it came, its long, cruel fangs bared with fierce anticipation. The scent of it assailed the keen nostrils of Tosok the husky. With a snarl of rage and fear he sprang from his feast and confronted a large, lean-flanked wolf.

The intruder grinned, while a wicked green light flared in his narrow eyes. Tosok snarled again and backed away. The wolf advanced steadily, and the husky backed still farther, so that he almost bumped into the man who came from the tent, revolver in hand.

At that moment the wolf sprang, and his sharp fangs ripped the throat of the dog. A shot rang out, followed by another and another. The husky rolled over dead, while the wolf spat up its life-blood, jerking convulsively in the snow.

There was plenty to eat after that for the two men in the tent.

'I've never tackled roasted wolf before, but it isn't half bad,' said one of the men as he passed over a piece to his friend. 'And to think,' as his eyes rested on the bandaged arm, 'that that beast of a dog came back to chew you alive!'

'We're chewing him now anyway,' answered

the other. He smiled wanly, and his voice was weak, for he had but lately emerged from the Valley of Shadows, and it was the flesh of Tosok the husky that had brought him thence.

Later, when the half-breed returned, bringing with him Esquimaux and dog teams, he listened

to the tale with a grim smile. 'I tell you him dangerous,' he said, making ready to start on the journey to safety. 'Husky him mostly wolf.—*Ooisht! ooisht!*' He cracked the long hide-whip, it sang over the heads of the team, and they leaped forward.

HONEY.

By F. A. DOUGLAS.

IT has been suggested that if sugar continues to rise in price jam will soon be an extravagance, and that we should use honey more and jam less.

Honey, which is now a luxury, was in old times a necessity, for it was the principal sweetener of food. Sugar was only introduced during the later days of the Roman Empire, and was described first as an 'Indian salt' that was sweet as honey! Its introduction to western Europe was probably due to the Crusaders, those admirable agents of international trade.

The numerous references to honey in the Bible are due to its being the common sweetener of the people; and to this day the Jews, who are fine old crusty conservatives, use honey in cooking where other people would use sugar. Still, it had a certain distinction, and was used as the symbol of fruitfulness and plenty. When Jeroboam's wife wished to propitiate the prophet she took him ten loaves, two cakes, and a cruse of honey. When Jesus reappeared to His disciples they tested His reality by giving Him a piece of broiled fish and some honeycomb to eat. As for John the Baptist, it is known to all that his common food consisted of locusts and wild honey.

Honey is symbolically a very suitable food for times of war economy, for it owes its very existence to the economy of the bee, as it is the food stored by the bee for use in winter. But man's ingenuity has been too much for both the guileless hen and the crafty bee. The untutored hen, having been got into the habit of laying eggs, continues to lay them without the impetus of the cock, and the careful, provident bee as fast as its winter food is ravished continues to procure and store up more.

Honey from the comb is considered the most luxurious form of this delectable sweet, and most people eat the wax with the honey; but, as one points out, this is as foolish as it would be to eat the paper that butter is wrapped in or the blue bag that is the familiar envelope of the sugar. The wax of the honeycomb is in no way nutritious, and it is decidedly indigestible. The proper way is to put a piece of honey in the comb on your plate, with the cells in a vertical position, and press your knife firmly down upon it, so that all the honey runs out. Eat the honey and leave the wax.

The bees, like the ancient gods, drink only nectar. The word and the idea are entirely Greek. The wine of the gods that conferred immortality became the symbol of sweetness and flavour, and so the name came to be used by botanists for the sweet juice which collects in the nectaries of the flowers. It is at once a superfluity and an ingenious device of old Mother Nature. It is indeed the reproductive juice of the plants, and so it confers immortality just as did the wine of Olympus. After the stamen and pistils have taken all they need, a residue remains, and this is the food of the bees and other insects. In seeking the nectar they further the purposes of nature, for the pollen often adheres to their wings, and they aid in fertilising the seeds.

The bee does not care for 'blossoming flowers,' as the poets imagine. It is a practical utilitarian creature, and prefers the period just before fructification. The bees dearly love clover; but many kinds of fruit-blossom and some kinds of forest trees are very useful to them. The black-thorn and the gorse yield it food in spring, and the heather and the blackberry and the ivy keep it going in autumn.

The flavour and quality of honey varies with the plants the bee feeds on. Heather honey is naturally popular in Scotland, and the famous Narbonne honey owes its flavour to rosemary. Hybla and Hymettus yielded admirable honey of old, and this was probably because so many fragrant herbs, such as thyme, grew on the open sunny slopes of those southern hills. Occasionally the bee is injudicious, and chooses injurious herbs, as in the case of the soldiers of Xenophon, who, after eating the honey of Trebizond, became either mad or drunk. This was due to the partiality of the bees for a certain poisonous azalea.

If the plants produced nectar and pollen all the year round we should have no honey; but the wise bee knows winter will come, and makes provision for it. Nectar is the normal food of the bees, honey an 'emergency ration' manufactured from it in as concentrated a form as possible. Nectar consists of 70 per cent. of water, and the rest cane-sugar and flavouring matter. In honey, on the other hand, there is only 7 to 10 per cent. of water; and the cane-sugar, by the process of digestion, has become grape-sugar. All sugar becomes transformed

into grape-sugar in the human system before it is assimilated. The bee, therefore, during summer digests and concentrates his food for winter. Each portion of nectar is digested by two or more bees, and regurgitated. The heat of the hive helps the process, and also aids in the evaporation of the superfluous moisture. Honey may, therefore, be called the Benger's Food of the bee.

Honey is not now much employed in cooking, yet many interesting uses have been made of it. Gingerbread, which we now make with treacle or syrup, was originally made with honey. Bruges and Brunswick are both famous for their honey cakes. The best gingerbread used to be made with honey; it was lighter in colour, and to differentiate and distinguish it further it used to be gilded; hence the common reference to taking 'the gilt off the gingerbread.' Flat gilded gingerbread figures were sold at country fairs, and known as 'husbands.' In an old almanac there is a reference to the choosing of wives. Women 'trickt up with ribbons and knots' were not recommended.

He who with such kind of wife is wed,
Better to have one made of gingerbread.

So there were gingerbread wives as well as husbands. Bruges honey cake is made by mixing one pound of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and one ounce of ground ginger together. Then put in a saucepan four ounces each of butter and sugar, and four tablespoonfuls of honey, stir gently until mixed, and then add the dry ingredients. Finally, stir in two well-beaten eggs, three tablespoonfuls of milk, and a little maraschino. Preserved fruit cut in large thin slices should be used; but, as I have seen it in Bruges, this is put in a layer on the outside, and it is decorative but misleading, for you think there is more fruit inside, and there isn't.

Of course the great use for honey in old English days was to make mead and metheglin. Pliny said mead had all the bad qualities of wine and none of the good ones. Mead was made both in the north and south of Europe; but in the south the grape was more popular, whilst in the north the product of the bee reigned supreme. Mead was the Saxon drink; but the Normans brought the grape wine from France with them, and it became a potent rival.

'Fill me a bowl of meath, my working spirits to raise,' sang an old poet; and it is a heady, exciting drink. The manufacture of it is not wholly abandoned yet, for you find it here and there in the southern counties of England. The honey which the humble bee stores in sunny banks used to be considered the best for it; but ordinary hive honey is now mostly used. The humble bee is old-fashioned in its methods, and not encouraged nowadays. Richard Jefferies mentions the partiality of the badger for humble bee honey, however.

In his *Closet*, Sir Kenelm Digby gives one hundred and six recipes for making mead and metheglin. His disquisition on honey is very quaint. There are three sorts he says: virgin honey, life honey, and stock honey. The virgin honey is made by the young bees, the life honey by the second year bees. 'And ever after it is honey of old stocks.' He tells of metheglin from a Liège recipe and meath of Antwerp; of the 'white metheglin of my Lady Hungerford, which is exceedingly praised,' and of that of the Countess of Bullinbrook. There is the king's meath, which is made with Hyde Park water, hops, and many fragrant herbs and spices. In one recipe he says: 'Before you set the liquor to boil, cause a lusty servant (his arms well washed) to mix the honey and water together, labouring it with his hands at least an hour without intermission.'

Mead is but fermented honey and water, for many make it by stirring five pounds of honey into five gallons of water, adding two ounces of hops and the rind of three lemons, and simmering gently for an hour. Then pour it into a great earthenware bowl, and when lukewarm stir in a tablespoonful of yeast or barm. When this has worked for three days, strain the liquor into a cask, and add what herbs and spices you choose. Cinnamon, ginger, mace, cloves, nutmeg, and rosemary are perhaps the flavourings most used, but there are innumerable others. Sweet-brier figures in some of Sir Kenelm's recipes, parsley roots, and 'eringo-roots splitted.'

Mead is English and metheglin is Welsh, and the Welsh name means 'healing liquor.' Honey has ever been a favourite vehicle for medicine, particularly for cough mixtures and aperients. Athole brose, the Scots remedy for a cold, consists of a judicious compound of honey, whisky, and oatmeal.

Everybody may not know that the honeymoon owes its name to the Teutonic habit of drinking metheglin for thirty days after marriage. Sir John Lubbock, however, thinks the habit of keeping the bride away from her relations for thirty days is a survival of marriage by capture.

Honey has its vinegar as well as wine, and the honey vinegar is made on the same principle as that from the grapes.

Honey is full of joys for the poet. It is a term of endearment, and a seductive adjective much used by Shakespeare. Richard III.'s wife spoke of his 'honey words,' and in the *Winter's Tale* we have 'honey-mouthed' Pauline. 'Honied nothings' have become a familiar commonplace. Milton talks of

The bee, with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing.

But Herrick is the true laureate of the bee, and is full of delightful fantasies of how it sucked honey from Julia's lips. The bee sings:

Sweet lady-flower, I never brought
 Hither the least one thieving thought;
 But taking those rare lips of yours
 For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers,
 I thought I might there take a taste
 Where so much syrup ran to waste.
 Beside, know this, I never sting
 The flower that gives me nourishing;
 But with a kiss of thanks do pay
 For honey that I bear away.

The modern bee lives decorously in well-ventilated, scientific hives, and the picturesque old-fashioned 'skep' is only to be seen in remote, unregenerate country districts. Yet the bee has had many and strange dwellings. There is the humble bee with its holes in sunny banks near its larder; the bees that Pepys knew, that filled fir-trees of honey; and the bees in Africa that store their honey in holes in the rocks. In Egypt the beehives are kept in a vessel on the Nile, and voyage up and down the river wherever there is most nectar to be had, just as in Scotland the wise apiarist takes his hives out to the moors in carts, and plants them among the heather.

Bee-keeping is interesting work, and bees are so easily reared that there is no reason why bee-culture should not be greatly extended, and honey become much cheaper than it is at present.

Another correspondent writes that there will be a great scarcity of honey this year. The disease among bees known as the Isle of Wight disease has wrought such havoc among the honey bees that there are comparatively few healthy stocks left in the country. It will be remembered that this mysterious epidemic first made its appearance in the island from which it takes its name. Then it crossed the water to Hampshire, and has since spread practically all over the country. So far as can be ascertained, the disease appears to be a kind of paralysis. The first symptoms are shown in a more or less lethargic condition of the bees. They crawl about the hive in a sleepy way. If they have been out, on their return they are unable to fly into the hive; they roll over as if intoxicated. They can be seen trying to crawl up the stems of flowers, and, tumbling down, at last they die. Many bee-

keepers have lost their whole stock, owing to the fact that the cause of the disease cannot be traced; and it is extremely infectious. Unless the ground has been thoroughly dug up, mixed with lime, and allowed to remain unoccupied for some months, a fresh stock of bees brought to the infected area most certainly becomes a prey to the disease. The bee-keepers blame the wasps for the wholesale spreading of the disease. It appears that last year wasps were extremely plentiful—almost a plague in fact. Ordinarily, they take advantage of their superior strength to try to rob the hives, and usually make an onslaught on a weak stock. Last year, therefore, when the wasps found a hive of bees weakened by disease they took possession; and, having cleared out the honey, passed on to another hive, carrying with them the germs of the disease. Curiously enough, they themselves seem to be immune from it. Thus the epidemic spread rapidly. A bee-keeper described how twelve hives were invaded in this way, and the owner lost in a few weeks the whole of his stock. One old man on the Wiltshire Downs, whose family for three generations have had bees, being bereft of his all, feels the loss of them keenly as life-long friends.

It is pretty certain that fruit will be scarce this year owing to this disease, as the honey bees are the only ones early enough to fertilise much of the blossom. The work is done before the wild bees and the humble bees are about. Clover, too, may suffer. The red clover depends, fortunately, upon the humble bee, as the honey bee's tongue is not long enough to reach down its tubes; but the white clover is largely fertilised by the honey bee.

What is the remedy? Bee-keepers say the only thing to be done is to wait until the epidemic has worn itself out, and then import a fresh colony of queens from Holland to repopulate the country; but a remedy, discovered by the Rev. A. H. Hollis, and published in the *Bee-keepers' Record* for August, consists of Dioxogen, applied to bees and combs by spraying, or given to them in syrup. Another authority recommends peroxide of hydrogen as equally effective.

FROM GUNPOWDER TO T.N.T.

By Corporal FREEMAN.

IT has been said very often during this war that it is a war of machinery, the machinery users of the phrase having in mind being usually the guns—machine, quick-firing, horse, field, siege, and garrison. It would perhaps be more correct to call it a war of high explosives, guns being merely the means whereby destructive agencies in the form of shells charged with high explosives are dumped into those parts of the enemy territory in which the senders hope they

will do most damage; and explosives in the form of bombs often being used without the intervention of machinery at all. It is almost wholly a war of high explosives, as rifles, revolvers, and bayonets are seldom used—so far as the majority of the battalions in the British Expeditionary Force are concerned—except by snipers, who are sometimes in a position to take aim at a human target, and sportively inclined subalterns and men who go a-hunting rats!

Some days ago, the battalion to which I belong being then in reserve, we were billeted in a village—just a cluster of detached and semi-detached cottages with wide garden spaces, near the firing-line. During the course of an exhibition of ‘morning hate,’ the Germans plumped a shell right into the cottage next the one the guard I commanded used as a guard-room. The concussion was so tremendous that I thought the guard-room itself was hit, and we all hurried out to see just what had happened. When the great cloud of dust, smoke, brick-bats, and splinters had lifted, we saw that the house which had been our nearest neighbour was practically obliterated. There was just a heap of débris where a few seconds before had been a comfortable home.

‘By luck!’ exclaimed one of the guard, ‘who’d have thought ‘at one shell could do all that!’

Very few people even to-day realise the power of modern high explosives, but fewer still ask themselves the question, ‘Why should the stuff we call an “explosive” explode?’ Every day out here men watch the bursting of shells, and they will comment as each smoke-cloud is vomited up, ‘That’s lyddite,’ or ‘T.N.T.’ or whatever explosive they think the shell is charged with; but they have not the faintest notion why T.N.T. *is* T.N.T.; why lyddite *is* lyddite. They see the effect, but they know nothing of the cause. That’s the reason why I sat myself down on the fire-step of a trench high over which ‘iron-rations’ containing samples of these same explosives were pursuing their whining way, to tell you readers who sit comfortably at home in Blighty a little about the terrible destructive agencies used in this war.

It would be rather too dry reading for you if I attempted to detail the various experiments which were conducted in the eighteenth century by a Frenchman, Antoine Lavoisier, and to which the modern high explosive really owes its origin. One simple experiment will give you the corner-stone of the foundation upon which successive generations of chemists have built.

If you take a jet of hydrogen, the lightest gas known, and burn it in a jar of oxygen, it will burn quite quietly, quite steadily; but if you take oxygen and hydrogen and mix them together in the proportion in which they combine (one part oxygen, two parts hydrogen) and apply a light, the result is an explosion. What has happened is that by combining the two gases you have speeded up the rate of burning, of combustion, and instead of the gas burning steadily throughout its volume the combustion of the whole is instantaneous. The original volume to which you applied the light has been converted by the combustion into a far larger volume of gas. This greatly enlarged quantity of gas has to make a way for itself; consequently you have an explosion.

From this and other experiments two things were established: (1) an explosion is the acceleration—the speeding up—of the process of combustion; and (2) the disruptive effect termed ‘explosion’ is caused by the gases liberated by the combustion having to find a way for themselves.

Two things, therefore, are necessary for the manufacture of an explosive: (1) a combustible body, which must not only be combustible, but must give off gases as the product of combustion (hydrogen being the combustible of the foregoing experiment); and (2) an oxygen-carrying body.

Gunpowder, for instance, consists of 25 per cent. of sulphur and charcoal, both complying with requirements laid down in (1), and 75 per cent. of potassium nitrate, which contains six hundred times its own volume of oxygen. Gunpowder, however, though at one time our universal explosive, was unfitted for modern needs because of the enormous volumes of smoke produced by it, and so it was found that for modern guns explosives of quite a different kind were necessary.

Seventy years ago a Swiss chemist named Schönbein discovered that if cotton-wool was soaked in nitric and sulphuric acids compounds were formed which were both oxygen-carrying and combustible, therefore complying with the two demands of an explosive. This material after treatment burned with enormous rapidity, so that, confined in a cartridge, the almost instantaneous conversion of the material into a large volume of gas, which had to find a way for itself, caused a most powerful explosive effect. There being no room in the cartridge for the gas, the cartridge of course had to burst. You follow that?

This discovery of Schönbein’s was named gun-cotton, though it was not until long afterwards, and after numerous experiments, that it could be adapted for use in guns. In fact, two years after its discovery its manufacture had to be abandoned as being too dangerous for those engaged in the work.

It is to Sir Frederick Abel, an Englishman, that the credit of our modern gun-cotton belongs; but Schönbein’s discovery led directly to the discovery of the most powerful modern explosive, for it was while experiments were being conducted in the laboratory of a French chemist along the lines indicated by Schönbein, glycerine being used as a substitute for cotton, that nitro-glycerine was discovered.

The next advance in the development of gun-cotton was made by E. O. Brown, an English chemist, who demonstrated that you may make a fuse of gun-cotton and set fire to it in the ordinary way, and it will burn at the rate of not much more than a foot a second; but if you took a cake of compressed gun-cotton and *detonated* it with a fulminate of mercury cap

the combustion travelled at the rate of two hundred miles a second. Of course, the speed of the combustion in that case is so enormous that there is no time for the gases released to displace the air; the result—an explosion of enormous violence.

The high explosives of which so much has been heard are produced by the products of coal-tar being subjected to the action of nitric acid. Carboic acid, toluene, and benzene are coal-tar products. From the first is produced, by the action of nitric acid, picric acid, the foundation of lyddite. Trinitrotoluol, or T.N.T., is produced by the action of nitric acid on toluene; and though not quite so powerful an explosive as picric, it is far more reliable, and con-

sequently in more general use. When a shell loaded with T.N.T. explodes a dense cloud of black smoke is thrown up, hence the names, 'coal-box,' 'hearse,' 'Jack Johnson' bestowed by Tommy on the shell.

The effect of the bursting of a shell charged with high explosive is not confined to the actual ground brought into contact with the shell or shell fragments. Part of the value of the high explosive shell is due to the fearful concussion caused by its detonation. I have been hundreds of yards away from a bursting shell, and have been thrown to the ground by the violent displacement of the air. Men are killed daily merely by that displacement; they lie untouched, to all appearance unharmed, yet dead.

WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA.

A NINTH issue has been published of that now indispensable work *Who's Who in America* (1916-17), a biographical dictionary of notable living men and women in the United States (Chicago: A. N. Marquis & Co.; London: Stanley, Paul, & Co.). The editor, who is also its publisher, has endeavoured to give a personal sketch of every living American whose position and achievements make his personality of general interest. As in our British *Who's Who*, we find the facts given which every intelligent person wants to know about those conspicuous in every walk of life. The present issue contains twenty-one thousand nine hundred and twenty-two biographies of eminent people living in the United States. Not a few of these were born in Britain, but their working life has been spent in America. A conspicuous example is Andrew Carnegie, born at Dunfermline, Scotland, in 1835. He is credited with having given away over sixty million pounds sterling, including over twelve millions for three thousand municipal library buildings. Amelia E. Barr, born at Huddleston, Lancashire, in 1831, has now sixty-seven novels to her credit. Frances Hodgson Burnett, born at Manchester in 1849, has written over thirty books, of which *Little Lord Fauntleroy* is best known. These examples could be multiplied. Since the last edition of *Who's Who*, besides much international letter writing, and the delivery of many addresses, President Woodrow Wilson has published a volume called *When a Man Comes to Himself*. The American Ambassador to Italy since 1913 has been the well-known author Mr Thomas Nelson Page. The Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Great Britain since 1913 has been Mr Walter Hines Page, editor, and partner in the publishing firm of Messrs Doubleday, Page, & Co, New York. Two well-known American clergymen acknowledge great indebtedness to home education—

the Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, minister-elect of the London City Temple, who was largely educated at home by his mother; and Dr Lyman Abbott, who has been lawyer, journalist, pastor of Brooklyn Church (1888-99), and is at present editor of the *New York Outlook*. He says in his *Reminiscences* (1915) that there is a royal road to theology, and that is by the way of common sense. His father, Jacob Abbott, the well-known author, gave him, he confesses, the groundwork of all the theology he ever knew. Amongst those good Americans who have been helping us in the great war is Henry Sydnor Harrison, author of *Queed* and *V. V's Eyes*, who has assisted in motor ambulance work on the Western Front. Since this book went to press the death has been announced of Jean Webster (Mrs Glenn Ford McKinney), author of *Daddy Longlegs* and other works. She was a niece of 'Mark Twain' and a daughter of C. L. Webster the publisher. Another author who has also passed away is James Whitcomb Riley, 'the Hoosier Poet.' To William Dean Howells, the doyen of American authors, was awarded in 1915 the gold medal of the National Institution of Arts and Letters for 'distinguished work in fiction.' Over seventy works are here recorded after his name. As many stand to the credit of William Winter, author, editor, and dramatic critic. For more than fifty years he has been writing continuously about the stage, and recently there was a celebration in his honour in New York. His *Vagrant Memories*, *Shakespeare's England*, and *Gray Days and Gold* show a pleasant familiarity with British people and our highways and byways. This whole work is brimful of interest, as it is a kind of compendium of the working energies of over twenty thousand people belonging to the most 'alive,' energetic, and conglomerate race on the face of the globe at the present time.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

WAX-BATH TREATMENT FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

IN a recent issue of *Chambers's Journal* we drew attention to the 'whirling' bath, which is now being used in this country in the treatment of certain injuries, the object being to prevent or mitigate stiffness of the joints. In France the wax-bath is also being employed for the same purpose; but so far it has not met with favour in this country. The wax-bath is by no means a recent idea, having been suggested by a Parisian investigator some time ago. A British firm installed a bath at its works for demonstration purposes, but for some reason or other the method has so far failed to find favour with British medical practitioners, although, as time goes on, and the advantages of the treatment become apparent, opinion may change. This particular bath is still in operation, and is available for experiment by those interested in the subject. For a full bath the wax is heated to a temperature ranging between one hundred and twenty and one hundred and twenty-five degrees Fahrenheit, which the patient is able to bear without discomfort. Indeed, if limbs only are involved, the temperature may with safety be as high as one hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit. Immersion lasts about a quarter of an hour. The treatment exercises a remarkable effect upon the circulatory system, the stimulation produced continuing for several hours after the bath has been taken, and no immediate reaction setting in. The wax-bath has not been found beneficial in chronic rheumatoid arthritis; but all cases of inflammatory rheumatism, either of the muscles or of the joints, receive distinct benefit. This is shown by the number of persons who, having passed through the course, are now able to follow their employment, for which they would otherwise be totally unfit. One striking case of the cure of phlebitis may be recorded. The doctor ordered the patient to bed for three months, but as a result of the wax-bath treatment a complete cure was effected in two days. Stiffness, resulting from wounds, is prevalent among incapacitated soldiers, and there is reason to believe that this defect may be effectually overcome by recourse to the wax-bath, which has also a direct healing effect upon the wounds themselves. The measure of success met with in France should encourage experiments upon this side, especially as the equipment is available, and can be tested thoroughly and inexpensively.

A BULLET-PROOF JACKET.

From time to time we have drawn attention in 'The Month' to the many ingenious devices, such as body-shields and steel helmets, which have been evolved for the purpose of protecting

the fighting man against shrapnel bullets, bayonet-thrusts, and sword-lunges. In a recent invention the protective device does not constitute an addition to the ordinary uniform, but is ingeniously combined with the clothing. So far it has only been adapted to the dress of officers. The jacket follows the accepted regulation lines, and in outward appearance does not differ in the slightest detail from the ordinary pattern. But the garment is lined with highly tempered steel in such a manner as not to offer the slightest hindrance to the wearer's free movement of the arms and body. Moreover, owing to the system of fitting, the slight additional weight is so distributed as to escape the notice of the wearer. The steel employed is sufficiently strong to resist a .455 Government revolver bullet fired from a distance of twenty yards. Under these circumstances the jacket should be able to protect the wearer completely against flying splinters of shell or fragments of shrapnel, and to safeguard him against many wounds which at present are inflicted by shell-fire. These injuries may not prove fatal, but they are often sufficiently severe to incapacitate the officer for weeks.

IS THE HYGIENIC DOMESTIC DUST-BIN IMPOSSIBLE?

A correspondent draws attention to the urgent necessity for the introduction of more hygienic measures in the handling of household refuse. At the present moment the householder in many towns is compelled to provide a sanitary bin, but in the collection of the refuse contamination of the atmosphere is produced by the discharge of the contents into the collecting cart waiting in the street. Our correspondent suggests that dust-bins should be standard in size, and that the charged receptacle should be removed bodily, with its contents intact, and loaded upon the collecting vehicle for removal to the destructor or dumping ground, a clean, dry, empty bin being left in its place. Certainly the adoption of such a practice would dispense with all offensive smell and the distribution of dust. The obvious reply to this suggestion is the necessity for sinking a certain amount of public capital in the purchase of bins, because each householder would need to be provided with a double set. Against this, however, must be set the doubled or trebled life of the bin. Under present conditions the householder's emptied bin is usually left in a wet and foul condition. It is never thoroughly cleansed, though it may receive a slight sprinkling of a cheap disinfectant. The result is that the bottom of the bin is worn out long before the sides. The correspondent suggests that the charged bins, after being emptied at the destructor or dump pile, should be washed and dried, either in the sun or over

a fire. It is urged that considerable time would be saved in collecting the refuse, while the carts themselves might be fitted with rails to permit of the bins being stacked. The objections to the measure, however, in addition to the initial expense, must not be overlooked. In the first place, the bins would have to be square-shaped, so as to utilise to the full the limited space available upon the collecting cart. Then every bin would have to be filled to its utmost capacity to render removal upon this system profitable. It would not pay to remove bins which were only a quarter or half full; and in any case the weight of the vessels themselves would represent so much 'dead' load.

ROADSIDE CLOVER.

A correspondent writes: In some parts of South Lincolnshire there is a considerable width of sward between the road and the hedges. All observant travellers have noticed that this year these roadsides are bearing a large quantity of white clover. This, of course, has made the roadside cuttings to be of much greater value for feeding cattle than is usually the case. The phenomenon only appears on the sides of the main roads. It has given rise to much comment, and various explanations are offered. In the course of a conversation I had with a practical farmer, he gave what seemed to be a very probable reason. He said that when his pasture land had been given a generous treatment with basic slag, white clover invariably appeared, the seed evidently being in the soil, but not germinating without the assistance of this fertiliser. Of recent years, much use has been made of slag as binding when roads are repaired, and he thinks that the dust, which, by reason of the heavy traffic of this district, is only too abundant, having been blown on to the roadsides, or deposited there as sweepings, has been thoroughly washed into the soil by the unusually heavy rains of this year. Thus the roadsides have received a similar treatment to the pastures, and a like result is evident. In this connection it is interesting to notice the difference in the appropriation of the roadside grass. In this district the eatage, or roadside harvest, is the property of the farmers whose fields adjoin the roads. In an adjacent district the county council lets the eatage to cowkeepers for grazing. These are possessors of one or more cows, and are charged two shillings or two shillings and sixpence per head per week. In the districts where the roadside grass is the property of the adjoining farmers the grazing alluded to is illegal, and all animals must be kept moving at not less than two miles per hour. This difference of law, or what locally has almost legal significance—that is, custom—is curious. As bearing upon the above, the notable improvements of poor grass-land, under Professor Somerville at Denton Hill, on the Sussex Downs near

Newhaven, might be mentioned. Here he has transformed a semi-barren tract into productive pastures, carrying to advantage, says the agricultural correspondent of the *Times*, more than twice the number of sheep that formerly eked out a miserable existence. The only material employed was basic slag. The addition of a potash manure proved to be unnecessary. It would be unwise to conclude, the writer adds, that basic slag would be equally successful on all soils and in all localities, but it is noteworthy that the remarkable results obtained at the Northumberland station have here been reproduced. The appearance of the stock is as convincing as the turf.

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

The discovery of coal at Udi, in Southern Nigeria, marks a new and most important epoch in the history of West Africa, as it renders possible many industrial developments in that still little known country. The discovery was made in the course of the mineral survey of Southern Nigeria, which was associated with the Imperial Institute. Following on the very favourable report of the Institute, steps were taken by the Government to work the field, which is no longer in the experimental stage, as up to the month of June ten thousand tons had already been mined and stacked ready for use. The coalfield is in immediate proximity to the new Nigerian Eastern Railway from Port Harcourt, the distance from which is only one hundred and fifty miles. When this line is opened for traffic—some time this year—transport can begin at once, and the coal will be at the service of the whole of Nigeria. Many specimens of Udi coal have been very fully examined, and the fuel value has been definitely determined at the Imperial Institute. Though not equal in quality to Welsh steam coal, it is much better than many varieties which are now being mined all over the world. It has been subjected to exhaustive trials on the Nigerian railways, the officials of which have reported very favourably upon it as a locomotive fuel. The total area of the Udi deposits is, so far as can be at present estimated, not less than two thousand one hundred square miles. In places the seams are five feet thick.

A SOLUTION OF THE HOUSING PROBLEM.

The provision of adequate housing accommodation is one of the most difficult problems in connection with land development. Incidentally it is also a matter of moment in connection with war-workers, who are experiencing a shortage of accommodation in the vicinity of the great munition centres. Owing to the inflated price of materials and labour, coupled with the temporary nature of the demand, houses built of conventional materials are not at present regarded as a promising

speculation. A serious attempt to overcome the difficulty is being made by one of our educational institutions, which is engaged in a series of experiments to determine the suitability of mud for cottage building. The movement is by no means new, for some time ago one well-known enthusiast built upon his estate a cottage of this character, the cost of which was only twelve pounds, as compared with the eighty pounds which would have had to be expended had the more familiar materials been employed. In the experiments alluded to an effort is being made to discover the most serviceable manner in which earth can be utilised in the construction of a house suitable for this climate. Six experimental walls have been raised, and as they are side by side an excellent opportunity is afforded of subjecting them to close comparative study. The first wall is merely of earth which has been tightly pressed between boards; the second is formed of similar material, to which a certain proportion of soft soap has been added; the third is composed of a mixture of earth, soft soap, and lime; the fourth has been given a protective coating of grouting; the fifth has been dressed with tar; while the sixth is fashioned from a mixture of earth, glass, and lime. So far, apparently, the tar-dressed wall has given the most promising results. In addition to the low cost of a mud cottage, it is pointed out that such a building can be run up ready for occupation within three weeks. In this country no experiments appear to have been made with the monolithic system of house-building with cement, in which moulds are employed, and the cement is run in to set and harden. This method has been practised in the United States, and has proved a complete success, buildings costing from twenty to two thousand pounds being run up in this manner. Not only can such houses be built speedily and cheaply, but they possess the additional advantage of being thoroughly hygienic, as they can be flushed, if desired, from roof to floor with a hose.

SALINE versus ANTISEPTIC SURGICAL DRESSINGS.

Considerable interest has been aroused by the successful treatment of one hundred and ten men wounded in the battle of Jutland by saline solutions in preference to the usual antiseptic dressings. Some months ago Sir Almroth Wright created a sensation in medical circles by announcing that far better results were obtainable by the use of weak solutions of salt for washing and sterilising wounds than by the use of antiseptic dressings. The method is very simple. A gauze wick is threaded through the wound, and a warm solution of salt falls upon the wick from a small glass tube connected to a suitable reservoir, such as a vacuum bottle. In its passage through the wick the solution washes or irrigates the wound, carrying away all the

poisonous matter, and discharging into a suitable receptacle. It is interesting to note that this practice is a modern adaptation of a treatment which has obtained in rural districts since time immemorial, for the simple reason that salt is there the most convenient, and often the only, germicide available. The treatment of a wound with salt is of course painful, but it is usually effective. An ugly gash is dressed with crude salt rubbed well into the wound, while slight suppurating injuries, such as those induced by splinters and rusty nails, are dressed with bread soaked in either hot or cold water to which a quantity of salt has been added, the poultice being renewed when the dressing begins to dry. The salt acts as both a sterilising and a healing agent, and is usually quite efficacious.

A NEW MOTOR ROAD-TRAIN.

A recent development of the self-propelled road-train is arousing considerable interest, because, when required, each of the attached trailing vehicles can be converted into a self-propelling unit. This is especially advantageous when starting or negotiating an incline with a full load. The road-train built on this principle is fitted with the Thomas electric transmission system. The tractor proper is equipped with an internal combustion engine using petrol as fuel, and the power thus obtained is transmitted through an electrical system which takes the place of the familiar change-speed gear-box. One axle of each of the succeeding trailing vehicles is converted into a driver, thus contributing to the tractive effort of the train. This auxiliary driving force is continued until full speed is attained, when the driving effort of the trailers is cut off. By this expedient the starting of the train is materially facilitated as well as expedited, while the interval between starting and the attainment of full speed is greatly reduced. Owing to the system of electrical transmission which is adopted a far more flexible drive is obtained than if defined gear-ratios were used, as in the ordinary system of mechanical change-speed gear. A train consisting of a tractor and two vehicles weighs about fourteen tons, and its carrying capacity is from twenty to thirty tons. With the former load a speed of approximately fifteen miles an hour is obtainable upon a level road, while a 10 per cent. gradient can be climbed at a speed of two and a half miles an hour. Upon the normal undulating road the petrol consumption averages about seventy-five ton-miles per gallon. Although the trailers may be utilised as auxiliary drivers, steering is effected from the leader, and automatically transmitted to the following cars. Tracking is so perfect, even when rounding curves, that the deviation from the tractor's wheel lines is only a few inches, while the whole train is protected by a brake operated by the driver on the leading vehicle. The carrying capacity of a train of three vehicles—the tractor and two trailers—

is at least equal to that of four five-ton lorries, but the 'dead-weight' is much less, while the length of road occupied by the four separate vehicles is appreciably greater. Moreover, the road-train is far more economical and remunerative than the four vehicles. Not only is the petrol consumption of the complete train less than that of four lorries, but less labour is necessary, only one driver and an assistant being necessary instead of four drivers. The Thomas transmission system has been applied with conspicuous success to railway working, and it promises to prove equally advantageous in highroad haulage, which in these days of scarcity of skilled labour is no mean advantage.

UPHOLSTERING IN RUBBER CLOTH.

The rapidly increasing scarcity of leather suited to the covering of furniture has been responsible for the perfection of many substitutes. Among these none has proved so conspicuously successful as what is described as grained rubber cloth. As the name implies, this material is composed of india-rubber with a fabric foundation. The rubber is not attached to the surface of the fabric, but the textile is impregnated with the rubber in such a manner as to form a distinctive material, the result being that the rubber face cannot be detached from the fabric. The wearing qualities of the article are striking. It neither cracks nor peels off, but wears in precisely the same manner as genuine leather. It is not only an ideal decorative material for chairs and lounges, but it constitutes an excellent covering for desk and table tops. It is hygienic, and possesses the virtue of being washable with a damp sponge or rag without suffering any ill-effects.

ESTABLISHING THE CATGUT INDUSTRY.

Among the many articles for the supply of which we have had in the past to depend upon the foreigner is catgut for surgical ligatures. Germany supplied practically the whole of our needs in this highly specialised field, though a quantity packed in sealed tubes and ready for immediate use was obtained from the United States. Since the outbreak of war we have been compelled to depend largely upon the American product, but the demand far exceeded the supply. In order to meet the deficiency a Scottish manufacturing chemist embarked upon the manufacture of the article, completing the sterile finished ligature from the raw intestine, and thereby establishing what is generally believed to be a new industry so far as this country is concerned. The production of a sterile ligature is by no means such a simple, straightforward operation as it may appear to the inexperienced. As a result of his individual experiments the chemist referred to concludes that it is impossible to produce a satisfactory sterile ligature by medication after the strings have been twisted

and dried, since the character of the gut and its tensile strength must undergo a greater or less change. The strength of the solutions employed, together with the length of time which it is essential to allow the catgut to remain in contact with them, cannot but detrimentally affect the substance. Moreover, he is inclined to believe that much of the trouble experienced through irritation in the suture and through lack of uniformity in the rate of absorption, is attributable to the non-scientific system in use for the preparation of medicated ligatures. The British product, which is supplied both in hanks and in sealed glass tubes of the American pattern, has been subjected to exacting tests, including bacteriological investigation, and the results are declared to be eminently satisfactory and encouraging. The opportunity which is now presented, owing to the abnormal demands created by the war, for the utilisation of British catgut should be adequate to establish the new industry upon a firm foundation, and should enable it easily to hold its own against the German product.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

THE TWO ORCHARDS.

A DEVON orchard, warm in mellowed walls,
Where fruit-trees quicken through the golden hour,
And mask each bough in tender leaf when falls
The sudden silver of an April shower.

A Flemish orchard—nay, it once was so—
That little plot to peasant folk endeared;
Where branch and bole are blasted and laid low,
And every grace by Teuton hate is seared.

A charnel-ground. Yet here the linnets sing,
While in the wilderness of blood and tears
One spray of apple-blossom dares to spring
From some old quarrenton of happier years.

Oh Devon orchard, chant thy litany,
Secure from aught save Nature's rough caprice;
But know thy sister's dark Gethsemane
Hath been a shield to thee—a fortalice.

Her song and blossomed spray are as the lilt
Of rippling water 'mid the dust of hell;
A voice divine on which our faith is built,
That high compassion ordereth all things well.

A. T. CORKE.

*. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible. ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the *writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.*
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

CARELESSNESS.

By R. S. WARREN BELL.

CHAPTER I.

'WHEN you was burglin', Joe,' said Nick Portch, the new fourth gardener, 'didn't you find folks careless like?'

Joe Rudge, third gardener at the Queen's House Gardens, Broken Cross, scowled at his colleague, and at the same time he glanced about him to make sure that nobody had overheard the remark. For two years now Joseph Rudge, ex-convict, had kept the place which, upon his latest release from prison, had been obtained for him by a society which existed for the purpose of setting discharged malefactors on the path to getting an honest living. It was a worthy society, as worthy a society as ever was; for the discharged prisoner, encountering serious difficulty in procuring work once his history is known, too often finds himself compelled to take to his old practices in order to keep body and soul together. Worthy of our esteem for their philanthropy, and perhaps, too, of our admiration for their pluck, are those who accept men through this society. Many of them are narrow-viewed, and their ways and methods of debate are such as to provoke a smile in the man of the world, and jeers from the comic papers. But here and there they do save a poor wretch from wearing out what is left of his life behind prison bars; and so, although they wear black gloves and shake loosely folded umbrellas at the publican straddling in his doorway, they are perhaps as worth taking off your hat to as most of the smart people who laugh at them.

Anyhow, here was Joe Rudge—who had done three months, six months (twice), a year, two years, three years, and, finally, seven years' penal—earning his living as a gardener in the gardens of the Queen's House, which, once the residence of an exiled queen, was now a show-place. Here Joe Rudge had been for two years, and during that time he had followed the ways of virtue and turned a deaf ear to the voice of the tempter. And he had recently been advanced from fourth to third gardener.

His promotion had not been, perhaps, entirely due to his probity. It was, indeed, to some extent automatic, as, the third gardener having been dismissed for committing petty thefts, Joe had simply moved up into his place. Still, it

would have been easy for the committee to appoint a new third gardener, and keep the ex-thief pegged to his place of repentance at the bottom of the ladder. But Joe had two things in his favour. Without being a specialist, he was a good general gardener, with a particular turn for 'veges,' he having invariably been employed in the kitchen-garden—there being no other—at the various jails in which he had been incarcerated; and, secondly, he had actually been suspected—and watched—of committing the thefts of which his senior was ultimately proved guilty. It had been fortunate for Joe that on obtaining employment at the Queen's House he had decided not to play any monkey tricks—not to slip a few seed-potatoes, or a nice lettuce or two, or a bunch of radishes into his capacious pockets on leaving of a night, though he knew the third did these things regularly. Besides, though at the outset of his career, as his early sentences indicate, Joe had indulged in the 'smalls' of his profession, in his later years he had cast his net for big fish. So that to an aristocrat in burglary—as it were—the annexing of lettuces and radishes, apart from the folly and risk of such deeds, was a trifle undignified. Thus, in a fashion, did he earn his promotion, going up to third, *vice* William Carpenter, sacked, but not prosecuted; Nicodemus Portch, lately employed by a local jobbing gardener, being hired to fill the vacancy.

'Stow your noise,' growled Joe. 'Who said I'd ever been burglin'?''

'Sorter 'eard it.'

'Well, then,' returned Mr Rudge, 'forget that you 'ave—see?'

Dusk was just stealing over the gardens of the Queen's House—the two men were sweeping an asphalt path by way of finishing their day's work—and in the half-light Joe's square jaw, thrust out pugnaciously, and hard slit of a mouth looked so ominous that Nick Portch, who was a fair-haired, loosely built, rather weak-faced cockney lad, felt almost frightened. Besides, had it not been mentioned to him, over a tankard of 'bitter'—he was rather given to 'bitter'—at the 'Prince Arthur,' down in the town, that Joe Rudge's last sentence of seven

years had been given him for—for *manslaughter*? (And a lot of big, heavy, sharp tools stand and lie handy in these gardens.)

Inquiring, a shade paler, as to that deed—for manslaughter is oftener than not first cousin to something beginning with the same letter—Nick had learned that it was a clean job enough. Rudge, it was said, was having a fierce quarrel with an accomplice over some stolen goods, and the other man had drawn his gun on him; but Rudge had been just that breath of a tick quicker with his own.

Still, though Nick had experienced a feeling of relief on hearing these particulars, the incident proved Joe Rudge to be a fierce and ready man when he was in a corner. Not a man to take liberties with, anyhow.

'That's all right; I know 'ow to 'old my tongue, Mr Rudge,' hastily replied the fourth gardener, though he tried to turn his nervousness off with an uneasy laugh.

'Glad you do,' said Joe Rudge. 'I'm a gardener, earning as honest a livin' as any man, an' a honest one than some as considers 'emselves honest.'

'That you be,' agreed Nick.

They went on sweeping. Mr MacNair, the head-gardener, and his second in command had some time since ceased operations, and these two, with a boy who was scraping tools in the yard, had the big, shadowy gardens, with their spreading cedars and smooth lawns, their whispering shrubberies and silent dells, all to themselves.

No further word was spoken for, perhaps, five minutes. Then Rudge broke the silence. He felt that he had been a bit sharp—imprudently sharp, perhaps—with Nick. His very sharpness would confirm the tales that had been told into the young fellow's ear. After all, it doesn't pay to be bad friends with folks who can do you good turns as well as bad ones, if they like.

'Wot was that you was sayin' about folks bein' careless?' he asked casually.

'Well, I was just thinkin',' said Nick, desisting from his labours and using the handle of his broom as a support. 'I've been in an' out a lot o' places jobbin', an' it's 'curred to me 'ow easy folk go with their doors an' winders. I could 'ave pinched anything I liked many a time.'

'Not often,' opined the prison-worn Joe. 'You'd 'ave got copped, sure.'

'It's a wonder to me,' continued Nick, 'that the blokes on the game don't take a van along an' collect articles, like callin' for the washin'.'

'They do,' said Joe, with a retrospective sigh. 'I—I've known it done in broad daylight. Pull up the van, drop off, knock, an' if there's somebody about, say you've brought the lino that was ordered. Wrong 'ouse! Thank you! Nobody in, clear the sideboard an' take the stuff out in a 'earthrug.'

Nick chuckled. 'Yes, easy as eatin' your

dinner. Folks ask for trouble, they do. Tell you 'ow. There's a little 'ouse on the way 'ome—pass it every night—kep' by a couple o' ladies—single ladies. 'Ouse o' the name o' Rest 'Arrow.'

'I've noticed it. Very nice-kept place.'

'Oh, they've got some pieces, them old ladies. Nice people to work for. "Cup o' tea, gardener?" Them kind o' folk. Well, they goes out an' leaves the place *any'ow*—winders open, side-door unlocked. Tell you, it's wicked. I said to 'em, "You don't 'arf ask any one in," I says; and they replies, "Why, gardener, it doesn't do to be always thinkin' ill o' your fellow-creatures. We've lived 'ere by ourselves, sometimes with a maid an' sometimes without, these twenty-five years, an' never lost a silver spoon. Besides, what are the police for?"'

Joe Rudge gave vent to a muffled laugh, in which could be distinguished a note of derision. 'Reckon this is tidy enough,' he said, turning the head of his broom on its side and knocking it on the path.

Having put their tools away, the men walked back to the town together. On the way they passed Rest Harrow, the house on which Nicodemus Portch had expended his eloquence. Two elderly ladies were pecking about in the front garden with their trowels. It was an old, shallow-storeyed house, with an easily accessible balcony, and a glance declared it to the experienced eye of Joe Rudge as one of those soft 'cribs' that it was almost a meanness to crack.

To be company for Joe, Nick had wheeled his bike so far. 'See 'em, the dear old birds?' he said. 'If all jobbin' was like jobbin' for 'em I'd feel like stickin' to it. But it ain't. Besides, I want to be a gentleman's gardener, an' comin' from the Queen's 'Ouse, if Mr MacNair will write me a nice letter, will be a recommendation—see?'

'Ay, that's the lay,' agreed Joe Rudge, nodding.

'Think I'll get on now, as I've got to meet my tart,' added Nick, jumping on to his machine and wheeling off, leaving Rudge to follow with his peculiar shuffling tread, got through years of life in prison, where you had to walk so close to the man in front that if you didn't throw your feet out you were likely to tread on his heels. Yet, though it was a shuffle, it covered the ground quickly. Though it was a shuffle, it was a light shuffle.

Joe Rudge was a gardener, yet you had but to scratch him to find a burglar underneath. And, to tell the truth, Nick Portch's tale of the ease with which one could enter Rest Harrow had momentarily revived the burglar in Joe. Not that he contemplated an entry; not in the least. But it acted, for the moment, like the sound of cannon 'on an old war-horse. He had forgotten about it by the next morning; but,

trudging home alone in the cool of the evening, he couldn't help, with a turn of his eye, measuring the distance from the neat grass plot in front to the balcony above. Pooh! a leap, a strong grip, a pull, and you were on it.

Just a passing thought. And Joe soon had

something else very different to think about—in fact, something that made him forget even to glance at Rest Harrow as he shuffled by on his way to work and back to his lodgings in Broken Cross.

(Continued on page 730.)

DOVER TUNNEL AND THE SCOTTISH SHIP-CANAL.

By the Right Hon. Sir J. H. A. MACDONALD, G.C.B., LL.D.,
Author of *Life Jottings of an Old Edinburgh Citizen*, &c.

IT has come to be realised by all thinking persons in this land that when the day arrives for the proclamation of peace, that day will bring no complete cessation of struggle between the nations. A new contest has to begin for the safeguarding and promotion of our commercial interests, without which the victory that is looked for would be in great degree rendered unproductive, and the recovery from the oppression of vast national debt made difficult, if not impossible. Accordingly, much thought is being given and numerous conferences are being held in this country and among the allied nations to find the best policy to be followed for fighting the peaceful war of commerce. It is very plainly discerned that our present enemies are exercising great forethought to ensure, if they can, a defeat of their present enemies in the struggle for the world's trade, that they may in the region of commerce reach that world domination which they are failing to effect by military conquest. It is well known how for many years before the war began our enemies, by their thoroughness in their modes of securing purchasers for their output of merchandise, had ousted our traders—who clung to their old-fashioned ways of doing business—from many a market, not only abroad, but in our own land. They had also secured the output of mines, by which they could obtain raw material at a much cheaper cost than they would exact from us if we sought to buy from them. Now, late in the day, it is being recognised that there is a call for radical change in our way of doing, and that there must be a freeing of ourselves from restraints which hamper us and make us resemble a man fighting with one of his hands tied behind his back.

To succeed in such a contest as lies before us, it is not sufficient to consider the kinds of business that we can undertake with efficiency, and the modes by which such business may be promoted by skilful and well-organised methods, both in the obtaining of raw material, and the securing of markets for the manufactured goods. There are other elements which come in to enable the merchant to bring his materials for his manufacture to his place of work, and to convey his goods to the markets where he can

sell them. He must have the cheapest and most rapid conveyance provided for his materials and his made goods, so that the price at which he can sell at a profit shall not be swamped by too burdensome charges for freights. In a word, he must be provided with the easiest and most efficient means of transit by land and by sea; and if, in so providing, it is possible to make the country more able to defend itself in any future war that may arise, a double advantage will be gained.

The present purpose is to call attention to two great works which have long been in contemplation: the making of a tunnel below the Strait of Dover, and the formation of a ship-canal between the Forth and the Clyde. That these two works would be beneficial to commerce in time of peace is the belief of many. On the other hand, as regards the first, there are still not a few who shrink from the idea of opening a railroad between this country and the Continent, and certainly for many years our best military men looked upon it as a dangerous proceeding, Lord Wolseley, who was our most distinguished soldier in his time, having always been in strong opposition to the idea. As regards the second scheme, the same objection could not be made to the proposed Scottish canal. That it would possibly be useful in case of war with another maritime Power might be freely admitted; but the prevalent opinion was that it could not be made to pay from a commercial point of view. The time has come for earnest and practical consideration of these two projects.

The writer is free to admit that for a long period of years he strongly opposed the idea of joining England and France by a tunnel, and had matters remained as they were thirty years ago the feeling against the proposal would have continued; but more than one change has taken place, affecting both the international question and the working question, and there is ground now for changing opinion, and for holding that the advantages so outweigh any possible disadvantages as to cause the scale of the latter to kick the beam. In former days those who advocated the formation of the tunnel could only meet the objectors, who scented danger, by saying that it would require nothing

but the pressure of a button in Downing Street to cause the sea to enter and flood the tunnel, rendering it useless to an enemy. One can recall the sarcastic speech of Lord Randolph Churchill in the House of Commons in 1887, in which he drew an amusing picture of the Cabinet seated round the council table, with the press-button in the middle, solemnly discussing who was to take the responsibility of pushing it down and causing the catastrophe. It is easy to see how, with an astute enemy, having his spies everywhere, so slender a protection as a wire led from a press-button could be severed, so as to make the pressure of the button of no effect. But the proposal presents itself to-day under a different aspect in more than one particular. The France which in 1859 was threatening us through her bellicose colonels, that France which had been our historical enemy, and which would have declared war against us at so recent a date as that of the Fashoda Incident, being only deterred by the insufficiency of her fleet to come to conclusions with us upon the sea, has now become our staunchest friend, and has not, and never can have, any interest to pick a quarrel with us; while nothing is more certain than that Great Britain can have no interest to break off her alliance, cemented by the blood shed in such oceans during the many months in which the two nations have fought side by side. The making of a tunnel joining the two lands could have in itself no tendency to promote strife; rather the reverse. It could have no tendency to repulsion, but would rather increase free and friendly intercourse by making the journey quick and easy. It would enable thousands of both nations to visit the neighbouring country for business or enjoyment, thus bringing the two peoples socially more closely together, and making an estrangement by separation caused by a very dreadful sea-passage no longer likely. For, short as is the distance, those who suffer at sea get the best possible chance of suffering severely in the choppy cross-seas of what our French friends call *la manche*. If rail connection was completed, many in both lands and of all classes would travel between England and the Continent both ways, who never would think of doing so as long as the journey had to be broken by a sea-passage.

In the case of passenger traffic, the gain in time would be great, as there would be no delay at ports of departure and arrival. The actual run could be accomplished in half-an-hour, and there would be no hindrance, however stormy the weather might be. The discomforts of alighting from a train and perhaps encountering heavy rain driven by a fierce wind, while a crowd carrying hand-bags and hold-alls has to be filtered down a narrow gangway, and again a similar experience gone through at the debarkation—all this, which has now to be faced and

endured, would be avoided. The traveller would reach his London or his Paris without having to leave the seat he took when he began his journey, a journey shortened by at least an hour and a half.

But it is not in the improved conveyance of passengers that the chief gain would be made. The advantages for goods traffic would be very great. At present all goods passing from the Continent to Great Britain, and *vice versa*, must be unloaded to the quay, loaded on the vessel, unloaded on the other side, and loaded once again on the railway wagons. This represents great delay, additional expense, and in many cases damage to the goods. If the Channel Tunnel were completed, goods might be loaded on trucks anywhere, and be carried to any place on the Continent, or if from the Continent to any place in Great Britain—the railway gauge, except that of Russia, being the same—without breaking bulk, and the saving thus effected would have an important bearing on the price to be paid by those to whom the goods were consigned. It would also save at least a day in the time occupied in transit. What loss of time and money would not have been saved during the present war if men and material could have been taken direct from England to their destinations in France or Belgium!

All this is beyond dispute, and the only question which remains is whether there is such danger from a military point of view in having this road available to an enemy in the event of war as to call for a forgoing of these advantages. This danger could only be incurred if by want of foresight such defence was not provided at the English end of the tube as to make its use by an enemy impossible—that is to say, to make it impossible for him to debouch in force from the tunnel-end. To give an enemy the use of the tunnel for such a purpose would require a combination of circumstances not likely to occur. To suppose that a first and direct attack could be made by sending troops through the tunnel as a primary operation of war is a supposition which carries its own refutation upon its face. Nothing is more certain in war than that troops debouching from a narrow defile are courting destruction, unless their movement can be covered by a force able to deal with and hold in check those who are opposing the passage of the main body down and out of the defile. A very small force of artillery and infantry could deal destruction to an enemy advancing on a narrow front, in a gorge, unable to bring any effective fire to bear upon his foe, while the foe could enfilade his narrow column with crushing effect. And if this be true of a defile between hills, how much more true would it be when the advance had to be made from the mouth of a tunnel not having a greater breadth of way than about twenty feet! If the existence of such a

tunnel across the Channel was to be an aid to an enemy attacking England, it would be necessary first that he should succeed in occupying the ground in front of the tunnel-mouth, and that with a considerable force, so as to drive off and keep off any force that could cover the mouth of the tunnel with fire. And this, looking to the immensely increased range of modern guns, would call for a large expeditionary force, which would require to obtain a landing on our shores, not merely of troops and field-artillery, but also of heavy guns, which could effectively meet the fire of protective batteries, many miles inland from the tunnel-mouth. Thus the only assistance the tunnel could give to an invading force would be to facilitate the arrival of his reinforcements. He must first invade in force, and get the command of the mouth, before he can use the tunnel to any advantage. In short, a *coup de main* by sea, and that on a large scale, would be an essential preliminary to the utilisation of the tunnel by an invader. Nothing can be more plain than this, that the moment any demonstration of a raid was made, the tunnel would at once be put out of use, by very simple expedients.

Further, it is clear that without obtaining the mastery of the sea, no enemy could profit by the existence of a Channel Tunnel; and such mastery of the sea would require to be effective in the near neighbourhood of Dover, as a landing anywhere else could not give him the command of the mouth of the tunnel. All this being so, the ordinary British subject would not be nervous if a free railway route was open between England and France. He does not doubt our capacity to keep the mastery of the sea. If we lost it, there would be no question of the fact that we had lost all, and the presence of a tunnel would make no difference. The enemy that can wrest from us the mastery of the sea would, in doing so, wrest from us the mastery of our land. We should be compelled to make the best terms we could with him. We may be thankful that nothing that has happened points in any such direction, and there is no reason to suppose that anything can happen which would make such disaster likely.

But it may be said that all these arguments were equally cogent in former days, and that they did not have such weight with our military advisers as to induce them to consent to the construction of a Channel Tunnel. That is quite true, but two things must be remembered. When they raised their objections the enemy that was in contemplation was the nation who would hold the other end of the tunnel. It was France that had to be thought of as a possible enemy. To-day she is our closest friend, and it is difficult to see what possible interest she could have to turn against us. When the present war is over, we, with her, must enter

on an economic war with our present enemies. Our future prosperity and hers are bound up together, and to quarrel among ourselves would be to give our present foes the victory which they are failing to attain by combat. A war between France and Great Britain would be essentially fratricidal, at which our present enemies would look on with unbounded and sardonic satisfaction. It may be conceivable, but it is so superlatively improbable as not to fall within the contemplation of the practical politician.

The other thing which makes the situation different from that which existed in Lord Wolseley's day is that the effective range of guns has so enormously increased that the artillery defences of such a work as the Channel Tunnel could be twelve or even more miles from the tunnel-mouth, and yet every shot could be fired with such power and such precision of aim that the entrance would in two minutes be reduced to masses of broken masonry, and so choked up with debris that nothing could pass through it. But there is a further development connected with the working of such a tunnel, if made, that creates additional security against successful capture of it by an invading enemy. The now common use of electric traction on railways has altered the whole aspect of the matter in regard to the risks of danger from the use by an enemy of the Channel Tunnel. It is impossible to doubt that if the tunnel were made the motive-power used in it would be electric. If it were for no other reason, the avoidance of fouling of the air by engines, which would be most offensive in a twenty-two mile tunnel used by numerous trains, would undoubtedly determine the question. In any view, in the international arrangements for the construction, electric traction might be insisted on as a condition. And if this were done, as it certainly would be, a possible element of danger could be absolutely eliminated. The driving-power for half of the tunnel between Dover and the middle of the Strait would be from a power-house some distance inland from Dover, and the driving-power for the other half of the tunnel would be provided in France, the two having no connection. If this were so arranged, all power could be taken from the Dover section by the opening of a switch. A train approaching from the Continent would be held immovable in the middle, and a train on the English section could be brought to a stand at any point in the same way. In this manner the use of the tunnel to bring troops or military material through it could be absolutely stopped; and even if by effecting a landing an enemy got possession of the English power-house, he would find it made unworkable before those in charge were driven out. To interrupt and make impossible the transmission of a current is the simplest operation in the world, and the dynamos for

supplying the driving-power could be rendered ineffective without difficulty.

As regards advantages, from a military point of view, of the existence of a tunnel, it is plain enough that if an attack were to be again made on our ally France, our troops in aid could be conveyed through it, and without quitting their trains be at once carried to the front, thus bringing immediate reinforcement wherever it might be required. Allowing for a train every three minutes, an army corps of forty thousand men could be passed through the tunnel in the course of a day, being carried on to the front without changing vehicles.

On these grounds it is thought that the making of a Channel Tunnel would not cause danger to this country, and would be of great advantage both to France and to Great Britain. The only question that remains regards the cost. It has been ascertained that the making of the tunnel would present no difficult engineering problems, and the experience already obtained in the boring of tunnels under water, as in the Mersey and the Severn, gives confidence of easy accomplishment. The length makes no practical difference. There is, of course, more work to be done, but it is the same work in character as that which has already been done with success, and the length does not create any new difficulty. No doubt the cost would be great, but there is little reason to suppose that the capital necessary would not be found; and if, as is believed, the formation of the tunnel would be a national benefit, Parliament might well give some financial aid, either by subsidy or by guaranteeing a small return on the capital subscribed, until the traffic developed, as it certainly would do as years went on. Another aid might be given by allowing the railway company to charge an excess rate for the mileage of the tunnel, as was done in the case of the Forth Bridge, all traffic over which is charged as for a much greater mileage than is represented by the length of the bridge itself.

Weighing all the pros and cons, there seems to be fair reason to hold that the construction of a Channel Tunnel should, in present circumstances, be encouraged.

The Forth and Clyde Ship-Canal need only be considered as to its feasibility, as it involves no question of possible advantage to an enemy. The grounds on which its promoters urge its formation are simple enough, and scarcely to be impugned by any reasonable argument. That it would be a most useful addition to our defensive power at sea is demonstrable. At present, if a large number of vessels of the British fleet were on the east of Great Britain, and cause arose for transferring them to the Irish Channel or to the Atlantic, they could be passed through such a canal in a few hours, whereas at present they must either go down to and through the English Channel or go by the stormy seas that sweep

round the Shetland Islands, involving great loss of time and expenditure of fuel, and with the certainty that their every movement is known to the enemy. A fleet lying in St Margaret's Hope, at Rosyth Dockyard, could cross the country in three or four hours, free from all risk of attack by submarines. On the other hand, in the event of an engagement on the west of the island, ships disabled or requiring repairs, or ships damaged in stormy weather, could pass through the canal by the aid of towing, if necessary, and so quickly reach the dockyard, when their condition might render it hazardous or even impossible to make a voyage under tow round the north by Shetland, apart from the question of exposure to attack by an enemy. Moreover, great loss of time might be saved if time was of importance. War-vessels coming from the North Sea to the Forth might be short of bunker coal and food-supplies; but if their orders were to proceed to the west coast, coals and other supplies could be taken up as they passed through the canal. Lighters made fast alongside could be cleared as they moved through the canal. This would save many hours, and a few hours might make all the difference as to the success of any expedition and the thwarting of the enemy's plans. Short cuts are often hazardous proceedings in navigation, but in the case supposed there could be no sea hazard either from storms or reefs or enemy's craft.

That is the whole simple case from the naval point of view, and it only remains to consider whether the existence of such a canal would be useful to commerce. This it certainly would be. Much traffic from east to west, and *vice versa*, could reach its port more easily and more safely than at present. There is one very obvious instance. Mercantile traffic between Russia and the Baltic—not to speak of Swedish, Norwegian, Dutch, and Belgian traffic—and Glasgow would be as direct as it is now of necessity indirect, requiring either a voyage round Land's End or round Shetland, or breaking bulk and a railway journey. Conversely, trade between India or the Mediterranean and Leith or Dundee or Aberdeen would pass to and from these ports by the Irish Channel and the Forth and Clyde Canal instead of going all the way round by the English Channel.

Unlike the Channel Tunnel, there is no possible ground for thinking that the Forth and Clyde Canal could cause any risk of harm to this country in any of its interests, while the advantages both military and commercial are beyond dispute. No doubt the making of a canal that would allow the greatest ships to pass would be a costly operation. But here again, looking to the great value of having this passage for our naval vessels, it would not be unreasonable to expect that at least for a time the State would give its aid toward the construction. It may safely be said that if the Germans had owned the territory

of the British Islands, this great and obviously national work would have been done long ago. The British subject is not easily moved to loose his purse-strings to help to meet a danger which is only possible. But he has had a severe lesson in the present war, in which for want of forethought—for want of that 'deep thinking' which was so much commended to us, but which did not seem to be put in efficient practice—the nation was found poorly prepared for war, and as a natural consequence has suffered in-

ordinately both in blood and treasure. May the nation not become drowsy once more when peace is attained, but look forward with the vigilance which the lesson of the folly of unpreparedness has brought her! Two subjects to which the public mind should be keenly directed are the two which have now been discussed. It is earnestly to be hoped that deep thought may be given to them, lest once more the words *too late* may have to be written upon the slate.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

A REALISTIC STORY OF THE INNER LIFE OF THE ROYAL NAVY.

By TAFFRAIL, Author of *The Baul Hat*, *The Decoy*, *An Eye for an Eye*, &c.

CHAPTER IV.—COMINGS AND GOINGS.

I.

[The reader is cautioned against accepting this story as an official narrative of the great war. The incidents described have actually happened; but, for obvious reasons, it has been necessary to give them fictitious colouring.]

'ERE, wot's that over there?' inquired Pincher Martin, coming on to the fore-castle early one morning with a basin of hot cocoa for one Billings, able seaman.

Joshua looked round. 'Na then, young fella, don't go spillin' the ruddy stuff,' he grunted agitatedly, taking the bowl with a nod of thanks. 'Wot's wot?'

'That there,' said the ordinary seaman, pointing.

'Er?' remarked the A.B. huskily, breathing heavily on to the hot liquid to cool it. 'That there? Only a bloomin' Zeppelin, Pincher. You've see'd 'em afore, ain't yer?'

'Course I 'as. Only I thort to meself as 'ow she looked a bit different, some'ow. Quite pretty like, ain't she?'

The distant airship, floating apparently motionless above the eastern horizon, certainly did appear a thing of beauty for the time being. Her elongated body, dwarfed by the distance until it appeared barely an inch long, was plainly silhouetted as a gray-blue shape against the clear, rosy sky of the dawn, while her curved underside reflected the scarlet and orange of the rapidly rising sun. She looked graceful and almost ethereal—not a thing of bombs, terror, and destruction.

Joshua assimilated his cocoa with noisy gulps. 'I don't know abart wot she looks like,' he observed at length, wiping his mouth with the back of a particularly grimy hand. 'You wait till she starts droppin' 'er bombs. I reckons them blokes is no better 'n murderers.'

'Why doesn't we 'ave a pop at 'er?'

'Ave a pop at 'er! She's twenty mile orf, if she's a hinch, an' yer knows as well as I does that none o' our ships 'ere 'as got hanti-haircraft

guns wot 'll 'it 'er at that range.' Joshua sucked his teeth, and proceeded to explore the inner recesses of his mouth with the end of a burnt match.

'Why doesn't we chase 'er, then?'

'Chase 'er! Wot's the good? She kin go 'er fifty knots, an' 'll be orf like a rigger afore we gits anywheres near 'er. She'll watch it she don't git inter trouble. You ain't got a fag or a fill o' bacca abart yer, I s'pose?'

Pincher shook his head firmly. He knew Joshua of old.

Billings smiled affably, produced a well-blackened clay from the pocket of his lammy coat, and proceeded to light it. 'Ah!' he sighed contentedly, patting himself gently on the stomach and puffing out a cloud of smoke, 'that drop o' cocoa done me orl th' good in the world. I feels has bright an' has fresh as a li'l dicky-bird.'

Pincher smiled, for the simile was hardly an apt one. Joshua had kept the first watch till midnight, and, after four hours' sleep in his clothes, had been up again since four o'clock as a member of the duty gun's crew. His eyes were sleepy and bloodshot, his hands and face were indescribably filthy, and his chin sported an ugly stubble of three days' growth. He was not a pleasant sight. Moreover, it was summer, and the weather was perfectly fine and unusually warm; but, true to the custom of the British bluejacket, he was wearing sufficient clothing to keep the cold from an Antarctic explorer. His figure was ponderous at the best of times; it was now elephantine, and anything less like a dicky-bird it was impossible to imagine.

'That bloke,' he went on, pointing with his pipe-stem at the far-away airship, 'is spyin' art th' land. She's 'avin' a "looksee" at wot we're doin' of, an' I shouldn't wonder but wot ole Zep wus up there hisself. I did 'ear as 'ow 'e'd bin given th' Iron Cross.'

'Garn!' chortled Pincher rudely. 'Wot for?' 'Strafin', fat'ead; wot else d'you think? Probably 'e's usin' 'is wireless an' tellin' 'ole Tirpitz as 'ow we've come 'ere to pay 'im a visit. "Tirps, ol' fella," 'e sez, "these 'ere gordamned Henglish swine 'ounds 'ave come agen." "Sorry, Zep, ol' chum," sez Tirps; "I can't attend to 'em now. I'm hinvited ter breakfuss wi' th' Hadmiral o' th' 'Igh Sea Fleet, an' I can't git wastin' of 'is bacon an' heggs in these 'ere 'ard times. Tell th' Henglish ter shove orf outa it, an' ter come agen, an' I'll 'ave a few submarines an' mines awaitin' for 'em. Th' navy's 'avin' its make an' mend,* an' can't be disturbed." That's wot ol' man Tirps is sayin', I'll give yer my word.'

The men round about laughed.

'I reckons they'll never come out o' their 'arbour 'cept they knows Jellicoe an' Beatty is outa th' way,' some one observed.

'An' our bloke!' chipped in another man. 'Our bloke's a 'oly 'orror for scroppin'. Look wot 'e done at 'Eligoland! "If yer sees a 'Un, go fur 'im;" that's 'is motter.'

'An' a damn good motter, too,' said Joshua approvingly. 'But I reckon they knows wot they're up against. This 'ere war's like 'ide an' seek. W'en we pops inter 'arbour fur a bit, they pops art, takin' mighty good care not ter git too far from 'ome, mind yer; an' w'en we pops art arter 'em, they pops back 'ome agen. It ain't playin' the game, in a manner o' speakin'. 'Ow many times 'as we bin scullin' round th' North Sea an' never see'd a ruddy thing? Dozens an' dozens! It makes me fair sick sometimes.'

'But they 'ave bin acrost once or twice, an' bombarded places,' Pincher ventured.

Billings snorted loudly. 'Course they 'as; but it don't take much guts ter come scuttlin' acrost th' North Sea durin' th' night, an' ter start pluggin' shell at an undefended town th' nex' mornin'! They takes jolly good care they doesn't stay too long, I hobserves, an' they shoves orf back 'ome agen afore anythin' big 'as a chawnce o' gettin' a slap at 'em. Arter orl, wotever blokes ashore may say abart th' navy not bein' there ter perfect 'em, we can't ruddy well be everywhere. Th' North Sea ain't no bloomin' duck-pond; an' look at th' time we spends on th' briny!'

His hearers nodded in agreement.

'I reckons some o' these 'ere shore-loafers don't know w'en they're well orf,' Joshua went on. 'They gits orl their meals reg'lar; but a good many on 'em don't recollect as 'ow it's th' likes of us wot's keepin' their stummicks full. They 'as ter pay a bit extry fur their vittles pr'aps; but that ain't nothin' ter start 'owlin' abart in war-time.'

'That's a fac,' said Pincher wisely.

'Course it is; but a good many o' th' blokes wot I'm talkin' abart starts yellin' somethink horful when they gits a few shells plugged at 'em, an' wants ter know wot th' navy's doin' of. I don't 'xactly blame 'em, fur no blokes wot ain't mad likes bein' shot at; but they might recollect that we're keepin' 'em from starvin', in a manner o' speakin', an' that we is doin' our bit; damn sight bigger bit than wot some of 'em himagines.' Joshua paused for breath.

'If them Germans 'ad a coast as long as ourn,' he went on—for when once he started to give vent to his opinions little could stop him—'if them Germans 'ad a coast as long as ourn, an' if they 'ad undefended seaside towns th' same as we 'ave, I reckons we could go an' do th' dirty on 'em. Only we wouldn't, 'cos it ain't war ter go killin' a lot o' innercent wimmin an' children wot ain't done no 'arm. I reckons we treats them 'Uns too good; fur wi' their submarines, an' Zeppelings, an' the way they treats our prisoners, they're no better'n murderers!' He cleared his throat noisily, and expectorated with extraordinary violence into the sea. They were somewhere near the German coast at the time, so perhaps that accounted for his expression of contempt.

Billings only voiced the opinions of the remainder of his shipmates. Nobody thought for a single instant that Zeppelins would have any real effect on the war, and as often as not their advent was taken as a joke; while people flocked from their houses to see the fun, thereby running a far greater risk than they themselves imagined.

Billings happened to be on short leave during one raid, and in the midst of a very heavy fire from the anti-aircraft guns he discovered an elderly, scantily attired, and very irate female standing in the road. She had her umbrella up to ward off stray fragments of bombs or pieces of shell, and indeed splinters from the A.A. guns were falling far too close to be pleasant. The Zeppelin, illuminated by the glare of many searchlights, and surrounded by the flashes and little puffs of smoke of exploding projectiles, was almost immediately overhead; but the woman was far too wrathful to be frightened.

'Ere, missis,' said Joshua gallantly, 'adn't you better go 'ome!'

'Go 'ome!' she retorted; 'what for?'

'Er,' said Billings, pointing at the sky.

'Er!' snorted the lady contemptuously. 'I'm not afraid of the likes of 'er.—You dirty dog!' she added angrily, shaking her fist at the invader. 'Come down, you dirty 'ound!'

The 'dirty 'ound' evinced no particular emotion.

If the German public believed the mendacious Berlin *communiqués* as to the damage inflicted on the hated British by their perambulating

* 'Make and mend' = an afternoon set apart for making and mending clothes—that is, a half-holiday.

gas-bags they must have been very well pleased.

'A detachment of our naval airships visited London on the night of the 26th,' wrote Von Ananias, his tongue in his cheek. 'Several important points were attacked. At Poplar three shipbuilding yards were set on fire and completely destroyed, and a battleship in course of completion for the British navy was badly damaged. At Houndsditch a heavy battery was completely demolished, while bombs were successfully dropped on the barracks at White-chapel, flinging the troops into a state of the utmost consternation and causing many casualties. Near Ludgate Hill a munition factory was observed to be in flames. One light cruiser and three destroyers anchored in the Thames near Gravesend were struck by bombs and sank with enormous loss of life. The inhabitants of the invaded districts are said to be petitioning the Government to stop the war, while many of them are leaving the neighbourhood. Our airships, though fired upon heavily from many points, have all returned in safety.'

No Zeppelin had been anywhere near Poplar, no battleship had been damaged, while Houndsditch was as innocent of heavy guns as White-chapel was of soldiers. Neither was there a munition factory near Ludgate Hill; while the light cruiser and three destroyers which had foundered off Gravesend were nothing more or less than one old and empty barge sunk, and one waterman's wherry badly damaged. A more truthful account would have read as follows:

'Near X. a bomb fell into a kitchen-garden and completely overwhelmed a detachment of early lettuces and uprooted three apple-trees. A brigade of spring onions was also completely annihilated, while a regiment of tomatoes in their billets in a greenhouse suffered severe casualties. The owner of the garden is now charging threepence admission to view the damage. The proceeds will be handed over to the local Red Cross Funds, and the sum of twenty-four pounds three shillings and ninepence has already been collected. Fragments of the bomb are on view at Mr Button's shop at 45 High Street, and will be sold by auction at the next Red Cross sale.

'On the outskirts of Y. one aged donkey and four chickens were killed, while one cow, two pigs, and twenty-three fowls were wounded. A black tom-cat, which was visiting the chicken-run at the time of the raid, is also suffering from shock and nervous prostration, but is expected to recover.

'At B. a bomb exploded with terrific force in the street near the statue of the late Alderman Theophilus Buggins, J.P. This well-known work of art was hurled from its pedestal and badly shattered. It is feared it cannot be repaired.'

Truly 'tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

Purely from a spectacular point of view I should imagine that all Zeppelin raids are much the same. They generally seem to take place late at night or in the small hours of the morning, while their usual accompaniment is the glare of many searchlights, the barking of guns, the bursting of shell, and the dropping of bombs with or without loss of life and damage to property. The *Mariner's* men saw several raids; but it was the first one they witnessed which left the most lasting impression on their minds.

There had been the usual report early in the evening to the effect that Zeps might be expected; but they had been warned so often before that, beyond taking the usual precautions in regard to lights, nobody on board really paid very much attention to it. The first intimation of the arrival of the invader was the sullen report of a distant anti-aircraft gun; whereupon Wooten, always a light sleeper, rose hastily from his bunk, attired himself in a green dressing-gown and a pair of sea-boots, and repaired to the deck with his binoculars. The other officers and the men, determined not to miss their share of the entertainment, followed his example, and in less than two minutes the deck was thronged with an excited, inquisitive crowd, all peering anxiously at the sky. It was rather like a regatta or a race meeting, except that the greater proportion of the spectators were far too lightly clothed to be strictly presentable.

The long pencils of light from many searchlights streamed forth and swept slowly across the starlit heavens.

'Where is the bloomer?' some one asked impatiently, as if he were at a music-hall waiting for a new turn. 'Why don't she come?'

'She's got cold feet, an' ain't comin',' laughed another man. 'There'll be no show ter-night.'

'I think I'll go back to me 'ammick,' opined somebody else. 'I can't git standin' abart 'ere in these 'ere clo'es. Grr! ain't it parky?' It must have been, for the speaker was simply attired in a flannel shirt. His legs were bare, and his teeth were chattering.

'There she is!' exclaimed a stoker, pointing vaguely overhead. 'See 'er?'

'That ain't 'er. That's a bloomin' cloud!'

'Garn! That ain't no cloud. Not wot I'm lookin' at.'

'Tell yer it is.'

'No, it ain't. It's 'er, right enuf!'

Further conversation was rudely interrupted by the crash of a gun from ashore, and a thin trail of dim light climbed skywards in a curve as a tracer shell* hurtled its way through the air.

* A tracer shell for use against aircraft has a small cavity in its base filled with composition which is ignited when the gun fires. It emits a thin trail of smoke in the daytime and a luminous track at night, so that the gunners are able to see where their projectiles are going.

More guns roared out. More trails of light in the air, rather like the sparks from the tails of rockets!

The sky to the eastward suddenly began to flash and twinkle with momentary spurts of vivid orange flame as the shell started to burst; the searchlights swung round and became stationary, with their beams all pointed at one particular spot in the heavens. But still the spectators could see nothing of the raider. Before very long all the anti-aircraft guns in the place were hard at work pumping projectiles into the atmosphere as fast as they could go. Streaks of light sped upwards like the stars from a Roman candle, and presently the heavens toward the point of junction of the searchlight rays sparkled wickedly and with redoubled energy. Puffs of smoke from the shell explosions filtered slowly through the blue-white beams of the lights; but though the gunners could obviously see what they were firing at, the men on board the *Mariner* had not been vouchsafed a glimpse of anything.

'Ow!' yelled some one, stamping on the deck in his excitement and impatience, 'why can't we see 'er? Where is she?'

'Keep yer flat feet 'orf o' me toes!' expostulated a gruff and very injured voice. 'I ain't got no boots on. Knock orf jumpin' abart like a parishin' loonatic, can't yer?'

The air was as full of sound as were the heavens of bursting shrapnel. Little guns and big guns were having the time of their lives. They banged, boomed, coughed, and spluttered together, and every now and then in the ear-splitting medley of sound one heard the hiccupping, deep-throated *poom-poom* of an anti-aircraft pom-pom, the shrill staccato *ra-ta-ta-ta* of a little .303-inch high-angle Maxim, and the faint but quite unmistakable whistle and report of the shell as they clove their way through the air and exploded.

'Lord!' muttered Wooten with a laugh, his eyes glued to his glasses, 'I wonder where all the bits are coming down. We'll have to get under cover if they start loosin' off anywhere near us.'

It was a magnificent sight, quite the best fireworks display most of them had ever seen. The many searchlights made the night as light as day. The heavens were ablaze with the tell-tale sparkling flashes, while the earth seemed to vomit the fiery trails of tracer shell which crossed and recrossed in all directions. Brock's Benefit at the Crystal Palace was not in it.

Then, quite unexpectedly, there came a roaring thud from somewhere far away. Another, another, and yet another! The reports were loud and reverberating, and almost drowned the sound of the guns. They were bomb explosions, and the onlookers held their breath and glanced anxiously round to see how their

neighbours were taking it. Nobody seemed unduly anxious, but some of them wondered vaguely what would happen if a missile fell on board the *Mariner*. Her thin decks offered no protection whatsoever, and if a bomb did hit her—

At last, after what seemed an eternity of waiting, a great, elongated, silvery-looking mass slid rapidly into view at the point of intersection of two of the searchlight-beams. It looked like an enormous hexagonal pencil suspended from the sky, and travelled with awe-inspiring sedateness and solemnity. It was the Zeppelin; but, from her size, she seemed to be at least ten thousand feet up. The searchlights followed her unremittingly. Her great bulk became indistinct and nebulous amidst wreathing eddies of smoke, while the shell-flashes seemed to be bursting out into space all round her.

'Ow!' yelled the excitable, dancing gentleman, as a particularly brilliant gout of flame flashed out immediately in line with the airship's blunt bows; 'that's got 'er! Did yer see 'er waggle?'

But shooting at a rapidly moving object high up in the air and almost immediately overhead is a much more difficult task than people imagine; and though some of the shell may have caused the Hun a certain amount of annoyance, it was tolerably certain that a good many more expended their energy in space.

But whatever the result, the raider evidently received a warmer reception than she bargained for, for after being in sight for barely a minute she swung off and disappeared from view at a good fifty miles an hour. Whether or not she had been hit remained a mystery. Every anti-aircraft gunner in the place, even the man at the little .303 Maxim, would have taken his solemn affidavit that missiles from his own particular weapon had hit her not once, but many times; while the *Mariner's* men, judging from their conversation, were of the same opinion. Some of them were even prepared to swear that they had seen gaping holes in the Zeppelin's bows, stern, and amidships—all over her, in fact; but if their accounts were to be believed their eyesight must have been abnormally abnormal, while the Zep should have come down a mass of punctured fabric and twisted aluminium framework. She had done nothing of the kind.

The guns ceased firing; one by one the searchlights flickered, glowed redly, and went out. All was peace.

The men, chattering like monkeys, sought their hammocks. Their officers repaired to the wardroom and indulged in a nocturnal orgy of sardines, bread-and-butter, and bottled stout. The mixture was hardly a good one to sleep upon, but the sardines of Jean Peneau and the

stout of Messrs Guinness were the invariable concomitants to a Zeppelin raid if the *Mariner* was anywhere in the neighbourhood.

'I hope nobody got strafed by those bombs,' observed the sub. with his mouth full.

'I think they fell clear of the town,' said the skipper, removing the froth from a tumbler with a spoon.

They had. There had been no casualties.

(Continued on page 724.)

RUSSIAN CANALS.

By F. A. DOUGLAS.

THE extraordinary thing about the waterways of Russia is that, although it has the largest and longest rivers in Europe, they flow only into the smaller and mostly inland seas, and that therefore the advantage of their great carrying-power is very considerably neutralised and reduced. They rise in the great Russian central plain, and flow north, north-west, and south to different seas; and in order that these seas may be connected, canals have to be constructed between the diverging rivers. Canalisation, therefore, is a great national work in Russia, and has been developed by the people with no little energy and perseverance.

Peter the Great was the first to perceive the necessity of canals. In 1698 he engaged Captain John Perry, an English hydraulic engineer, to construct a canal between the Don and the Volga. Singularly enough, the canal had already been begun by a German called Breckell, who, before he had proceeded very far, ran away. Unfortunately this canal was not finished. At Peter's death the work was allowed to drop, and there is now no trace of it. What Peter the Great *did* manage to do was to connect the Neva and the Volga, and this ensures a waterway from the Baltic to the Caspian Sea. At first a small canal between the Isna and Khilina was constructed, but there remained the difficulty of navigating Lake Ládoga. Peter had special lighters with keels made, but transhipment proved troublesome, and he ended in constructing a canal through the swamps. This, also, he did not see completed before his death, but it *was* completed afterwards, and is commercially useful to this day. Nevertheless, it seems a pity that the enterprising Czar did not manage to sail from Petrograd to Moscow, as he had planned to do. Dreamers are the originators of the world, but they do not always see their dreams come true.

Russian rivers all partake of the same characteristics. They have many tributaries, and they pursue a tortuous, serpentine, and sluggish course. Geologists say that old rivers swing to and fro, and do not flow straight; so the Russian rivers must all be very old. They are sluggish because they rise in the great central plain of Russia, and there is nothing to give them impetus. The Dnieper is the only river that has rapids and waterfalls.

One curious feature of the Russian rivers is

that they have annual floods; not spasmodic, unexpected floods, but floods regular as clock-work, and beneficial in their operation. They come in the spring when the snows melt. Then the rivers overflow their banks, and even the lesser ones become great sheets of water. These floods stimulate navigation, and irrigate and improve the soil.

The majority of Russian canals were constructed in the earlier half of the nineteenth century, and the most interesting section of canals to us at present is that which connects the rivers in the west. There are three large canals there: the Beresina or Berezinski Canal, sixty-six miles long, which connects the Western Dwina and Dnieper; the Oghinsk, sixty-seven miles long, which connects the Dnieper and the Niemen; and the Dnieper-Boug Canal, one hundred and twenty-seven miles long, which unites the Dnieper with the Vistula. By this last you can sail from Russia right to Danzig; by the Oghinsk you can sail to Königsberg, and by the Beresina from the Black Sea to Riga.

The worst of the Beresina is that it can only carry small ships. Before the war a great scheme was on hand to construct a new and great canal from the Black Sea to the Baltic, by which inland commerce could have been immensely increased, and which, had it been completed before the war, would have been of very great strategic importance.

The sources of the Western Dwina and the Dnieper do not lie very far apart. Both rivers rise in the lakes and marshes of the Waldai Plateau. Peter the Great and Catherine both perceived how important it would be to connect these rivers, but they had already too many great schemes on hand, and not enough money to carry them out. Belgian and American capitalists later on saw the value of the scheme, and approached the Russian Government with a plan. A Belgian, Gustave Dufosse, published a pamphlet setting forth its advantages. Later on the Russian Admiralty planned a canal for the navigation of its ships, but had not money enough to construct it. It was calculated that it would cost nine hundred million roubles. The Kiel Canal, as completed in 1895, cost first eight millions, and later, when it was deepened, eleven million pounds more.

The scheme at present in hand was planned to cost the more modest sum of one hundred and

sixty million roubles. The idea is to make a great canal, divided into three portions. The first was to consist of the regulation of the Western Dwina from Riga to Vitebsk, and was to be five hundred and fifty-six versts. The second portion was to be the canal proper from Vitebsk to Orsha on the Dnieper, seventy-eight versts long. The third and southern portion would be the regulation of the Dnieper from Orsha to Kherson, fifteen hundred and eighty-three versts. In all the canal would, when complete, be fourteen hundred and seven miles long.

The longest canal in the world is the one that runs from Petrograd to the Chinese frontier, and is four thousand five hundred miles long.

It will at once be perceived what an immense gain to Russia the proposed canal will be when constructed. It will traverse her richest agricultural district, and greatly facilitate the export of her grain. The chief towns upon this waterway will be Riga, Dvinsk, Polotsk, Vitebsk, Moghilev, Kiev, Ekaterinoslav, Alexandrovsk, and Kherson. These towns export grain, timber, flax, naphtha, petroleum, sugar, tobacco, fruit, and vegetables. What the country wants mostly is agricultural machinery and manures. Germany has hitherto supplied Russia with these; it remains for Britain to do it in future.

The economical and strategical value of this canal is concentrated in one fact: it would to a certain extent make Russia independent of the Dardanelles. Goods would pass in twelve days from the Black Sea to the Baltic.

Some progress has actually been made with the canal. In the summer of 1913 a good deal was done between Ekaterinoslav and Gradizsk in the way of blowing up submerged reefs and small rapids, and deepening river-beds. Two million roubles was allowed for this bit of the work, and four years were given to do it in. The deepening of the river between Ekaterinoslav and Kiev has been commenced. From Kiev to Orsha the banks have been strengthened and the channel deepened. In the Vilna district a fresh canal has to be made from Orsha to the Dwina. On the Dnieper from Alexandrovsk to the sea the canal is ready for use. Had the *whole* canal

been ready for use, how greatly it would have aided Russia just now!

Another projected canal is the Caucasian one, between the Don and the Caspian Sea. Finland, too, has a scheme for connecting her lakes by canals. In the matter of canalisation Russia has really been much more enterprising than Germany, probably because her railway system is not so good. Railways naturally appeal more to a modern people like the Germans, canals to a leisurely and primitive people like the Russians.

There is an extraordinary fascination to some minds in canals; kings and emperors have toyed with them. In the hoary East they made and used canals. China made them long before the Christian era. The Ptolemies tried to forestall the Suez Canal, and so did Cleopatra. Demetrius, Cæsar, Caligula, all went canal-making, but 'all the grand projectors,' said cold Jeremy Collier cynically, 'came to a bad end.' His definition of a canal is distinctly quaint. He calls it 'an artificial cavity to receive part of a sea or a river. The ancients,' he continues, 'have often taken a great deal of pains, to no purpose, to cut through isthmuses with a design to make a communication by water from one place to another.'

In spite of Jeremy's scorn, canal-making has gone on, and it is not likely that railways will ever entirely supersede them. Many hold that the secret of power lies in the command of water—whether it be sea, or river, or even canal. The greatness of little Holland lies in her canal system; and all clever people—French, Americans, and others—have set great store upon their canal achievements.

One of the earliest things gained by canals was that by the opening of Lake Ládoga Canal. English merchants were enabled to travel overland from Petrograd *via* the Volga to Persia. Before that they had to go round the Cape of Good Hope to get to it.

A fresh testimony to the value of canals has just been given by the Germans, who quite recently held a meeting to consider how they could improve and extend their system of inland waterways. Their great idea is to connect the Rhine and the Danube by a canal.

SYSTEMATIC CATTLE-STEALING.

By Major C. H. BUCK, I.A., Punjab Commission.

IMAGINE a flat tract of country of much the same size and shape as the counties of Dorset, Wiltshire, and Hampshire, and you will have some idea of the extent of the Karnal district in the Punjab. What an uproar there would be if, during the course of one year, complaints were made of the loss by theft of, say, one hundred head of cattle in those three

counties! Yet in the Indian district I have mentioned the average number of animals stolen annually during the latter half of last century amounted to over ten thousand! It is difficult nowadays to realise the existence of such extensive crime, and particularly so for residents in England, who are accustomed to see bullocks and cows quietly grazing in enclosed pastures,

or being driven along the roads in small herds of a dozen, each perhaps attended by a couple of stalwart men.

India, however, is an agricultural country, and possesses an enormous number of cattle of every description; each hamlet has its hundreds, and the larger villages have their thousands. In Karnal itself, a town containing some twenty-eight thousand inhabitants, there are actually as many as fourteen thousand animals, consisting of buffaloes, cows, bullocks, sheep, and goats. Just think of it—one for every two inhabitants, and that in a town!

Early in the morning each day all the cattle are sent out grazing in the jungle, where maybe the grass is scanty and the herds have to spread over large areas in search of it. Frequently more than fifty fat buffaloes are taken out by two urchins scarcely strong enough to wield the large *lathis*, or long, heavy sticks, which they carry in order to command respect from their charges. Towards dusk the animals are collected, counted, and taken home, to be placed for the night in clumsy pens, the more valuable ones being put into roughly built stalls or even in the living-houses.

As may be imagined, under these conditions every facility is afforded to those who are thievishly inclined; and in some parts of India, but more especially in the north-western tracts, these are legionary. In the desert areas attention is paid to camels, and in certain districts of the Punjab a youth would not be allowed to wear a *pugri* (turban) until he had successfully purloined a camel, a pony, a buffalo, or a bullock. From time immemorial, indeed, cattle and camel lifting has been regarded as an honourable profession in India, and it was not until the middle of last century, when the British annexed the Punjab, that any serious efforts were made to teach the inhabitants the contrary.

In the Punjab and its neighbourhood the operators brought their nefarious business to the status of a fine art; not only were the actual thieves exceptionally skilful in removing animals from the custody of their lawful owners, but the receivers showed considerable aptitude in passing them on and hiding the traces. There was, in fact, a regular system of lines and depots stretching from one end of this province to the other—from the Indus to the Jumna, and thence into the United Provinces. This system might, indeed, be compared to a railway. When a man stole a buffalo in Multan, he would deliver it to a receiver at a depot or station, whence it would be despatched with all speed along one of the lines to some distant junction, and it would then be taken down a branch line until it was finally landed in Saharanpur, over four hundred miles away from its original home. Some of the junctions acted as exchanging stations; not, of course, for returning animals to their homes, but for

sending back others to the original receivers to balance accounts.

On one occasion thirty camels were stolen near Kamalia, in the north-western corner of the Montgomery district, and taken to Hissar, over two hundred miles away; and a few weeks later thirty fine buffaloes arrived at the former place in exchange. Expert trackers in this case actually followed the animals both ways, and many of the culprits concerned were arrested and convicted.

For more than fifty years district and police officers have attempted to solve the problem of preventing this crime, but unfortunately with little success until quite recently. Many were the suggestions made. Some officers tried to introduce branding of all cattle with district and police-station letters and village numbers; others thought of registration of animals, combined with branding; another started registers for each village, in which thefts of cattle had immediately to be entered so as to ensure full reporting; patrols and pickets were placed on the lines and by the depots; the rivers were patrolled by police; and persons using *sarnais* (inflated skins) were required to take out licenses. All of these methods, and many others, met with some temporary success, but none of them was of any permanent use. The branding and registration interfered with honest trading; the patrolling was too expensive, as it required a large force; the village registers were manipulated; and thieves, of course, did not take out licenses for *sarnais*.

The most successful method of dealing with the cattle-lifters which has yet been conceived was that adopted in the district of Karnal, in the extreme east of the Punjab, from 1911 to 1913. During the first year of this period, Mr C. A. Macpherson, superintendent of police, brought up to date all the available information about the organisation of the cattle-thieving gangs in that part of the province; maps showing the three main lines, their branches, depots, and junctions were drawn; lists containing the names of the men suspected of being the principal receivers, passers-on, and thieves were prepared; minute inquiries were made regarding the history of previously convicted offenders.

By the commencement of 1912 the preliminary investigation was completed, and everything was ready for active operations. Early in the morning on a certain date a series of raids were made by the police on the depots of one of the main lines and several of its branches; about fifty suspects were arrested, and almost a thousand head of cattle seized. The animals were collected on the encamping ground at the headquarters of the district, where they were guarded by pickets of police, and where, during the ensuing weeks, thousands of people came to search for cattle which had been stolen from them; and, sure

enough, many recognised their property, which was thereupon set aside. Meantime lists of the witnesses were being got ready, and the whole of the prosecution evidence examined and sifted.

The accused were to be charged with being members of a gang habitually concerned in committing theft; and in order to bring this home to them it was primarily necessary to prove that each member was intimately connected with the others in carrying on the cattle-stealing business. The table of previous convictions was especially useful for this purpose. By its means it was possible to show that accused 1, 10, 14, and 31, who all lived in different parts of the district, had been convicted in a trial four years previously; while numbers 3, 10, and 22 were sentenced together in another case, and accused 3, 14, 25, and 34 were similarly concerned in a cattle-theft two years before. In this manner almost all of the accused were proved to be connected in this class of crime. There was also the evidence as to the places of their arrest, in many instances in the houses attached to pens where stolen cattle were found; witnesses in great numbers were forthcoming who stated that certain of the accused had been present at a *panchayet* (an unauthorised village assembly which made a rough inquiry into a theft and arranged for the return of a stolen animal by the thief), and had handed back stolen cattle on pressure being brought to bear. Among others, there were the witnesses who identified some of the cattle seized during the raid; seventy-five of these animals had been finally selected as being conclusively proved to belong to claimants, their description having been recorded at police-stations when the loss occurred.

This first lot of accused were finally divided into three parties to facilitate the trial, which was conducted by a special magistrate. It took him several months to record the evidence of nearly seven hundred prosecution witnesses, and three more to take that of the defence and to write his judgment.

The final result was that some thirty-five men were convicted and sentenced to imprisonment totalling two hundred years, and to fines amounting to about sixty thousand rupees, or four thousand pounds!

During the course of this first trial other raids were carried out; and later on another special magistrate was appointed to conduct the further trials.

The consequences of this energetic action were extraordinary. Cattle-lifting in the Karnal district came to a sudden end; the lines had been severed and the depots put out of action. Not only did it have a local effect, but the results were felt in all the neighbouring districts. Many persons who were in possession of stolen cattle took them out into the jungle, where they

slaw them, and in all directions one met unsavoury odours until the jackals and other scavengers removed the cause. Some people, who found that there was no longer any fear of their cattle being stolen, let them graze without herdsmen; and others thereupon sent in application for extra cattle pounds, as their crops were being devoured! And when the district and police officers proceeded on tour they were everywhere greeted with such remarks as 'You are our king, you are our father and mother, you are our saviour, and have performed a great work.'

On the conclusion of the second magistrate's labours there was little hope of further raids being successful, for the members of the remaining gangs had taken steps to remove all material evidence.

It was at this stage that the finale occurred. The superintendent of police informed the district magistrate that a number of the chief men wished to bring before him representatives from every part of the district to make a request. Their application was sanctioned; and as it seemed that a good many persons would assemble, the encamping ground was fixed for the meeting a fortnight later. The district magistrate, however, was considerably surprised, when he arrived on the scene, to find a crowd of between five and six thousand people! They addressed him through a lawyer whom they had engaged, and this is the pith of what was said:

His clients wished him to state that they had now come to recognise cattle-stealing as a crime, and not a pastime or lawful profession; they desired to express sorrow for what had occurred in the past, and promised not to take part in such crime in the future, but to make every endeavour to suppress it. The petitioners prayed that the *kar-i-khas* (special proceedings) might cease for the present, so as to give them a chance to show that they were penitent; they took upon themselves full responsibility for putting a stop to this crime, and promised to hand over offenders to justice.

The district magistrate, in replying, mentioned that he was sorry for the unfortunate persons who had been sent to jail, but that it was necessary to make examples; he pointed out that the value of the cattle stolen every year amounted to over five lakhs of rupees—five hundred thousand rupees (thirty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-three pounds)—or, actually, about one-third of the land revenue, a fact which showed what a burden this crime was to those who were honest among the inhabitants of the district. He was pleased to hear their solemn assurances; but he wished to warn them that if at any future time this nefarious business commenced again, the Sirkar (Government) would assuredly reintroduce the *kar-i-khas*, which had proved so effective.

THREE MEMORIES OF THE NILE.

By F. G. AFLALO.

Thou waterest the fields which Rā hath created.

THE Nile is the greatest river in history, the river of all time; but its picturesqueness has outlived its power, which is broken as effectually as that of the Dervishes, in whose final overthrow it proved so valuable an ally. It flows out of the dawn of history. It was to the Egyptians under thirty dynasties, and under the Ptolemies who followed, what the Ganges was to the Hindus; and Jews, Copts, and Moslems were in turn the victims of its wrath and the recipients of its favours. It figures in two of the plagues. Its failure, usually in periods of seven years, brought such misery to Egypt that Isaiah mouthed no curse more awful. It comes winding like some serpent through the papyrus of the Bahr el Gazal, and so through the Soudan to Lower Egypt, the teeming populations of which hung upon its changing moods for five thousand years before modern engineering tamed its spirit.

It is a fascinating stream to the traveller, who recognises in its long and winding career from the heart of Africa to the Mediterranean all the curiously human phases characteristic of most great rivers. Professors of physiography would doubtless trace its source even farther south than the mighty lake from which it takes shape on the map; but it gets its recognition as a river at the point where it comes tumbling out of Victoria Nyanza; and here was my first sight of its beginnings. Like other streams that owe their being to lakes, there is no gradual gathering of its forces such as we are familiar with in torrents of mountain parentage, but a sudden overflow of the lake at the Ripon Falls, a wall of rock some hundred and fifty yards across, though visibly less than twenty feet high, over which the pent-up waters fall with a mighty roar, and go boiling over rocks and surging round creaming pools alive with leaping barbel. Thus the Nile starts in life, so to speak, full-grown, and not in the infantile state of lesser streams that I have seen setting out on their seaward career in the Rocky Mountains and in other ranges. Indeed, though it may gain later in volume and in dignity, nowhere, unless it be at the Murchison Falls, also in Uganda and close to its entry into Lake Albert, is its voice louder or its strength greater than in that first emancipation from the stagnant fastness of its nursery.

The memory that I most treasure of the Ripon Falls takes me back to the pitch-blackness that came before a February dawn at Jinja. With a view to fishing close beside the Falls at day-break, I had clambered down the steep track, without even a lantern to aid me, and guided only by the increasing roar below. So impene-

trable was the gloom that even within fifty yards of the deafening clamour of the Falls the eye could distinguish nothing beyond a vague whiteness revealed by the strange unearthly light that ever broods on the face of the waters. So splendid was the coming of that dawn as to compensate for the comparative defection of the barbel. The rising of the sun is a little more gradual in those latitudes than its setting, but, even so, the coming of day is far swifter than over our Northern skies. The mandate, 'Let there be light,' floods the firmament with sudden radiance; the darkness flees hurriedly before the chariot of the sun-god; and on this occasion that shimmering cascade was suddenly suffused with a roseate radiance very lovely to behold.

There is a striking contrast between the glassy surface of the waters gathering immediately above the Falls and the broken tumult below. The first signs of current are not, indeed, visible until a point is reached a little way beneath a ledge of rocks, a hundred yards or so before the overflow, formerly the base of a telegraph station, but now the basking-place of cormorants and crocodiles. The scene below the Falls is one of great beauty, the picturesque gorge, which recalls more than one east coast salmon-river of Scotland, being the headquarters of fish-eagles, which scream hoarsely overhead as they swoop on their slippery prey or fetch building material for their nests. Until the early days of 1914, a female hippopotamus and her young one lived at peace with all men in a backwater beneath the Jinja golf-course, and afforded a favourite spectacle for visitors. It is to be regretted that a too enterprising cinematograph operator came that way, athirst for records, and, worse still, persuaded an official to shoot the mother that he might 'film' her death-throes. This tragedy achieved, to the disgrace of the too obliging official, the poor little 'toto,' bereft of its mother, disappeared for good and all.

The river that goes racing north over the Murchison Falls and through Lake Albert is cartographically the Victoria Nile. It bore me later to Namasagali, and I found myself close to its entry into Albert Nyanza during a week of March, just fifty years since that other March morning on which Baker had his first sight of the lake, heretofore unknown to white men, from the cliffs on its north shore. Absorbing a number of tributaries and passing under more than one *alias* by the way, it goes, ever swift and turgid, through the Lado and the Bahr el Gazal, and eventually, now the White Nile, emerges at a spot marked by a rocky bluff a little below Khartoum and a little above Omdurman, where it joins forces with the sister river

from the highlands of Abyssinia, which men call the Blue Nile, the word Nile coming from an ancient Hebrew root meaning 'river.' The rendezvous of these seemingly incompatible rivers, which coalesce to form the Nile of history, is a famous ground for big perch and tiger-fish; and the angler, drifting down in his nigger past Omdurman, can plainly distinguish the two streams which, in a condition of benevolent neutrality, course amiably side by side, each at first refusing to mingle with the other, a reluctant partnership also observed in the junction of the Mississippi and Missouri. The White Nile is the swifter, and the pace at which the two run past Omdurman is considerable; while the falling of the Nile in the early days of April still further complicates the manoeuvres of the unwieldy ferry steamers that ply between Omdurman and the 'Magran,' whence a connecting light railway runs to the central square of Khartoum. The Blue Nile, where it runs through that city, past Embankment Street, is broad and swift, and is so swept by wind in the early part of the year that a trip in one of the local feluccas is a tiresome business of endless tacking, with the added excitement of frequently grounding. All the Niles are, in fact, subject to squalls that occasionally overturn the shallow-draft steamers suited to their navigation. I recollect one such storm near Namasagali that all but upset the *Stanley*; and more recently a steamer actually did capsize on the Blue Nile, two officials being drowned. The sapphire water of the Blue Nile, where it runs past Gordon's old palace, now occupied by the Sirdar, is very different from the milky flood that laps the crowded beach at Omdurman. Swift it is, though much of its strength was gone when I fished its dwindling pools in April, and it seemed already a little exhausted by its long and erratic journey from the great lakes fifteen hundred miles farther south, a little weary, a little disillusioned, as is the case with all great rivers that have far to journey to their goal.

Peeps of this historic river gladden the eye throughout the long journey to Cairo, where I first drank the water of its magic many years ago; but I like best to take leave of it as I last saw its mystic surface at Philæ, after having journeyed down from Halfa. That river trip from Halfa to Shellal is not particularly beautiful, and survives in memory as an unchanging panorama of red banks, camels, sakiehs, nuggers floating downstream and feluccas tacking up, with ruins of no particular history, and little groups of fellahin gathered beneath the palms. How different was this African monotony from my last river journey down the Rhine from Mayence to Cologne!

But Philæ! Always it will live with me in dreams as my very own, for I had it to myself for a blissful hour, with no desecrating note of tout or tripper to mar the spell and loneliness of

its flooded columns. The *Ibis* had come to rest in the mud of Shellal at some hour during the night, and a little before daybreak I went on deck and found the river bathed in moonlight. No one was stirring either on board or on the bank, so I untied a little dinghy that some one had left alongside, and rowed softly across the stream, which, thanks to the barrage, is hereabouts more lake than river, to the crumbling island, round which the waters have now been dammed till the very temple is threatened. Then, having tied up to an old palm close to the pictured ruin, I was able to gloat on the change from silver to gold as the moon faded before the ardour of a greater luminary.

Nor were the historic memories of the scene lost in appreciation of its beauty. Here it was that the early Egyptians placed the sources of the Nile, which the Nile god poured out in his subterranean cavern. The monuments in the Temple of Osiris date back to the twelfth dynasty, nearly two thousand five hundred years antecedent to the Christian era. It was humbling to sit alone in that little dinghy while the sunrise reddened those venerable ruins, whose plight brought passing sympathy with the protest uttered by Loti when, with a poet's horror of such sacrilege, he denounced our barrage. Yet a moment's reflection suggested gratitude for the blessings brought to millions of starving peasants by this prosaic curbing of the malevolent river. All through the ages the Nile god made puppets of the Egyptians. One of the earliest recorded famines was that dealt with so effectually by Joseph that even to-day the promise of 'corn in Egypt' has passed into a proverb. A later historic seven years' failure of the Nile, which began in the year of the Norman Conquest, was attended by results so horrible that human flesh was actually sold in the Cairo meat-market. The occupation of Egypt has not been a mere political coup, but a sincere realisation of obligations as well as of priority. Such tragedies are henceforth impossible. As I lingered beside this fascinating fragment of the grandeur that was Egypt, I realised as much. We have chained the Nile god in sight of Philæ, and nevermore may he run utterly to the sea.

HOME.

THERE is a refuge where I fain would flee—
No sweeter thought can buoy a heavy heart;
There is a dearer spot I'd gladly see,
And, seeing, never from that place depart.

Dull are its skies compared with what are here,
Cold are its winters, and its winds are keen;
But, oh, so bright are smiles on faces dear,
And warm are loving hearts so long unseen!

Come soon the day when favouring winds shall bear
This errant minstrel toward his native shore;
And he shall bless his exile, freed from care,
Only because it made him love Home more.

W. F. T.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

DR GUTHRIE: 'THE BIG BEGGAR-MAN.'

By JAMES A. MANSON.

DREAM and dark loomed their future when four hundred and seventy-four ministers of the gospel came out of the Church of Scotland for conscience' sake in 1843. For they had given up their churches, their schools, and their homes, being sustained only by an abiding faith that God, in His infinite mercy, would take care of them. The public acts of the great drama of the Disruption have been faithfully recorded; but the heroism of these pastors, their folk, and their flocks—as shown in the depth of their sufferings and the magnitude of their sacrifices—will never be known, and therefore can never be fully realised.

Among the leaders of the new society, the Free Kirk, as it was called, one of the most familiar was 'lang Tam Guthrie.' There were abler thinkers in their ranks than he, but none equalled him for power and persuasiveness of speech. From the beginning of his pulpit career he resolved to adopt the custom which Lord Cockburn used to observe at the bar. 'When I was addressing a jury,' the famous judge confessed, 'I invariably picked out the stupidest-looking fellow of the lot, and addressed myself specially to him, for this good reason: I knew that if I convinced *him*, I should be sure to carry all the rest.' In the current phrase, Guthrie always aimed at making himself clear to 'the man in the street.'

His gift of picturesque description was remarkable. He once found slight fault with a painting, somewhat to the annoyance of the artist, who hotly reminded him that the critic was a preacher, not a painter. 'My friend,' he answered, 'but I *am* a painter, only I use words, while you use colour.' He believed that his turn for graphic oratory was not only telling, but 'valuable for the highest ends,' and so he did not hesitate to employ it. Its effect upon his hearers was sometimes amusingly illustrated.

One member of an audience remarked of a sermon, 'He is an old sailor; at least he must have been at the sea for a time;' while another, referring to the same discourse, maintained, 'If he stick [give up] the minister trade, yon man 'll mak' his bread as a surgeon!' Neither knew that Guthrie was fond of ships, sailors, and the sea, or that during his student days he attended lectures in the faculty of medicine.

On another occasion, while Guthrie was preaching in his last church (Free St John's, Edinburgh), a Highland drover was noticed to be greatly impressed with the sermon. He had stood throughout the service, for want of sitting-room, and refreshed himself every now and then with a pinch of snuff. Toward the close, when Guthrie was working up to his peroration, the drover was seen to open his mull (a snuff-box usually made out of a ram's horn) and take up a pinch between his forefinger and thumb, which were gradually brought to his nose. The minister's eloquence, however, so entranced him that he paused, eagerly listening, open-eyed and open-mouthed. When the arresting passage was finished, the Highlander completed the operation of snuff-taking, and, forgetting where he was, exclaimed aloud, 'Sirs, but I never heard the likes o' that!'

At one meeting Guthrie moved the audience, now by his pathos and now by his humour, with such effect that at last an old man rose, the tears running down his cheeks, and holding both his sides, and cried out, 'Please, Mr Guthrie, stop! We can stand this nae langer!'

This was the man to whom the leaders of the newly born Free Church entrusted the duty of pleading the cause of the Manse Fund. The choice was ideal; Guthrie was the obvious man for such a task. He toured throughout Scotland, rousing his hearers to provide hearths and homes for their ministers. He began his travels on 5th July 1845, hoping to raise at least fifty thousand pounds; but when his labours were over he was privileged to announce to the General Assembly at Edinburgh on 1st June 1846—barely a twelvemonth later—that, by God's blessing, he had been able to gather the sum of one hundred and sixteen thousand three hundred and seventy pounds. He carried the marks of that year's strain and anxiety to the grave; but he did not grudge the price, and even to the end never slackened in well-doing.

Whether or not the credit of inventing it has ever been claimed for him, he worked what is now everywhere known as the 'instalment principle' with much success. Along with many of his brethren, he subscribed one hundred pounds. 'I am rich,' he told a Glasgow audience, 'in nothing but children, and if any one asked

me to pay down a hundred pounds to-night, he might just as well bid me fly. But if I were asked to pay one hundred pounds, and allowed five years to pay it in, that would be a different matter. I should only need to go home and consult my wife about what things we could do without, and what luxuries could best be spared, and the money could, in that manner, be afforded.' There is thus always a way where there is a will.

Guthrie's first Edinburgh charge (Old Greyfriars) threw him into intimate contact with the poorest of the poor, for his ministry was partly concerned with the Cowgate, where not only the most wretched of the needy herded together, but many of the criminal classes as well. Attempts to impose upon his kindness were often tried, but tried in vain; for room-to-room visitation had given him an insight into character that readily helped him to separate the sham from the real. Painful experiences were at times relieved by others in which—the unsightly surroundings notwithstanding—the finest traits of human nature were exemplified. Guthrie once asked a poor Irishman in the Cowgate whether a wee girl in the room were his bairn.

'No, plaze yer riv'rince, an' she's not,' Paddy answered. 'Her father and mother died next dure, an' she had not a craythur i' the wurld to care for her; so, though we have plinty childer av our own, I said to Mary we'd take her in, and, plaze yer riv'rince, we've nivir missed the lassie's bit o' food!'

Amidst scenes which brought him into touch with bedrock fact, Guthrie learned that there were good points even in the lowest stratum of society, but that if permanent improvement were to be looked for, it could only be achieved by concentrating effort, in and out of season, upon the young. Thus originated his Ragged School work, the keynote of which was based on the maxim that prevention is better than cure. Nor was he long in discovering that the only way to get at the poor children was to provide them with food for the body. Rescue work on other lines was as worthless as it was cruel.

Not long after the consummation of his labours for the Manse Fund, Guthrie's interest in Ragged Schools culminated. Walking with a friend one day on the noble lion-shaped hill of Arthur's Seat, one of Nature's most blessed gifts to Edinburgh, the strollers happened upon two poor wee laddies at St Anthony's Well, who proffered a draught from the crystal spring in 'tinnies,' as the mugs were called, in hope of a welcome ha'penny.

Seated on a rock, Guthrie questioned the boys. One was fatherless; the other's father was an undesirable. Both were poorly clad; one had never been to school; the other now and again went on Sunday. Full of his new idea, Guthrie next inquired whether they would go to school if, besides teaching, they got breakfast, dinner, and supper. The bairns' eyes shone

with joy and their cheeks flushed. 'Ay wull I, sir,' cried one, as he leapt to his feet, 'an' bring the hail land [whole tenement] tae.' Then, fearing lest he might seem greedy, or the bountiful offer be withheld, 'I'll come for my denner, sir.'

Satisfied that he was on the right tack, Guthrie lost no time in carrying out his plans. In answer to his *Plea for Ragged Schools*, seven hundred pounds was speedily subscribed, and rooms were hired on Castle Hill in 1847, three schools being in full swing before the year was out. The results of this social reform were soon apparent. The number of juvenile criminals fell off, and beggar boys and girls no longer disfigured the streets. Mendicancy had been denounced often enough, and the magistrates issued placards imploring people to refrain from almsgiving, but to no purpose. The children were too alert and cunning to be put down by posters. Guthrie saw one urchin go up to an old lady, and with wonted whine appeal to her sympathy. With a poke of her umbrella she bade him begone. Instantly the boy changed his tactics. Baring his dirty arm to the elbow, he ran up to her, exhibiting it, and crying, 'Just oot o' the Infirmary, ledly, wi' typhus!' The acting and byplay were perfect. The lady thrust a shilling into the little rascal's hand and hobbled off for dear life!

On the other hand, when Guthrie was similarly accosted, as he constantly was, he had but one answer, 'Not a bawbee! Go to the Ragged School and say Dr Guthrie sent you.'

Those ragged children, how they twined themselves around his heart! Throughout the rest of his life his loyalty to them was perfect. In the statue erected to his memory in Princes Street, Edinburgh, he is fittingly represented as cherishing a poor waif who clings closely to him. Even when the cause was being undermined to some extent by the establishment of Board schools in crowded cities, he advocated it as stoutly as ever. At a meeting in London in 1871 he pointed to the British colonies as a field for Ragged School children. This remark was fastened upon by the Attorney-General of an Australian state, one of his hearers, who roundly condemned the suggestion of sending 'the scum of the country' to the colonies. Guthrie could not remain silent under this imputation. Holding a sheet of notepaper before the audience, he said, 'This was once "scum"—once foul, dirty, wretched rags. It is now white as the snows of heaven, and in it this gentleman may see an emblem of the material we would send to the colonies, of the work our Ragged Schools have achieved.' The aptness of the retort, conceived on the spur of the moment, brought down the house.

But Dr Guthrie had other qualities besides readiness of speech and the saving grace of humour; his presence of mind, fearlessness, and

common-sense were also remarkable. During his ministry at Arbirlot, near Arbroath, he saved his life almost by a miracle. He was wandering one day among the rocks near the promontory of the Red Head. The tide was flowing and the sea running high. Leaping to a rocky mass that sloped steeply to the ocean, he had no sooner lighted on the rock than his feet went out from under him on the slippery seaweed, and, flat on his back, he slid fast downwards towards the stormy waves. Imminent destruction awaited him, for, though a swimmer, he would be dashed to pieces against the rocks. But the very danger cleared his brain. Suddenly recollecting that the rock formation was what is called conglomerate, or 'pudding-stone,' and that he had had his boot-heels shod with iron the day before, it flashed upon him, as by inspiration, that he might catch his heels on one of the projecting stones, or 'plums,' and so arrest his descent. At once putting this notion into force, he succeeded in bringing himself to a stop, and thus he was, as he said, 'plucked from the jaws of death.'

While waiting for his first church, Guthrie managed the bank agency at Brechin, which had been in his family for more than sixty years, until his nephew was old enough for the post, and conducted the business with marked efficiency. He was once detained in the office until midnight, and had to walk two miles to the cottage where he was then staying. Hearing footsteps behind, he hurried forward; but the faster he walked the faster walked his follower, and at length he concluded he was being shadowed by a footpad. As he carried the bank keys, which must be preserved at all costs, he quietly drew his knife, ready for any emergency, and wheeled around upon his pursuer, sharply calling, 'Who's there?' 'It is you, Mr Guthrie,' came a voice out of the darkness; 'I thocht I kent you atween me an' the sky, an' tried hard to mak' up on you. I've forty p'unds on me, an' it's no canny to be travellin' alane at sic an hour wi' a' that siller!'

Occasionally he had to resort to stratagem. A poor woman having lost her reason, Guthrie persuaded her—as the readiest means of placing her in an asylum—to take a drive with him. She was overjoyed at the honour, but the carriage never stopped until it reached Montrose Asylum. A year's detention served to restore her; and, hearing of her return, and not supposing she would have any memory of the past, he called upon her. Before he had time to speak a word she turned upon him, and, shaking her finger at him, said more in fun than anger, 'Eh, minister, I didna think ye wad ha'e telt a lee!'

Sometimes his presence of mind was displayed in circumstances calculated to provoke a smile or hilarious laughter. During the height of the patronage controversy, the Rev. Dr John Ritchie, of Edinburgh, had accused the clergy of the

Established Church of leading luxurious lives and clothing themselves in soft raiment. At a meeting in Arbroath, Guthrie took up this point. He was wearing strong hobnailed country boots, and his trousers were thickly plastered with mud, for he had walked in from Arbirlot. 'My friends,' he remarked, 'Dr Ritchie declares we are a lot of dandies;' then, protruding his foot and pointing to it, he asked, 'Do you call that the foot of a dandy?'

Dr Ritchie borrowed the illustration at a later meeting, but missed his meed of applause. He was garbed in the most correct style—knee-breeches, silk stockings, and dress-shoes. His party, he said, had been charged with showing the cloven foot; 'but,' he inquired, as he advanced his well-groomed leg, 'do you call that a cloven foot?' Cried a voice from 'the gods,' which spoiled the effect, 'Tak' aff the shoe, sir, an' we'll see!'

Dr Guthrie having once undertaken to preach a charity sermon at St George's, Edinburgh, the church was filled with a fashionable congregation. Whether or not the importance of the occasion had unnerved him, the precentor, or leader of the singing, could not strike the right tune. He tried a second and a third with equally disastrous results. The poor man was now quite helpless, and the people were growing visibly anxious. Guthrie saw that something drastic must be done at once, so he rose as if nothing unusual had happened, and said, 'Let us pray!' After the service the precentor went to the vestry and thanked the minister for coming to his rescue. 'I rather fancy, my friend,' quoth Guthrie, 'I did more for you than you could have done for me in a like predicament. Had I stuck in my sermon, would you have got up to save me by saying, "Let us sing"?'

Dr Guthrie often referred with strong approval to the first school he ever attended. This was kept by a weaver, whose broad blue bonnet covered a big head well packed with brains. Though it was only an infant school, the man taught the bairns on scientific lines. After they had mastered the alphabet and a few words of one syllable, he took them straight to the Book of Proverbs. Guthrie afterwards declared these chapters were unrivalled for learners, with their pure Saxon and 'English undefiled.' 'Take this passage, for example,' he wrote, 'where, with one exception, every word is formed of a single syllable, and belongs to the Saxon tongue: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."'

Joseph Hume, the well-known Radical M.P., hearing that Guthrie had several sons, called at his house one day, and, the minister being from home, saw his wife. To her he explained that he had come to offer his influence on behalf of her boys. Mrs Guthrie declined the proffered kindness with many thanks. Her husband, she said, desirous of preserving his independence,

had made it a rule not to accept patronage for his children from men in place and power. His point of view was characteristic. He had had to fight his own battle, and he thought it better for his youngsters that they should fight theirs. Besides, if he sought favours for his own family, how could he refuse his services for other folk's families in return? He would not risk his power 'for good with those who, under God, shaped the course and ruled the destinies of the country.'

When plain speaking was necessary Guthrie never hesitated to use it. In 1855 cheap Saturday evening concerts of good music were started in Edinburgh mainly for the working classes. Dr Guthrie attended them, and was promptly taken to task—incredible though it may now appear—for countenancing such a form of popular entertainment. He was at the trouble to argue the question with one remonstrant, and concluded an unanswerable letter in these terms:

'I, for one, have no general sympathy with the notion that other people may righteously take part in enjoyments from which ministers should be excluded for decorum's sake. That is but another phase of the old loathsome times when gentlemen got the ladies away to the drawing-room to talk what it was not fit that a decent woman should hear. I hold that a good man should take part in no entertainment to be present at which would raise a blush on a modest woman's cheek, or make a minister of the gospel feel that in being there he was out of place. What is not fit for a lady or a minister to see or hear, or take part in, is an entertainment unfit for any decent, respectable Christian man. That is common-sense and God's truth, or I am greatly mistaken.'

As a matter of fact, Guthrie cherished the ancient Latin sentiment, 'In essentials unity, in matters of doubt liberty, in all things charity,' and practised (as he preached) toleration in small affairs as in great.

For many years he rendered effective service on the platform to the cause of total abstinence. He had not always abstained; but one bitter, windy, rainy day in 1841 he was driving by car from Omagh to Cookstown, in Ireland. By the

time the party reached the half-way house they were wet to the skin, and as soon as they entered the inn ordered toddy. The car-driver, who also was soaking wet, was offered a stiff dram too, but he declined it. 'I am a teetotaler, yer riv'rince, and won't touch a drop uv it.'

That answer stuck in Guthrie's throat, and went to his heart and head. If this poor man, he reasoned, could deny himself this indulgence, why should not he, a Christian minister, do so likewise? The circumstance, combined with the scenes he witnessed daily in Edinburgh slums, made him an abstainer. That experience, set by a humble, uneducated, uncultivated Roman Catholic carman, taught him the value and force of example. He felt he could not urge any one who was becoming a slave of the habit to give up drink entirely if he or she could retort, 'But, doctor, are you an abstainer yourself?' For some years before his death he was obliged to take wine, owing to weakness of the heart's action; but, excepting on medicinal grounds, he was a convinced and firm believer in the wisdom and benefit of teetotalism.

In later life he had to relinquish preaching for several months at a time in consequence of organic injury to his heart during his year's campaign for the Manse Fund. But wherever he travelled for rest and health he was a constant attendant at various places of worship, even in countries or districts in which he could neither speak nor understand the language. In Wales he avowed he was even edified by the devout, fervid, earnest, rude, but telling sermon of a Calvinistic Methodist, although he could not comprehend a word of it. 'I am always glad of an opportunity of being present where God is worshipped in, to me, an unknown tongue,' he wrote; 'it is to my mind the most impressive of all sermons on His omniscience, and the certain sign that He is the common Father of us all.' For like reason he highly admired the remark of the Roman Catholic landlord of the hotel at Chur, in Switzerland, who inadvertently entered the room while Dr Guthrie was conducting worship. At its close the man said, in allusion to the prayer, which was quite unintelligible to him, 'Ah! God knows all tongues.'

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

CHAPTER XV.—*continued.*

II.

ALTERCATIONS with Hun seaplanes were by no means uncommon, and their novelty soon wore off.

The North Sea is not celebrated for its clear weather, and in it one's horizontal range of vision is frequently restricted to four miles or less. The vertical visibility, when the clouds are lying low, is sometimes a few hundred feet,

while in summer the absence of wind and the heat of the sun often bring fog or a luminous low-lying haze. When there is any mist it is presumably easier for an aeroplane to see the comparatively large bulk of a ship upon the sea than it is for the ship to spot the slender shape of the aeroplane overhead.

In the earlier days of the war, when the

flotilla and a couple or more light cruisers in massed formation were nosing round not far from the German coast, according to their habit, it was disconcerting, to say the least of it, suddenly to see a neat little line of four or five equally spaced upheavals of water close alongside one or other of the ships. It was more disconcerting still to hear the loud thud of the explosions, and to realise that they were caused by bombs dropped from the heavens for one's benefit by an aerial Hun of most immoral character. An aeroplane bomb exploding ashore may quite conceivably do comparatively little damage; but if the same missile descends upon the deck of a small ship the vessel will be severely injured, and may possibly sink. It is not pleasant to get into difficulties and to have one's ship incapable of movement within a short distance of a hostile coast. It is still more unpleasant to have her sink in the same locality.

On seeing the explosions one instinctively looked overhead, and there, flying low and dimly outlined in the haze, was usually the shape of a hostile seaplane, the inevitable black crosses on his wings proclaiming his nationality. In misty weather he often succeeded in approaching unseen, and sometimes dropped his unsavoury eggs before the anti-aircraft guns could get to work and make his life a misery and a burden. No sooner had he done his dirty work, moreover, than he either climbed and vanished in the clouds, or else circled rapidly round and disappeared whence he had come. His departure was always hastened by a burst of fire from every gun which would bear, but one never had a real chance of strafing him, for the whole affair was all over and done with in a minute or two. It was good luck that his aim was bad and that his bombs invariably missed, though sometimes they missed so close that people on deck were drenched with spray, and spent the rest of the day searching for splinters to keep as mementoes. If one had struck—— But what was the good of considering the possibility? At any rate, it was always very comforting to realise that a ship under way presents a very small and difficult target to a seaplane at the best of times; while, however numerous and thickly clustered a fleet, squadron, or flotilla may be, there is always far and away more area of water than there is of ships.

When the weather was really clear the boot was generally on the other foot, for then the seaplanes were usually driven off before they could get overhead. A good lookout was always kept, and at the first sight of a speck like a mosquito on the horizon, a mosquito which presently assumed the shape and proportions of a dragon-fly, the anti-aircraft guns' crews came tumbling up to their stations, and the muzzles of their weapons started twitching ominously. Then, when the Hun arrived within range, they let drive and let him have it.

With the older type of anti-aircraft gun, shooting at an aeroplane reminded one of trying to bring down a snipe with a Webley revolver. But now that we are provided with the best sort of weapon which brains and money can produce, the process of strafing the aerial Hun may be likened to dealing with the aforesaid bird with a 12-bore hammerless ejector loaded with No. 8 shot. The odds, of course, are always on the snipe or the Hun, as the case may be, but we usually succeed in being accurate enough to make him supremely uncomfortable.

So the shooting with the A.A. guns was generally good. Puffs of smoke from the exploding time-fused shell darted out into space all round their target. The blue sky speedily became pock-marked with the white, bulbous, cotton-wool-like clusters, each one contributing its share of splinters to the unpleasantness of the upper atmosphere. The Hun as speedily retired. But not always. Sometimes he climbed high to get out of range, and then, at a height of twelve thousand to fourteen thousand feet, when scarcely visible, dropped his bombs. But the higher he went the more erratic became his practice, so really it did not matter much.

Occasionally, in the vicinity of their own coast, he and his friends attacked in coveys of six, seven, or a dozen, at a time, and then things became really lively, and the A.A. guns had the time of their lives. Once the Huns attacked continuously from eight a.m. until noon. There were never less than three of them in range at any one time, and each one, after dropping his noisome cargo, hurried back to his base for a fresh consignment, and then returned for another strafe. But the bombs always fell wide, and in course of time people came to treat seaplane attacks with positive indifference. In early days all in the ship who could get away came on deck to watch the fun. They indulged in loud and ribald remarks, and gave the benefit of their advice to the men at the guns, to the Hun or Huns, and to anybody else who cared to listen. They also jeered uproariously when bombs fell a few yards wide and deluged them with water, and fought madly for any splinters which might fall on board. But later on, when they got used to the feeling, the advent of a seaplane or two did not disturb them very much, particularly if it was soon after the midday meal, and they had composed themselves for short naps on the sunny deck before recommencing their labours in the afternoon.

It seems that the British sailor, like his comrade in the trenches, can get used to anything. Moreover, the war seems to have set a new standard of excitement, and what will happen when hostilities cease and the men have to go back to the humdrum life of peace I really do not know. It would seem impossible to raise much real enthusiasm over regattas, boxing competitions, picture-palaces, or football matches

after playing the far more thrilling game with men's lives and ships for the stakes.

But bluejackets are always peculiar people, and the most trivial happenings in the midst of the most appalling danger cause them the greatest amusement. In one merry little destroyer action in the North Sea one of the British vessels was having a very hot time, and a bursting shell caused a small fire in the engine-room. It was promptly extinguished by the fire-party under the charge of the chief stoker, and shortly afterwards an officer noticed this worthy coming aft with broad grins all over his face.

'What's the joke?' he wanted to know, for it struck him as rather peculiar that a man should be so much amused at such a time.

'I can't 'elp larfin', sir!' said the man, bubbling over with glee. 'We 'ad a bit of a bonfire in the hengine-room jest now, sir, an' w'en I 'ears 'em 'ollerin' I runs along with the 'ose-pipe, shoves the end of 'im down the hengine-room 'atch, an' switches the water on.'

'What is there funny about that?' queried the officer.

'Only that we 'arf-drownded the Chief E.R.A., 'oo was standin' at the foot of the ladder, sir,' gurgled the man. 'Funniest thing I've see'd for a long time. 'E ain't got a dry stitch on 'im, and 'is langwidge was somethink 'orrid.' He finished with another cackle of amusement, and went off to spin the yarn to some one else.

At the time of the incident, which has the merit of being quite true, the ship was undergoing a very hot fire. Shell were falling all round her, and splinters were whistling through the air in all directions, and for the man to be convulsed with genuine merriment at the wetting of the chief engine-room artificer, at a moment when he himself was in imminent peril of his life, speaks well for his nerve. It rather reminds one of the true story of two marines, the loading numbers at the after-gun of a light cruiser which shall be nameless. She too was in the middle of a strenuous little action when a shell burst on board, and shortly afterwards both men saw a most desirable memento in the shape of a splinter lying on the deck. They made a simultaneous dart to secure the trophy, but Jones got there first.

'Ere!' said Smith, bitterly aggrieved, 'old on. I saw 'im first!'

'I've got 'im first!' chortled Jones, stooping down and picking up the morsel of steel. 'Ow!' he yelled the next instant, dropping it as if it had stung him, and sucking his fingers; 'the bloomin' thing's red-hot!'

'Serve you ruddy well right,' retorted Smith. 'It ain't yourn, any'ow. You leave it alone!'

'I tell you it is mine,' answered the burnt gentleman. 'I got 'im first!'

'Look 'ere, Jones, if you can't play fair I'll give you a punch on the jaw; s'welp me I will. I'm bigger 'n wot you are, and I tells you I see'd the bloomin' thing first!'

'I got 'old of 'im first, an' don't care wot you says an' does,' exclaimed Jones, putting his foot on the coveted fragment. 'I'—

Further conversation was interrupted by the advance of Smith, and in another instant the quarterdeck of H.M.S. — was the scene of an impromptu battle. It would have been quite a pretty little tussle, for Smith was large, breathless, and bulky, while Jones was thin and wiry; but unfortunately the gunlayer, a sergeant, noticed that something was amiss with his weapon, and removed his eye from the telescopic sight.

'Here, you two,' he shouted, 'behave yourselves, and get on with loading the gun!'

'E's tryin' to pinch my splinter, sargint!' wailed Jones, applying a grimy hand to a rapidly swelling eye. 'E 'it me first!'

'No, sargint, 'e's a liar,' Smith cried with an air of injured innocence; 'I see'd it first!'

'Can't help that!' roared the N.C.O. 'Get along with the loading of the gun, and hafter the haction don't you forget I takes you both before the officer of the watch for unseemly conduct and neglec' of dooty in the face of the enemy!'

The malcontents, rather crestfallen, ceased their bickering, and the gun went on firing. But the sergeant, a strict disciplinarian, was as good as his word. Smith and Jones, both good characters, were let off lightly. They each received fourteen days No. 10 punishment for their misdeeds. The sergeant, a Solomon in his way, appropriated the shell splinter and presented it to his wife.

(Continued on page 744.)

THE MEN OF ANZAC* AND THEIR FOREBEARS.

SOME ASPECTS OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

By STORY WHITING.

WHILST the exploits of the 'Men of Anzac' in Gallipoli are still fresh in the minds of the British public, and great things are expected from them in the final struggle on the

western front, one's mind naturally goes back to those hardy pioneers of Australia from whom these brave warriors have sprung.

Australia has its story of endeavour and heroic achievement as well as New Zealand; but I think it is very doubtful if the annals of that story have ever been written, or at least written

* The word 'Anzac' was derived from the term or phrase 'Australian and New Zealand Army Corps.'

so that ordinary folk shall feel the thrill of it all. When Parker wrote *Pierre and his People* he made us feel the story of Canada. When Kipling wrote his *Indian Tales* he made us feel the strife and glory of the white man's work in Asia.

The history, the true inward essential history, of a new nation does not lie in the external public events of political life, but in the long-drawn conflict between Man and Nature. Now, there are three periods in this 'true history of Australia.' First, the explorers, whose records are scattered through many a volume; but people generally do not read these volumes. Then come the pioneers, the first men who opened out and took up the country. That period runs into the period of the diggings and the early tumult of the rush for gold. 'Rolf Boldrewood,' Mrs Campbell Praed, and some few others have dealt with the picturesque phases of early squatting; but there is still much to be revived. As Mark Twain described and recorded the tale of the fight between man and the great river, so ought some writer to keep alive the true history of an Australian life which is all but gone.

The generation of the first squatters has passed away, but some of us who have met and talked with them realised that every one of them was a big man. Some died in the struggle; some went under; some gave it up; but those who survived and came through successfully were all men with a touch of greatness in them. The handsome houses of the larger graziers to-day speak of comfort and luxury and refinement; but the little old house of the original squatter, often standing there still under the lee of the big mansion, tells of the heroism and endurance, and of the successful fight, made by a strong man against heavy odds.

The immigrants who enter Australia to-day think of the original squatter as of a lucky gambler, who struck a 'soft patch.' They do not understand. They never knew the story; it is being forgotten so quickly.

Then comes the third period, that which is still going on—the period of the farmer and the small settler. Henry Lawson tried to make us realise something of that life; but his tone was too frequently pessimistic. The truth, however, is that in Australia Nature has not been generous. It is a difficult country to conquer; floods, droughts, and forest-fires recur at too frequent intervals; but the conquest of it has bred, and will still breed, men of a fine type. The adverse conditions will make the race that survives all the stronger. The law of the survival of the fittest will make the Australian nation a people of great determination, possessing the power of going alone and fighting for their own hands. There will probably never be fortunes made there as in America, and that nervous energy which the hustling for wealth produces will be

absent. A man on horseback, rather tired, rather cynical, never in a hurry, but of an inexhaustible patience and fortitude—that is the type which Nature may produce there as the 'fittest.' Nature will be conquered, but she will not be conquered by one generation or by two; and the race that survives will be a variety of the human species which develops the power of holding on.

Scotland has produced one of the hardiest races in Europe, and one of the most individualistic. It is highly probable that Australia will come a good second; and my unbiassed opinion, after a residence there of many years, is that this will be largely owing to the grit and influence of the Scotsmen scattered throughout that vast continent.

There has been a growing tendency during the last twenty years for population to flock into the towns of Australia in a proportion not known anywhere else. Melbourne contains a far greater percentage of the total people of Victoria than is desirable; and in all the states the capital cities grow in like proportion at the expense of the smaller towns and country districts. Land-laws which favoured the formation of large estates rather than small holdings were at one time thought to explain this centralisation of population, but changes in the law have not checked the tendency. Other causes are apparent. Australia has now an exceptionally large mining population, and the successful miner rarely settles upon the field of his labours, but prefers to go to the city to spend his gains. In the pastoral areas the isolation of the great estates makes the education of families and social intercourse difficult, and for this reason the rich squatter is inclined to make his station a temporary residence, while he fixes his permanent home in the city. The contrast, again, between the activity of city life and the quiet of the country is accentuated. Life on a remote sheep or cattle station is for the workman concentrated monotony, while the cities are particularly full of movement. The prevailing State Socialism is filling the larger towns with good things: excellent museums, splendid libraries, free reading-rooms, parks, botanical gardens, and manifold places of interest or amusement. These are for the multitude, and the multitude in Australia is unquestionably becoming southern in its taste for excitement and amusements. Consequently rich and poor alike crowd into the towns which become large without becoming congested, so wide is the room for expansion, so perfect the appliances of tram, rail, and boat for the suburban residents. Thus the cities have acquired not only an excess of population, but also a social and political dominance which is neither British nor American, and for which only a Continental parallel can be found. The resulting condition of things seems artificial and not without grave dangers, but curiously interesting, as illustrating

new forms of national growth, possibly incidental to extreme democratic development.

The concentration of population has enabled the artisan class to secure unequalled present advantages; but there is justification for the view entertained by many Australians, and others who have lived the greater part of their lives there, that it will sap the very foundations of permanent prosperity unless a check can be found. The gravest problem confronting the Commonwealth at the present time is, apparently, how to get a sufficient agricultural population to stay upon the land.

This, however, seems likely to be, in a measure, solved in the, let us hope, not far distant future. Only the other day it was reported that the Queensland Government had offered one million acres of land for the settlement of those of our soldiers and sailors who, after the termination of the war, may be desirous of living an outdoor life under the most favourable conditions; and doubtless the other states will likewise follow suit.

It must be admitted that the temper of the younger generation of colonials in the country districts is not favourable—unlike their forefathers—to the patient industry of the farm, with its remote results and slow accumulation. Within the last decade the curious phenomenon has occasionally presented itself of a serious dearth of labour in country places, while in the towns masses of unemployed were besieging the Government offices with demands for relief-works. When sent, mostly at the Government expense, to the rural districts, the 'unemployed' soon drift back to the mingled wants and delights of city life.

The cities of Australia have thus come to concentrate in an unusual degree the life of the whole country, and to furnish the key to it. They have, among cities, a type of their own, curiously marked, when we consider that they are largely the growth of barely eighty years. They are, moreover, interesting, which is not always true of new cities. Melbourne, a mere village when gold was discovered in Victoria, has now a population of five hundred thousand souls. It is a city where one feels that men count for more than anything else in the making of a place. The number of people one meets who—or their forefathers—hail from Caledonia is remarkable.

Victoria received the cream of the great immigration after 1851, and the splendid and adventurous energy of the gold period still shows itself in the population, with something, it must be added, of its fever and restlessness. The superfluous vigour of the people makes itself felt to the remotest corners of the Commonwealth, and beyond. Victorian capital and energy give the impulse to enterprise and business in Queensland and large parts of New South Wales and South Australia, and reach out to Western Australia,

Tasmania, and New Zealand as well. A cooler climate assists the native vigour of the people, and gives Melbourne a great advantage over Brisbane, Sydney, or Adelaide. Land has been sold for the same price in Collins Street as in the heart of London; an exaggerated value, it is true, but showing faith in the future of the place.

Energetic Melbourne looks upon its rival city as inert, and climatic influence gives some colour of truth to the criticism. Sydney has the disadvantage, in some minds, of being some hundreds of miles nearer the tropics, and the contiguity of the sea results in relaxing moistness of atmosphere rather than coolness. But if Sydney suffers something from its latitude, in other respects its advantage of geographical position ensures it a place among the great cities of the future. Its harbour is the best in the Southern Seas, and one of the two or three best in the world. The immediate neighbourhood of large coal-measures increases indefinitely its naval and commercial importance. With trade from America, New Zealand, the Pacific Islands, and the China Seas, as well as Britain, tending to centre there, it is the Australasian counterpart of San Francisco, which it already surpasses in size.

Of the beauty of Port Jackson, the wonderful bay or harbour on the shores of which Sydney is built, much has been said and written in what might seem terms of exaggeration. Yet one may fairly doubt if ever traveller or tourist felt any sense of disappointment as, sailing in from the Pacific through the narrow channel which separates the Heads, he sees its picturesque outlines unfold before him. It is, truly, one of the sights of the world. So complicated is the maze of winding waters and prolonged narrow bays that one is not surprised to learn that the water-line of the harbour within the Heads is measured by many hundreds of miles. Low hills and numerous islands, with olive-green woods of eucalyptus sloping down to shining patches of sandy beach, everywhere form the background for the quiet waters of the harbour, and complete a scene of beauty which might satisfy the most critical taste. Graceful yachts float over the waters, and beautiful villas are scattered around the various coves and bays.

I doubt if any public pleasure-grounds in the world contain so many attractions as do the Domain and Botanical Gardens bordering on the bay. Enclosing one large arm of the harbour, facing another, and looking out upon the waters where navies can float at ease, their position is unrivalled. The climate favours the growth of sub-tropical vegetation, and the gardens are embellished with statuary, to which exposure in the open air is as little harmful there as in Greece or Italy. Beautiful public gardens are not confined to Sydney, but form a striking feature of Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, Ballarat, and every considerable Australian town.

In Australia the thought constantly recurs that if ever the æsthetic side of the Anglo-Saxon is to receive full development it will be in these Southern Seas; and one can fancy that he already detects in the masses a refinement of taste and softening of manner such as contact with art appears to have given to the Italian and the Greek, and which intimacy with nature in its most beautiful forms might be expected to produce.

Since the days of Greece and her Olympic and Isthmian Games, I doubt if there has been anything to match the devotion of the Australians to athletic sports. But it is not the success of a few specialists which marks the athleticism of Australia. The heart of the people is in it far more than in Britain, infinitely more than in America. This popularity of games involving severe exertion and strict physical training shared in by the many is showing distinct results in the splendid physique of the young men of the nation. It may well be a corrective for the enervating influences of an easy climate and a comparatively luxurious life, no slight consideration in such a land as Australia.

The English taste for riding and the English love for a good horse prevail everywhere. Men live in the saddle from morning to night on the great stations, or when 'overlanding' cattle from the northern Queensland stations to the southern markets.

Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, and Brisbane have each one or two daily papers of which any city in the world might be proud, and which in matter and manner compare favourably with anything that appears in Britain or America. With one or two striking exceptions, the tone of the press is remarkably high. The encyclopædic weeklies of forty or fifty pages issued by the leading city papers for country circulation are marvellous compilations touching on every human interest under the sun.

Looking at Australian life from some viewpoints, one is disposed to think that overflowing activity and energy are its main characteristics. There is, however, another side to this. One whose occupation—as mine has done—takes him practically over the greater part of the continent sees many things which prove that the warm climate and the easy conditions of living are great temptations to idleness and shiftlessness. There are not the natural compulsions to work which are found under sterner skies. The conditions which have produced the Neapolitan lazzaroni and the lazy Southern American negro exist in parts of Australia, and even in the most virile race have their effect. For nine months out of twelve in the greater part of the country sleeping in the open air is possible and pleasant. A calico tent or a roof of bark furnishes a habitable dwelling throughout the year. Food is cheap and plentiful. The

country is, therefore, the paradise of the 'swagman' or 'sundowner,' as he moves from district to district or from station to station in supposed search for work, and, as the saying is, 'praying to God he can't find it.' He is, however, a recognised element of society, and looks upon himself as having certain rights upon which he is disposed to insist, and he certainly has his claims allowed as in few other countries in the world. The squatter or settler who refuses a meal and a 'shakedown' to the 'swagger' may reckon with considerable certainty upon a retributive conflagration of his stacks or outbuildings. But the stimulus of such an anxiety is not needed to make the prosperous Australian considerate for social failures. Success and failure are alike questions of luck. The broken-down wanderer who asks for a 'bit of tucker' or a night's lodging may be one who has just missed the opportunity of being a millionaire. He is perhaps to be pitied rather than blamed. At any rate, he must not be allowed to suffer. Even his feelings must be considered. There are no workhouses in Australia. The State establishments which fill their place are called 'benevolent asylums.' The softening of the name is matched by the comparative respectability of the inmates.

The swarms of people who sleep every night in the Domain in Sydney apparently as their only home give additional proof that favourable conditions are not all that is necessary to make men thrifty and self-reliant. The man who goes to the wall in the Old Country because he is weak is apt to succumb at once to the seductions of the sunny climate and the lenient philanthropy which he finds in Australia, and become a burden on the community.

Australia lacks in her history the moral motive of the fathers of New England or the patriotic stimulus of the loyalist founders of British Canada. She has known little of the severe national discipline by which other peoples have fought out a way to freedom. As in the Western and Pacific States of America, the dominant tone of life has been given by an overmastering spirit of energy and enterprise, and by effort after material success. Moral strenuousness can scarcely be looked for as a characteristic of the popular mind, and circumstances are not favourable to its development. Neither religious restriction nor political tyranny has existed to stimulate the severe virtues.

Not until these years of the great war have the people of Australia been called upon for any great effort of national self-sacrifice. There is without doubt abundant motive-force in the life of all classes, abundant stimulus to effort after social ideals. Nowhere does one find a larger public spirit, nowhere a finer enthusiasm pervading a community for building up a worthy State and assimilating whatever is best from the outer world.

A New Englander, a Canadian, or a Briton may come away from luxuriating in the sunny influences of the best Australian season without losing respect for his own more rigorous or even unpleasant climate. The east wind, the cold, drenching rain, the northern blast, drive men back on home life, on work, on more rigid views

of their relation to things. After all, the environment which makes a people most effective is the best. Great will be the glory of the Australian if he retains in the South that inherited energy which was bred in him by his forebears of the North, who have made his country what it is.

CARELESSNESS.

CHAPTER II.

FOR Joe Rudge was a single man. Years ago he had liked a girl; but his seven years' sentence had lost her to him. In fact, her choice lying, apparently, between a preserver of the law and a breaker of it, during Joe's prolonged absence she had married a policeman.

It had proved, perhaps, a factor in Joe's reformation. It helped to sicken him of the old work. His love being another fellow's—a big blue fellow's—there was no call for him to run further risks in order to build up a home. Add a growing distaste for prison fare as he advanced toward elderliness, and it will be conceived that it was no great pull on his will-power to run straight. Outlawry was not ingrained in him. He had stolen for a living.

One day, about a month after the evening of Nick Portch's tactless question and Joe's discouraging answer, Joe noticed a change in the manner of Mr MacNair, the chief gardener. In speech Mr MacNair was as a rule curt to the point of frostiness. His manner was bleak—bleak as his starch-blue Highland eye. He never chatted or made speeches. He gave little wisp-like directions, and you had to be attentive to catch them.

At first his attitude toward Joe had resembled that of a head-warder. He would keep him under long observation. For the first week he stood by while Joe put his tools away for the night, and then Joe had to turn out his pockets.

'We have had men from the society who have robbed us,' he explained to Joe, by way of apology, 'and I must be careful.'

The Scotsman and Irishman, treated as 'characters' in English tales, are generally represented as speaking Scots or Irish. The effect of education, travel, and change of scene, however, is to eliminate dialect and brogue. The Scotsman employed in England, save when he is drunk or excited, will only use a Scots word here and there, and the introduction of it is generally very effective. Who, for instance, will deny that 'carefu' is far more impressive than 'careful'? It impressed Joe, anyhow.

As time wore on Mr MacNair appeared to leave off watching Joe, but Joe knew that he was still being watched, and was 'carefu.' But that didn't keep him from being suspected of the thefts of which his immediate senior was

ultimately convicted. His innocence established, it was easy to see that he had gone up a number of pegs in MacNair's estimation. He was given more responsible work to do. Mr MacNair thawed a little more every day toward him. And this day, a month after the discourse on the carelessness of folks, Joe became aware that there was something behind the chief's mellowing.

'Where do ye lodge, man?' he asked Joe that evening.

'In the town, with a widow woman.'

'Are ye satisfied?'

'Not over. She's a worrier.'

There was a pause.

'The police—do they trouble ye?'

'They look me over a bit,' acknowledged Joe. Mr MacNair's tongue clicked. 'I shouldn't be surprised.'

There was another pause.

'For why do you ask?' Joe ventured.

'There's a cottage just without the grounds, belonging to the house, that one of the gardeners generally has. It's empty. Likely it might suit ye. Or would it be lonely?'

'Shouldn't mind,' said Joe indifferently.

And that was how he felt. Liberty had a sweet taste. So long as he could make a living, and thus keep out of prison, he was indifferent to worrying widows or police surveillance.

There was a third pause.

'But the committee prefer a married man to have the house,' explained MacNair. 'Ye're single, I take it? Or have ye a wife and bairns who'd come to ye if you could offer them a home?'

'I have no wife, nor ever had.'

'I don't say ye're unwise,' was Mr MacNair's dry comment. And with that the conversation concluded.

But Joe, thinking of it during his shuffle home, perceived that he was in favour. To be regarded as the possible tenant of a house, to have his very own house and patch of garden, to have a door-key of his own, this meant something to a man who, during his brief spells of freedom, had seldom known any roof save a common lodging-house or the back-alley home of a married partner in crime.

Two days later Mr MacNair came to him as

he was hoeing a turnip-bed. 'Rudge, ye're wanted by the committee this afternoon.'

The ex-convict looked perplexed. 'What for, sir?'

'That is the message I had from Mr Gilmour, the secretary. After your bit dinner give yourself a clean up, and be handy when ye're called for.'

There were furrows in Joe's brow as he resumed his hoeing. What could this mean? In giving particulars of himself to the society on his last quittance of prison, he had not been too lavish of the facts as to his past. He had not deemed it necessary to mention that, after a certain spell of 'quod,' he had grown a beard and changed his name before obtaining employment at the Marquis of Worthing's. He did not, in fact, mention that he had ever been in the Marquis of Worthing's service, having the very best of reasons for not returning that particular page of his chequered career.

The buried past! Sometimes it is awkwardly resurrected. Joe was on thorns all that morning. After his 'bit dinner'—which he took in the yard, as it was a mile and a half to the town—he felt strongly inclined to put on his coat and leave. Before now, at places where he had managed to secure employment, he had caught a glimpse of a policeman's uniform coming in by the front gate, and had streaked out by the back one without waiting to learn the reason of the visit. Whereas, with a little calm reflection, it might have occurred to him that policemen, brown satchels slung over shoulder, spend a number of their off-duty hours serving gas-summonses and collecting overdue rates.

However, a two years' character wasn't a thing to be forfeited lightly, and Joe Rudge decided at least to see what it was the committee had against him before making his dive for cover.

It was latish in the afternoon before he was summoned to the committee-room, and Joe was relieved to find that by that time the committee had dwindled down to three people only—a clergyman of bearded and robust appearance, another clergyman of pallid aspect, and a lady of uncertain age.

The bearded clergyman occupied the chair, which stood at the head of a long table. You could see at a glance that he was a gentleman much given to committees and good work.

'Ah, Rudge!' said the chairman. 'Good-afternoon, Rudge! We are sorry to interrupt you in the midst of your labours, and no doubt you share our regrets.'

He laughed, and Rudge breathed again. If it had been to do with the Marquis of Worthing business—or any of 'them old things'—the gentleman wouldn't lead off in this joky way.

'We are glad, Rudge,' continued the chairman, 'to receive good accounts of you—very glad.'

We have been disappointed so many times in our endeavours—ah—that we are all the more pleased.' He glanced at his colleagues. 'We are pleased, and we have communicated our satisfaction to the—ah—society. However, not to detain you, let me get to the—ah—matter we wish to discuss with you. We have on the Queen's House estate a *cottage*, and that cottage we like to place at the disposal of—ah—one of our gardeners. It is handy for him, and it relieves him from the necessity of walking some distance to and from his work.'

'And the temptations that necessarily beset him in so doing,' put in the pale clergyman.

'Quite so. The temptations. Are you, by the way, a teetotaler, Rudge?'

'Can't say I am, sir.'

'You are not? Well, well, we don't wish to be intolerant, but we *prefer* our tenants to be abstainers. However, we are content to know that you are a steady man. In fact, we feel we could safely offer you the cottage, but for one somewhat embarrassing disqualification on your part. You are unmarried?'

'Yes, sir; I'm a single man, sir,' said Rudge.

'Yes, yes. So we learn. A *really* single man. And we like a married man to have the house, as it has four rooms. Now— But sit down, my man, sit down. Take that chair there.'

Then, to Rudge's surprise, the chairman rose, walked down to him, and took the chair next to his own. 'I want to talk to you as man to man.' He laid his hand on Rudge's shoulder.

The pale clergyman glimmered curiously at Rudge through his gold spectacles. The lady held him with an intent, interested gaze.

'Now, Rudge, you are no doubt grateful—yes, grateful—to us for the chance we have given you to—ah—re-establish yourself—to reform. We are sure you are. And now we would like to ask you—would you not like to assist *another* erring soul to re-establish itself? Do you follow me?'

'Have one of my old mates in the garden along o' me, sir?' inquired Rudge. 'The answer to that is, your reverence, I would *not*.'

'I agree with you, Rudge. I do not believe in the renewal of old associations—of that kind. But we were thinking of another sort of person.'

'The man is perplexed. Let me tell him, Mr Irvine,' said the lady, in a calm, collected, rather thin voice. And she, too, rising, took a chair immediately opposite Rudge.

'Yes, you tell him, Miss Pickincroft,' said the chairman, evidently with great relief. 'It is only right that a woman should speak for a woman.'

'A woman!' wondered Rudge, his lips parting slightly. Otherwise he preserved his silent imperturbability.

'Besides,' commenced Miss Pickincroft, 'being

members of the committee of the Queen's House, we three here, Rudge, are Broken Cross Guardians, and as such we are in close communication with the Broken Cross Union.'

'The workhouse,' interpolated the chairman.

'And among the most recent cases to be admitted to the infirmary,' went on Miss Pickincroft, quite steadily, 'is a young woman who has been unfortunate.'

'She is not vicious,' snapped the pale clergyman, taking courage from Miss Pickincroft's firm lead. 'We believe her to have been the victim of ignorance—thoughtlessness—carelessness.'

'She is what is called a "respectable" young woman who has made a false step,' said Miss Pickincroft, cutting in again at this point. 'There was a regiment of soldiers encamped here last autumn'—

'I fancy we need hardly go into particulars, dear lady,' the chairman interrupted. 'To be brief, Rudge, it is in your power—don't reply hastily, my man; give yourself time to think it over—to make a respectable young woman of her. There! That's all. There's the cottage, but we can only give it to a married man. Here are you. There is she. "Do unto others as ye would

they should do unto you." Put yourself in the poor creature's place, Rudge. Consider her shame. And think, my man, think how you might raise the fallen! Do not, I implore you, answer hurriedly. Give the matter your consideration.' He rose, putting both of his large, warm hands on the ex-convict's burly shoulders. 'We don't ask you to give us your answer now. A man of your age invariably likes to think a thing over. You are not a young man, and the thought must have occurred to you: what of the future? This young woman—she is twenty-four, not a mere girl—will make you a happy home. It is worth your consideration. But do not—do not arrive at a decision hurriedly. Take a week.'

And with a confused impression of the big clergyman's big hands still pressed to his shoulders, of the other parson squinting sideways at him through his gold specs, and of the lady staring curiously at him with a look as if the job had a good deal more relish for her than it had for the gentlemen, who plainly had no stomach for it, Joe Rudge found himself standing outside the committee-room, the word said and the dreaded confab over.

(Continued on page 749.)

WILL-O'-TH'-WISP.

By S. BARING-GOULD.

ALAS! a phenomenon well enough known to our forefathers has become almost as extinct as the dodo and the great auk, and that is the will-o'-th'-wisp or jack-o'-lanthorn.

Abraham de la Pryme, writing in his diary in 1695, noted: 'About half a year before my father dyd he sent one of his men to Doncaster about some business; who, as he was coming whome in the night, when it was very dark, chanc'd to meet with an *ignis fatuus* in one of the lains [lanes], which went danceing and leaping before him, and frightened him sore. But, plucking up good courage, within a little while (he really takeing it to be the divel) was resolv'd to light off of his horse and beat it. And so, accordingly, he observeing that when he went it went, and when he stood still it stood still, he lights and tys his hors to the hedge, and falls at it manfully with his great stick, and beat it all to pieces, making one piece fly one way and another. And then, being all in a sweat, he got tryumphantly upon his horse and came home, attesting seriously and soberly that he had killed the divel, which he did really believe for a great while after.

'The like story I have heard of another man in the south: that as he was coming from his work one dark night, in a lane, there came whisking over the hedge to him an *ignis fatuus*, which he, getting a sight on, ran away from it.

But the faster he ran, the faster it followed him, so that he did not know what to do. At length, turning him about, he up with his stick to strike it; but it flinch'd his stroke two or three times. But he, being resolved to vanquish or dy, he followed on his strokes as if it had been for his life; but always when he lifted up his great stick above his head to strike it, then it flew about his ears and put him in a most miserable condition. But, however, tho' the fight was long and fearful, yet the fellow got the victory over this divel, and beat it all to pieces. And he told it all over that he had killed the divel that would needs have carry'd him away i' th' lane if he could but have gotten hold of him. But, says he, I mall'd him.'

Mr Ernest Baker, of Shere Dean, Bath, communicated to *Notes and Queries*, 6th February 1869, that on the 18th December previous, at about six forty-five P.M., he was riding over the Downs to Shere, when there suddenly appeared on his horse's head five lights, one on each ear larger than the rest, about the size of the flame of a small taper, of a bluish colour, two on the left eyebrow, and one on the right. These were like glow-worms, or as if the parts had been rubbed with phosphorus. It was pitch-dark, with a steady rain falling; yet, while the lights lasted (which was while he rode upwards of a quarter of a mile), he could see the buckles on

the bridle. There had been thunder and lightning in the afternoon. He rode steadily, trying to make out what it could be, when it disappeared as suddenly as it came. The horse had been taken from the stable, and had only travelled half a mile, and did not perspire in the least. This communication provoked one from a Mr C. W. Barkley, who related a similar instance in his own family, and added that in Norfolk the luminous gas is exhaled from swampy ground, and is there called 'a lanthorn-man,' and the appearance is feared to this day. That which Mr Baker saw can hardly have been a jack-o'-lanthorn, but an electrical phenomenon.

The writer walked from Plymouth to Tavistock one night in October 1851, where for several miles the road runs over a moor called Rough-borough. It was a darkish night, but not so dark that he could not distinguish the road. On nearing a great pile of volcanic rocks upon the moor he saw on the opposite side of the road a blue flame flickering above a pool of water that occupied an old mining or quarrying depression. Being fully aware what it was, the writer lay down on the ground and stealthily crept towards the water, and for full ten minutes watched the little dancing light; but if he attempted to draw to a portion of the bank nearer to it, it danced away; so also if he waved his hat it drove the flame farther off. All at once it became extinguished.

Mr W. Bennett Dawe, of Hill, near Ashburton, together with his family, saw a will-o'-th'-wisp on several nights in succession in the autumn of 1898. The month of September had been very hot and dry, and this was succeeded by a heavy rainfall in October during twenty-three days. The mean temperature of the month was 54·7, being four degrees above the average of twenty years. The warm, damp season following on the heated ground and the boggy deposits in the Dart valley resulted in the generation of a good deal of decomposition. Mr Dawe and several of his household observed at night a light of a phosphorescent nature in the meadows below Ashburton. It appeared to hover a little above the ground and dance to and fro, then race off in another direction, as if affected by currents of air. This was watched during several evenings, and the members of his family were wont, as darkness fell, to go out and observe it. The meadows are on deep alluvial soil, formerly marsh, and were drained about sixty-five years ago. The same gentleman saw a similar flame in the form of a ball some forty years previously in the low and then marshy valley between Tor Abbey gateway and the Paignton road, south Devon. The valley was then undrained.

A miner on Dartmoor informed the writer that he crossed a great stretch of the moor to reach Cornwood, where was a brother who was dangerously ill; and this was late on Sunday afternoon. In consequence night overtook him,

and he became entangled in the bogs, and was in sore distress, unable to proceed or retreat. Being an eminently God-fearing man, he took off his cap and prayed. At once a little light sprang up and moved forward. He knew that this was a will-o'-th'-wisp, and that it was held to lead into dangerous places; but his confidence in Providence was so strong, and so assured was he that the light was sent in answer to his prayer, that he followed it. He was conducted over ground fairly firm, though miry, till he reached heather and a sound footing, whereupon the flame vanished. Thanking God, he pursued his way, taking his direction by the stars, and reached his destination in safety.

The poet Pfeffel of Colmar was blind, and he employed as his amanuensis a young evangelical pastor named Billing. Pfeffel, as he walked out, was supported and led by this young man. As they walked in the garden, at some distance from the town, Pfeffel observed that whenever they passed over a particular spot the arm of Billing trembled and he betrayed uneasiness. On being questioned, the young man admitted that at that spot a very uneasy feeling came over him, and that there he had observed at night a peculiar light such as he had often seen hovering over graves in a churchyard. Pfeffel, with a view of curing the youth of what he regarded as a fancy, went with him that night to the garden. As they approached the spot Billing perceived a feeble light, and when nearer protested that he saw a luminous column like a female figure wavering above the spot. This, however, so far as the figure went, was an effect of the imagination. Pfeffel went alone, as the young man declined to follow him, up to the place where the figure was said to be, and struck about in all directions with his stick, besides running actually through the luminous appearance; but the figure was not more affected than a flame would have been. Pfeffel had the place dug up. At a considerable depth was found a firm layer of white lime of no little thickness. When this was broken through the bones of a human being were found. No tradition existed in the place to explain this burial, but it was supposed that a person who had died of the plague had been laid there. The bones were removed, the lime scattered abroad, and the pit filled up. When Billing was now brought back to the spot the phenomenon did not return.

The explanation of the *ignis fatuus*, no doubt, is that there is an escape of phosphuretted hydrogen from decaying animal matter. On moors, in marshy and boggy places, cattle often get engulfed, and their bodies suffer decomposition, whereupon there ensues an escape of this gas to the surface. It is the same in churchyards. Formerly sextons were careless about the depth to which they sunk the graves, and when these were shallow the gas generated escaped easily. But nowadays much importance is attached to deep burial, with the conse-

quence that such luminous appearances in churchyards are no longer recorded. A vast system of drainage has enormously reduced the area of morasses; and on the moors, when cattle have

been lost in bogs their owners now seek to recover the carcasses by means of grappling-irons for the sake of the hides. Consequently will-o'-th'-wisp shows himself no more, or with extreme rarity.

TO EMULATE METHUSELAH.

DIFFICULT and uncomfortable as is life in these advanced days—so some say—the people generally, and those who attend to scientific matters for them in particular, are noticeably concerned to devise some means of increasing its average duration. Many a morning on opening your newspaper you find that some clever investigator into the mechanism and mysteries of the human organism has found out a new cure for something, the result of which will tend, it is said, to a prolongation of life; and then periodically there is a grander announcement. It is to the effect that some French or American professor has at last discovered or invented something the consequence of which, it is suggested, will be that, adopting his cure or his system, all of us may, in the absence of accidents or gross carelessness, live far longer.

One of the most interesting remedies for abbreviated life, emanating, too, from a quarter that is estimated among scientists to be hardly less authoritative than any other, was suggested at a medical congress at Geneva. He who was responsible for it was Dr Doyen, a celebrated French surgeon, savant, and scientist, who for a long time past has been prominent in connection with researches for a cancer cure. Dr Doyen is acknowledged to be clever, penetrating, and to be blessed with that best of all gifts for the scientist and the discoverer, a quick and brilliant imagination. He said that, after having observed the therapeutic action of the extracts of the leaves from the lower classes of certain plants, he had succeeded in reinforcing the protective elements of the human system, and in stimulating the activity of the phagocytes, those good soldiers of the human citadel. The phagocytes, he explained, display their activity chiefly in the destruction of the noxious microbes which generate human diseases, and he had come to the conclusion that by means of certain liquids prepared from the leaves the said phagocytes would be endowed with sufficient energy to eat up all the destructive microbes and such as are the chief cause of most infectious diseases.

In his investigations upon the causes of senile decay and death, Professor Metchnikoff, the great advocate of the sour-milk cure, found that deadly microbes breed in the favourable environment of the lower bowel, and urged that the bacilli which make milk turn sour can be cultured in the gut and there arrest the energies of the microbes which bring about putrefaction and by it decay of the system.

This is of the essence of his theories. Now there came to London Dr S. Distaso, assistant to the great professor, sent here by the Pasteur Institute to make some studies and conduct a series of experiments at Guy's Hospital with a view to show that man would live longer and be healthier without any large intestine at all! 'When studying cholera a few years ago,' said Dr Distaso on this occasion, 'Professor Metchnikoff discovered that the intestines of the ordinary healthy man always contained a great number of varieties of bacteria. Some of these were found to be dangerous, because they formed poisons which were harmful to the body when absorbed into the system, and others are beneficial, because they hinder the development of the harmful germs. In the lower large intestine it was found that the harmful germs greatly predominated. The professor therefore concluded that if a man's large intestine were removed he would suffer less from the intestinal bacteria poisons, which, according to the professor's belief, cause the common diseases of degeneration of the internal organs of the body, and generally bring on premature old age. The difficulty was to find patients on whom to test these theories.' Mr W. Arbuthnot Lane, the well-known surgeon of Guy's Hospital, solved his difficulties by placing at his disposal some thirty or forty patients whose large intestines he had removed for necessary reasons. These patients had been going about alive and well for periods varying from a few months to five years since their large intestines had been cut out. The result of Dr Distaso's studies and experiments was that before he went back to Paris he said that the Metchnikoff theory was thoroughly proved, and declared that 'every child should have its large intestine and its appendix removed when it is two or three years old.' He took back with him to Paris for further study and experiment at the Pasteur Institute two persons who were said to be excellent examples of the benefit to health resulting from the removal of the lower intestine. They were practically bedridden before the operation, about four years previously, but at the time of their being taken to Paris were in robust health, and had put on in each case some two stones in weight. 'My experiments have proved,' said Dr Distaso, 'that we should all of us be better off without a lower intestine, which is nothing more or less than an ideal place for breeding disease germs. Almost every chronic disease may be traced back to the action of these

germs.' When he was asked for a recommendation in the matter of diet for those who, while declining to relinquish their lower intestine, still desired to live for a very long time, longer perhaps than seemed probable, this deep student of cause and effect in the matter of longevity said those with such ambitions should eat very little meat at one meal a day only; they should take plenty of green vegetables at this and the other two meals, and water in abundance during the day. They should abstain entirely from tea, coffee, or spirits; but a little diluted wine might be taken at meals if desired.

Sir James Crichton-Browne was speaking at a Public Health Congress on one occasion, when he set forth very plainly the principle of becoming centenarians in a manner that should be encouraging to the lovers of existence in this world who would be satisfied with such a modest achievement; and, be it mentioned as we pass, if any reliance is to be placed on official statistics, there were five thousand centenarians living in the Balkan States in 1896, while in France alone a hundred and fifty people die annually at the nominal age of a hundred or more. Sir James Crichton-Browne, on the occasion mentioned, said that it was a good working hypothesis to regard the natural life of man as a hundred years. Every man, said he, was entitled to a century of life, and every woman to a little more than that, for women lived longer than men. Therefore he urged that every child should be brought up impressed with the obligation of living to be a hundred, and taught to avoid the irregularities of living which tended to prevent the attainment of this ambition. A good start was to be given to the child in life, and then the rules of health were to be carefully observed. There was to be no hunger, no taking of alcohol to excess, no hustling on the American plan, but some kind of a return to a life of simplicity and tranquillity. Sir James did not tell us of any special medicine that would extend our lives for us without any inconvenience.

Professor Rene Quinton, of Paris, has it very strongly in his mind that the sea can do something for us in this matter of prolonging our lives. It would not have been suspected; and in our ignorance and inappreciation of the greater wonders and mysteries of science, many of us do not follow this learned gentleman with full confidence to the end. Once we heard that the sea was laden with gold in solution, and a public company was floated to extract the gold from it. That was not very long since; but the sea still retains its gold. But it is life itself that Professor Quinton says it has to give us. He is theorising and experimenting, and he has obtained some truly very remarkable results. He holds that salt water taken from the lowest depths of the ocean contains the vital elements of organic cells, those elements without which life on earth would be impossible. He believes that

he will prove that salt water contains elements capable of defying the inroads of disease and old age upon the human body, and that when these elements are properly applied to the use of man they will enable him to live practically for ever! The human being, according to Professor Quinton, is something in the nature of an aquarium, his blood being to all intents and purposes an oceanic liquid in which red globules swim, and all parts of the body are being constantly bathed in sea-water, the remains of the medium in which our sponge-like ancestors lived. By a curious chain of argument he has decided that all living beings have had a marine origin—that is to say, that they made their first appearance in the lap or the depths of the ocean; and he maintains that there is a tendency in every animal organism to maintain its sea origin, the inner life of its cellular organisms. A description is given of one of his experiments which large numbers of readers may find a little puzzling. I repeat it as I found it stated, and it has been described as one of his earliest experiments, and yet a great victory for his theory that sea-water is liquid life itself. He took a dog and bled it to the last drop of blood in its veins, so that it lay on the operating-table to all appearance as dead as any dog had ever been. Then the professor injected into the animal's veins a quantity of sea-water equal to that of the blood lost; whereupon the dog sat up, wagged its tail, and in a very little while was running about as lively as ever, and as fully prepared to fight any other dog. It lived for four more years, and then died a natural death. The experiment was repeated with other dumb animals, and the same satisfactory result was achieved in each case. Not only did the animals come back from something very near death to full life and vigour, but they appeared to be better than they were before.

Then be it said that it is the object of the professor not to substitute sea-water for human blood, but to employ it in the curing of marasmus, infantile cholera, and similar wasting diseases of early childhood, and in checking the ravages of disease and 'even the advances of decrepitude in the aged.' By his method sea-water is injected into the circulation. It is taken from a point sufficiently far from the shore and below the surface to ensure its purity, and it is not sterilised or artificially purified in any way, but is diluted with absolutely pure fresh water, so as to make it exactly isotonic with human blood, being then injected to the extent sometimes of ten fluid ounces a day.

Whatever may be thought about some of the others, there can be no criticism of Mr Thomas Alva Edison as a thoroughly practical man, and he, too, thinks we should live far longer than we do, and for his own part is satisfied that he will reach the excellent old age of one hundred and fifty years. He says so. Whether it will be

effectual in all cases as he believes—and we hope it will be in his—his system is at any rate a practical one, based on the commonly accepted principle that we are disposed to give the human machinery too much to do, and wear it out too soon. It is natural that Mr Edison should regard the body as a machine. When the great Mr Harriman, the railway magnate, died a little while since, his friend and business associate, Mr. J. C. Stubbs of Chicago, said that the reason why Mr Harriman died at a comparatively early age was that he worked all day and thought out problems at night; and he, Mr Stubbs, was determined that he would give up work at sixty-five for the sake of himself and of everybody else. Mr Edison heard these things at the end of a week when he had worked seventeen hours a day, and one stretch of forty-eight hours, and he said, 'I can think twice as much and work twice as long as Mr Harriman did and Mr Stubbs does, and this is due to the fact that my system of living is based on (1) proper eating, (2) proper sleeping, and (3) proper clothing. Why did Mr Harriman think in bed? Because he ate too much. Most men choke their engines with too much coal. I eat just as much as I want, and that is very little, perhaps half a handful of solids at each meal. The result is that I am asleep thirty seconds after my head hits the pillow. Mr Harriman spent four out of every eight hours in bed thinking and dreaming. I am in bed for six hours, and all of it is good solid sleep. I never dreamed in my life. My physical condition is perfect. This is also due in part to the fact that I clothe myself sensibly. See!' At this point he kicked off a shoe two sizes too large, and then proceeded, 'So with trousers and shirts. Every vein and artery is thus given a chance to do its work, for none of them is ever pinched. Bacteria starve in my system. They have abandoned the job of trying to fasten Bright's disease, diabetes, and other sicknesses on me. I have worked since I was twelve, and hope to continue working until I am one hundred and fifty.'

The *British Medical Journal*, commenting on 'The Secret of Long Life,' cited an article on 'The Secret of Longevity' in our issue for 1912. The writer set forth a great many interesting facts regarding the habits of long-lived and famous men, Sir B. W. Richardson, who lived by rule and wrote much on this subject, being an exception. Victor Hugo, a great eater, lived to be eighty-three; Bismarck, a great eater and drinker, lived to be eighty-four. Sir George Humphrey, in his investigation of aged persons for the British Medical Association, concluded that 'the prime requisite is the faculty of age in the blood by inheritance; in other words, that the body has been wound up, as it were, and sent into the world with the initial force necessary to carry on the living processes through a long period; that this is the case with

every organ; and that the several organs are so adjusted to one another as to form a well-balanced whole.' When Mr Frederic Harrison celebrated his eighty-first birthday he gave to a daily newspaper 'five golden rules of health.' They were: '(1) Abstain from tobacco, spirits, made dishes, and all such dreadful things. I am satisfied with a little bit of mutton and rice-pudding. (2) Rise from a meal with an appetite. I believe people eat too much. (3) Walk every day for two hours. This I am going to do as soon as I get through a pile of letters and telegrams from Florence and Rome. I am too old to play at tennis, and golf is too slow. (4) Sleep eight hours. People cannot sleep who smoke themselves black in the face, eat too much, and have not walked enough. (5) More important than all—be content with what you have got. Take things quietly.' The late Lord Strathcona, at ninety-two, expressed approval of these rules, adding details of his own personal habits. He had not smoked for seventy years, and did not believe in smoking. He believed that most people eat too much; for many years he had only taken two meals a day, breakfast and dinner. He ate little or no meat, and the diet agreed with him. Exercise was decidedly, in his opinion, a most important factor of good health and longevity; but, like Mr Harrison, he had a great deal of correspondence to go through; hence he could not always find the time for walks. He made a point of not sleeping longer than six hours a day. Tolstoy taught that the secret of long life is to be found in the following hygienic code, which has been circulated among his countrymen: Fresh air day and night; daily exercise; moderation in eating and drinking; one hot bath weekly and a cold one daily; comfortable and not over heavy clothes; a dry, spacious, and sunny dwelling; scrupulous cleanliness; regular work, which acts as a preventive of ills of body and mind. Rest after labour, he teaches, must not be sought in distractions. Night was intended for sleep; the chief condition of good health is a life fruitful in labour and ennobled by good actions. Moltke in his ninetyeth year said he had maintained his health by great moderation in all things, by regular outdoor exercise in all weathers, good and bad, and never a whole day at home.

WORK.

So stern he seemed, and grave, and sober-wise,
This friend of serious mien and patient eyes;
I teased him oftentimes by jest and smile,
That he should be so earnest all the while.

Yet now, when life grows harsh and sad and drear,
And quondam friends grow laggard, insincere,
With him alone I find my blest release
From care—in deep forgetfulness and peace.

OWEN E. M'GILLICUDDY.

Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE DOCTOR.

By E. J. EDGAR.

TO be well known throughout the length and breadth of three counties may be said to represent fame. A man may be pardoned for boasting about it, and John Harriday *did* boast, though this was due, perhaps, not so much to any feeling of sinful pride as to a firm conviction that boasting should constitute the better half of a physician's stock-in-trade.

John Harriday practised when George II. reigned. A remarkable figure was the doctor. Strongly built, of more than average height, clean-shaven, and with a studied solemnity of expression, he seldom took his walks abroad clad otherwise than in the garb of his profession: a suit of black velvet, knee-breeches, white silk stockings, and silver-buckled shoes. Add to these a flowered waistcoat, full-skirted coat, snowy ruffles and tie, and you see the doctor as his admiring contemporaries beheld him. Sometimes, the better to display his huge, full-bottomed wig, he carried his hat under his arm; while the flourish with which he used the gold snuffbox at the head of his cane was at once the envy and the admiration of every buck that witnessed it.

Amongst his cronies he unbent sufficiently to win a place in their hearts.

'Sirs,' he would say, sternly regarding them through the steam that rolled up from his punch-bowl, 'my consulting-room is no larger than would hold this table at which we sit. Yet it covers the better part of three counties between Shrove and Michaelmas.' From which the reader may infer that Dr Harriday's consulting-room ran upon wheels. Nor was his claim an idle one. There wasn't a fair throughout the counties referred to where his caravan had not, at some time or other, formed one of the principal attractions.

Amongst all his successes, however, there were few to which he afterwards referred with such pride as when speaking of his maiden appearance at Inglewood.

The fair at Inglewood was relatively unimportant. But to the doctor it was fresh ground, and he had decided to create such an impression there as should leave his name a household word in the district until he came again.

Behold him, therefore, on a certain warm afternoon in late summer, making his first

appearance at Inglewood. The weather was perfect. Light fleecy clouds drifted lazily across the sky. Crowds of men and women, boys and girls, townspeople and rustics, all rigged in their holiday finery, swarmed the ground. Farmhands in their clean smocks, mechanics in brown homespun and gray worsted stockings, merchants and clerks in smarter array—all had rolled in from the villages around, intent on having a good time.

At the bottom of the hill, its red roofs and quaint gables mellowed in the haze, the town of Inglewood lay.

'Tis as fine a city as any I have visited,' John Harriday was assuring his audience, 'and I have journeyed much 'twixt London and Barbary.'

The delighted provincials cheered loudly. Open-mouthed, they stared at the impressive figure before them. For was not his car radiant as the sun? And did not the light, flashing back from giltwork and brass, dazzle the eyes, even as might the rays from some chariot of the gods?

On a small platform that projected from one side of the caravan, a girl, bespangled and gay, enlivened the proceedings with a dance. Behind her, resting from an exhibition of weight-lifting, the doctor's second assistant sat. Perspiration streamed down the girl's face; she was panting heavily. But her whirling limbs only came to rest when the doctor, satisfied with the size of his audience, motioned her imperiously to a seat.

'You are to observe, my masters,' he began then, adopting his most professional attitude, 'that the humours consequent upon exertion in the heat of the day require most urgently to be dispersed. I see before me some of such full habit as might, with advantage, be taking the waters at Bath—a costly proceeding. But I come amongst you bringing a healing that will not empty the pockets of the worthy poor. 'Tis my pleasure to apply such vast experience and learning as are mine to the comfort and relief of those fortunate enough to meet me here this day. Wherefore, behold!'

With which modest introduction, the doctor, whisking a phial into view, waved it triumphantly above his head. For a full half-minute he remained thus, statuesque, what time the onlookers gazed in respectful silence.

The phial contained a reddish liquid, distinctly

attractive in appearance. Other phials, neatly arranged on shelves at the back, held mixtures whose colours ran the whole gamut of the rainbow—a truly impressive sight. And these, together with the skeleton of a monkey suspended from silken cords, two snake-skins, some jars of white powder, and a few terrible dental instruments, filled in the background. The effect was completed by a huge tome. And in all the doctor's stage management there were few details that acted so potently as did his skilful disposal of this ancient volume. Flung, with apparent carelessness, upon an oriental table, its Greek title—plainly visible to the gaping crowd below—went far towards dispelling any lingering doubts that might have hovered in the rustic brain.

But the doctor was speaking again.

'Scammony squills are here,' said he, waving a nonchalant hand along the shelves, 'and mithridate and Venice treacle—forty-six ingredients in one, sixty-two in the other. But'—here he turned to thrust the phial impressively forth—'here we have an elixir. 'Tis but half the price, and is guaranteed to rectify and maintain the body, clarify the blood, surfeit the cheek, perfume the skin, tinct the hair, and lengthen the appetite.'

Which long list of virtues so far affected the crowd that three simpering maidens became customers on the spot. Others followed. Shyly at first, but with growing confidence, men, women, and girls brandished their money aloft, until quite a respectable business had been done.

Then came a reaction. In vain did the doctor, producing other articles, loudly proclaim their virtues. In vain did he guarantee 'the rounding of wasted limbs.' Vain was the wildest dancing of the girl; the almost crippling efforts of the strong man fell flat. Even a reference, ponderously made, amongst the pages of the Greek tome, left the audience unmoved. The fringe of the crowd was drifting away.

With a serene countenance the doctor reached for his cane. He opened the lid in the golden knob thereof, and flourishingly partook of snuff. The next instant he had snapped the lid to again and was leaning excitedly forward.

'By'r leave, there!' he cried earnestly; 'give the man room and air!'

Every eye turned in the direction of his glance.

'Tis an urgent case!' roared the doctor again, pointing to where, on the outskirts of the crowd, a huge man swayed ominously to and fro. 'Pray, you lusty fellows, lift him up and bring him to me right quickly!'

The man had pitched forward and rolled over on to his back. His eyes were closed, his limbs twitched horribly, whilst his groans—like those of a wounded animal—sent the more squeamish hurrying from the spot.

'By'r leave, there!' commanded the doctor. 'By'r leave! Make a way!'

Two rustics staggered forward, breathing hard under the weight of the sick man. Lifting their burden on to the platform, they loosened his muffler, then blushing backed out of sight.

In an instant the doctor was kneeling at his patient's side, oblivious to everything save the matter in hand. The crowd had surged back again, morbidly curious. What ailed the man? Was he dying? Would the doctor know what to do? What was he doing now?

Elbowing, tiptoeing, whispering excitedly, the onlookers waited. They saw the doctor rise slowly to his feet; they saw him press one finger thoughtfully to his brow. Then, with a brisk movement, he turned to his shelves.

'We have here,' he announced presently, wheeling sharply about, 'that which may be well called the Powder of Life. 'Twas brought me by a traveller out of Barbary, and is the sole remedy employed in the palaces of such Rajahs and Begums as occupy those parts. 'Tis miraculous in that it revives, soothes, comforts, and keeps the old alive. Observe!'

With a flourish he shook a small quantity of whitish powder from the elaborate jar held in his right hand. When a few grains of the powder had been dropped into a tumbler, water was added, and, effervescing slightly, the mixture was forced between the sick man's lips. The result was marvellous. Almost immediately the man's eyes opened; his limbs relaxed; a peaceful sigh escaped him. Then he sat up—and smiled! And such a storm of cheering broke out as brought fresh crowds hurrying to the spot.

Before the enthusiasm had died down again the patient was on his feet. 'Ye've saved my life, doctor!' he cried in a powerful bass voice.

And the doctor beamed his satisfaction. 'It hath been said,' quoth he, 'by our immortal Shakespeare, that there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. And I would add that we have here an elixir which, taken even at the eleventh hour, leads on to perfect health and happiness. The price—'tis ruinous to me, but I hold that a physician hath ever a duty to his fellows—is but threepence. Who'll buy?'

A dozen eager hands went up on the instant. So striking an object-lesson as that smiling man—snatched, as it were, from the very jaws of death—carried conviction to the most sceptical. The dozen hands grew rapidly to two, three, four dozen. And such prodigious quantities of elixir, pills, 'angelic snuff,' electuaries, and Gascony wine changed hands that the doctor had to send to his inn for fresh supplies.

Later in the evening, his day's work done, his caravan locked up for the night, Dr Harriday lounged easily in his private room at the 'King George.' Near his elbow, its steam rising gratefully to the oaken rafters, a small bowl of punch awaited treatment. For the doctor took his liquor 'like a man.'

'Tis a fruitful soil,' he mused, staring down at the blazing logs on the hearth, 'and one that should pay well for the cultivating. Faith, and I esteeming it a village scarce worth the visiting! 'Tis a mine unworked! 'Tis a virgin field! Ay, 'tis such'—

A sudden rap on the panel of the door brought his soliloquy to an abrupt termination.

'Come in!' cried he, turning lazily to glance over his shoulder.

A spruce maid put her head in at the door. For a moment she hesitated, curtsying. Then, 'By'r leave, doctor,' she began, 'a gentleman—a man—to see you.'

The doctor frowned thoughtfully. 'A plague on it!' he muttered; 'and a plaguy time for visitors! Have you his name, girl?'

'If it please you, sir,' answered the maid, 'tis one Master Higgins.'

'At your very good service!' came a rough voice from the doorway.

And, without more ado, the man—a burly, red-faced individual—brushed by the maid and lurched into the room. He was dressed in workman's attire, having a brown waistcoat with long sleeves, gray worsted stockings, heavy shoes, and carrying a battered three-cornered hat under his arm. His tangled mop of hair, falling to the level of his shoulders, was tied with a greasy ribbon. And he grinned an aggressive, familiar grin.

Fearful of the consequences of her act in allowing the stranger to enter, the maid retired hurriedly, closing the door after her.

Mr Higgins nodded his approval. 'Faith!' said he, lurching confidently forward and laying his dirty hat upon the table, 'but ye have cosy quarters here, master.'

Without a word, the doctor, leaning easily forward, lifted the hat on the point of his snuffers. For a moment he surveyed it at arm's length, marked disapproval on his face. Then he tossed the battered object daintily into the blaze.

Mr Higgins lost his temper. 'Wither ye!' he snarled, leaping forward to retrieve his dismal headgear. 'What a pox d'ye mean by it?'

The doctor smiled thoughtfully. 'Tis a fellow with no manner of restraint,' he observed, speaking to himself. Then addressing Mr Higgins, 'It hath ever been my wont,' he went on, 'to preserve my food table as a thing quite apart from the midden. Unavoidable pestilences we have ever with us—the plague and Saint Anthony's fire, to wit. In this instance, however, we have a purifying medium to hand—the fire; and, I pray you consider, what more natural'—

'A plague upon such windy prating!' Higgins broke in. 'I came not hither to listen to such!'

'In which case,' observed the doctor, rising slowly to his feet and approaching the door, 'a remedy of the simplest doth offer itself;' and, flinging the door wide, he pointed with the stem of his churchwarden into the passage beyond.

For a moment Higgins trembled on the verge of apoplexy. A dull purple tinge surged over his face and neck. His clutching fingers wrenched at the dirty hat in his hand. His breath came thickly. 'D'ye know who I am?' he demanded, hoarse with fury.

'Nay,' answered the doctor, 'we had not completed our introduction; 'twas a small formality which would appear to have been overlooked in your impulsive joy at finding me in such—cosy quarters, I think? Doubtless, however, if you again present yourself to the maid—you should find her below—she will bring you to my door, there to acquaint me with your name and pleasure.'

Higgins, having somewhat recovered from his first blind rage, stammered something about having that to say which should quickly bring the doctor to his senses.

'Maybe,' came the answer, cutting him short, 'but until such time as our little formality hath been observed we will exchange not another word. For if ye hasten not to the maid, then must I, forsooth! hasten to the landlord.'

With which pronouncement the doctor opened the door still wider, and made as if to pass out. Before he had taken two steps, however, Higgins was hurrying from the room. And Harriday, having first of all closed the door, allowed his thoughtful features to relax into a smile.

'La, la, la!' quoth he, listening to the creak of the stairs as Higgins descended, 'but 'tis as clumsy a knave as ever practised blackmail, and one much lacking in finesse. How saith Horace? "*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*"!'

He was back at the table again, hastily fumbling over a small packet which he had taken from his pocket. A whitish powder trickled from the corners of the packet, and the doctor allowed it to dribble into the glass from which he had been drinking. But he had resumed his place at the hearth, his legs planted well apart, hands deep in pockets, before a renewed creaking of the stairs announced that Mr Higgins was returning to the attack.

'Come in!' cried the doctor, in answer to a nervous rap on the panels; and again the door opened to admit the head of the maid.

'If it please ye, sir,' she began, more nervously than before, 'tis a person to see ye; but'—

'His name?' demanded the doctor.

'Iggin,' came a growl from outside.

'Higgins, if ye please, sir,' repeated the maid; and the doctor, pausing deliberately to help himself to a pinch of snuff, requested that Mr Higgins be shown in.

Then a deep breathing made itself heard; a clumsy footstep crossed the threshold; and Higgins, glowering darkly, lurched back into the Presence. The maid closed the door.

'So art Master Higgins?' queried the doctor, his head tilted thoughtfully to one side. 'Master Higgins, forsooth! And yet, good lack-a-day!

y' have the advantage. Had I the pleasure of meeting ye before?'

'Ye'll know me soon enough!' answered the man, his former truculence in some degree reasserting itself.

'Capital!' said the doctor, rubbing his soft hands appreciatingly. 'I warrant 'twill be interesting to know one so charming. Come, sir, we have here a chair and a fire. Be seated, pray.'

With old-world courtesy he set a chair near the blaze, and Mr Higgins, after a moment's hesitation, sat down. The doctor resumed his seat at the table.

'Ye cured a friend o' mine at the fair to-day,' said Higgins, coming straight to the point. 'An' ye cured him plaguy quick! D'ye see?'

He leered playfully into the thoughtful face before him.

The doctor smiled. 'It is to be observed,' said the man of medicine after a pause, 'that your friend hath a double measure of good fortune: firstly, in that he hath secured the friendship of such a one as yourself; secondly, in that he hath been cured of his distemper—plaguy quick, as you say.'

Higgins frowned again. 'Hark ye, master!' he broke out; 'I have that to say which, mayhap, had best be said bluntly! Ye cured a friend o' mine, I say, before he fell sick! 'Twas mighty effective in bringing the yokels about with their pence. D'ye see that? But 'twould be plaguy bad for your coming week's business if so be as we out with the truth!'

The doctor had just poured himself out another tumbler of punch, and he stopped with the glass half-way to his lips.

'Ye mean?' he asked quietly, setting the drink down again untouched.

The steam from the punch wafted across the table. Mr Higgins's newest smile seemed to expand under the influence. He beamed. 'Sbuds!' quoth he, rubbing his horny palms together; 'I think we begin to understand each other, master! And we'll suppose that my friend asks for a *little* more. Five shillings wasn't much, eh?'

'We'll talk this over,' answered the doctor, serious on the instant; and laying his churchwarden carefully aside, he rose to his feet, stepped quietly to the door, opened it, glanced out, then returned to his seat at the table.

Mr Higgins appeared to have completely recovered his composure. With both hands thrust deep into his pockets, his feet stretched out to the blaze, he was leaning well back in his chair. His nostrils, too, expanded gratefully at the steaming punch; his eyes had taken on a greedy expression.

'We'll talk this matter over quietly,' said the doctor after a pause.

'Faith!' sneered Higgins, 'that's what I come for. Though there's little enough to say, and 'tis soon said. Now, master, I doubt not

but that ye count your reputation—both here and elsewhere, mark ye!—worth ten guineas, eh? 'Tis cheap at the price.'

The doctor winced. Here was a rogue who went in for great things; and here was the thin end of a very fat wedge of blackmail.

'Faith!' said the doctor, 'but ye move at a great pace. And since ye try my temper, try also my punch. Come, 'twill make pleasanter business of it.'

He pushed the steaming glass across as he spoke. Higgins started forward greedily.

'I've no mind to booze myself,' said the latter gentleman with a knowing grin. 'John Higgins is too wide awake for that! But I'll have one with ye, for comfort's sake;' and tilting his bullet-shaped head well back, he drained the glass at a gulp.

'Now,' he went on, smacking his lips loudly and drawing a dirty sleeve across his mouth—'now we'll talk, master. Ten guineas to shut my mouth consarnin' my friend's sudden *cure*, eh? How say ye?'

The doctor pursed his lips in silence; he had recovered his glass, and was pouring a little more punch into it. The other waited expectantly for an answer.

'Ten guineas, master,' the monotonous undertone broke out again after a pause. 'Or shall we make it fifteen? How say ye? 'Sbuds! ye tempt me to press hard!'

Dr Harri-day rose from his seat, gently swaying the half-filled glass to and fro. Then he flung the contents well to the back of the fire, wiped the glass carefully on a corner of the tablecloth, and poured himself out a copious drink.

'Tis to be observed,' he began at length, 'that 'twixt glass and lip—ye've heard the saw doubtless? And man is but the jest of circumstance'—

'A plague on sermons!' snapped Mr Higgins. 'Ten guineas—yes or no?'

'Man is here to-day,' the doctor went calmly on, 'and gone to-morrow—as I myself, a physician, hath ample occasion to note. Let us consider your own case.'

'A pox on my case!' snarled the man, starting to his feet. 'Will ye answer, yes or no?'

The doctor looked up in mild surprise. Mr Higgins remained standing for a moment, glaring venomously. His forehead glistened under the candlelight; his complexion, so far from being heightened by the outburst of passion, seemed rather to have lost its glow. He sat down again somewhat limply.

'To consider your own case,' the doctor resumed, his white hand gently stroking the cloth before him; 'ye come a-visiting here, surcharged with health and vigour and high spirits. Yet now, alack! one would hazard his life that a distemper had come upon ye. Not, mayhap, that ye *feel* it, mark ye. Yet so it would appear to one who, like myself, is versed in the art of healing.'

Mr Higgins passed a sluggish hand across his eyes. He was staring into the fire now, licking his lips thoughtfully, and the light seemed to be fading from his eyes.

'D'ye mind me?' asked the doctor after another pause.

For all answer Higgins spat venomously into the blaze.

The doctor, sipping quietly at his punch, marked a growing distress on the pallid face before him.

For a while not a word was spoken. Then, 'A plague on it!' muttered the man, leaning forward to fold his arms across his stomach. 'Tis some passing spasm.'

'Here to-day; gone to-morrow!' mused the doctor, half to himself; and there was a world of sympathy in his tone.

Higgins looked up with a jerk. His face had taken on a dirty-gray pallor; beads of cold perspiration glistened on his forehead; whilst his lips, quivering slightly, showed unmistakable signs of distress. 'Tis an ague come upon me!' he gasped, shivering of a sudden. With hands that trembled visibly, he started pulling on his hat. A church clock, somewhere in the distance, struck the half-hour after nine. Whipped by a gust of rising wind, some raindrops pattered on the window.

'Art going so soon?' queried the doctor as the man rose unsteadily from his seat. 'Tis an evil night for a sick man to be abroad alone, unless perhaps your friend'—

With a last defiant effort, Higgins muttered something about lifting ten guineas before he went.

'Tis *medicine* you want,' came the kindly rejoinder, 'and the comforts craved by a sick man. Come, sit ye down.'

And Higgins found himself pressed gently but firmly back into his chair. Then the doctor strode hurriedly to the door.

A moment later the maids and men-servants below fairly jumped at the sound of an excited voice loudly bidding them hasten upstairs with hot-water bottles and blankets. Two steps at a time the willing helpers mounted, wondering what on earth was wrong. And presently the doctor found himself crowded for elbow-room. He was kneeling at the sick man's side, patting the clammy, dirty hands; issuing excited orders; bidding Higgins be strictly quiet, as he valued his life.

This state of things lasted for some minutes, what time the maids bathed the sick man's forehead, applied hot-water bottles to his feet, and wrapped him about with blankets. But all to little purpose. Higgins seemed to grow worse. He was most certainly frightened; the doctor's anxious face was enough to startle any sick man.

'It is to be observed,' panted Harriday, addressing the group while he paused from his exertions, 'that the humours—as we physicians say—of

the human body are of four several kinds, upon the due adjustment of which doth depend the temper or distemper of body and mind. But, lack-a-day! with this poor fellow I find it not simple to so adjust. An ague doth complicate, as we say, and 'tis most serious.'

Higgins groaned weakly. The servants gazed at the speaker, open-mouthed, awe-stricken.

'He came a-visiting me,' the doctor went on, 'strong and of good complexion, both of body and mind, howbeit choleric. Now, alack! he lies there, stricken like an ox. But silence! I must think! The suddenness of it hath unnerved me.'

Still watched by a respectful circle, the man of medicine struck an attitude as of one deep in thought, until suddenly, starting forward with excitement, 'The elixir!' he cried. 'I have some in my bedroom! 'Tis a last resource, and must be tried.'

In a few strides he was out of the room, returning almost immediately with a bottle, which he held triumphantly aloft.

Five minutes later Higgins was on the mend. Copious draughts of the mixture had been poured down his throat; the bilious symptoms were passing slowly away.

'The danger-point hath been passed!' gasped the doctor at length. 'Our friend may now be safely left to himself.'

He flung himself back into his chair with a tremendous sigh of relief, wiped his brow on a silk handkerchief, and dismissed the servants with a majestic wave of the hand.

When Higgins left, about an hour later, the doctor saw him to the street door. The sick man was almost himself again, though somewhat subdued and dazed.

As for the doctor, dismissing his patient with a cheery 'Good-night,' much learned advice, and some modest remarks concerning the virtues of a certain elixir, he retired to his room once more, intent on finishing the punch.

'Tis a great anti-bilious mixture, the elixir,' he told himself, musing before the fire over his last glass; 'and the noxious drug, dropped timely into Master Higgins's drink, hath done him little hurt.' Then he hied him to his virtuous couch, confident of the morrow.

But down in the servants' quarters his praises were still being loudly sung. Such a cure—of one so near death's door—had never before been seen at the inn.

Said the chambermaid, 'Tis surely a wondrous thing, the elixir! Would that my aunt had known of it when she fell sick of the fever! She'd ha' been with us now.'

A chorus of approbation greeted the remark.

'And 'tis only one shilling the bottle!' cried a dozen voices at once; whereupon followed more extravagant praises for the doctor—pæans that lasted until the company broke up for the night.

Next morning the subject was renewed, nor did the story lose in its telling, until half the

village was talking of last night's wondrous cure at the 'King George.'

All of which, perhaps, went far to explain why Dr Harriday's supply of elixir—to say

nothing of his powders and electuaries—gave out long before the fair came to its close.

And yet another county was ringing with the doctor's fame.

THE LUCK OF THE 'MARSEILLAISE.'

By Sir JAMES YOXALL, M.P.

OUT of a myriad music-hall songs came 'Tipperary,' elect; out of a thousand butterfly ditties soared the *Marseillaise*.

According to M. Lenôtre, in the year 1792 the Baron de Dietrich, Mayor of Strasburg, was giving a little dinner. Music came in with the dessert and the choicer wines, each guest in turn lifting a poor but plucky voice, as often in rural France I have heard such Frenchmen do. In France a good voice is rare, but each man at the Mayor's table had to pipe or gurgle a song, *à la bonne franquette*.

There happened to be present a shy little subaltern of Engineers, known to be a *dilettante* who could string original verses together and fetch new tunes out of a fiddle. And he, where other guests had sung to Bacchus or Venus in the sham classical vogue of the time, must sing of War. So, '*Allons, enfants de la Patrie*,' was how Lieutenant de l'Isle or Lisle began.

It was a period of armed patriotism; the Duke of Brunswick and a Prussian army loomed threateningly near the French frontier. Perhaps the words and tune of his 'Chant for the Army of the Rhine,' as the lieutenant called it, were improvised; at any rate, they gained a bellicose applause. 'Fine, Rouget!' 'Very good, Rouget!' 'Rouget, you must get that engraved!' cried other guests; engraved on copperplate and published, they meant; lithography had not been invented then.

As the other guests walked home that day, in more or less devious fashion, about the hour we call tea-time, they would hum the grave, *largo* measure of '*Marchons! marchons!*' more or less correctly. But on the morrow they would have forgotten it; the breath is soon out of a ballad, and songs at table in France have never been few.

Even Rouget himself forgot his musical bantling; he must have jotted down the words and notes, but there is no proof that he paid the lousis to the engraver. He could jingle rhymes and scrape out a melody, but knew that he was no musician; a *dilettante* always, in life as well as in art, he could begin fine things, half-finish them, and then let them lie about.

Some six months later he lay concealed in the Vosges; he had fought in Belgium and Vendée, but now, because his name had the 'de' in it, he was suspect of aristocracy, and must hide. Through a lacework of foliage he could see an avenue of pine-trees and a vista of meadows; down the avenue went a young peasant, who lifted up his heart in song. Rouget listened,

idly at first, but presently—what was this, *what* was this the lad was singing?—'*Allons, enfants de la Patrie*.' What was this? Rouget leapt out of his bush. He would catch the lad by the elbow. 'What is this you are singing?' The lad would scornfully regard him. 'Don't you know the *Marseillaise*!'

The butterfly had lived more than its day; the ephemeral had lasted and thrived. 'Luckiest musical composition ever promulgated,' Carlyle called it; it seemed to shine as it sounded; it was aureoled with ineffable good luck. Six hundred men of Marseilles had chanted '*Marchons! marchons!*' the while they dragged a bronze cannon to Paris, and from Paris it had marched on all over France. Yet almost the last Frenchman then alive to hear it, in its apotheosis, was he who invented and first sang it one spring afternoon at Strasburg, to the thrush-like tones of a violin.

In the year 1836 Carlyle wrote that an Idea had thus been translated 'into grim melody and rhythm, the sound of which will make the blood tingle in men's veins; and whole Armies and Assemblies will sing it, with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of Death, Despot, and Devil,' the translator being 'an inspired Tyrtean Colonel, Rouget de Lille, whom the Earth still holds.'

On a night in June 1836 Rouget de Lisle, aged and wizened, lay dying at Choisy-le-Roi. He was calm, he felt no pain, he fingered his Cross of the Legion of Honour, and he dozingly smiled at old friends near his bed. The doctor, coming in, did a thing rare in France to this day, and rarer then—he prescribed fresh air and opened a window. In came pure breath and moonlight, and a sound that made the watchers listen and thrill.

Away across the fields, between crops of crimson trefoil, there was a lift of young, proud voices; conscript soldiers were chanting as they marched, and '*Allons, enfants de la Patrie*,' was what they sang.

The eyelids that were drooping to the last sleep flickered open, and the dying man listened wonderingly, as if with an effort of memory recalling some dream. But now the chorus came across the fields, in the moonlight, in the glory of free air, and

'*Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons! Marchons!*'

was the refrain.

The dying man smiled. 'Strasburg!' he shouted, as if youth and vigour had come back to him in

a sudden ecstasy; but that was his last breath. Yet still the eyes seemed to listen proudly, after the rallying song of the conscripts had passed on toward Paris, through the cool night.

The luck of the *Marseillaise*! A few words and bars jotted down, forgotten, and revived by accident only, have gained more influence and renown in the world than any other musical composition, learned or sublime. Those thirty bars or so had the proud fortune to become not the voice of one Revolution only, but the heartening chant of liberty for every generous nation striving to be free.

Because it was a clarion of revolt, the Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns, the various Bourbons and Bonapartes, proscribed it; but men and women dared chains and death to sing it, and it marched sounding on. Out of a France in defeat and silence again and again it has risen, France with it; it has been the talisman and health of a free and gallant France.

To-day nothing lacks to the *Marseillaise*. Rouget de Lisle sleeps near Napoleon—and never went to St Helena. The sculptured figures on the Arc de Triomphe seem to shout it; the men of the French armies cheer themselves with it to-day under hurricane showers of shrapnel and shell. Down every city street in our islands each day some lad goes whistling or singing a part of it; all western Europe chants it; at sound of it yet, more than ever, heads are bared and eyes grow moist.

Historians have written volumes on what was said, sung, and done at the Strasburg dinner-party; posterity has piously sought out the name of each guest. On some wall in nearly every French home Rouget de Lisle is pictured, standing to sing, with his hands on the chair-back, or the violin at his chin. And the last scene of all, at Choisy-le-Roi, could not end this strange, eventful history; to the organ accompaniment of cannon the *Marseillaise* still marches on.

H. M. S. 'IN CONFIDENCE.'

By CHRIS H. TICE.

IT was in the days of the *Karlsruhe's* activity in western waters, in those first startling months of the war. The writer was living on a little undefended island, seven miles by one and a half, four hundred and fifty miles from a British gun of any military use. The situation, it may be imagined, held its own peculiar suggestions of danger. To say that none of the residents slept for fear would be exaggeration, for is there not a kindly Providence specially attentive of Nature's deserted children? But at least there was a feeling of constant strain born of the continual remembrance of our helplessness. We were like marooned mariners awaiting the inevitable. To stand on a small eminence in the centre of our island home was like nothing so much as being in an open boat looking for a rescuing sail in an empty sea. The cablegrams were eagerly scanned day by day in vain endeavours to trace her whereabouts. Equally vain were the frequent map-searching meetings of anxious acquaintances.

Then came the news that an island, isolated as ours, but in the Pacific, had been raided by the *Emden*, and its cable communication destroyed. Perhaps no other place in the Empire was affected to the same degree by this piece of intelligence as we in this smallest British colony, for we too carried the till now unrealised responsibility of an intermediate cable station. Possibilities of an unwelcome visit from the famous raider, often developing into serious probabilities, loomed large in our conversations. One shell, it was agreed, though we had never seen or heard one fired, would be sufficient to give us our quietus. Grimly humorous references

were made to our 'defences,' four antiquated cannons of the 'Captured during the Crimean War' type, which stood in front of the Custom House. Some of the old inhabitants recalled the days when a section of the West Indian Regiment had been garrisoned in the island. The younger generation, however, failed to derive much comfort from the undoubted fact that there was a slight incline on the road to the cable station which was still known as 'Barracks' Hill.

Complaints there were that we should be thus left to the mercy of the first gun which troubled to point itself in our direction; indeed, in one out-land of the colony an effort towards a patriotic demonstration was met with the pointed rejoinder, 'Why, we ain't even on the map!' which was quite true. But for the most part there was a stiffening of the loyalty of all classes in the little community, finding expression sometimes in quaint remarks from the coloured people. One old fellow, after laboriously culling the meaning of the day's cablegrams, pointed to the Union-Jack triumphantly waving at the top of the Government Offices staff, and said, 'Dey can't down dat flag. And,' he added, 'as for dat ole Kaiser, we won't leave him a cock to crow on dedunghill.' Old Felix Tucker's homely words were indicative of the general attitude, despite our very insecure position.

Then came a certain Sunday afternoon, very still, but too hot to be drowsy, when a gray monster stole silently round the Point o' Reef, and stood off, for our fearful admiration, a mile from the shore, a scornful target for our rusty cannon. As for ourselves, we awaited Leviathan's pleasure. When officialdom didn't possess any-

thing more formidable than a row-boat, what could it do but wait? Groups of excited spectators stood in the front street speculating on what she would do. As yet she had given no sign. No flag fluttered from her masthead; no name was visible on her bows. She was a ship of mystery, yet tangible enough, as we knew, to thunder death into our small midst were it her will. For a few minutes she remained almost stationary, broadside to the island, watching us from just the other side of the reef. Even this self-same reef of ours was no protection from this kind of danger, though, had there been a hurricane blowing, Mystery itself would have steered wide enough of the cruel teeth on the inner side of which we lived. Then she went slowly down our whole coast length, still with those horrible guns trained on us, and those eyes searching our very vitals. At the end of the island she began to turn. An exclamation rose involuntarily from the excited watchers, 'By Jove! she's going for the cable.' But our fears proved groundless. She churned up the blue water and came right round. By this time, and in view of this grateful inactivity, a little of our courage had returned. We might have been a crowd of English south coast trippers admiring the massive proportions of some Home Fleet battleship for all the havoc she seemed anxious to wreak upon us. Slowly she returned on her course; then a tiny sloop put off from the shore and tacked toward her. Like a cork rigged with a handkerchief she appeared against the sides of the mighty vessel; but a ladder was let down to this cork, and a figure stepped from

under the handkerchief on to the bottom rung. Then it went up the side like a fly on a wall, and was taken on board.

The courage-glass on shore had been rising visibly during these operations. No one now, of course, had ever thought that she was the *Karlsruhe*. The only question which had made them shiver in one hundred and twelve tropical degrees was which British vessel she was. But wait! The cork and handkerchief are again bobbing towards the shore. All doubts will soon be set at rest. The sloop is beached after a trip during which the advantages of steam sailing were never more longed for, and the adventurous steersman steps ashore into a questioning crowd. 'Who is she?' was the loudest and most insistent demand. Vain hope! Is the whole world governed by a mighty censor? 'Who is she? Why, I mustn't say, more than that she's a Britisher. I have a communication in confidence for his Honour the Commissioner.' And all subsequent inquiries of every character as to our mysterious visitor only elicited the same meagre information, 'It's in confidence.' H.M.S. 'In Confidence' she was therefore dubbed by the islanders, and that is the name she will for ever bear in latitude $21\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ N. and longitude 71° W. But even a ship without a name is better protection than a ship without a gun, and in the days we again quietly went about our business, and in the evenings we rocked ourselves gently on our cool verandas, as we had done before ever we heard that his Imperial Majesty possessed a raider called the *Karlsruhe*. Indeed, we lived again 'in confidence.'

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

CHAPTER XV.—continued.

III.

THERE was once a German steam-trawler called the *Anna Schræder*. That was not her real name; but as she now flies the White Ensign and is known as the *Anita*, her original appellation does not matter. Hargreaves, the sub-lieutenant of the *Mariner*; Joshua Billings, A.B.; Pincher Martin, ordinary seaman; and several more of the destroyer's men, can tell you all about her, for they spent four days on board. They were four unforgettable days, and rumour says that the sub. and his braves are scratching themselves still.

From the *Anna Schræder*, too, the 'Mariners,' in exchange for sundry excellent British cigarettes and a pound or so of ship's tobacco, procured some samples of particularly noisome 'war bread' and a small female pig. The bread, they said, was an excellent 'coorio' to send home to their friends; and, having the consistency and appearance of wood, it could, with due diligence, be manufactured into photograph-frames and tobacco-

boxes. It took a beautiful polish. The sow, Annie, was retained on board as a mascot, and within a week of changing hands became quite friendly with her new masters. Inside a month she was sleeping in a specially made hammock, wore her own life-belt at sea, and ate her meals off a plate like a proper Christian. It is true that the rest of the menagerie on board—Jane, the monkey; Tiger and Mossyface, the two cats; Pompey, the goat; and Tirpitz, the fox-terrier—at first regarded her with some suspicion; but before long they appeared to have combined forces, and to have formed an alliance for the carrying on of offensive operations against any animal from any other ship which dared to come on board the *Mariner*. Annie's severest tussle was with the wire-haired terrier of the *Monsoon*, a plebeian but very conceited dog, who treated all vessels but his own with lordly contempt. She was ably assisted in the struggle by her willing allies, and for some minutes the battle raged furiously,

to the accompaniment of barks, growls, squeals, shrill yelps, and much snorting from the fighters. But before much damage had been done on either side, the engagement was brought to a sudden and wholly unexpected termination by both the principal combatants falling overboard in their excitement. They were duly rescued in the dinghy; and the contest, since they were both exhausted by swimming, was postponed *sine die*.

But all this has little to do with the *Anna Schraeder*. It so happened that at one period of the war the enemy was making himself particularly obnoxious by sinking many of our fishing-vessels in the North Sea. It was no very gallant mode of warfare; and, partly in a spirit of retaliation, and partly because My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty may have conceived a sudden desire for some steam-trawlers for mine-sweeping and other purposes, it was determined to pay the Hun back in his own coin. The authorities were always eager to save money if they possibly could, and acquiring the necessary craft free, gratis, and for nothing from the enemy was obviously far cheaper than chartering them from British owners.

That is how it came about that the *Mariner*, many more destroyers, and several light cruisers suddenly appeared one early morning in the midst of a German fishing-fleet engaged in its occupation not very far from its own coast. The visit came as a bolt from the blue, and since there was nobody present to protect them, the trawlers had no alternative but to surrender. Twenty-three of them, I think, were captured; while several more, too ancient and too rickety to be worth taking home as prizes, were sunk.

The serene atmosphere of that calm and peaceful summer morn was befouled with Teutonic oaths and much profanity. One could not help having some sympathy for the execrators, snatched off as they were practically within hailing distance of their own coast. But every German male person of a certain age and not a cripple is *ipso facto* a soldier or a sailor, while every harmless trawler is a potential mine-layer or mine-sweeper. Most of the prisoners were young and lusty, and Fritz, Hans, Adolf, Karl, Heinrich, and many more of them had the not altogether joyful prospect of spending the rest of the war in British hands. Some of them disliked the idea intensely, and their scowling, sullen faces showed as much. Others, after making anxious inquiries as to how they would be treated and fed, expressed the opinion that things were not quite so bad after all, and that being a prisoner was far and away a happier prospect than serving in trenches at the front, whence they might never return.

It was this early morning strafe which accounted for the *Mariner's* dealings with the *Anna Schraeder*; the adoption of Annie, the pig; and the adventures of the sub-lieutenant and his merry men.

The prize crew consisted of Hargreaves, one stoker petty officer, Joshua Billings, Pincher Martin, and three others whose names do not matter; and after ten minutes spent in transferring them, their belongings, food, water, weapons, a chart, and sundry other impedimenta to the trawler, and in removing certain of the prisoners to the destroyer, the *Mariner* steamed off on her business, and left the sub. to his own devices, with orders to make the best of his way to the nearest British port.

How he proposed to get there he did not quite know. The deviation of the *Anna Schraeder's* compass might be anything, and he had no means of checking it; but the fact did not seem to worry him much. He knew that if he steered west or thereabouts he would hit the English coast in time; and, having hit it, he proposed to steam north or south along it, and go into the nearest and most convenient harbour which happened to come into sight. What harbour it was he probably would not find out until after his arrival.

He was intensely proud of his first independent command, and his first care was to commandeer all the German ensigns he could find for trophies, to hoist an enormous White Ensign at the mizzen, and to display his badge of authority in the shape of a long white man-of-war pendant at the masthead. Then, when some one had persuaded the German engineer to raise a full head of steam in the antiquated boiler, and to start the engines, one of the *Mariner's* men was put at the wheel, armed sentries were posted on deck and in the engine-room, and course was shaped for home. The men, inquisitive as usual, set about exploring the prize. She had on board more than three hundred pounds' worth of fresh-caught fish, but even the thought of this excellent food could not mollify the bluejackets for certain other things they discovered. The first complaint came from Billings, who, as the eldest A.B. on board, had been selected as a spokesman by the others.

'Beggin' yer pardon, Mister 'Argreaves, sir,' he said, having first expectorated over the ship's side and then approached the sub. with a very wry face, 'would yer mind 'avin' a look at th' quarters lately hoccupied by them Germans?'

'What's the matter with them?' asked the officer.

'They ain't fit fur 'uman 'abitation, sir; an we 'as ter sleep there.'

'Why aren't they fit to live in?'

'Crawlin', sir,' said Billings disgustedly. 'Crawlin' wi' li'l hanimals! Cockroaches I don't mind, sir, bein' used to 'em in a manner o' speakin', an' there's plenty on 'em there; but there's hother hanimals present in hinnumerable quantities—creepin' things wi' legs the likes o' which I've never see'd afore.'

'Vermin?' queried the sub. in a whisper.

'Yessir. The beddin's one mass on 'em.'

'Well, I'm determined to have the ship clean before I've finished with her,' said Hargreaves, as if he were the commander of the latest Dreadnought, 'so heave all the bedding overboard. When you've done that, collect three of the German deck-hands and make 'em scrub the place out. I'll inspect it when it's clean.'

'We ain't got no carbolic, I s'pose, sir?' Joshua queried anxiously. 'I doubts if soap an' water'll shift 'em.'

The sub. laughed. 'We brought none with us, I'm afraid. But get hold of whoever looks after the stores, and get what you can, and do your best.'

Joshua saluted and walked off. Five minutes afterwards a long line of blankets and straw mattresses were floating gaily astern.

But their troubles had only started, for a quarter of an hour later Billings reappeared with Pincher Martin, and between them they dragged the resisting figure of one of the prisoners, a small, dark man with a pair of shifty black eyes. Pincher, Hargreaves noticed, was armed with a cutlass and a revolver, and displayed the latter weapon ostentatiously.

'Good Lord!' he muttered; 'what's the matter now?'

'Prisoner an' hescort, 'alt!' bellowed Joshua. —'I brings this man 'afore you, sir, fur refoosin' ter scrub art 'is quarters when hordered, an' fur hassaultin' me.'

'And I haf von gomplaint to make,' put in the prisoner truculently. 'Von of ze sailors heet me!'

'What happened?' asked the sub. with a sigh.

'Well, sir,' Billings explained, 'it wus like this 'ere. I tells this man—'e knows Henglish just as well as I does, sir—ter start scrubbin' art, an' ter be smart abart it. 'E sezs 'e won't, 'cos 'e 'as 'is rights as a prisoner o' war, an' ain't goin' ter do no work.'

'Oh! did he?'

'Yessir, 'e did; an' I sez to 'im that if 'e doesn't hobey horders 'e'd best look art; an' wi' that 'e tries ter dot me one in the face.'

Hargreaves, stifling his amusement as best he could, scowled fiercely, and endeavoured to look judicial. 'And what happened then?' he inquired.

'Well, sir, ord'nary seaman Martin sees wot wus 'appenin', an' catches 'im one acrost th' 'ead wi' a broom-'andle.'

Pincher's bosom swelled with pride at the recollection.

'What have you got to say?' demanded the sub., turning to the German.

'My name ees Charrie Smeech, an' I haf lif in Englan' many year. I serve in Engleesh sheeps, and I say to zis man'—

'I don't want to hear all that. What d'you mean by refusing duty?'

Smith, or Schmidt, as he probably was, licked his lips. 'I say to zis man, why he treat me like zat? And zen zis man,' indicating Martin, 'heet me on ze head with ze steeck and hurt me mooch.' He pointed to a large lump on the side of his cranium.

'That ain't true, sir,' Joshua interrupted. 'If Pinch—ordinary seaman Martin—'adn't sloshed 'im 'e'd 'a got me.'

The sub. scratched his beardless chin thoughtfully, for he hardly knew what to do. 'Look here,' he said at last, addressing the culprit sternly; 'you are a prisoner of war, and have to obey orders. If I have any further trouble with you, your hands and feet will be tied, and you will be put in the fish-hold for the rest of the passage. I will also report you on arrival in England, and have you court-martialled and shot. I mean what I say, mind; but I will give you this one warning, so you had better take it to heart. Do you understand what I say?'

'I onterstan,' said Schmidt, fidgeting nervously.

'Remove the prisoner, and let him carry on with his work,' the officer ordered. 'If he offers any further violence, shoot him at once.' He winked. Billings grinned understandingly, and the hapless German was led away in a cold and clammy perspiration. They had no further trouble with him.

(Continued on page 757.)

THE LABOUR PROBLEM AND ITS SOLUTION.

By E. T. GOOD.

OUR success in the coming commercial campaign—our success in securing trade, employment, and wages, and in generally re-establishing our economic position—will depend mainly, if not entirely, upon how we deal with our labour problem.

What is the labour problem? How has it arisen? How can it be solved? The labour problem may be described as the question of

how to make workpeople reasonably efficient, industrious, and contented. Inefficiency, indolence, and discontent—our labour troubles generally—have arisen through ignorance and lack of understanding and sympathy between employers and workmen. The labour problem can only be solved by developing co-operation instead of conflict between employers and workmen, or between capital and labour. But before we can

develop or establish this much-to-be-desired co-operation we must tackle the root-causes of the conflict.

In the last ten years before the war one hundred million individual working days were lost by strikes and lock-outs in this country. We had limitation of apprentices, the 'slow timing' of machines, opposition to improvements, and deliberate restriction of output. We lost so much trade to our foreign competitors, and we so far failed to provide employment for our people, that the stream of emigration was rapidly approaching the natural increase of population. At the pre-war rate of progress—or retrogression—we should soon have been a declining nation. Capital and labour, the two prime forces in industrial production and economic development, were in conflict instead of co-operation. That was the labour problem.

After the war we shall have to meet the competition of an impoverished Europe, of a desperate Germany ready to sell goods at almost any price; and, with a big load of taxes to handicap us, we shall have to face the rivalry of the vast and naturally rich United States, a country that is securing a competitive position of considerable advantage while we and the Germans are fighting. In the new commercial competition we must obtain sufficient trade to employ our people; but we can only do so on condition that capital and labour work together. Unless we solve the labour problem we are lost!

Copartnership or profit-sharing is frequently suggested as a remedy for labour troubles and a means of securing co-operation between employers and workmen. Bills to empower limited companies to share profits with their workmen have already been introduced in Parliament; and, in view of the serious nature of the coming international commercial contest, it is not altogether improbable that an early effort will be made by legislation to compel capital to share its profits with labour, while many great employers are considering the question of establishing copartnership schemes voluntarily. In these circumstances the question, or principle, of profit-sharing merits special consideration.

Now the theory that labour would be more contented, and would work more diligently, if it were given a share of the profits it is supposed to help to create seems plausible enough on the face of it. But a moment's practical consideration will surely convince any intelligent student of industrial economics that copartnership, as a general remedy for labour discontent, is impossible. The whole idea should be dropped, and our minds turned to more rational and promising schemes.

It is worth observing, by the way, that a recent Board of Trade report showed that out of three hundred copartnership, or profit-sharing, schemes known to have been started in this

country, slightly more than one-half had failed. Probably most of the remainder are on the way to failure. When it is noted that practically the whole of the schemes have been started in special industries, or works in no way typical of the big general trades in which labour disputes are most frequent, it will be seen that the principle of profit-sharing offers little promise of solving the industrial problem. Indeed, it may be said that only in very special circumstances does the principle stand any chance of practical application. In most of the big trades copartnership would break down before it had been in operation very long, and while in operation it would prove a costly nuisance.

The big obstacle to the success of copartnership is the fact that the modern capitalist and the modern labourer stand in fundamentally different positions. The capitalist can invest in a dozen or a score of separate enterprises; he can live on the dividends from some concerns while others in which he is interested are losing money; and he can afford to take risks and sometimes wait years for a dividend. But the labourer can only work in one establishment at a time; he cannot balance losses against gains, and he cannot wait for his wages. In small special industries, in cases where the employer personally supervises his business, and where the same workmen are employed continuously, it may be possible to work copartnership schemes, though whether it is advisable is another matter. But in the big trades, where capital is impersonal; where the employer, as such, has really ceased to exist, and where we now have investors, directors, and managers; where employment fluctuates, and men are often dismissed, or suspended, and fresh ones set on, copartnership is impossible.

If we take any big industry—engineering, for instance, or coal-mining—we can at almost any time find some firms making large profits, some making moderate profits, and others making losses, being obliged to draw on their reserve funds in order to keep going. These differences may in no way be due to differences in labour—differences in the efficiency of the workmen. In all probability they are due to differences in management, to good or bad contracts, or market uncertainties. Such being the case, what sense would there be in paying the workmen of the successful firms large bonuses, or dividends, on top of their standard or minimum wages, while the men of the unsuccessful companies received only the bare standard? Such an arrangement would promote neither efficiency nor peace. A firm may make large profits for a few years, then lose money for a period, and finally meet with success again. The shareholders are not vitally affected, for they have investments in other companies. But the workmen would be vitally affected under a scheme of copartnership. Sometimes they would be drawing large bonuses,

plus their wages. At other times they would have only the standard, or minimum, wage; and, obviously, if the men were to share in the profits they would somehow have to bear a share of the losses, and that would mean, no doubt, that the minimum would have to be fixed comparatively low. In other words, sometimes the workmen would be having abnormal earnings, wages and dividends together, and at other times wages of a starvation character. That would not do. When it is observed that the same men are not always employed, and that the men working for low wages in the bad years might have gone, other men being employed in the good years, the absurdity of copartnership will surely be apparent.

Take the mining industry, for example, for if any trade is in need of measures to abolish discontent and strife it is this. A colliery company is formed to work a certain block of coal, the lease being, say, for thirty years. It may take five years for boring, sinking, and equipping. During that time no coal is got. There are no profits. But labour is employed and paid. During the next five years there may be no profits, though coal is being produced. Unexpected difficulties or faults are met with, and more expensive machinery has to be purchased and employed. Ten years may pass without any dividend for the shareholders. But wages have to be paid all the time. Then, the difficulties being surmounted, dividends of 10, 20, or even 30 per cent. may be paid during the second ten years of the 'life' of the mine. Again, in the last ten years the dividends may vanish, the workings having become remote from the shafts, and the operating costs having become heavy. Shareholders take all this as a matter of course. Under copartnership the men, however, would be in an anomalous position. Some of them, those employed in the best years, would be passing rich on big bonuses or dividends, plus wages; while those working in the worst years would complain about their starvation pay. Besides, if capital is not to have high profits in some years, but is to share them with labour, where are reserve funds for bad times or surplus capital for new enterprises to come from? The bed-rock fact is that the average capitalist and the average workman occupy such entirely different positions that it is not possible to devise any fair-and-square partnership between them. But it is possible to promote good understanding and co-operation, as we shall see in a moment.

By the way, however, it may be pointed out that this modern development of industry—this elimination of the individual employer, with his personal knowledge of and contact with his workmen—and the creation of the investing capitalist, who is a stranger to the workmen, and sometimes even a stranger to the works in which his money is invested—this development

of impersonal capitalism, while the workman remains, and must always remain, a personal or individual unit—this circumstance which renders copartnership impractical as a solution of the labour problem is also the chief factor in the creation of the problem. The employer or capitalist and the workmen have become strangers. The employer or director has little knowledge of the conditions under which the men live and work and form their opinions and policies; little knowledge of their thoughts, feelings, and grievances. On the other hand, the men know little of the employers' difficulties, of the finances of industry, of foreign competition, and such matters.

Meantime, while employer and workmen have been drifting farther apart, mistaken economic doctrines have been propagated, representing what is called the capitalist system of production for profits as a gigantic scheme of robbery. It has been represented that, on a rough average, the workers, comprising nine-tenths of the population, only receive about one-third of the national income, while the capitalists, forming only one-tenth of the community, get the remaining two-thirds. This, of course, is a preposterous exaggeration; but it has been so persistently preached, and allowed to pass uncontradicted, that the working classes have come honestly to believe they are being robbed of about two-thirds of the products of their labour. No wonder we have discontent, restriction of output, strikes, and mischievous agitations. We need, above all things, understanding between employers and workmen. If the workmen understood the employers' real position, and the principles of industry, finance, and trade, we should soon enter a new era of industrial peace, progress, and prosperity. How is this understanding to be brought about?

My suggestion is that in all our large industrial establishments we should form what I may term consultative committees. The committees should consist of elected representatives of the workmen and an equal number of foremen, managers, directors, or shareholders. They should meet regularly and freely discuss all matters affecting the works, the men, and the trade. By these means not only would valuable improvements often be proposed, but misunderstandings on both sides would be cleared up, and many grievances remedied before they could develop into disputes.

Next I would have industrial district councils, jointly composed of representatives of our chambers of commerce, employers' associations, trade unions, and friendly societies. These bodies could smooth out local labour troubles, promote good feeling between the labour and capitalist organisations, and give advice and assistance to the municipal, educational, and other authorities.

Finally, I would suggest the formation of a

national council of industry, composed of labour leaders and representative employers. This council, besides acting as a supreme tribunal in such labour disputes as failed to be settled locally, could conduct inquiries and make reports and recommendations upon general industrial, commercial, and social questions, supplying workmen, employers, and statesmen with information necessary to a correct understanding of the problems of labour and industry. It is not by such artificial devices as copartnership, and not by Government interference or arbitration,

that we can reasonably expect to solve the labour problem, but by the spread of knowledge and by voluntary co-operation between employers and workmen. We have already got organised labour and organised capital—trade unions and employers' associations. Let us have labour and capital jointly organised. It is not sufficient that the labour leaders and representative employers should only come together on the occasion of disputes. We want them to work together constantly, and in combination, for the common good.

CARELESSNESS.

CHAPTER III.

FEELING a trifle dazed, Joe Rudge stumbled out into the sunshine. Although for so long a professional burglar, he had some proper pride, and that pride had received a severe shock. He had come to the Queen's House on the strength of the statement that he was a gardener, but he had stayed at the Queen's House because he had proved himself a gardener. Reclaiming sinners was all very well for the committee, but with Angus MacNair the gardens travelled first class, and the sinner's welfare fourth; which meant that Guard MacNair carried no passengers who couldn't garden. If Joe Rudge had proved inept he would have received his *congé* from MacNair at the end of his very first week, the philanthropy of the committee notwithstanding.

Joe, then, had made good. He had proved himself a gardener and worthy of his wages. He liked to think of himself as a gardener, and to forget that he had ever been a burglar. And what must this precious committee do but as good as tell him that a man with his record couldn't afford to be particular about the woman he married! He burned hot at the thought. Not for a moment would they have dared to make such a proposal to Nick Portch, or any single man at all with nothing against him. But Joe Rudge, the ex-convict—he couldn't afford to quarrel with his bread-and-butter! They had given him a job. Now they proposed to find him a wife—of a sort. Some servant-girl who'd got to be made respectable!

Thank you, but Joe Rudge, ex-convict though he might be, wasn't going to be made a convenience of in that way! He came to that decision five minutes after he got out of the committee-room. Why, as he stood in the yard, carefully untidying himself preparatory to commencing work again, this occurred to him: they hadn't even offered to let him have a look at the girl! Thoughtless and careless, was she? He could picture her—red-cheeked, loose-mouthed, splay-footed, and thankful to be taken notice of by any sort of chap. It was obvious she was a country girl; those sort were always taken advantage of sooner

than the cautious town ones—silly cuckoos, most of them.

Joe was no ladies' man. When he had been surveying a likely 'crib' he had never made up to the servants. Handsome Jack was the boy for that. Such a way he had 'with the wimmen.' Two or three wives—or sort of wives—Jack had, and it bore hard on him being in quod, he with such a liking for the petticoats. Here, there, and gone to-morrow was Jack; and when he was quodded there would be half-a-dozen girls crying their eyes out, each thinking she was the only girl he cared about! Himself, he had only liked one woman in his life. He had thought of her all the time he was doing his seven years' stretch, only to find her married and with a pack of kids when he came out. Altered she was, too—nothing of the old saucy look left. And yet Joe felt he might still think about her if she were left a widow—which wasn't so unlikely, as a policeman was sometimes deliberately tracked and laid out by coves he'd got quodded, when they were released.

He had decided to let the committee's proposal stay where it was. If they didn't hear from him they would conclude there was nothing doing—that is to say, that he didn't want the cottage on the conditions named. Then they would look out for another husband for the girl. The cottage wasn't a bad bait. Natty little place, with a fair piece of garden where a handy man could raise a nice crop of 'veges' for which he could command a ready market in Broken Cross. Perhaps one of the commissionaires in the house would take it on. No doubt they'd find a cove who wasn't fastidious.

So Joe let the week go, and the week had gone into nine days when he again found himself addressed by Mr MacNair.

'Well, Rudge, how about the lassie?'

It was seven o'clock in the morning, and Joe had just started work. Even Handsome Jack, it may be conjectured, did not feel exactly ardent at seven o'clock in the morning, and only a Scotsman would have begun to prattle

on love matters at such an hour. And garden hands, equally with kings, are apt to be surly at this time of the day.

Joe, who was engaged in the unsentimental job of forking manure on to a mushroom-bed, looked round at his chief with a grim countenance. So Mr MacNair had known the committee's mind on this matter from the first! Hence the inquiries as to his lodgings and so forth. Joe understood now. But the present question was as blunt as it could be, as tactless as the leading-up part had been diplomatic.

'What the gentlemen spoke about?'

'Ay. They've been looking for your answer.'

'There is no answer,' said Joe, plunging his fork into the manure.

'Steady with that tool,' said Mr MacNair.

'Bide a wee, ye ken, for I'm speaking to you on the matter.'

Joe left his fork in the manure and turned to listen. His attitude was respectful enough, but his expression was lowering and dogged.

'The gentlemen,' said Mr MacNair, 'have made you an offer, and I'm surprised a chap like you hasn't jumped at it. It's not an offer every chap like you would get. D'ye think yourself too guid?' demanded the chief warmly.

'I think when I want a wife I'd prefer to look for her myself,' replied Joe.

'And would you hand her a list of your convictions at the beginning or the end of your courtship?'

A dull glow stole into Joe Rudge's face. A flush smack between the eyes from the overseer's clenched fist would have hurt him less. 'Speak to me like that again, you red Scotsman, and I'll put that fork through you!'

The words came with a wolf-like snap from between his hard fangs.

Chilly it is, even in August, at seven in the morning. As the narrow, watchful gray eyes of the ex-convict held the starch-blue orbs of the northerner, the latter seemed to feel the chill of the air. His sturdy shoulders contracted a little. But he did not wince. Yet they were alone in a corner of the vast gardens. The other men were working at a distance. And it was the chill early morning, when men move slowly.

'Once of that ought to be enough for you,' MacNair responded steadily. 'Get on with your job, and I'll speak to you again later.' He turned his undefended back on the man who had done seven years for manslaughter, and walked away with his customary measured step.

Joe spat. 'That's put the lid on it,' he thought. 'But I've learned the red Scotsman something.'

All day he worked with that lowering look on his heavy jowl. He'd have the sack now. He was certain of it. But he didn't care. It would mean the old game again, for who'd employ a gardener who couldn't give a reference? For

gardening takes you close up to houses, and houses have pretty things in them.

He paid little attention to the talk of the other men, discussing the great topic of the day. Royalty was coming to Broken Cross to open the new Town Hall, and afterwards would drive out to see the Queen's House and its famous gardens. In consequence, the staff were to have the half-day off. With the others, his manuring done, Joe was set to tidying up. The paths were swept; falls of fruit were picked up; the lawns were newly mown. It was a busy morning. The men weren't done by their dinner-hour, and it was nearing two when they finished. Royalty was due at the Town Hall at two-thirty, and at the Queen's House at four. The men hurried off to witness the arrival of the Great Ones.

So to Joe, knocking off at his leisure, fell a job which should rightly have been Nick Portch's, he being the junior of the staff.

'I want ye to wheel a barrow of tubers down to the Mayor's house,' said Mr MacNair, coming into the yard as Joe was putting on his coat. 'It is this side of the town, so ye won't come agen the crowd. Ask for it, will ye?'

Slowly Joe took off his coat again and loaded up a barrow with seed-potatoes, Mr MacNair directing him.

'Call for the barrow in the morning,' added the head-gardener.

Then Mr MacNair walked out of the yard to deck himself in his festive best. It was a great day for Mr MacNair. He personally would conduct royalty through the gardens; he would receive its congratulations on the evident care and skill he had lavished upon this celebrated pleasance. He would have his name in the papers, and likely his photograph.

As Mr MacNair decked himself in his best, Joe Rudge, with his old coat—and it was a very old coat—flung across the tubers, was wheeling his barrow along the dusty road leading to Broken Cross. And while Mr MacNair planned to invite the attention of the Great Ones to the roses with which he had taken First Prize at the All-England Rose Show, Joe Rudge was also planning something. He was planning to go. This day he would go. In any case he'd have the sack, so why wait? Yes, he was, after all, in the opinion of these people, these clergymen and the lady, and the red Scots gardener, still but an ex-burglar, on whom could be dumped a servant-girl who sadly needed a 'Mrs' to her name.

So he was going. He had some pride left still, and he was going without waiting for his wages. But he could not go pockets empty. So—the old blood was stirring in his veins—he knew where to fill them. That little house, where the old ladies lived, would be empty to-day. Careless, were they? Well, their carelessness would be a bit of good for Joe Rudge. Empty? Yes, of course these old

tabbies would be in the town to see the royalty, and the servants wouldn't be left at home. Catch them staying at home with such doings abroad! So there'd be nobody about. Rest Harrow. That was the place.

Joe chuckled. *He'd rest a while there. It was as soft a job as a chap could tackle; so soft that, but for his need, he'd have been almost ashamed to crack such a crib.*

His pace slackened as he approached Rest Harrow. He had to go cautiously. Peril and risk, brushes with danger, generally harden a man's nerve and make him ready. Rudge had grown a little rusty during his two years' probity. And it wants some nerve to walk into a house in broad daylight and take what doesn't belong to you.

There wasn't a soul about. Everybody had crowded into the centre of the town to see the royal folk. A little later, and this dusty road would be having the afternoon of its life. The people living along here would hurry back to watch the Great Ones return from the Queen's House. Police would be dotted along the road at intervals, and mounted men would precede and follow the royal equipage.

Now, if ever, was the moment. He felt he had never looked more innocent—a man in shirt-sleeves toiling behind a barrow of seed-potatoes. No one would give him a second glance. And these very seed-potatoes would make a splendid covering for whatever he got. Quick out with the stuff under his coat, or possibly in a sack if he could find one. Then to his lodgings—his landlady was just the sort of body who would be gaping at the royal folk away down in the town—and, the stuff concealed, back to the Mayor's house with the tubers.

Here he was at the house. Well, he was surprised it had never been entered before. It stood by itself, without a neighbour fifty yards on either side or opposite. And they'd never lost a silver spoon!

Joe's tongue clicked. It seemed a sad waste of opportunity.

Nonchalantly he dropped the handles of his barrow, pushed open the wicket-gate, and, walking up to the front-door, gave a pull at the old-fashioned bell. Receiving no answer, he rang again and knocked. It never did, as experience had taught him, to hesitate or appear at a loss when engaged on these daylight jobs; and, having, as it would appear to an onlooker, business at the house, and failing to obtain attention at the front-door, he did what most gardeners would have done—he tried the back-gate, a flimsy thing of trelliswork.

Carelessness! Why, it wasn't even bolted at the top, which, except that it would keep out small boys, was as good as not being bolted at all, as it was quite easy to slip your fingers through the trelliswork and pull back the bolt.

He walked down an orderly path into a garden that was the last word in spick-and-spanness. A regular old ladies' garden—lawn in the middle, fruit-trees, and nice old-fashioned beds of flowers. He stopped and gazed round. 'Eavens! The kitchen window was down an inch at the top.

At his mercy—that was what Rest Harrow was. Do as he liked with it.

Click! Every nerve in Joe Rudge's body suddenly became tense. Somebody *was* about. A latch had dropped. His eyes were riveted on an outhouse made of boards painted black. There was somebody in there.

'Anybody about?' he called.

There was no response.

But he was sure there was somebody about. He felt it. Outwardly cool, though his heart was beating just a trifle faster, he walked up to the outhouse, lifted the latch, and opened the flimsy door. He stepped back with a slight exclamation; for standing amid a pile of tools and baskets and boxes, odds and ends generally of house and garden, was a young woman. She was a comely young woman, brown-haired, clear-complexioned, and deep-chested. She had some kind of bundle in her arms, and there was a look of alarm, even of guilt, in her eyes, which otherwise were good and level-set under a smooth, white forehead.

'Oh, please,' she said, 'I'm doing no harm! I just walked in. I'll go out now, at once, gardener. I'm not doing any harm, really.'

'No one said you was, miss,' replied Rudge civilly. 'I'm lookin' about for somebody who can tell me which is the Mayor's place.'

'It's the big house with the white gates, quarter of a mile farther on.'

'Thank you, miss. I'm from the Queen's House, an' have got a barrow of seed-pertaties for the Mayor's gardener.'

'Oh, yes,' she said flutteringly, but hardly following. 'Well, I'll show you where it is. It's on my way—back.'

'I'll be obliged to you,' said Rudge, wondering at her perturbed air. Was she—could it be—was she on the same racket as himself? Been a slavey here, and come to pinch something when the mistresses were out?

Her hasty concealment of herself in the outhouse gave colour to his suspicions. But why had she brought a babby—for he saw the bundle move—when she would require her hands for the work? Then he saw light. That innocent-looking bundle would be a splendid place to conceal anything that she saw fit to pinch.

Perhaps she noticed the appraising look in his long, narrow, shrewd eye.

'I'm really doing no harm here, sir,' she repeated, 'though you may think it. Please—please don't mention to the Misses Gill that you saw me here! They'd be so angry, after saying they'd have nothing more to do with me.'

'Why would they not?' asked Joe abruptly. For he was a reader of character, and he was sure now—could read it in her face and tones—this girl wouldn't do harm to anybody.

She gazed at him with eyes that had become misty.

'This,' she said, with a little inclination of her chin toward the bundle; and then, dropping on to an old box, she bowed her head over the bundle and wept.

Joe stood by her in silence. Women he had never understood. But he felt he hated the old tabs who'd turned this girl off because of her shame. Jealous, they were; since it wasn't likely any man had ever looked twice at them.

'Don't you take on,' he said, with rough kindness. 'You ain't the only one who ain't gone quite straight. You cheer up an' put a bold face on it.'

She rose suddenly, sweeping the tears from her eyes. 'Then you won't tell them?'

'Course I won't. I don't know 'em, an' I don't want to know 'em.'

She looked relieved. 'They let me come out for a walk to-day, and, knowing the mistresses would be out—they're great ones for sight-seeing—I couldn't help just taking a peep at the old place—just for once.'

'Quite reasonable,' said Joe. Then, after a pause, 'Who's "they" that's let you out?'

'The matron at the Union. She said, "Well, Mary, we're not going to keep you here till doomsday, though we must keep the child till you can find a home for it, so you'd better look up one or two of your friends and see if they can put you in the way of getting work."' She stopped, her lips quivering. 'But it's hard for a girl—it's hard. They do look at you.'

But Joe was hardly listening.

'Was the chap you knew a sojer?'

Her face flamed. 'Why, how d'you know?'

'They was about here last year, that's all. Likely you wasn't the only one.'

'He said'—she began, and then, knowing it was useless to explain, she buried her face in the shawl that enclosed the child.

'She was spoony on him,' thought Joe. 'I'd swear she ain't bad.' He cleared his throat. 'Well, miss,' he said, very civilly and quietly, 'if you'd walk down the road with me an' point out the Mayor's 'ouse'—'

'That I will,' she said readily; and, she leading, they went out of the outhouse and down the side-entrance to the front of the house, Joe carefully shutting the door of the outhouse and both gates after them.

She seemed to find it a relief to talk to him, he was so plain-spoken and quietly sympathetic. She waited for him, in fact, while he delivered his load of tubers at the Mayor's house and came down the drive barrowless.

'I'm going to see a woman who does charing

at the Misses Gill's,' said the girl. 'She lives in Endeavor Street.'

'That's a turnin' out o' mine,' replied Joe, 'so I'll bear you company if it's to your likin'.'

'I'll be glad,' she said.

Joe, first thing next morning, having returned the barrow to the yard, sought out Mr MacNair. 'I've come to say, sir,' he began, not at all easily, 'that I'll be obliged if you'll look over what I said so 'asty yesterday.'

'That's all right, Rudge,' replied the overseer, in a prime good-humour over the nice things royalty had said to him about his garden. 'I touched an old spot up, and perhaps I shouldn't have done that. But the gentlemen and lady, they'd been fussin' me a bit to get at you about the cottage, and I put the thing plainly in your interests, my mon.'

'Well, sir,' said Rudge, 'I'm thinkin' over of it.'

'Do so,' said Mr MacNair. He gave Joe's sleeve a pull. 'She's not a bad-lookin' body, as you'll be thinking when you see her. Don't be keeping the gentlemen waitin' longer than next committee day, ye ken.'

'I will not, sir,' said Joe.

And as he went to his work he drew a long breath. He had never thought to be back here again. But for her, he would now be a felon again, lurking in a hiding-place, an outlaw, his hand against every man's.

'Make her respectable.' Nay, 'twas the other way about—the other way about!

So, humbly, as one seeking a favour, as it should be, Joe Rudge entered upon his courtship.

THE END.

DRY!

AN AUSTRALIAN PICTURE.

Dry! Is it dry? Say, Englishman, try
To turn the hard furrow again.
It is dust, not vapour, that darkens the sky,
The dust of the wind-swept plain.

Dry! Is it dry when the creeks won't run,
And the dams are down to the mud;
When the fiery glow of the autumn sun
Is drawing the country's blood?

Rain! Ah yes, the south gales sweep
Over the saddened land;
But the pitiful tears the gray clouds weep
Are lost in the shifting sand.

Rain! Go seek in your motor-car
For rain on the western plains,
Where the dim mirage still beckons afar,
And the depth of silence reigns.

Idly the teams stand waiting the plough,
Vainly the lowing herds moan;
From the deep ravine to the mountain brow
It is dry as an altar stone.

NEVILLE BOSWORTH.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday*.

WHAT person is of the greatest importance in the world? To the problem we add a special proviso that the importance must be of what we may call the positive and beneficent order. The ultimate good of the world is what we have in mind. Some might say that the British Prime Minister, being the chief of government of the greatest state in the world, the most populous, the most extensive, is the most important man; but we know that in this case very much depends upon personal strength, that while the man may be little without the office, even with the office he may still be short of greatness; and, again, such is our system of government that, save in very special circumstances, individualism is minimised, scheme, initiative, direction, and responsibility are spread over a number of persons, and importance is averaged among them. There were moments when some might have urged, and not without reason, that Lord Kitchener was that most important man; many might suggest that General Joffre has a claim for place in these considerations. There is the Pope. Has not the autocratic Czar of Russia a mighty influence upon the destiny of many millions of people that are awakening to a new life, and, with full vigour and enlightenment, may very likely be a major force in the civilisation of the western world? But when we think not merely in terms of the present moment and this generation, and maybe the next, but of the development of mankind, its fast transformations and its plain tendencies and directions as we see them now, another office, with the name attached to it, comes instantly to the mind. Therefore, without asserting it and insisting upon the supremacy, one has the boldness to suggest that the most superior office upon which we are making the conjectures of this problem may be that of President of the United States.

* * *

The tendency of life and action is more towards the New World now than ever it has been, and more again will it be immediately after the war. In wealth and in various phases of consequence the people of the United States, a slowly mixing blend of other races from afar, are being raised above the others. Business and money, business and money, they count for all, or seem to do;

and with its business and its money, accompanied by that measure of culture which this new-comer has had time to develop, the United States goes forward now among the Powers of the world. Its own country, considered in a single and domestic way, is one of vast consequence, making in itself, for its share in the development of mankind, mighty responsibility for the presidency; but it is not this alone. However separate Canada may be from the States, and with the blood-fastening of its tie with the mother-land that has been so splendidly tightened in this war, the two are next to each other on the American continent; and in that half of the New World there is Mexico, also with its riches and its possibilities. In southern America there are the many and highly important republics, increasing in consequence every year, which, with a full independence, yet receive a certain gentle patronage, as one might say, from the powerful state in the north. Indeed, it is neither patronage nor protection; but there is a little of both in the reality of affairs, and this is delicately suggested by the Monroe Doctrine, which, weakening as it may be under the pressure of the times and changing circumstances, is yet a system for American conduct and progress. All the American countries have the great common interest that their lands are rich; that they are of the New World, standing for a new life and a new view of its possibilities, as they are unshackled from customs and traditions that have been hurting humanity for long ages past; and that they are being fed by emigration in a ceaseless stream from every part of the Old World. So there are many circumstances in common, and it is natural that the importance of the office of President of the United States should be enhanced by them. More than this, the war has made such a vast upheaval in world affairs and arrangements that, possibly against her will, the United States has to come into closer political relations with the rest of us than before. She can no longer, if she wished it, remain in the sort of lofty independence she has so far enjoyed. If she would keep free from the European entanglements, for which she has no affection, these entanglements spread out towards her and catch her. And there is Japan.

Indeed, as thoughtful Americans might say, there is Japan. So the old days of youthful happiness and contentment and carelessness, the splendid independence that the Atlantic and the Pacific seemed to give her, the unconcern as to what Europeans might do at home with their steel and their explosives—those halcyon days have gone for ever. Mortal trouble will not cease until the world has reached its climax, and that is not nearer to the view than it was many thousands of years ago. The Americans, when they had settled their Civil War, thought that then they were to be happy and undisturbed for ever. But the world is of a piece, and peoples cannot detach themselves from it. Now we hear of the United States—abhorring war as it instinctively does, even though it was made in war—creating armies and navies on the grand scale of the old, much-troubled world; and we know in Europe that when that begins there is not to be expected a peaceful end. It is whispered that she will seek alliances, or that, if she does not wish to seek them, she must. She prepares for defence; she wishes only to protect that which she has, and does not covet the dominions of others. She knows that she dare not be too proud to fight; there is too much danger in such disdain. The old concert of Europe comes to be the concert of the world, and the United States is in it. This is now the fourth great epoch of the history of the country. First there was the foundation and the slow establishment, with many vicissitudes; then there was the War of Independence, and the creation of the free and independent State, with the fine growth that followed it; next there was the Civil War, and the new cohesion and complacency that it yielded; and now there is the entry in full measure into the affairs and politics of the world, the more formal assumption than hitherto of the position and responsibility not only of being a world Power, but of being a leader among the Powers, with all the material and human strength that qualifies for leadership. And though this is a government by republic, and the government is shaped and conducted on the democratic plan, and the President is responsible to the people, and remains President only while they are satisfied with him, and rarely for more than four years at a time, still, as we have seen in the last two years, he enjoys—if that is a fair word for the case—a considerable liberty of action when once the office is laid upon him. It is his duty and his bounden necessity to seek to interpret the will of the nation, and thus to serve its best interests and desires, and to act accordingly. In emergencies he has almost upon his sole responsibility to act thus in matters of the most vital concern. When the people, with their conventions and their colleges and their various elections, gave him the presidency, they thus signified that they regarded him as the most capable man in the country to repre-

sent it and to conduct its affairs both great and small. They trusted him to act for America. For all these reasons, and for many others, the more we consider the possibilities and probabilities of the world at present, and the various shades of responsibility that are cast upon the leaders of the great national communities of civilisation, the more do we come to feel that the office of the President of the United States is the most important of all in these modern and most anxious times.

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Here in my fingers are two little tokens of a great occasion when an important chapter was being added to the history of the world; when, indeed, what was being done had, if it had been known at the time, some mighty consequence upon those tremendous events with which we are dealing now. One of them is a little silver thing with a buttonhole attachment, and it represents a strong-limbed beast crowned with a great mass of horns. It is the likeness of a bull moose, the fiery, powerful, and adventurous beast to which Mr Roosevelt, in one of his inspirations, by inference likened himself and his campaign. It fears little, and goes crashing through. The other token is a little claret-coloured button or favour with the name 'Wilson' across it in white letters. These, of course, were election favours, tokens of the candidates at the last presidential election, which was four years ago. I was in the United States at the time, and saw much of the delirium of this greatest of all national contests, saw the real fever to which the citizens work themselves on this great occasion, observed their efforts to see the issue and its values clearly through the frantic excitement to which they were submitted; looked on the marvellous organisation of the parties and their tremendous noisiness and energy (and saw faintly traces of what some people might call bribery and corruption), watched with amazement the most wonderful platform activities of their candidates, who would cross the States from New York to San Francisco, and make speeches at intervals all the way from the observation platforms of their railway trains; and special speeches at the overnight stopping-places. Here, indeed, was oratory in the flood. It was said once of a candidate that such were the demands upon him that he had three set speeches which hardly ever varied; and his black cook, who accompanied his party on these long and far-away expeditions, became so accustomed to hearing them that one night, when master was making his big speech in the leading public hall, the cook surreptitiously delivered it to a considerable black audience in another part of the city. The black rendering was a splendid success; and, whereas it had been customary, when this speech was delivered by its maker to small and very special audiences of cowboys on the prairie, for these cowboys

to signify their approval by firing their pistols in the air, the blacks who listened to the fervid eloquence the cook imparted to his stolen sentences were so much overjoyed that in their ecstasy they gave themselves up to the cakewalk. I saw something of this election in various places—at New York, Boston, Chicago, and the capital, Washington—and realised indeed that in its nature and effects it is certainly the biggest election on earth.

* * *

From first to last the processes of this election endure for little less than a year, and that election which seems now to reach its climax in this month of November will not, as it were, be finally consummated until 4th March of next year, when the President now elected will begin his term of office—or renew it—at the White House at Washington. The President of the United States, then, is elected every fourth year, this fourth, as it happens, being each leap year. It is decreed in the constitution that each state shall appoint, in such manner as its legislative body may direct, a number of electors equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which it is entitled in the Congress, but no senator or representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, may be appointed an elector. In practice, the electors allotted to the state are chosen by direct vote of the citizens on a general ticket. Then, according to the constitution, the Congress may select the time of choosing the electors, and the day on which they shall give their votes; but the day must be the same for all the states throughout the country. The electors are chosen in the various states on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November, and the presidential election is virtually decided at the same time; for the elections having been conducted, of course, on party lines, and those who are elected being definitely pledged to the support of certain candidates for the presidency, the ultimate result is obvious. Therefore, when this presidential electoral college is established by the votes of the citizens on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November, the fate of the presidency for the next four years is sealed, and we know who will be the next President. The electors, big with the responsibility of their trust, enjoy it for several weeks, and do not meet to give their votes at the respective state capitals until the second Monday in January next following their appointment. Even then there is some further delay, and the little secret, thin as it is, is not finally dissolved until the second Wednesday in February, when the votes of the electors are opened in the presence of both Houses of Congress. Then, indeed, the new President may be proclaimed at last, long as he may have been known; and, as we have said, on the 4th of March he ascends to the formal

possession of his office. It is decreed by the constitution that no person except a natural-born citizen or a citizen of the United States at the time of the adoption of the constitution (long since dead are they all, of course) shall be eligible for the office, nor any person who shall not be so much as thirty-five years old, and have been for fourteen years a resident in the United States. The President of the United States, by virtue of his office, is commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and of the militia in the service of the Union. He enjoys an annual salary of seventy-five thousand dollars, with an additional allowance of twenty-five thousand dollars for travelling expenses. That makes a hundred thousand dollars in all, or the equivalent of about twenty thousand pounds. He has heavy expenses, but the allowance may be sufficient. It is less than is paid to monarchs, but it is a more handsome sum than the servants of republics get generally for even the most distinguished services. Yet, it may be mentioned, the President of the other of what we may call the two first-class republics of the world, that of France, receives six hundred thousand francs for general allowance, and a like sum for his expenses, meaning twenty-four thousand pounds in each case, or forty-eight thousand in all. But then France has great traditions, monarchical as well as others. Though these things are mentioned in passing, it is, of course, beyond question that, soaringly ambitious as they are, and should be, covetous of honour and undying fame, the Presidents of such republics as these must necessarily belong to a high order of great men; they must first of all be patriots, and seek only for the betterment of their country, with such sacrifice of self as may be demanded.

* * *

If you look through the list of the American Presidents from the beginning, only a little more than a score of names being on it, you will realise on a short contemplation the greatness of the office and the greatness of many of the men. There is George Washington at the head; and in the history of modern times there is no man who had a finer sense of right and wrong, of justice and liberty; none with a character of greater strength for determination and action, or of sweeter human simplicity in its general relations toward mankind. Indeed, George Washington was not only a patriot most superb, but he was a great man in his fine humaneness, fulfilling splendidly the condition of loftiness in a man that in his full maturity and power he should retain the meekness and the tender feelings of the little child. Do you remember that George Washington might perhaps have prevented the Republic from ever being established, and might himself have become King of America? That seems an odd idea to us—King of America! But at the time of the War of Independence,

when organisation, management, and even energy and sincerity were by no means what they should have been among the political leaders of the new state that was coming into being, there was deep discontent in the army with the politicians at headquarters. The army was badly cared for; it had many just grievances; and in those times of upheaval it was disinclined to bear them beyond a point. In General Washington, who led it, the army had the greatest confidence; it revered him, loved him, as one might say, and trusted him. And at the height of the discontent the officers wrote a letter to Washington in which they appealed to him to take the sovereignty of the new state. His answer, if it seems sometimes a little overlong, too protesting, was a splendid thing. He rebuked them severely, asked what in him had ever given them encouragement to believe he could for a moment permit himself such an ambition, and pointedly said that the matter should pass from his mind and be forgotten if he were given no cause to remember it. That appeal of the officers out campaigning with Washington for freedom was a great moment in the history of the world; though, had America at that stage chosen a king—which is difficult to realise—it is certain that she would soon have reverted to republicanism. In that gallery of famous Presidents there is fifth on the list James Monroe, who laid down the famous principle, or doctrine, as it has come to be called, which, reduced to the simplest language and most essential meaning, declared that America, north and south, was a New World to itself, that it did not wish to interfere unduly with the old one, and that it would not permit the old one to interfere with it; the United States, as being the principal state of the hemisphere, letting it be understood that, carrying this principle through, she would not view with indifference European interference with any of the other states. That is a broad rendering of the famous principle that seems now about to be shaken more utterly than ever before. The New World can remain in no sort of political independence any more. But after Washington—and only after him in the sense of time—Abraham Lincoln was the greatest of Presidents, and he took the States through a terrible trial in its history. Unless you wander in America, and come close to the sentiments of the thinking people, you do not realise how finely is the name of this great man revered, and how he again was great in governing and in the strength of man, and gentle to the full possibility of human kindness. Wherever you would expect to find an emblem of great America you will see a portrait of Abraham Lincoln. I have a good remembrance of a large portrait that hangs on the walls of the secretarial offices of the Board of Trade at Chicago—the institution that embraces the famous wheat-pit, and which in a considerable sense may be said to stand for the very heart of productive

and commercial America—and of the sincere and quite unconscious reverence with which Secretary Merrill, as he looked upon it, pressed upon me some of the points of the greatness of that man.

* * *

Some may think and say of Mr Woodrow Wilson, who seeks that now rare distinction of being President for a second term, that he appears thinly among the great Presidents of his country. They think that he is weak of will, timid, liable too much to procrastination, faint-hearted in the prosecution of ideals, too materialistic, and so forth, and that in his hands the reputation of America has suffered. They think of his many Notes to our enemies, of his fine speeches and slight performance, and of that ill-judged declaration which will certainly stick to his name for long after the present time—that there is such a thing as being too proud to fight. But it is very easy for belligerents to fail to comprehend what measure of right and justice there is in the standpoint of neutrals, especially such a neutral as the United States. We here are in flaming Europe setting to right the most hellish wrongs that have ever been perpetrated, and saving the world for civilisation and right and good and human happiness, and we are saving it for America at least as much as for ourselves. We know that this is so; it does not admit of any argument; and the situation with the United States standing across the sea with its arms folded, drawing only new wealth from our dripping blood, is aggravating to the uttermost. But if he who contemplates were on the other side of the Atlantic, whither he had gone long ago to escape from the wrongs and shackles of what may be called the European system, hating such remnants of feudalism as still remain—more than remnants, as they are, in some places—and above all hated the thought of the war for which for generations past the whole of Europe has obviously been preparing, would he then inevitably feel when the dreaded thing occurred that he must go back to it as a full participator? One does but ask the question to suggest the possible feeling and point of view of much of America, and not by any means to suggest an answer for ourselves. We here are not in America, and we are too apt to think of the United States still as a nation of pure British descent instead of a conglomeration of nations slowly blending, with much of the blood of our enemies in the mixture. I, who know the Americans well, and have bided with them in their American homes, know surely that in heart they are with us in this fight; they long for our victory, and they will rejoice with us in it. We find in America that sometimes they shout for American intervention, and themselves chide their President for his pusillanimity. But the Americans, for all their materialism, are an

emotional and a sentimental people, and it is the great business of statesmen to be above and beyond emotion and sentiment; and certainly the United States does not want to be in this war. Rightly or wrongly—let us leave it at that—Mr Wilson has considered it his duty to keep his country out of it if he can; and, though he has played too much with Notes, he has accomplished a task of almost superhuman difficulty with great skill. Nor is it a weak man who has gone through with his policy while facing the obloquy of the world and his own people as he has done. He is not a weak man, but yet he is not like Roosevelt, or Lincoln, or Washington either. He is dry, cold. In him there is none of that human sweetness which we have found in other men greater than he is, and of greater achievement. Meanwhile it is a deeply interesting election.

Mr Justice Hughes, the opponent of Mr Wilson, is a man of the academic temperament like himself, one who stands aloof from the great political machine, one who has no pretensions to being a public man of the old kind, or a mere politician. He is instead a scholar and a man of keen reason and intelligence. So the issue in the great election is hardly between politicians as we know politicians, but between two men who are more independent of politics as they are generally understood. Now is not that a very remarkable thing? It is the first time it has occurred anywhere, and it seems to be a sign of the times for other countries as well as America. We need a new style of leader; we have had too much of politics. And, for the last, they say in the United States that for Mr Hughes, a man of fine qualities, there is nobody—but the people.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

CHAPTER XV.—*continued.*

HARGREAVES was no fool, and, being fully aware that idleness only breeds discontent and bickering, took very good care to keep his prisoners busy. They were not treated with undue severity, and received exactly the same food as their captors; but they experienced for the first time the rigours of British naval discipline. All day long they were kept hard at work in scrubbing and scraping the *Anna* to a state of hitherto undreamt-of cleanliness; while at night all of them—except the cook and the man on watch in the engine and boiler room, who perforce had to be allowed a certain amount of liberty, but were kept under constant supervision—slept in the stuffy little fore-castle, with an armed sentry standing guard at the door.

Nothing on earth would induce the bluejackets to poke their noses inside the place, much less to inhabit it. They preferred to snatch what sleep they could under the stars; for, though—thanks to the energy instilled into the unwilling Germans—the fore-castle had been scrubbed far cleaner than it had ever been before, its cleanliness was merely superficial, and it was still well infested with 'hanimals,' as Billings called them.

'Them bugs is pisenous German bugs,' he had remarked, wrinkling his nose in disgust. 'Maybe them 'Uns is used ter 'em. I ain't, an' I'll watch it I don't go ter sleep in a place wi' wild hinsects a-suckin' o' me blood. It ain't fit an' proper, an' I sleeps on deck.'

Incidentally, it was the cook who gave Hargreaves one of the finest frights of his life. At midnight on the night they had come on board, the sub., leaving Billings in charge as officer of the watch, with orders to steer west and to call him at once if anything happened, retired to rest in a small compartment under the wheelhouse

which had evidently been used as a charthouse, cabin, and storeroom all rolled into one. It was innocent of insects other than cockroaches, and had a cushioned locker at one side; while the rest of the space was filled with nets, cordage, canvas, paint, oil, and a quantity of food. Dependent from hooks in the ceiling were several dried fish, two bloated sausages, and a large raw ham. The place was stuffy and odorous; but Hargreaves was tired, and so, swathed in a blanket, he soon settled off to sleep on the locker, with the door wide open.

Towards two in the morning some slight sound caused him to wake up with a start, and on opening his eyes his blood nearly froze in his veins. There, in the door, clearly silhouetted against the flood of moonlight beyond, was the dark figure of a man peering into the room in an attitude of rapt, listening attention. He was the German cook, from the shape of his bullet-head, and in one hand he held a murderous-looking knife with a long and glittering blade. He could only be there for one purpose, and his knife could only be intended for Hargreaves's throat.

The sub.'s first impulse was to shout for help, for an armed sentry should have been on the deck outside. Then he scouted the idea as impracticable, for the man would be upon him the instant he raised his voice; so he lay still, hardly daring to breathe. Then, with a feeling of great relief, he suddenly remembered the loaded automatic pistol under his pillow. He withdrew it softly, cocked the hammer without making a sound, and then, with the weapon poised, his finger on the trigger, and his nerves tingling, made up his mind to fire on the first sign of aggression.

The cook, treading stealthily, entered the room and looked round to the right and left. He next came towards the locker on which the sub. lay, and seemed to be examining the ceiling intently. Then he raised his knife for the blow.

The muzzle of the pistol went up and followed his every movement, but an instant later the sub. dropped the weapon with a chuckle of amusement. . . . The German was busily cutting a couple of inches off a particularly succulent sausage hanging from its hook.

When Hargreaves laughed his visitor dropped the knife with a chatter, and leapt from the room like a rabbit. The sub.'s mirth overcame him completely.

'Is everything orl right, sir?' queried the anxious voice of Pincher Martin, who had been just outside the door the whole time.

'Yes,' spluttered the officer; 'there's nothing the m-matter.'

'Beg pardon, sir; only th' cook jumped art o' this 'ere door as if 'e'd see'd a ghost, sir. 'E seems a bit scared like.'

He was, poor man, badly scared, nearly as frightened as the sub. himself had been a few moments before; but he never quite realised how very near death the cravings of his stomach had led him. After all, no ordinary person is in the habit of making a hearty meal off a pungent, onion-flavoured sausage at two o'clock in the morning! All's well that ends well, but cookie escaped sudden death by the skin of his teeth.

Hargreaves never suffered his discipline to relax, and all through the second day of the passage the work of cleaning the ship went on. Even the German skipper, a very fat person, was pressed into service, and, since nothing else could be found for him to do, he volunteered to spend the morning in scrubbing out the wheel-house.

'I hope onter-see 'boot com' an' tak' us all back to Germany!' he remarked feelingly in very bad English after half-an-hour's hard work on his hands and knees.

'If one does I'm afraid you won't get there,' retorted the hard-hearted sub-lieutenant with a wicked twinkle in his eye. 'If we sight a German submarine all the prisoners will be thrown overboard in life-belts, so that she'll have to stop to pick you up. Then, while she's doing it, I shall ram her at full speed.'

The German believed him implicitly. The brutal British were capable of anything. 'Ach!' he exclaimed, sitting up on his haunches and wiping the drops of perspiration from a very scared face, 'dey vill nod pick us op. 'Ve shall be drown!'

'But surely your own countrymen won't stand by and see that happen?' said Hargreaves with pleasant curiosity.

'I do not know. Bot efen ef dem pick us op, you dry do sink der onter-see boot, so ve

drown anyhow's! I haf wife an' childrens, capitan,' he added agitatedly; 'many childrens. Von, do, dree, four, fif, six childrens. I doo old do fight. Ach!' he suggested with an oily smile, 'you safe me an' drown de ozzers. Dey not marriet. Dey not care!'

The sub. shook his head. 'I'm sorry,' he said; 'war is a very terrible thing.'

'I hope ve do not see onter-see 'boot!' murmured the other. 'Ach!' he nodded, noticing Hargreaves's grinning face; 'you choke, as et nod?'

'I beg your pardon?'

'You make fon, hey? You no drown der prisoners?'

'Depends upon how you behave yourselves,' came the non-committal reply.

The skipper fell to with redoubled energy.

The weather was fine and the sea calm, but the *Anna's* engines and boiler were long past their early youth, and they had steamed across the North Sea at a speed of barely seven knots. It was a heart-rending performance; and though Coggins, the stoker petty officer, exhorted the German firemen to shovel coal on the furnace until he was purple with passion and they were limp with weariness, the steam pressure to the engines dropped and dropped.

Shortly after noon on the second day, by which time they were on the Dogger Bank, with not a vestige of another vessel in sight—there is not much fishing done in war-time—the climax came. It was not exactly due to the boiler, though the propeller had been revolving more and more slowly; but all of a sudden there came a peculiar grinding sound from the engine-room, and the screw refused duty altogether.

A moment or two later Coggins, breathless and blasphemous, appeared at the top of the hatch. 'It's no good, sir,' he wailed; 'it's no — good. I've done me best to tinker up they damned henges to get 'em to 'eave round, but now the metal's bin and run in the cross-head, and they won't 'eave round no more.'

'Is there nothing we can do to it?' queried the sub.

'I ain't seen nothin' aboard we can patch 'im up with, sir. Them henges—them — henges—ain't fit to crack nuts, let alone be aboard a ship!'

The sub. bit his lip, for there they were, well out of sight of land, the ship helpless, and nothing in sight. But he had been trained as an engineer himself, and was better at the job than some people imagined.

'I'll come and have a look at it,' he announced. 'We must do something. I can't sail the damned ship home, and there's nobody here to tow us!'

Eventually, after three hours' hard labour, they succeeded in repairing the damage with a piece of sheet-brass filched from somewhere else. It is doubtful if any fully qualified engineer

would have passed the repair as either safe or satisfactory; but by the time they had finished, and were black, bad-tempered, and greasy, the engines were persuaded to produce the revolutions for four knots without running very hot. Even four knots was better than drifting aimlessly about the sea with the prospect of being bagged by a submarine or dying of thirst and starvation.

The next thing which refused duty was the boiler itself. It gave out at eight o'clock the same evening, and once more Coggins, looking more like a demon from the nethermost pit than a respectable stoker petty officer of his Majesty's Navy, a ribid teetotaler, a strict chapel-goer, and the father of four children who attended Sunday school regularly, arrived on deck in a state of incoherent vituperation.

'And what's the matter now?' Hargreaves inquired.

'The biler, sir. 'E ain't bin cleaned for eight months, them Germans says. The uptake and toobes is all sooted up, and we can't get no steam to the hengines no'ow!'

The sub. sighed. 'How long's it going to take to clean it?'

'Bout six or seven hours, sir.'

'Well, carry on with it at once.'

In ordinary circumstances a boiler is cleaned when it is stone-cold and the fires are drawn;

but Coggins, in some miraculous manner unknown to any one save himself and his victims, goaded the Germans into such a state of frenzied activity that they swept the tubes and uptakes in five hours. They did it with the fires damped down but still alight, and what they suffered from the heat only they themselves knew. But the job was done somehow, the firemen were revived with neat navy rum, and by one o'clock the next morning the *Anna Schröder* resumed her journey at the exasperating speed of 3.75 knots.

They eventually arrived in a certain harbour late the same evening without further mishap; and Hargreaves, after seeing the prize and the prisoners turned over to the responsible authorities, and his own men comfortably housed and fed in the Sailors' Home, retired to an hotel, ate a hearty meal, had a hot bath well impregnated with Jeyes's Fluid, borrowed a suit of pyjamas, a razor, and a new toothbrush from the manager, and then turned in and slept for nearly twelve hours.

Little more remains to be told, for the next morning they left by train to rejoin their ship, taking with them sundry mementoes from the prize. They have passed through many vicissitudes since, but neither the sub. nor his men will ever forget the *Anna Schröder*.

(Continued on page 776.)

INLAND BIRD-LIFE IN EARLY AUTUMN.

AUTUMN has been well described by Keats as the 'season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,' and even before the mists of October fill the valleys one realises that a new phase of bird-life has begun. To those who live on the low ground the sudden appearance of numbers of missel-thrushes which have passed the summer on the higher ground is one of the first signs that summer is drawing to an end. The ring-ouzel also descends from the high ground before crossing the sea, whilst curlew and golden plover are to be seen passing, probably on their journeys to the coast. At this season the lapwings congregate in large numbers, and golden plovers are often to be seen mingling with them. Wagtails, though seldom gathering into actual flocks, abound on grass-lands and by the margins of rivers, streams, and pools. In stubble-field and hedgerow chaffinches are numerous, whilst the kestrel may often be seen hovering overhead.

A special feature of bird-life in autumn is the tendency to congregate in parties. Starlings pack together, and often roost in surprising multitudes where reed-beds or shrubberies afford suitable shelter. The wild duck may be seen on their evening flight in parties which often assume the well-known V-shaped formation.

Books and daws, gregarious at all seasons, gather in autumn into very large flocks; whilst the daws and starlings may sometimes be seen assembled in one field.

The arrival of the foreign woodcock generally begins late in September or early in October, when it is probable that the far smaller numbers which have bred in England and Scotland move off to the south or west.

With the advent of autumn nursery cares and duties have come to an end, and the period of moulting is over; consequently a bird's vitality is keen and joyous, and there is a renewed miniature burst of song, which is especially noticeable in the case of the robin and the wren. The song-thrush, too, sometimes sings in the autumn months, the blackbird seldom or never.

The tits are seen in every acrobatic posture, whilst redpoles twitter as they pass overhead; and so far the food-supply is as good as in early summer. Peace and plenty reign in the bird-world during the month of September.

The great migration has yet to be faced by many of our birds; but swifts, sandpipers, and flycatchers have already winged their way to the far South. Towards the end of September or early October the swallows will leave our

shores, and a host of our summer migrants are either going or gone.

October is probably the month which sees the largest part of migration, especially for depar-

tures. Once November is here bird-life turns to its winter phase.

How swiftly have the hours run by amid *les plaisirs d'automne, plaisirs qui passent si vite!*

A HUNTING BEWITCHED.

A STORY OF THE WILD.

By F. ST. MARS.

IT has been said that everything in the world likes rain except the spider; but that is not liking wet.

The rain came down with a set and steady melancholy swish that is only possible in these north-western isles. The cart-ruts beside the fields were full, and shone like long lines of steel. The grass looked a different colour from usual, as if Nature had sponged it. The trees were peculiarly black and glistening. The dead leaves, many of them, along the hedge became brilliant blotches of yellow-ochre, which they had not been on the dry yesterday. There was no horizon. Nothing doing. Silence, but for the rain's eternal swish, and once the thin *wheet-wheet* of a wet meadow-pipit. Nobody about, save for one black rook tacking and beating up slowly against the wind.

Then there was swift, furious action, and the whole scene became suddenly wildly alive, proving that because creatures had not been on view it did not follow that no creatures were there. First came a winking flash of white, and a rabbit went down the hedge-ditch, splashing and pell-mell. Another flash, and a second bunny had dived through the hedge, and was straight away like a hunted fox on the far side. Another, and two rabbits popped up from nowhere special, and, shooting apart as if each suspected the other of carrying the plague, merged into the landscape. An unsuspected wren, somewhere in the mysterious maze of the hedge, all at once set up a steady worrying *tttrrr*. The voice of a blackbird suddenly began shouting from nowhere special, *twet-twet-tet-tet, twet-twet*; and a till then invisible blue-tit at that instant let out a running fire of pin-point curses. A wood-pigeon burst upwards with a far-reaching *clap-clap-clap-clap* of wings; and a cock pheasant, with his neck stretched to the uttermost, raced away through the wet grass like a frightened fowl.

And out of the hedge-bank, down it, into the water, over and over and over, rolled two very small beasts, or one bigger white-and-brown beast, or several. But there, it was impossible to say which, or what, they were, or what they were at. It was either one beast in agony or some beasts fighting like electrified devils.

The blackbird nearly went off his jet head

with excitement. The stump-tailed wren almost 'bu'st.' The blue-tit hung and yelled upside-down; and half-a-dozen other birds, that seemed to have been evolved by spontaneous generation on the spur of the moment—two wine-red chaffinch cocks, a rusty-red robin, a low-browed tree-sparrow (in nowise to be confounded with a house-sparrow or a hedge-sparrow), a hen blackbird in worn-out black, and a gaudy stone-chat—collected to see the thrill, or revile the thrill or thrillers, or both.

One particle of a second's pause revealed the fact to the human eye that there were two beasts fighting in the water at the bottom of the ditch, and that they both had their lives for sale. The next found them apart, and one quite visibly hopping about in the wet after the other; but the other? Oh say, have you ever seen sheet-lightning play in a summer sky, or a silvery trout hunted by a pike? It was like those. Also, it was quite indescribable really—the quickest thing in animate movement you ever saw, darting from side to side of the ditch in one flickering streak, and then nowhere. It had gone, snapped off, flashed out, shot into spookland—what you will; but, anyway, was gone. And the other beast was standing up to his belly in wet, mired from head to heel, and bleeding badly from the back of the neck, looking for it. That beast was a rat—one of those gaunt, raking, great, mangy old calamities on four legs that you seldom see, but often, especially from the henwife, hear about.

'It,' however, was calmly licking a torn and crimson flank twenty yards away in the other hedge across the other corner of the field; and how on earth it had got there in the second or so intervening between then and its evaporation from the ditch I know not. It was there, anyway, and, in being there, revealed itself as a weasel. What! just a common or garden weasel, after all? Oh no. Oh dear me, no. There was nothing common about that weasel—the *Mustela vulgaris*—nothing common at all, at all. Mind, I grant you he had a body quite ten and a half inches long, counting the two-and-half-inch tail, and huge ears quite five-eighths of an inch long; and I'll allow that from the tip of his nose to his ear was well under two inches, and that he turned the scale at the

enormous weight of five ounces three drams; but—well, he was white, white as driven snow from tip of nose almost to tip of tail; and not white in winter only, as you know weasels and stoats too sometimes turn, and become ermine in addition to vermin; but really white, white in summer as well as in winter. In short, he 'just grewed like that,' and if you needed any proof you would have seen that, when he turned and glanced out into the field, the eyes of him—the little, wicked, cruel, insolent, brazen, sharp eyes—were pink, which is a hall-mark of unfadable white all the wild over.

He had been amusing himself on this dull, wet afternoon in bolting rabbits from their burrows, when the old accident of a rat got in the way, and, considering himself a match for any weasel—as indeed he may have been for aught I know—refused to get out of it. Five minutes later that weasel, a ghastly red sight in the light of day—for brother rat chops with his teeth wolf-fashion, you know—climbed the hedge slowly, till he came upon a wren's deserted nest.

He was too much occupied with stopping to lick the blood clear of his carmine-soaked flank every foot or two to notice a small body of a nondescript brown, and a long thin tail, that sneaked out of the nest and silently round it to the other side. And when he had crawled in, and curled himself up, he did not see that small figure, possibly thanking Heaven for the luckiest squeak it ever had in its life, go sneaking away from the nest with equal silence, and on tiptoe, as it were, down the hedge. It was a wood-mouse, and it had been curled up asleep in that deserted wren's nest when the clamour of the birds awoke it.

The weasel was soon asleep, with the beautiful ease of a wild creature, and it was full night when he awoke. A pale moon was playing hide-and-seek in and out among swiftly gliding clouds, and the world gleamed wet and cold beneath. And out into that world of pale light and dark shadows he was going—must go, in fact, for hunger drove him.

He got up and stretched. A bird's deserted nest, by the way, is as comfortable a home as any other, more comfortable than many. His flank was stiff, and he chattered a little angrily under his breath as he felt the pain of it; but he was a weasel, and about as full of pluck as you could cram into eight inches of nickel-steel muscle and iron-hard constitution. Moreover, he hoped that the bite of the rat, which is the unclean one of the wild, and whose touch is pollution, would not poison and kill him, as it often does.

Then he stepped out, half-way out, and—'froze.' Make no mistake about this, for very few stones move less than he moved during the next minute. 'Freezing' is an art; no mere

man, and not every beast, can master it. In the weasel it was a fine art.

Below him, standing beside the hedge, and looking upward, not quite at him, and so close that the weasel could have jumped into his face, was a *man*! What was he doing there at that hour, anyway? Looking for roosting pheasants outlined against the moon, perhaps. Slowly his head turned, till, with the light full on his white features and staring eyes, he was looking straight at the weasel.

But the man had only begun to move his arm when the little weasel flashed to action on the instant, or before it. Fact—who hates to be ignored—said that he jumped nimbly down from twig to twig; but how tame! The eye said that, though visible, he went from sight through sheer rapidity of movement; that, in fact, he became a blur merely, like the spokes of a spun wheel, and that the man's stick, suddenly striking and furiously slashing and hitting, was at least a foot behind him every time.

The weasel reached the ground under a little shower of falling twigs, and vanished instantly into a side-entrance to one of those apparently public underground tunnels which run the length of almost every hedge.

He met first a shrew, who promptly, if I may be pardoned for saying so, stank the place out and fled; next an 'all-black' water-shrew—they are black on top and white below usually—who did likewise, and took to the half-filled ditch outside, *via* a side-tunnel; next a wood-mouse, with a very long tail, who also quitted up a side-tunnel, and climbed thence up the hedge, out on to such slender twigs that even the weasel could not follow, though he tried to, and hung, upside-down, like a salmon on a trout-rod; next a field-vole—or mouse, if you like—with a very short tail, who evaporated out into the field and a maze of field-vole burrows, where it would be hopeless to follow him; and, finally, a house-mouse—I don't know what it was doing *there*—who would certainly have become a meal for the weasel if it had not raced blindly into the open and become a meal for a long-eared owl, whose mewling cry our weasel heard only just in time, and turned.

After that the tunnel became empty of all save himself and a beetle, which he ate. I imagine that the sight of a weird white ghost galloping through the dark was too much for their nerves, and that that underground promenade became unfashionable among the little folk for some time.

Therefore he came out into the open again; but soft mewings in a tree above, and bitter knowledge born of hectic experience, telling him that it did not need the eyes of that long-eared owl, who evidently had not yet gone away, to pick *him* out on a night like this, forced him underground again into a rabbit 'bury.' To judge by

the noises, the rumblings, thumpings, drumming, and hollow knocking that could be distinctly heard from the outside, he and his ghostly coat had started a young volcano on his own account down there. But what had really happened, I fancy, was that the sight of that white little pocket-fiend dancing through their tunnels had sent the rabbits frantic, and that in their efforts to get out there had been some shocking scrambles. Be that as it may, several rabbits had bolted into the moonlight and the shadows, when two old buck rabbits popped from opposite holes and apparently collided. They both shot up in the air, and dropped again. One went away in a dazed and blundering sort of fashion; the other remained, with a dislocated neck.

A minute later the weasel, driving a young rat—who had no business in that place, anyway—before him, appeared, and standing up on his hindlegs—he used his tail as the third leg of a tripod—to get a better view, saw or smelt the dying rabbit, and galloped toward him. There was no need for a second shot, so to speak; the quarry was dying cleanly where he lay; but the weasel, who is pretty much of a sportsman as a general rule, drove his keen little canines in just behind bunny's ears and a fraction on one side, and bunny was quite dead before you could say 'knife.'

That was clear enough. What followed was not.

There was a rustle in the grass behind, and something hit the weasel from the rear such a blow that he flew clean off his legs and landed in a heap on his side, with all the wind knocked out of him. There had been no warning sufficient for him to get out of the way. Moreover, nobody said anything, or was saying anything now for the matter of that. There was just the silence, and the inky shadows, and the wet glare where the moon shone, and a patter of drips where the breeze blew the wet from the branches.

Very slowly the weasel picked himself up, shook the wet from his pale coat, and sneezed audibly several times. He was a bit groggy on his feet at first, and stared about rather blankly.

The wind blew from the weasel to the dead rabbit. The weasel's nose told him nothing, his eyes told him nothing, and his ears told him less than nothing. All seemed clear and above-board; but—but—well, the bruise that was beginning to come up in the 'small' of his back didn't make itself; something must have made it. What?

At last he began to move forward gingerly, and with that caution which comes with a stiffening lacerated flank and a badly bruised back. At least, he took exactly two and a half strides. The other half-stride he did not take—not then, anyway—but remained with his right forepaw suspended, staring as one who has seen a ghost.

He had not done that, of course; he had seen his wife, and that same was a giantess at least eight and a half inches long, and turning the scale at quite one ounce nine drams. She, this vast-pocket monster, without possibly seeing him, was cautiously stalking the dead rabbit. At any rate, that was what he thought till he looked at the dead rabbit. It was still there, for, though he could not see it exactly in the piebald light, he could see its white belly-fur as it lay turned upward.

But that was not the point. The point was that which stood over the rabbit, a shape dark, motionless, silent—unmistakably another rabbit. It was that precise and particular buck rabbit which had collided with the first and broken the latter's neck, and had gone off himself, stumbling.

We can merely presume that the collision with his compatriot and rival did something, or something else, to the strange brain of this buck rabbit, checked the sense of direction, made him lose his memory, caused him to be reckless beyond the wildest recklessness of his kind, forced him, for some blind reason we can not understand, to return to where the collision had taken place, or drove him to run in circles, if he did run at all. Anyway, it seemed to have eliminated, by some strange freak of the nature of the accident—perhaps it was a clot of blood forming on the brain—that one most marked weakness of the rabbit folk—fear. I know not, but I have seen a wounded hare act in even a stranger fashion.

Be all these things as they may, there was the dead bunny, there br'er rabbit squatting over him, and there, unaware of her husband's presence, was Madam Weasel, and, equally without doubt, it was this second rabbit that had come up behind friend weasel and kicked him, punched him into the middle of next week.

The white weasel laid himself out as flat as he possibly could, and that, as you can imagine, was snake-flat, and in this position moved forward. He was not one to be hit in the back for nothing, I can assure you.

The female weasel advanced quite openly, but, being ordinary mahogany-brown, was very hard to see, and her size, or lack of it, did not make her easier to behold.

The live rabbit never moved, just sat there, looking blankly into space, as rabbits do. The dead rabbit, of course, did not move. And it was a weird scene, all dappled and blotched with the shifting, restless, treacherous moonlight upon the glistening wet grass in the damp, cold stillness. It was as if, not the beasts themselves, but ghosts of the same, had chosen that moment to act some terrible drama there.

Nearer and nearer closed in the weasels, the white and the brown, moving in at right angles, till they were, so the female guessed, near enough for the rush. The white weasel

didn't rush; he lay low still, and watched his wife. He saw her gallop forward, a wavy, thin streak, a something, a line drawn across the moonshine. He saw the buck rabbit start up when she touched him, as one who awakens from a dream, and shoot away as if the touch had pressed some invisible spring. Just touch and—gone!

Then she turned—with an air that said plainly, 'And that is the end of him'—to the dead rabbit, and must have at once smelt where her mate had been before her, for she instantly became greatly excited, and stood up on her tail to look round, as if trying to see him.

She did not see him, for he was lying as flat as a rolled ribbon, possibly jerked into an unnatural caution by the blow on his back and the pain in his flank. But he saw her, and something else behind her.

Like some lost wraith, and as quietly, the form of the buck rabbit slowly, mystically, grew like a smoke-puff out of the dark and shadowy surroundings, moving slowly, very slowly, and as silently as a spook, back to the spot whence he had started. Doubtless he had run in a circle. The moon, as she moved, shone upon his eyes, and they were blank and staring, and as meaningless as ever. Heaven knows what lay in the injured brain at the back of those eyes!

On he came, straight, slow, unswerving, and silent, till he stopped, almost with a jerk of sudden surprise, right at the back of the female weasel, a large bulk beside her, overshadowing her, and if the wind had only been the other way she must have smelt him.

She was still looking for her mate—making of herself a sort of lookout tower, since from her position, on all-fours, her vision would have been too circumscribed—when the blow landed. The rabbit hit out straight from the shoulder, somewhat like a boxer, *bat-bat*, and the tiny weasel sailed quite her own length through the air before she landed. This she did beautifully on her back, rebounded, and whipped round, in a position of instant readiness to fight or fly that was amazing—all in the snap of a finger, mark you.

But her mate was not looking. He was creeping on again with that infinitely minute care in the stalk which the wild folk alone can accomplish. As wild folks go, he was not a patient creature, but he was very much more patient than a man.

And then, without a hint of a warning, without sound, without hesitation, he delivered his ultimatum. It was a marvellous exhibition of swift movement. He just ceased to be in the place where he had been, and was on the back of the buck rabbit. He may have got there by leaping, by galloping his sidelong gallop, by a quick rush; no one could tell. He was there, that's all, and his mate ran in to help him to finish

the job. But they both reckoned without their host.

The touch of the weasel seemed to have again set instantly into action some galvanic battery or something within that buck rabbit, as before. He shot forward, as if fired from a trench mortar, at goodness alone knows what speed. He met the female weasel half-way, and never checked, and she went over backward. When she picked herself up, which she did by rolling over once and straight up on to her feet, she must have wondered what had happened. When she viewed the scene that spread before her she must have wondered still more.

The rabbit had not gone. He was still there, going round and round and round, like a runaway merry-go-round, at stupefying speed, in a circle about three yards across.

The male weasel had hung on for a space, his hindlegs and tail flying gaily and on their own in the air. Then a briar had caught and touched up his wounded flank, and he had dropped off, chattering obscenely. A couple of seconds later the rabbit stopped too, halted dead in his stride, and as instantly sat crouching, staring, as before, a mad enigma in the moonlight.

The white weasel left off chattering, and again launched an ultimatum. He got as far as the rabbit's hindleg before the rabbit again shot into wild, circling life. He hung there, and cannoned against his wife, knocking her sideways, while the rabbit tore round in his circle twice. Then the fur of the rabbit gave way and the weasel went rolling into the bushes. The rabbit stopped, and fell into his hunched crouch of blank meditation. This was awful! impossible!! a thing never heard of! What, in whiskers, was to be done with this rabbit who had gone crazed and lost the sense of fear and direction?

Finally, the rabbit, with a quick scurry, got back to his dead companion, and stayed there, looking, so it seemed, into the next world; certainly not into this.

The white weasel sat down to lick his flank. The brown one hopped into the air and returned upon herself. I think it was her way of showing off her temper.

Presently they began again, closing in. But you would not have noticed it. Apparently the last thing in the world they were thinking of was opening hostilities afresh. Now and again they whisked out of sight among the undergrowth and the shadows of the trees and bushes. Hard it was to spot them when they were in sight, harder still to guess what they were doing when not. Now the female would appear in an anemic moon-bar, scenting the grass; now the male in a patchwork of beams, licking his flank; now a long, low, dark form crossing a sword of light stabbed down through the branches; now a white one, sudden and ghost-like, on end and at gaze. Sometimes they even played, for your weasel is ever young. But the net result, though

unnoticeable, by this very method, could be measured; they were nearer the rabbit at the end of the next fifteen minutes than they were at the beginning of it. That was the object in view.

Their attack was wonderful in its suddenness, in its unexpectedness, in its quickness. Of course, there was no warning; nothing but a swift rustle from either side, no more, through the inky shadows, and they were beside the rabbit.

But, hey! the rabbit was gone. No, he was sitting hunched a yard away. No, he was tearing round and round like an emancipated catherine-wheel, and anybody who got in his way must look out for himself. No, he was motionless again beside his dead friend, or rival, or both. No, he was—— Now, where the dickens was he? Gone! Gone away straight as a well-aimed arrow, and the sodden leaves whispered, gradually to fading-point, under his flying pads.

As for the weasels, who had performed every other kind of acrobatic feat known in the last minute, in the endeavour to get, *and keep*—they did get—hold of him, they could go look for him if they liked. And they did like.

Ah, but it was a strange hunting, that which the cynical, cruel moon saw in streaks, as it were. First, a mad rabbit going like the wind, and almost as straight; next, a tiny, tiny weasel, running about here and there with nose down, then racing on, to pause and dart hither and yon again, to dart on once more straight again, followed by a white and black-red weasel, whose pink eyes shone strangely in his flat, wedge-shaped head as the moon caught them, doing exactly the same thing; and next, why—well—here was our rabbit again, coming round in his flying circle at racing speed till he passed them and went on.

That, you will believe, was enough to confuse any hunters stiff; but it didn't confuse the weasels. They scarcely looked up even; but, having once set their keen, cruel little noses to the trail, never left it, and, so it seemed, never would. The joy, it appeared, was in the hunting, not in the completion of the chase. So you will see hounds hunt, and ants.

By all seeming, that lunatic pursuit bid fair

to keep up indefinitely all night; but it was not so. Even a mad rabbit, or one temporarily or permanently off his balance, cannot run for ever, and the weasels, it appeared, could. At least, they never once left off doing so.

Finally, they—it was the male who, being the taller, by making a watch-tower of himself upright on his tail, got the first view—came upon bunny, looming large and strange in the mist, close to the hedge. They went in at him quick and quiet from opposite sides, and—he jumped into the hedge. I mean literally into it, and started climbing up that hedge. What's that? Yes, a rabbit climbing up a hedge is right. He got about four feet up, mostly by leaps, the weasels, miles too excited now to have left off if an army corps had come to watch them, joyously after him; and there he stuck. At least, he didn't go any farther up, but he went every other way, and the manner of his doing it was fearful. His struggles and his kicks, his writhings, buckings, plungings, leapings, buttings, were awful to behold. It was the frenzy that comes to no merely sane beast, even in death; and how on earth he did not break his head, or every limb or every bone in his body, a dozen times is to be explained only by explaining that law which looks after the mentally afflicted, the drunk, and the very young.

The weasels, at any rate, had a bad time enough. The white weasel leapt for the neck-hold, and got a hedge-stump in the jaw; the female got her hold, and the wind nearly driven out of her by the back-lash against a branch. A dozen times they had to let go, bruised, or take chance of holding on in pieces. And the thorns!

The rabbit was not fighting. He was Berserk, and, presumably, killing himself as much as his foes. But never was there such a rabbit; and when at last, in one final, perfectly diabolical flurry, he tore himself from the hedge, and flashed into the night, the weasels just staggered out, panting, and lay down.

An hour later they followed the trail once more, and back it led them, back, this time, in a rigid straight line to the body of the first rabbit, and here they found the crazy one stiff and still and stretched out, dead—dead as a door-nail, beside his friend, whom he had (accidentally or not, who can tell?) killed.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

CELLULOID FOR SURGICAL DRESSINGS.

ONE of the latest of the many interesting and novel developments pertaining to the surgical treatment of wounds received upon the battlefield is the utilisation of the celluloid dressing. This device, in addition to protecting the injured part, prevents the bandages from adhering to the wound. Ordinary bandages are apt to cling to

it, thus not only rendering their removal difficult, but also inflicting unnecessary pain on the sufferer, and, if the adhesion is pronounced, appreciably retarding the process of healing. With the celluloid device, however, these disadvantages are entirely obviated. The dressing, though reminiscent of the shield employed for protecting the arm in vaccination, is of a special shape and thickness, and is freely perforated

with small holes, thus closely resembling a finely meshed sieve. After being treated antiseptically, it is placed over the wound, and then the ordinary bandages are applied in the usual manner. Owing to the perforations in the celluloid sheathing all pus is able to effect its escape, and is absorbed by the surrounding cotton-wool. When the bandage is removed the celluloid sheath falls clean from the injury, which thus escapes all aggravation. Results have demonstrated that wounds so protected assume a cleaner and healthier appearance than those treated in the ordinary way, showing that the use of the shield accelerates the process of healing; it also affords a considerable measure of comfort and relief to the patient, who is not compelled to resort to certain positions to escape pain from pressure upon the injury, for the celluloid sheath is sufficiently strong to act as a guard. The use of celluloid as a surgical dressing is virtually in its infancy; but, owing to the complete success which has attended its employment, it is likely to be extensively adopted in the immediate future. It has been found to be an ideal dressing for use in the process of saline irrigation, which is now enjoying an increasing vogue in the treatment of wounds.

A NEW DOMESTIC SAFE.

The preservation of foodstuffs is one of the most important problems incidental to domestic life. The wooden safe, although extensively employed, is far from being satisfactory, as it is difficult to secure the necessary low temperature by its use, while it demands frequent vigorous scrubbing to keep it sweet and clean. A decided advance has been made by the substitution of slate for wood, the latter material being either entirely eliminated or used only sparingly. Slate is an excellent heat-resisting material, and thus the temperature of the air within the receptacle, even in the hottest weather, is always below that of the air outside. The safe is so constructed as to give the minimum of weight with the maximum of efficiency. The top and bottom, the walls and the shelves, are all fashioned from slabs of slate securely fastened together; and, as the material is nicely faced, a smooth, clean, and non-absorbent surface is presented, which can be thoroughly cleaned without any great effort. The door is fitted with perforated zinc or some other finely meshed fabric equally serviceable, thus admitting air, but offering an impenetrable barrier against flies. The walls are also freely perforated and covered in a similar manner, with the result that there is a constant circulation of cool and refreshing air throughout the receptacle. When kept in a shady spot, the safe serves the same purpose as an ice-box, but at much less trouble and expense. Where ice is difficult to obtain, it is, indeed, preferable to an ice-box. It is an excel-

lent addition to the household possessions in hot climates, as the material resists the ravages of such pests as insects and small rodents, and has the distinct advantage of being practically unbreakable.

A MILITARY SLEEPING-BAG.

Among the many recent accessories to the officer's equipment for active service, special attention has been devoted to the production of an efficient sleeping-bag to protect him while sleeping upon wet ground, possibly in the open air. Waterproof ground-sheets certainly fulfil the necessary conditions, but unfortunately they are both bulky and weighty, so that their conveyance upon the field is attended with difficulty. But, unless some form of ground covering is used, the officer runs grave risk of contracting rheumatism or some other equally serious malady which may leave permanent traces, and contribute to the wrecking of his health. An officer who has been invalided out of the army owing to severe rheumatism, the direct result of sleeping upon wet soil without adequate protection, has now devised a simple sleeping-bag. When fully extended it resembles a threefold wallet. The central section is fitted with a kind of pocket at the lower end to receive the feet, while the upper end is provided with a waterproof bag which may be inflated to serve as a pillow. After one has made one's self snug in the central section the flaps on either side are folded over and secured, so that the sleeper is completely protected against the elements. When packed, the sleeping-bag makes a small, compact parcel, measuring about twelve inches in length by ten inches in width, and weighing only eight pounds. It can be attached to the belt, in which position it lies flat across the bottom of the back, out of the way, and offers no impediment to the wearer's movements. When carried thus, the bag cannot go astray, and it is always available for instant use. Moreover, the officer is able to stretch himself out to sleep even upon the most sodden and uninviting ground without the slightest apprehension concerning his health.

RUBBER SOLES FOR BOOTS AND SHOES.

One outcome of the Government's requisitioning of leather has been to render the repair of civilian footwear an expensive matter. The prices have increased rapidly, and the tendency is still upward. As a result, commendable efforts have been made with a view to producing an effective cheap substitute. Rubber is an obvious alternative, and when one bears in mind the wear and tear which this material, in the form of cycle and motor tires, is able to withstand, there seems to be no reason why it should not be extensively adopted for boot-soleing purposes. Indeed, rubber soles are already on the market, but the general method of attachment is not

free from disability. Recently a Belgian inventor has made a marked advance in this connection. The sole, shaped and sized ready for immediate attachment, is specially prepared; and is fastened to the existing leather sole by the aid of a special cement. This method of soling has hitherto been open to the objection that the attached rubber may fall off under varying climatic conditions. But the new cement is said to resist all climates and all weathers. The inventor states, as a result of prolonged experiments, that once the rubber sole is attached it cannot be removed except when renewal becomes necessary. The fact that the sole can be satisfactorily attached without recourse to pegs, nails, or stitches is a decided advantage, because it dispenses with the necessity to hand over the boots to the cobbler. It is claimed, too, that a rubber sole, when properly made, as in this particular instance, is extremely durable, its life being equivalent to four or five ordinary leather soles. It also ensures the footwear being thoroughly waterproof, so that the grave perils incidental to damp feet are completely avoided. Rubber is certainly an ideal boot-soling material, owing to its resiliency. Not only is it silent, but it neither shrinks nor expands with heat or wet, and is extremely comfortable to the wearer, for it prevents the transmission of shocks to the body, as the wearers of rubber heels will testify. Indeed, if we bear in mind the widespread success of rubber heels, there appears to be no valid reason why rubber soles should not experience a similar vogue, although the conditions to be fulfilled are somewhat different. In the case of the heel, rigidity is required, whereas the sole of the boot must be flexible, to afford the natural bending movement of the foot full play.

TWO-FUEL ADAPTER-VALVE FOR MOTOR-VEHICLES.

One effect of the petrol restrictions has been to turn the attention of the motorist to the fuel possibilities of paraffin and cognate low-grade fuels. But as the shortage may prove to be only temporary, many motorists hesitate to incur the expense of having paraffin or two-fuel carburettors attached to their cars. To meet this situation there has been designed and placed upon the market an interesting and effective two-fuel adapter-valve, by the aid of which motorists may employ their existing carburettor to the best advantage. As is well known, a mixture of petrol and paraffin may be used when once the vaporiser is able to draw from the engine the requisite supply of air heated to the critical temperature. The greatest difficulties in the use of paraffin are to start up from cold and to adjust the mixture to the needs of the engine. The latter difficulty can be solved by trial, but the process takes time, and even then is not completely satisfactory, as the conditions are liable to fluctuate widely. With

the new attachment, which is of a simple description, the problem of the maximum amount of paraffin permissible can be determined quickly. It enables petrol to be used for starting up, and the change to the heavier fuel to be readily effected at the critical moment. Ordinarily an admixture of from 10 to 30 per cent. of paraffin may be used with the majority of carburettors without adjustment of the vaporiser. By adjusting the latter and the air-supply, this proportion can often be exceeded. The new device is extremely simple. It comprises a cross-shaped hollow casting, with a control-cock in the centre. The petrol-supply is connected up to one arm of the cross, and the carburettor to the other, while the paraffin-supply enters at the top. The lower part, which is fitted with a tap, serves as a drain, whereby the carburettor can be cleared of either fuel as desired. The handle of the control-cock is connected by Bowden wire to a sector set on the steering-pillar. This sector is provided with a small adjustable lever and a graduated scale. As the engine, started up on petrol, warms to its work, the paraffin-supply can be gradually admitted by slowly moving the adjustable lever, the movement continuing until the supply has been raised to the maximum which the engine will take. A few minutes' experience suffices to enable the motorist to determine this factor, and, once it is determined, it is a simple and rapid operation to feed the engine in the most economical manner, and to reserve the petrol for starting purposes. Provision is also made whereby the fuel, if desired, may be completely shut off by a definite movement of the lever, the engine then being only able to draw in air, which cools it down, saves fuel, and exercises a more efficient braking effect. This device is not merely experimental in character. It has been employed in the United States, where the motor-fuel problem is just as acute as in this country, for many months past, and has proved eminently successful.

A NOVEL TROUSERS STRETCHER AND CREASER.

The well-defined crease being recognised as 'the mode' in connection with masculine nether garments, interest may well be taken in a recent ingenious device to ensure the dictates of fashion being observed, especially among those who are compelled to travel extensively. The new stretcher and creaser is essentially portable, for when packed it occupies a space measuring twenty-one and a half inches long, three inches wide, and two inches deep, thus permitting it to be slipped into the popular suit-case; while it weighs only twenty ounces. It belongs to the skeleton type of presses. Front and back creases are produced, while transverse pieces at each end of the side sections provide the means for stretching the garment. Its portability has caused it to meet with wide appreciation among

officers, who find the usual form of press too bulky, cumbersome, and heavy for inclusion in their kit. When fixed with the garment in position, the press may be hung up in the wardrobe or upon a hook.

FERTILISER FROM TOBACCO-ASH.

In a recent instalment of the 'Month' we dwelt upon the fertilising value of banana-stalks due to the proportion of phosphate contained in the ash resulting from incineration. Another chemical experimenter, Mr B. A. Burrell, F.I.C., has recently drawn attention to the value for fertilising purposes of tobacco-ash, which is also rich in this constituent. According to his investigations, the amount of potash contained in the ash from a pipe, cigar, or cigarette is 6 per cent. of the original weight of the tobacco. He points out that at present this valuable soil-feeding material is completely wasted, and emphasises the urgent necessity of husbanding all our resources of this description, because kainite, which in pre-war days was sold at forty-seven shillings and sixpence per ton, rose rapidly in price after the source of supply—Germany—was cut off, and to-day is absolutely unobtainable. He suggests that we should complete an organisation to avoid the present enormous waste. With a little combined effort the ash and odds and ends of unburnt tobacco could be collected from the smoke-rooms of clubs, restaurants, and other institutions. This refuse would command a sufficient price to defray the cost of collection, while the manufacturing chemist or artificial manure-maker would find the task of preparing the fertiliser highly lucrative. According to this authority, our total annual consumption of tobacco amounts to forty-four thousand five hundred and twenty-nine tons, from which might be obtained two thousand six hundred and seventy-two tons of potash. As kainite contains only $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of potash, the lost tobacco-ash is thus the equivalent of twenty-one thousand three hundred and seventy-six tons of kainite, which at the pre-war price would represent fifty-one thousand pounds in value. To-day the value of this yield would be nearer one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Tobacco-ash also contains, to the extent of about 5 per cent., another valuable fertilising ingredient—namely, phosphoric acid. From tests which Mr Burrell made in connection with the systematic collection of the waste, the following results were recorded. From the smoke-room of a club nearly ten ounces of ash and unburnt tobacco were obtained during eight days; four days' collection from the lounge of a fashionable hotel weighed thirteen ounces; forty ounces were secured from a large restaurant during ten days; while the yield from one-tenth part of a music-hall at one performance weighed four ounces. When one recalls that this waste is taking place throughout the country every day, one may easily realise that, if only we were

sufficiently far-seeing and industrious, we might be able to establish upon a firm footing a very prosperous industry. Indeed, in combination with the systematic collection and scientific treatment of vegetable residue, we might be able to render ourselves independent of the Teutonic sources upon which we shall have to fall back after the war, unless we help ourselves in the meantime. We have not yet realised the incontrovertible fact that Germany achieved such an advanced stage of prosperity partly because she mastered the problem of the scientific disposal and treatment of waste.

AGRICULTURAL ENGINEERING.

In the course of the recent annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, an interesting announcement was made by Sir Sydney Olivier, the Permanent Secretary to the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, to the effect that the Government had decided upon a new and far-reaching movement in the interests of agriculture. This is the establishment of agricultural engineering institutions throughout the country to facilitate the dissemination of the best advice on engineering in its relation to farming. This country's agricultural progress has been seriously handicapped by the absence of definite information relating to the best forms of engineering so far as it affects the farmer. Individual experiment is necessarily too costly to be prosecuted except in rare instances, the result being that the man on the land has been blundering from ignorance; whereas, had the necessary technical assistance been forthcoming, he might have been able to get more out of his land. The collection of definite knowledge concerning local soils, animals, plants, and other cognate factors would enable us both to extend the area of the land under cultivation and to increase the yield per acre. During the past twenty years the migration from the land to the cities has constituted one of our gravest dangers. Far more real wealth is to be won from the scientific exploitation of the land than is to be derived from manufacturing industry. But there has been a lack of Government assistance in the dissemination of rural information. If the problem is attacked in grim earnest and along the right lines the land will be invested with a revived glamour, and we may confidently expect a welcome growth of the race of keen, healthy, and industrious yeomen for which these islands have ever been famous. Other countries have developed this range of activity to a high standard of perfection. Experimental agricultural stations are to be found here, there, and everywhere. They ungrudgingly extend every assistance to the farmer, unravel any problems which he presents to them—in short, exercise every legitimate influence to encourage him to exploit the soil to the utmost advantage, thereby rendering agriculture one of

the most attractive and profitable fields in the whole range of human endeavour.

NOVEL USE OF THE PERISCOPE.

Although the periscope has become familiar to the general community chiefly from its association with submarine and trench warfare, it has been put to a distinctly novel and beneficial use in a wholly peaceful pursuit. One of the railways serving the city of Chicago has a sharp and dangerous curve, of which, until the recent completion of a huge building, the signalman had a clear and uninterrupted view. The obstruction caused by the building rendered the signal-box apparently useless, and its removal was being contemplated, when the engineers determined to make a novel experiment with a view to avoiding this expense. They built a large periscope, twelve feet in height, extending upward from the roof of the cabin. In this way it was found possible to peep over the intervening building. The eyepiece is placed conveniently near to the signal-operating mechanism, and as the picture is produced upon a large scale the signalman has a clear and unobstructed view of the approaching trains during their negotiation of the curve. By this simple expedient several hundred pounds were saved, while the signalman experiences no more difficulty in performing his work than he did before the offending building came into existence.

A POCKET HISTORY OF OUR REGIMENTS.

In these strenuous war-days of universal newspaper reading most people feel the need of a handy record of facts regarding the founding, history, and services of our gallant regiments. Every family in the land is more or less interested in our brave defenders, and nothing could be handier, or more to the purpose, than *A Pocket History of the Regiments* (Oliver & Boyd), which has been prepared by Lieutenant Charles Lamb, Adjutant, Scottish Command, School of Instruction for N.C.O.'s. A practical soldier himself, in the regular army, Mr Lamb has gone to the best authorities for his facts about our various gallant regiments, and the 'honours' are reproduced by permission from the *Army List*. The Army Flying Corps has first mention, and receives due credit for its daily deeds of bravery, phenomenal progress, and unparalleled services to the army at the front. Next in order we have the Cavalry, beginning with the First Life Guards, followed by Artillery, Royal Engineers, Foot Guards, Infantry, and the Army Service Corps. Of the R.A.M.C., Mr Lamb justly says we owe much to these brave, indefatigable men who have tended our soldiers in peace and war so creditably, 'and in the struggle now raging the admirable organisation of the service and the skill of the surgeons and assistants are recognised and appreciated by all.' A timely and useful little book.

THE ORIGIN OF THE KHAKI APRON.

Of the thousands of gallant soldiers who have worn the khaki apron over the kilt, and of the millions of people who have seen it worn, probably few know the story of its origin. It will, we are sure, interest our readers to learn that the inventor of this device was one of themselves, for the originator of the idea, Lieutenant-Colonel Gostwyck Gostwyck, late 91st Argyllshire Highlanders, has been a subscriber to *Chambers's Journal* for forty years. During the early stages of the Boer war, the exceedingly great 'visibility' of the sporrans and tassels of the kilted Highland regiments was responsible for many casualties, and it was to obviate this danger that Lieutenant-Colonel Gostwyck Gostwyck, in a letter to the *Inverness Courier*, dated 5th November 1899, suggested the apron. Five days later he forwarded his suggestion to Lord Lansdowne, then Secretary of State for War; and on the following day he was informed that Lord Lansdowne had submitted the proposal to the military authorities, with the result that the apron had been adopted for immediate use, and a telegram to that effect had been despatched to South Africa. Fifteen days later the Black Watch were wearing the apron at Naauwpoort. That this device has been the means of preventing the loss of many valuable lives is shown by the testimony borne by a colonel commanding in the Boer war. 'Your idea of the khaki apron,' he writes to the inventor, 'must have saved thousands of lives. I remember in South Africa what a regular "bull's-eye" the sporrans made, and how when the apron was taken into wear the effect was immediate.'

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

WITHHOLD YOUR HEART.

YIELD me your lips, that I may kiss them gently;
Withhold your heart, lest I its trust should slay.
Short-lived is love, like violets in April
That die in May.

Love if we will; but dream not love is constant,
Lest when we wake the truth should bring distress.
Waves of the sea that increase in a moment
Decrease in less.

G. H. BROWNING.

. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

JANET ARMSTRONG.

By JOSEPH LAING WAUGH, Author of *Betty Grier*, *Robbie Doo*, *Thornhill* and its *Worthies*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

'AY, Mr Crosbie, you're a young man, an' it's no to be expectit that ye can see eye to eye wi' me, for I'm mairchin' eighty; but, tak' my word for it, efter a's said an' dune, it's the simple common things in this world that coont. Dootless, noo, you're thinkin' that my green kail an' savoy cabbage are no in it wi' Daniel Hotson's coddled flooer-hoose plants—his waxy cameelias an' his dooble fuchsias. Mebbe they're no. But, dod, sir, juist because o' them my broth-pot will be a richer yin than his when winter's snaws cover the yairds, when wark's scarce, an' anxious faithers pu' their middle strap a hole tichter. No that I despise the bonny flooers—God bless the denty gems! He kens I love them, an' everything in His gairden is worthy o' oor care an' keepin'; but Daniel pits his nose in the air when he looks ower the dike to my vegetables, coontin' them, as it were, aneath his notice, an' forgettin', puir man, that the clesp o' a chacket haun' can sometimes convey an unco warm welcome, an' that it's the drink o' common cauld watter, an' no the wine o' richest vintage, that steadies the he'rt in it's dyin' throb. Ay, sir, there are lots o' life's lessons ye canna learn frae books, but only frae experience.'

Many years have come and gone since that September afternoon when I sat with old Robert Douglas in his Shinnel garden. But his words, and the trend of his philosophisings, I always remember; and time and experience have in the main proved them true. He it was who first turned my thoughts to the ordinary and unassuming, and directed my steps into the unfrequented byways, where are the common oddments—the harebell, the speedwell, the trefoil, and the eyebright—of little account to the careless, and unworthy of admiration, but to the loving and observant veritable jewels of God's own fashioning, resting on the perfect setting of Nature's kindly bosom.

Thus it is that 'the modest daisy on the lea' is to me a consolation and a sermon, and the pink-and-white briar rose festooning the tangled bank of more account than the Gloire de Dijon which, even as I write, is proudly nodding to me in the autumn sunshine from the trellis round my study window.

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And thus also it comes about that I am writing of Janet Armstrong, my housekeeper, when I might be chronicling the sayings and doings of Sir Somebody This and Lady That, or other notable members of my congregation—all worthy enough people, without whom, I dare say, my subscription lists in particular and Edinburgh society in general would be poor indeed. But to me—and I say this with due deference—these people are the tended, cultivated plants of Daniel Hotson's rearing, while Janet Armstrong stands for all I appreciate in Robert Douglas's common plot, for the neglected ragged robin and woodruff wasting their sweetness and blushing unseen 'mong the wayside grasses.

Janet and I are old friends. She was maid at Carfrae House, where, as a guest of my aunt Margaret, I spent many a pleasant school holiday. And as the friend in need she was the friend indeed, for many a time and oft did she surreptitiously hand to me the 'jeely piece' which took the keen edge off the appetite the bracing Lammermoor air had whetted. 'Hide it in your pooch, Davie,' she used to say. 'Ye maunna squeeze it hard, or the jeely'll slitter oot; dinna let it bulge; an' for guidness' sake steer clear o' the mistress, for she disna believe in giein' bairns by-bites. Eat it, like a wee man, in the byre, in the faur-away stall; ye'll be quite safe there.'

My word, those *were* sweet tit-bits. I often think of them; and even yet, when a cow turns its big liquid eyes upon me, those early Carfrae House days come back to me, and I see a big brown-and-white Ayrshire in a roof-lit stall which mooded low and mournfully as I ate, as if she, too, grudged every mouthful of the soda-scone and gooseberry-jam I was hurriedly munching.

It was Janet, too, who one day lent me the key of the garden gate and directed me to where the largest gooseberries grew. That same evening she rendered me first-aid, telling me 'no to yell sae lood, or the mistress'll hear,' and assuring me that the cold-water cloths she was applying to my back and the piping-hot poultice she was placing on my stomach would soon allay the pain; for, as she put it, 'the cauld yin'll push an' the het yin'll pu'.'

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NOVEMBER 4, 1916.

Later, when at college, I remember the box which at regular intervals reached my humble lodgings from Carfrae House. That it was sent at my aunt's direction I knew, but it was at Janet's instigation; and often did I bless her name when I was unrolling fresh 'gouey' butter from between green cabbage-leaves, new-laid eggs from carefully selected pages of the *Christian Age*, and soda-scones pinned in a spotlessly white face-towel—which, by the way, I was always instructed not to return with the empty box, as 'toon's towels were unfeel and often unco scrimpit.'

And when, for the first time as an ordained minister, dressed in the orthodox habiliments, and doubtless wearing the set-apart, superior smile which the young cloth sometimes affect, I visited Carfrae House, it was Janet who brought me to earth. 'Davie, my man,' she said with her kindly hand on my shoulder, 'away up the stair an' tak' aff that collar. I wonder ye've the cheek to wear it. Whae gied the Glenburnie jeuks loaf-bread soaked in whisky, an' lauched at the puir, staggerin', waddlin' sows till his nose bled? Whae pit a slate on the lum-tap o' Bogha' kitchen, an' nearly kippered the wricht's bedridden mither-in-law? An' whae, micht I ask, put souter's rosset on the seat in the precentor's box in Jinglekirk, an' was the first to lauch when the puir man couldna get up to lead the praise o' the Lord in the openin' psalm? Wi' thae claes an' that collar on ye'll dootless no can tell me. Weel, weel, I could. But never mind. When my e'e gets used wi' ye ye're a' in keepin', so keep your collar on, an' away ben the hoose an' see your auntie, for, puir body, she canna rise to see you noo.'

Janet was woman-muckle, as they say locally, when I was a schoolboy on holiday at Carfrae House. Her father and mother, though long settled on the Glenburnie hirsell, were Liddesdale folks, with the strong, agile, supple frame of the Armstrongs, and the keen, calculating wit and independent nature of the old Border rievvers of that name. And she inherited all her parents' characteristics. These traits I became acquainted with later; but, young as I then was, I was not blind to her stature, her strength, and her suppleness, and I used to think that Janet, in her height and easy swinging gait, and with long, white bib-apron, was a figure more impressive and commanding than that of my tiny, austere aunt in her lace collarette and best satin gown. I often thought it strange, too, that she wasn't married and mistress of a house of her own. On one occasion I broached the subject to my aunt, and with boyish inquisitiveness asked why. 'Hoots, Davie!' she said, 'Janet knows when she's well off and in a guid, comfortable hame. Mair than that, she's not one o' the marrying kind.'

My aunt's explanation was accepted without question, and I dismissed, as unreal, dimly defined

memories of my first visit to Carfrae House—memories of Janet and a fair-haired young man sitting very close together on the long kitchen settle, and of two tall figures, one very much like my aunt's maid, sheltering from the rain under a black-and-white checked plaid in a nook on Soonhope Burn.

With my aunt's death there was a snapping of the only link which bound me to Lauderdale. For over a year afterwards I lost sight of Janet, and it wasn't till after I had been settled in Shinnel that she was again brought to my ken.

One afternoon in late October, Tom Reid, the Moniaive carrier, with much 'chickin' and 'whoain', backed his lorry into the manse courtyard. And there, seated on a kenspeckle kitchen settle, surrounded by grocery-boxes andorra parcels, and with an eight-day clock lying cross-wise on the vehicle, was Janet Armstrong.

I saw her from my study window, and suddenly summoned memories of other days warmed my heart and gave wings to my feet to welcome her. But before I got outside with a kitchen chair to make easy her descent she was standing on *terra-firma*, with one hand behind her clenching her purse, and with the other gesticulating in front of Tom Reid in an argy-bargy over the amount of his charge.

'But it's no the wecht o' the settle an' the clock, my woman,' I heard Tom say; 'it's the room they've taen up, an'—an'—weel, I've cairted you an' them for the feck o' seven miles, ye maun mind.'

'But I sat on the settle,' Janet chimed in; 'an', mair than that, I jamp off an' walked up a' the braes.'

'Weel, I'm no chairgin' a fare for you,' snapped Tom.

'Hoo d'ye mak' it five-an'-six, then? Bless me! fower shillin's, or fower-an'-six at the maist'—

Janet's back was towards me; the carrier was facing me, and, looking past her, he caught my eye. I signed acquiescence, and Tom at once understood.

'Weel, weel, fower-an'-six be it; but, by my faith, my woman! I needna advise you no to sell your hens on a rainy day. Ay, ye ken that withoot me tellin' ye, I'm thinkin', he added *sotto voce*, as he dropped the coins with a jingle into his long corduroy purse.

With the happy smile of triumph still on her face, she turned and saw me. Without a word we shook hands, and it wasn't till after the two cumbersome pieces of furniture were safely deposited in the kitchen that she explained to me the reason of her visit.

'They were baith left to me in your aunt's will,' she said, looking from the long settle to the upstanding 'knock,' 'so I can dispose o' them juist as I think fit. Efter the burial I took them up to my faither's at Glenburnie; but the kitchen flae was ower thrang for the yin,

an' the ceilin' ower laigh for the ither; so, efter keepin' them a' thae months in an outhouse, I made up my mind to bring them to you. You're the only manbody that I ken o' left o' the family name, so you've the best richt to them. In a way, I'm sorry to pairt wi' them, for I've listened to the chappin' o' that knock since I gaed, a lass o' thirteen, into your aunt's service; an' as for the settle—weel, there's yin that yince sat on it'— She hesitated for a moment, then rose from her chair and looked vacantly into the kitchen-garden.

In a flash my thoughts went back to that first visit to Carfrae House, and again I saw her and a fair-haired lad sitting side by side in the ingle-nook. The scene was real, then, and didn't exist in my imagination only. But I said not a word.

She continued looking through the window; then, after gently closing the back-kitchen door, where my young maid was at work, she came forward to me. 'Ye'll juist tak' them frae me in a present. I'll hardly ever need them for a hoose o' my ain; an'—that's a'—eh, Davie? But, mighty me! I maunna ca' ye by that name noo that ye're a placed minister an' in a manse o' your ain; an', by the same token, I'm positively dyin' for a cup o' manse-masket tea.'

I was new to the parish, the people around me were strangers, and the old manse, with its long, echoing lobbies and its low-ceilinged rooms, had still a lonesomeness and fremitness that often made my heart sore. But Janet's presence that night under my roof was as a whiff of bracing homeland air; the walls lost their bareness, the atmosphere its heaviness, and my study fire burned with an unwonted cheerful glow which radiated all around me. And of a surety her visit was a timely one, for domestically I was at the mercy of an inexperienced servant-lass sent me from Wanlockhead by the Moderator of our Presbytery. My housekeeper—whose services I had secured through a Dumfries registry—had been with me nearly a week, the last three days of which she had been abed with an indisposition to which she would give no name, and to combat which she would not allow me to call in a doctor. I was painfully conscious of the neglected, uncared-for appearance of the house, and I knew Janet's quick eye would take in at a glance every dusty corner, every untidy curtain hanging; so, before retiring for the

night, I unburdened my mind and told her how unfortunately I was placed.

As I expected, I found her most sympathetic and helpful.

'The young lassie in the kitchen's a' richt,' she said. 'She's mebbe young, but that's a fau't that's aye mendin'; an' she's wee, but she's a' the nearer her wark. An' she's licht o' foot an' quick i' the uptak', an' gin she's willin' an' honest she's the makin' o' a guid servant. As for your hoosekeeper, I'm surprised ye dinna ken what's wrang wi' her. Have ye been up to see her?'

'No,' I said; 'I didn't care to intrude. The girl has been our go-between.'

'Imphm! juist so. Weel, that same girl's the go-between your hoosekeeper an' the licensed grocer. I hadna been an' oor in the hoose till the bit lassie telt me a' about it, an' I'm glad you yoursel' broached the subject, for I wanted to tell ye, an' I didna like to interfere.'

My heart sank within me. 'Then, Janet, it is'—

'It is,' she promptly replied. 'Juist that, nae less. Imphm! a bad complaint in a man, but a waur yin in a woman; but I'll see ye through.'

She was as good as her word. Next morning, before I got downstairs to breakfast, my registry paragon was on her way to Thornhill station, and a wire had been despatched by Janet to Glenburnie for her box. The housekeeper's removal had been conducted with so much tact and secrecy that no scandal got abroad in the parish, and often in the subsequent quiet days which passed in the manse I thanked God for sending my old friend so opportunely to my Shinnel home.

I had it in my mind once or twice to ask her to take up the duties permanently; but, not knowing how she was placed, or what her prospects and arrangements were, I didn't do so. However, when her box arrived, and when from its size I argued it contained her all, my mind was relieved on this point. Not a word passed between us about any engagement or wages except when I was paying her at the end of the first month.

'It's faur ower much,' she said. 'I'm no worth the hauf o't; but if you're pleased, so am I. I like the hoose; it's easy throughgaun wark; an' then I can still listen to the auld knock chappin'. But, dearie me, what a terrible job I ha'e to keep frae ca'in' ye Davie!'

(Continued on page 786.)

THE APPROACH OF OLD AGE.

Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,
An eve untouched by shadows of decay.

WE may arrive at old age like a tortoise by the mere lapse of years; we may arrive at old age in spite even of a misspent life, though this is rare; but to become old wisely, honourably, and usefully, to be a guide-post

and not a danger-signal, should be our aim and hope.

We ought never to look on old age as necessarily a time of disease and decay, but rather as a time of peaceful rest; as a time when we can take stock of ourselves and of the world, and as a time for our experiences to bring forth

the fruits of knowledge and of wisdom ; but the attainment of this happy end must in a great measure depend on the life that we have led.

To prepare for old age throughout our whole life is a policy of perfection that one can hardly expect from busy, sanguine youth ; but still it should be their wisdom and to their interest to face the consequences of their life's actions and conduct.

This is a hard saying, but one that must be heard and be believed—namely, that for all the sins we commit, moral or physiological, for all the sins known or unknown, intentional or unintentional, nature will send in a bill, and a bill that sooner or later will have to be paid. A merciful God not seldom takes off a liberal discount, but—the bill comes in.

After all, it is not a very hard road that we are asked to travel. It is only to live soberly, purely, and honestly ; to do justice and mercy ; and to give to mankind our best, whether it be of bodily or of brain work and achievement ; and if we do these things we should, with God's help, live to a healthy old age, and find peace at the last. There are, of course, accidents and certain accidental illnesses in our lives that we can never guard against, such as the infectious diseases, the diseases brought on by unavoidable exposure to privations and chill, and the dread but so far unexplained cancer ; and there are certain diseased conditions that we may unfortunately inherit, but against which, nevertheless, we can make a good fight.

Leaving these out of the question, we may say with a fair amount of certainty that our health is our own, and that the diseases that may come on us as life advances are more or less our own fault, and are due to the breaking of physiological laws. In the great fight of life it may be our misfortune to be knocked out in the middle rounds ; but we must all strive and hope to fight to the end, to fulfil our destiny, and to leave a record of some good work behind us.

Habitual intemperance and the grosser sins of life are contraventions of the moral law, and they carry their story and fate for all to see. But what we should all try to learn and to follow are the laws of health that come into action in our daily life and employments, in our eating and in our drinking, in our exercise and in our rest ; we must learn to read these laws reasonably and to apply them to ourselves individually, for no régime can be applicable to all alike.

An amusing story is told of an American lady who came over to London to consult one of our diet specialists for chronic dyspepsia. He, without taking the trouble to hear her own personal experiences, and with more learning than wisdom, proceeded to lay down a very rigid rule of life. With characteristic and national smartness, she turned on him and said, 'Say, doc, are you running this stomach, or am I?'—a very just and

fair criticism, for we must certainly run our own stomachs. The air we breathe and the germs we inhale may be beyond our control, but our 'wittles and drink' belong to us alone.

I think that any fairly educated person should be able, without much difficulty and in a short time, to learn the primary physiological laws that govern our circulation, our respiration, and our digestion, and to apply them, as I have said before, to his own individual life. We should study what foods agree with us, and what cause indigestion ; what amount of exercise we can take without over-fatigue, and what amount of rest we need ; in short, what conduces to the best output of work and to our general well-being. A wise man, as he is getting on in life, will then, I think, consult his physician, and between them they should be able to devise a reasonable and successful rule of life. But, doctor or no doctor, we have got to work out our own salvation thoughtfully and on scientific lines.

There is an old Abernethian story, a chestnut probably, but *bien à propos*, that I cannot resist quoting. An old lady went to him and said, 'Dr Abernethy, I have such a pain in my shoulder when I do like this,' giving it a peculiar twist. 'Then why the deuce do you do it, ma'am?' was the characteristic answer. The plain moral of which is that, knowing the way of righteousness and continuing in our transgression, we must get what comfort we can from the kind and sympathetic words of the great physician.

Now, when we have worked out our own method of salvation with thoughtfulness and humility, we are too apt to try to work out our neighbour's salvation with pride and cocksureness, forgetting that what in ourselves may be a physiological virtue may be in him a physiological sin. This ambition to prescribe for our neighbour is very human and kind, but is often very embarrassing to both the neighbour and his doctor. A very dignified old clergyman once addressed a fussy lady who had been doctoring the poor of his parish, fortunately with very weak homœopathic medicines, but in serious cases with much loss of valuable time, thus : 'Madam, knowing no more of the human form than you do of the angelic, you yet presume to treat diseases of which you know nothing with remedies of which you know less.' A crush courteous but complete. The ready-made tablet, which we are all so fond of taking and giving, is a two-edged weapon, and is not a panacea for all ills.

I cannot refrain here from telling this story of Thomas Carlyle. I think it is true, for it was told to me by the lady to whom he presented the bottle. His old friend Sir Henry Taylor was ill, so Carlyle rode over on his old white horse to inquire for him. He sent for Miss Taylor to come to the door. There was Carlyle sitting on his horse, and he said, 'I am very sorry, my dear, to hear your father has been so

ill. I don't know what is the matter with him, but I have brought you over a bottle of medicine which has done Mrs Carlyle a great deal of good.' One hesitates to criticise the great philosopher, but one cannot help feeling that there is somewhere here a lapse from true philosophy. He appears to have been ignorant also of Russell Lowell's great primary law:

Thet saunce for goose
Ain't jest the juice for ganders.

But, to be serious again. Temperance in all things, and self-denial, must be the rules of our life, combined with an intimate knowledge of our own idiosyncrasies. Then, as age approaches, and as our energies show signs of failing, we must never let ourselves rust in mind or in body. The physical or bodily dangers of old age, nowadays, lie rather in the direction of over-activity. Elderly people can do a lot of really good work, but they must learn to do it quietly and slowly. 'The pace that kills' is a proverb that applies far more to old age than to youth. The thought has often struck me, during a long experience, what a number of elderly people there are who die, if I may use such an expression, unnecessarily—that is, before their vitality and strength are really exhausted, and before their work is done. Hearts that are able to meet efficiently all the ordinary demands of life are suddenly called upon to make some big effort of strength or of endurance, and the result is sudden death or permanent damage to that vital organ.

There are three things which old age must religiously avoid: hurry, excitement, and, last but not least, anger. Indignation we cannot help feeling often; but we must never let ourselves go in explosions of anger. If our hearts and arteries are not quite sound, heart failure or apoplexy may easily result. 'Be ye angry and sin not' has always seemed to me an unfortunate translation of St Paul's words to the Ephesians. It is really a repetition of the words in the Fourth Psalm, 'Stand in awe and sin not,' and of these words there can be no misinterpretation. To go a little more into detail, age with its lessened physical work needs less strong and stimulating food. The output of work should, in reasonable measure, regulate the intake of food. The neglect of this law is the source of most of the diseases and disorders of old age. We lessen our exercise and general activity, but we seldom deny ourselves the pleasures of the table; indeed, many try to whip up their failing energies with more stimulating food and drink. The stream of life, which is practically the stream of our arterial blood, should be kept moving quietly and regularly, and all the excretory organs of the body should be kept in good working order by moderate and gentle exercise, and by not giving them too much to do. These organs are the scavengers of our

complicated system, the removers of our dust-heaps and of our waste products, and are absolutely essential to life and well-being. When they are unable to carry out the work demanded of them disease and death are not far distant. To sum up, temperance must go hand in hand with knowledge, and self-denial with personal experience.

The mental disorders to which old people are most liable are selfishness, and—to use Jane Austen's happy alliteration—pride and prejudice. We take a pride in our own work and achievements which a strict valuation would hardly warrant, and which posterity would probably ignore; and this pride naturally leads on to the prejudging of the newer questions of the day, and so inevitably to a crystallisation of our ideas and faiths; and when this crystallising process is complete, where do we stand? We can still do work, and fair work, with our old tools, but unknown to ourselves we have joined the ranks of the 'men who were.' How can we improve on Cicero's words?—'We must stand up against old age, and make up for its drawbacks by taking pains. We must fight it as we should an illness. We must look after our health, use moderate exercise, take just enough food and drink to recruit but not to overload our strength. Nor is it the body alone that must be supported, but still more the intellect and the soul; for they are like lamps—unless you feed them with oil they too go out from old age.'

To revert to the first danger of old age, selfishness. This oftentimes creeps on us insidiously; our children spoil us, perhaps, and we unconsciously slip into the habit of thinking that the tit-bits of life belong to us as a right; or, living alone, we arrange our lives on a mildly luxurious plan, and then think ourselves very hardly used if circumstances break into the monotonous order of our comfortable existence.

'The true wisdom,' as Stevenson says, 'is to be always seasonable, and to change with a good grace in changing circumstances. To love playthings well as a child, to lead an adventurous and honourable youth, and to settle, when the time arrives, into a green and smiling age, is to be a good artist in life.' Think of these two pictures: old age crabbed and selfish, hating the noise of children and laughter, scorning all opinions but those of himself and of his contemporaries, and sinking into the grave unloved, with no faith in the inherent goodness of humanity, and with but little in his God. And the other picture, a lovable old face over which experience and humility, wisdom and unselfishness, strive for the mastery. Such an example is a living evidence to all that righteousness makes for happiness and peace.

The pride of old age is too often shown in our attitude towards youth. We often set an undue value on the wisdom that is supposed to come from years of experience, and we expect

youth to accept our valuation as a true one; whereas we old people have on the whole more to learn from the young than they from us. Our failures and disappointments have inevitably blunted the keen edge of our courage; while we are weighing chances and seeing all the obstacles, youth, with its fresher knowledge and blinder pluck, will often arrive.

'Let not him that girdeth on his armour boast himself as he that putteth it off;' and let not him that putteth off his armour boast of his wonderful past and of the great things he hath done, but rather let him help his sons and successors to put on better armour and to fight a better fight.

The *laudator temporis acti*, the man who says, 'The country, sir, is going to the dogs,' is generally a bore, and to be this is no longer the privilege of old age, though it is still one of its great temptations. The habitual bore has practically outlived his usefulness. He is like a long, dreary sermon, whose power for good is in inverse proportion to its length. To quote once more Stevenson's inimitable words: 'In short, if youth is not quite right in its opinions, there is a strong probability that age is not much more so. Undying hope is co-ruler of the human bosom with infallible credulity. A man finds he has been wrong at every preceding stage of his career, only to deduce the astonishing conclusion that he is at last entirely right.'

Let us, then, sink our selfishness and pride, and help on the succeeding race by encouragement, by advice very gently given, and by occasionally but very silently putting on the brakes; and let us never forget that, in the words of the Irish bull, 'their future is all in front of them, while ours, alas! is behind us.'

Now, as we cross that ill-defined boundary line that marks the advent of old age, we must not make ourselves miserable. Remorse we must have, most of us, for things done, and regrets, all of us, for things left undone, and for all those great ambitions and hopes that have gone astray; but the morbid analysis of the 'might have beens' leads nowhere and solves nothing.

Though we can no longer be in the fighting-line, we are still soldiers in the great army of the living. If we cannot ride with the guns or charge with the bayonets, we can still hold the fort, and by cheerfulness, endurance, and unselfishness can do much to help those who are fighting the great battle of life. Listen to Cicero once more, who puts these words into the mouth of Cato, then eighty years of age: 'My wisdom consists in the fact that I follow nature, the best of guides, as I would a god, and I am loyal to her commands. It is not likely, if she has written the rest of the play well, that she has been careless about the last act, like some idle poet. For after all some last was inevitable, just as to the berries of a tree and to the fruits of the earth there cometh

in the fullness of time a period of decay and fall. A wise man will not make a grievance of this. To rebel against nature, is not that to fight like the giants against the gods?'

That was written two thousand years ago, and I hope my readers, if such there be, will pardon me for quoting Robert Louis Stevenson again, that great and kindly philosopher of our own time, who, though he died young, seemed to have grasped the prophetic vision of all ages: 'Indeed, by the report of our elders, this nervous preparation for old age is only trouble thrown away. We fall on guard, and after all, it is a friend who comes to meet us. After the sun is down, and the west faded, the heavens begin to fill with shining stars. So, as we grow old, a sort of equable jog-trot of feeling is substituted for the violent ups and downs of passion and disgust. The same influence that restrains our hopes quiets our apprehensions; if the pleasures are less intense, the troubles are milder and more tolerable; and, in a word, this period for which we are asked to hoard up everything, as for a time of famine, is in its own right the richest, easiest, and happiest time of life.'

Let these cheering words of these two great philosophers help us to march bravely and cheerfully on, and to use for ourselves and for others the very best that remains to us of life and work.

To some of us may come that great trial, the loss of sight or of hearing, losses which seem to cut us off, to a great extent, from the joy and intercourse of life, and which, to some extent, paralyse our usefulness; but even then we must fight on and train the remaining senses to compensate for what is lost. As a comfort to these I must quote the prayer from Whittier's beautiful poem 'My Birthday':

And if the eye must fail of light,
The ear forget to hear,
Make clearer still the spirit's sight,
More fine the inward ear.

Be near me in each hour of need,
To soothe, or cheer, or warn,
And down these slopes of sunset lead
As up the hills of morn.

When, for each one of us, the sun begins to set, and the long day closes; when the fear of death—that phantom born of faithlessness and doubt—stands over us, we must steadfastly look through him and beyond him to the Better Land and to the Light that never fails; for this is not our home. Let us have no dread of the so-called pains of death. They are a chimera. Death comes kindly and gently in unconsciousness, in coma, or in sudden failure of the heart. During the last three centuries in Britain and America the outlook on the future life has been to very many coloured by the teaching and doctrines of Calvin. I doubt if two good men ever, unconsciously of course, did more to blur the true idea of God as an all-loving Father

then did Calvin and John Knox. The aspect of religion they presented has now, thank God, nearly died out, but it has left on many minds an indelible mark. To those of us who were brought up in this stern sub-section of the Christian religion, to those who for fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage, emancipation has been very difficult. But, looked at honestly and squarely, this fear of death implies a great want of trust in our God.

Compare these harsh Calvinistic beliefs with the happier faith of Dante, who says: 'In this age the noble soul tenders itself unto God, and awaits the end of this life with much desire; and to itself it seems that it goes out from the inn to return home to the Father's mansion; to itself it seems to have come to the end of a long journey, and to have reached the city; to itself it seems to have crossed the wide sea and to have returned into the port.'

Finally, I would humbly say this. If the old Greek philosopher could look on death as his last and best friend, if the Buddhist can calmly wait for it, and if the Mohammedan can fearlessly welcome it, surely to the Christian death should be the apotheosis of his existence, the *Janua Vitæ*, the very gateway into knowledge and eternal life. Listen to Whittier again:

Far off, and faint as echoes of a dream,
The songs of boyhood seem;
Yet on our autumn boughs, unflown with spring,
The evening thrushes sing.

The hour draws near, howe'er delayed and late,
When at the eternal gate
We leave the words and works we call our own,
And lift void hands alone.

For love to fill, our nakedness of soul
Brings to that gate no toll;
Giftless we come to Him who all things gives,
And live because He lives.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

A REALISTIC STORY OF THE INNER LIFE OF THE ROYAL NAVY.

By TAFFRAIL, Author of *The Bad Hat*, *The Decoy*, *An Eye for an Eye*, &c.

CHAPTER XVI.—MINOR INCIDENTS.

I.

[The reader is cautioned against accepting this story as an official narrative of the great war. The incidents described have actually happened; but, for obvious reasons, it has been necessary to give them fictitious colouring.]

'SIGNAL just come through, sir,' said Rosser, the signalman, thumping on the door of Wooten's cabin at half-past one in the morning.

The skipper grunted, sat up, switched on the light, and blinked. He was used to sudden calls and excursions in the middle of the night, and knew instinctively from the tone of the man's voice that the message was urgent.

'Read it out,' he sighed, throwing one leg out of the bunk.

'*Menelaus, Monsoon, Mariner, and Minx* raise steam, and report when ready to proceed.'

'I thought so. What's the weather?'

'Very dark, and blowing a bit, sir,' said Rosser cheerfully, the moisture from his dripping oilskins forming a nice little puddle on the skipper's carpet. 'It's been raining hard this last half-hour.'

Wooten groaned. 'Right! Tell all the officers, and ask Mr Thompson to let me know how soon he'll be ready. And on your way forward tell Spry I want him.'

Spry, able seaman, was the captain's body-servant and general factotum.

Wooten threw open the small scuttle over his bunk and looked out. It was as black as pitch, the wind whistled and moaned mournfully, and a wave of moisture smote him in the face. It

would be a wild and wet night at sea. Altogether a depressing night, there was not the least doubt about that. 'Ugh!' he grunted, slamming the scuttle to and drawing the bed-clothes up to his chin.

Enter Spry.

'Usual sea-gear,' his master murmured.

The man nodded. He knew exactly what was wanted.

'We're in for a dusting, Spry.'

'We are that, sir. Will you 'ave your blue muffler or the white one?'

'The blue one, and the clean sweater.'

'You can't 'ave 'im, sir,' said the bluejacket, busy opening drawers and cupboards and pulling out clothes like a juggler. 'E's at the wash.'

'At the wash?'

'Yessir; and so's most of our flannel shirts and stiff collars. If we're to be away long I'll 'ave to wash some shirts out, and you'll 'ave to wear them soft collars of yours.' Spry was always a pessimist in the small hours of the morning. 'Is there anything else you'll be wanting, sir?'

'No, thanks. Nothing bar the cocoa.'

Spry took a vacuum flask from a cupboard, and left the cabin to fill it. This also was a matter of routine; for cocoa, a cushion, and a rug were always put in the charthouse every night for Wooten's use when the ship was at sea.

The skipper clambered out of his bunk, lit a

pipe, and dressed. This operation took him quite ten minutes. First came his ordinary garments, and a heavy woollen sweater and blue muffler; then a pair of thick socks; next a pair of fisherman's white woollen stockings worn over his trousers and reaching well above his knees; over them, a pair of rubber sea-boots. Next a uniform jacket, a lammy coat, another muffler, and an oilskin on top of everything. It was wet, and the weather was cold, and Wooten did not intend to be chilled through to the marrow if he could help it. His apparel was completed by a sou'-wester and a pair of glasses slung round his neck; and, thus arrayed, he clambered slowly up the ladder and waddled forward along the deck to the charthouse. It was too dark, and he was too bloated, to proceed briskly.

Hargreaves, the sub., yawning his head off, was already up there sorting out his charts.

'Morning, sir. D'you know where we're going?'

'Haven't the vaguest notion. The *Menelaus* is the boss, and will get the orders. She may tell us when we get outside.'

'How long are we likely to be away?'

'Don't know. Last time we left in a hurry we didn't come back for a fortnight. The time before, we were away for six weeks.'

'What'—

'If you ask me any more questions I shall be peevish,' Wooten interrupted. 'It's high time you knew that I'm not fit for polite conversation at this unholy hour of the morning.'

'Sorry, sir. I forgot.'

Half-an-hour afterwards, by which time steam had been raised, and the fact had been reported, Wooten climbed the ladder on to the bridge.

'Signal for destroyers to slip, sir,' came from Rosser a minute or two later, as a lamp winked frenziedly in and out in the darkness about a mile away. 'Form single line ahead; speed ten knots.'

'Let go forward!' went the order to the first lieutenant on the fore-castle.

There came the splash of the end of the wire as it fell into the water, and a moment later a hail from MacDonald. 'All gone, sir!'

'Half ahead port. Half astern starboard. Helm hard aport.'

The engine-room reply-gongs clanged, and the *Mariner* began to turn on her heel.

'Slow astern starboard—Stop starboard—Half ahead both—one-eighty revolutions,' in succession. 'Helm amidships. Steady!'

The four destroyers, falling into line astern of each other, groped their way down the congested harbour like wraiths in the night. Wooten glanced at the dark shapes of the other ships as they slid by. 'Lucky dogs!' he murmured. 'You've got a lie in. I envy you. This is not a night for poor old Peter to be at sea.'

He was right. By the time they reached the

entrance the rain was coming down in sheets, and the wind had increased. Then the bows lifted to the first swell, and a dollop of spray flew over them, and rattled against the bridge-screens.

'It's going to be wet,' Hargreaves observed glumly, securing the top button of his oilskin.

'It is,' the skipper agreed; 'damned wet!'

In ten minutes, by which time they were clear of the harbour, and speed had been increased to eighteen knots, the ship was prancing and curveting like a frisky pony, and the spray was flying over in sheets. Five minutes later the seas were coming in green over the upper deck.

'Oh hell!' the captain grouched, stowing away his useless pipe after vainly endeavouring to relight its sodden contents; 'this is the limit!—Look out, sub.,' he added, glancing at the next ship ahead, whose dim shadow danced through a welter of spray a cable and a half in front. 'Shove her on a bit. You're astern of station, and dropping fast. Lord!' he added, 'I wish I knew where we're off to.'

His prayer was not answered until daylight, by which time they were far to the southward, and the *Menelaus* informed them of their destination. They were going to the warmest spot most of them had ever known, though they were not aware of it at the time. Warmth can come from the Huns as well as from the sun.

II.

The intermittent rumble of heavy guns had sounded continuously all through the night, and with the approach of dawn and the commencement of the usual 'early morning hate,' the intensity of the dull reverberations increased. The *Mariner* and her consorts were within about twelve miles of the spot where the long line of opposing trenches debouched into the North Sea; but even at this distance they could see the brilliant illumination caused by the star-shell as they burst. The dark-blue sky above the horizon to the south-east was never free of them.

'Lor!' said Billings in an awed whisper, watching the blue-white flashes as they burst suddenly out in the air, hung for a moment, and then waned slowly away, to be replaced by others; 'some poor blokes ain't arf gittin' it in the neck!'

There was a romance and an interest about the spectacle which it is rather difficult to define. For one thing, it was the closest they had ever been to the front; but here, on board the ship, everything was going on in the same old way, and the men went about their business as usual. But there, a bare twelve miles off, the deep-throated murmur of the guns showed that men were striving to kill each other, while the star-shell must have been flooding the closely packed trenches with unwelcome light. It seemed a little difficult to realise it, somehow.

The morning was cloudless and calm. The light increased, and as the sun neared the horizon a band of pale rose-madder and dull orange slowly began to encroach on the dark blue of the upper sky to the eastward. Before long they could see the hostile coast itself as a thin, blue-gray streak punctuated here and there by the spires and houses of the coast towns, magnified out of all proportion by the deceptive light. Hanging in the air, and all but invisible to the naked eye, was the bloated, caterpillar-shape of a German observation balloon. It looked ominous and menacing, and the Hun in the basket suspended beneath it was evidently going aloft to see whom his guns might devour for breakfast. The coast was reputed to bristle with weapons, some of them of prodigious range, and the men in the destroyer hoped fervently that they might not be victims of his wrath.

Then, quite suddenly, the dull blue above the broadening band of colour began to twinkle and sparkle with little spurts and splashes of bright yellow flame. They did not appear in ones, twos, or threes, but in batches of twenty or thirty at a time. The rumbling of the guns started afresh, for the flashes were the bursts of the enemy's anti-aircraft shell, fired at a swarm of allied aeroplanes making an early morning bombing attack; and, from the look of things, somebody was getting a tolerably hot time. More killing! It was rather like watching a gladiatorial combat in the arena; but it was a fine sight, and the 'Mariners' would not have missed it for worlds.

Presently, when the rosy light of the dawn had mounted up into space, the thudding of the distant guns ceased. The attack was over, and the bombs had evidently been dropped; but the clear sky over the shore was still flecked and stained with hundreds of smoke-puffs slowly dissolving on the gentle breeze. They showed blue and purple against the vivid contrasting colour beyond.

Air raids, and their subsequent reprisals, were a speciality of this locality. They took place nearly every morning and evening the *Mariner* was there; and as the visiting machines had a comparatively short distance to travel before reaching their objective, they were carried out by too many aeroplanes, and with too great a frequency, to be pleasant.

In the French town within reach of the aerial Hun business went on as usual; but at the first wailing of the warning hooter the inhabitants bolted to earth like rabbits to their burrow. Every house which possessed a cellar showed a small red flag over the doorway, and any one who cared to claim admittance was given shelter. Trams stopped and disgorged their living freights. Adipose tram conductors, elderly women dragging frightened children, ancient male civilians, *poilus* in their slate-blue uniforms, any one and every one, made a bee-line for the nearest symbol of a

cellar and safety. It was a wise precaution which must have saved many lives; for, though the Hun may be given the credit of only wishing to damage places of 'military importance,' and to kill members of 'the armed forces of the enemy,' his bombs, as often as not, were liberally sprinkled upon the residential and commercial portions of the town. Added to this, every anti-aircraft gun in the neighbourhood—and there were many of them—sent its shell hurtling skywards to drive the invaders away. The bits had to fall somewhere; and if a jagged morsel of steel weighing one ounce falls on the head of a human being from a height, say, of ten thousand feet, there is nothing for it but a funeral and mourners. So it is wise to keep indoors in any case, wiser still to repair to somebody else's cellar if you do not possess one of your own.

But after the raids, when the inhabitants emerged from their burrows, the small boys and girls collected splinters and sold them as mementoes. The trade was very brisk, and prices sometimes ran high. Bomb fragments—and one could not help suspecting that many of these were manufactured at home in the quiet intervals—commanded fabulous sums. I still treasure a fleeting vision of a British army captain in khaki, flourishing five-franc notes, pursuing a sky-blue *poilu* down the street in the midst of an air raid. The Frenchman hugged to his bosom the dangerous remains of an aeroplane bomb, a wicked-looking affair painted bright yellow, and filled with some devilish compound guaranteed to kill or to cure. The Englishman wanted it badly, and, being the faster of the two, eventually overtook his quarry, and obtained the relic for fifteen francs. What he did with it I cannot say. One can hardly think that it was received with gratitude by his loving parents, or that it occupied the niche of honour in the hall of his rich but nervous aunt.

But whatever we may have said about bombing attacks at sea, air raids on a town are not the least bit amusing until afterwards. The whistle of a descending bomb is the most uncanny and unpleasant sound it is possible to imagine, far and away nastier than the howling and screeching of a passing shell. Moreover, in an air raid on a town the visitors can hardly fail to hit some one or something, and it may possibly be us.

III.

'The Secretary of the Admiralty announces that an action took place yesterday afternoon between British and German destroyers. The enemy suffered considerable damage, and were forced to retire. Our casualties were insignificant.'—*Daily Press*.

It is rather galling to find one of the most eventful and crowded hours of one's existence disposed of in four lines of cold print, not even the name of a ship mentioned!

It made the ship's company of the *Mariner*

feel very small and insignificant, and the puffed-up, proud sort of feeling they had when they came out of their first real action oozed from them like gas from a punctured Zeppelin.

Sailors are peculiar animals. They long to frustrate and confound the Hun—that goes without saying; but, having done their best in this direction, they are equally desirous that their friends and relations shall be aware of the fact. Most of the men expected at least to see the *Mariner's* name in the newspapers. A good many of them, though they would not have admitted it, would have been highly flattered had their likenesses appeared in the *Morning Mirror*. 'A naval hero who has been doing his bit' would have sounded well as a superscription, though perhaps a trifle fulsome; while further photographs of the 'naval hero's' wife and family, his father and mother, the schoolmaster who had taught him, and the public-house which he sometimes patronised would also have been suitable to the occasion. But unfortunately the newspapers took no notice of the affair; and, since the censorship of naval news was strict, they probably never even realised that such a ship as the *Mariner* existed. It was a pity, for, from the point of view of the men and their friends, anything and everything which appeared in the Press must, of necessity, be a fact. If a man went home and said he had been in an action which had never publicly been announced, it was possible that his immediate neighbours might believe what he said. It was more than probable, however, that 50 per cent. of outsiders would treat his story *cum grano salis*, and think that he had exaggerated. Corroborative evidence is always useful.

To Pincher Martin the recollection of his first action at sea is still a vague and shadowy impression of mingled fact and fancy. He had kept the forenoon watch, and on going below at noon had consumed his usual midday meal with great relish. Then, with a satisfied feeling of repletion, he stretched himself at full length on a hard and very uncomfortable mess-stool, and went off to sleep. He was not the only one; but he had kept the middle night watch also, so there was some excuse for him.

Towards three o'clock he was suddenly brought back to his senses by the prolonged and irritating jangle of an electric alarm-bell. 'Gawd!' he murmured, sitting up with a start, and rubbing his sleepy eyes; 'wot's the buzz now?'

He was not long in finding out, for at that same moment Petty Officer Casey put his head down the hatch. 'Below there!' he howled cheerfully. 'Tumble up! Enemy in sight! General Quarters!'

His words were punctuated by the sound of men running along the upper deck and the rumble of a gun. The report was faint but unmistakable, and it did not come from the *Mariner*.

Followed by various of his messmates, Pincher darted for the hatch, clambered up the steep ladder, and ten seconds later appeared at his gun on the fore-castle breathless and inquisitive.

'Wot's up?' he queried, more by instinctive curiosity than because he really wanted the opinion of any one else.

'You stan' by to 'ump them projectiles!' grunted an A.B. 'This 'ere ain't the time to git askin' stoopid questions!'

Pincher obediently placed a lyddite shell in the loading-tray and waited.

Three British destroyers were in single line ahead, the fourth being away on some business best known to herself. The *Mariner* was the centre ship, and she quivered and shook to the thrust of her turbines; while, from the sensation of speed, and the great mass of white water heaped up under the stern of the next ahead, Pincher guessed they must be travelling at about thirty knots. Three or four miles away to port, rather difficult to see against the gray background of shore beyond, were the lean shapes of three other torpedo-craft. They also were steaming at high speed, and left a long white trail in the water astern of them, and seemed to be steering on approximately parallel course. They were German, of course, and as he watched a ripple of bright flame and a cloud of brown smoke leapt out from their leading vessel. They were firing, and at him. He felt rather frightened, and suddenly became possessed of a bitter resentment against the enemy who were striving to kill him and his shipmates. He had done them no personal wrong, so why should they try to take his life?

He held his breath and waited for the shell to drop; but the pause seemed interminable. Then he heard the sound of the reports, and saw three or four whity-gray splashes in the water between him and the enemy. The shell were fully six hundred yards short, and harmless. He breathed again.

Some order came through a voice-pipe to the gun; whereupon the sight-setter twiddled a small wheel, and peered anxiously at a graduated dial, while the gunlayer, breathing heavily, applied his eye to the telescope. The muzzle of the gun began to move up and down in the air as the sights were kept on the enemy.

'Train right a bit, Bill!' came a smothered remark. 'Train right, damn yer eyes! That'll do! Keep her like that!'

A bell rang somewhere. A moment's pause, and then, with a sheet of flame and a crash, the weapon went off.

When once the business really started Pincher felt better. The anticipation, that awful period of suspense between the time of the enemy being sighted and the first shot being fired, was far and away worse than the actual fight itself. The noise and excitement acted as a sort of anæsthetic. They had a deadening effect which

dulled the finer workings of his mind, and did away with most of his previous and poignant mental agony. He realised in a vague sort of a way that he might be killed; but the process of being under fire, when once it had started and the enemy was being fired at in return, was not nearly so bad as he had imagined it would be.

He had the task of placing a projectile in the loading-tray every time after the gun had fired, recoiled, ejected the spent cylinder neatly to the rear, and then had run out again and had been reloaded. He did it almost automatically, and without having to think about it. Time became an unknown quantity. Seconds sometimes seemed like hours, and hours may have dwindled to minutes for all he knew. All the sensations he was really conscious of at the time were a supreme desire to keep up the supply of shell, an overwhelming hatred for the enemy who dared to fire upon him, a most unpleasant feeling of heat, and an intolerable and raging thirst. The acrid taste and smell of the burning cordite may have produced the thirst; but after five minutes of firing, Martin would have bartered everything he possessed for a mug of really cold water.

Incident succeeded incident with such rapidity that he could not concentrate his attention on any one particular thing. He saw great white splashes in the water, some of them perilously close. The noise of the *Mariner's* own guns overpowered every other sound, but between their reports he heard the fainter thudding of the enemy's weapons, the peculiar whining drone of hostile shell as they hurtled through the air, and the fiendish whirring and whizzing of their fragments as they burst. There came a jar and a metallic crash which told him that the ship had been hit somewhere close. He had no time to look round, but waited anxiously for the missile to pulverise; waited for what seemed minutes for the flame and roar of an appalling detonation and a shower of splinters which would sweep him to eternity. They never came. The

shell had passed through the forecastle, and out again through the side of the ship, without exploding.

His own gun was firing very fast, and he could not see much, but in the rifts between the sheets of flame and clouds of smoke caused by its discharge he caught occasional glimpses of the enemy. They were still steaming fast, and seemed rather closer than before, and from the sea round about them spout after spout of spray leapt into the air as the British shell pitched. The brilliant gun-flashes still twinkled up and down their sides as they fired; but he was glad they were having a hot time.

The next time he saw them they seemed to have turned shorewards, while the British, still firing heavily, steamed in pursuit. Then, in the after-part of the middle German destroyer, the one the *Mariner* was firing at, he suddenly noticed a wicked red flash and a cloud of oily black smoke. A shell had gone home. He could have shouted in glee had he not been so breathless.

The long-range action lasted for a full fifty-five minutes, with both sides blazing away merrily the whole time. What damage was done to the enemy it was impossible to say, but it was clear that they suffered considerably, and that they were forced back to their own coast. As regards their numbers, guns, size, and speed, the opposing craft were pretty evenly matched; and if the action had taken place in the open sea it would have been fought to a finish at close range, or until one or other of the combatants retired post-haste from the contest. In this eventuality, given average luck, it would not have been the British; not because the German is any less brave than his antagonist, but because he has fewer ships to risk, and is supposed to have orders not to give battle unless he has a good chance of winning. But man proposes and God disposes, and the fight was more or less a drawn one.

(Continued on page 791.)

DIAMONDS IN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.

By H. A. BRYDEN.

WHEN General Botha conquered German South-West Africa last year in so masterly a fashion, he gained for the Union of South Africa, in addition to a huge territory of more or less valuable pastoral and agricultural possibilities, two very important assets in the valuable copper and diamond mining industries, both in a fairly well organised condition. The copper deposits are found at present at the Otavi Mine in North Damaraland, a region rich in this ore and long known to the natives, as well as at the Pot Mine on the Swakop River, the Matchless Mine in the Komass Hills, lying west

of Windhoek, and at the Hope and Garob Mines in the Namib district of Great Namaqualand. These mines yielded an export in 1913 of the value of one hundred and fifty-six thousand one hundred and six pounds, a marked increase on the one hundred and eighteen thousand two hundred and twenty-eight pounds of 1912. The Otavi Mine produces the great bulk of this output, and is now connected by rail with the coast at Swakopmund. There can be no doubt that other important deposits of copper will be found in the future in various parts of South-West Africa. Tin and gold have already been

discovered, and very large deposits of good marble have been opened up in the Karibib region.

But the richest and by far the most important mineral discovery so far made in South-West Africa is that of diamonds. Until the year 1908, although there had been rumours of these precious stones in various parts of the territory, and desultory explorations had been carried on, no actual discovery had been made. The first find was not quite so romantic in character as that of the first Cape diamond, which was picked out in the year 1867 by a wandering trader and hunter named O'Reilly from among a handful of pretty coloured pebbles spread on the rough table of a Boer farmhouse. These pebbles had once been the playthings of a bushman's child on the Orange River, and had been taken over as toys by the Dutchman's children.

In April 1908, however, a 'Cape boy' who had once worked for the De Beers Company at Kimberley, while engaged on the German railway line at Kolmanskop, in the Lüderitz Bay district, picked up several stones which he knew to be diamonds. These stones, the forerunners of a great and important discovery, were acquired by a railway superintendent and contractor named Stauch, who in the previous year had accurately gauged the possibility of the discovery of a diamondiferous region behind Lüderitzbucht. He had thereupon taken out prospecting licenses, and told native labourers on the railway line to bring him any curious stones found in the course of their operations. August Stauch was quite right in his theories. Within a fortnight after telling the natives to keep a lookout for stones, the first diamond in the Lüderitzbucht district was brought to him by the 'Cape boy.'

Stauch now pegged out claims, and declared his find at Swakopmund, where the Government geologist, Dr Range, at once confirmed him in the importance of his discovery. Then ensued the usual 'rush' to a newly discovered diamond-field, and the barren sands of the desert east, north, and south of Lüderitzbucht were covered and explored by hundreds of eager folk, all burning to make a rapid fortune. Most of these early adventurers were soon driven from the scene by the desert and waterless nature of their surroundings, and by their own ill-success in finding stones. At that time (1908) there was little transport, and water and food were extremely scarce commodities. The single prospectors were soon squeezed out; but various companies which were rapidly formed had better fortune, and presently two very important fresh finds were made. These were the discovery of the Bogenfels diamond-fields far south of the first field, and another and even more important discovery in the Pomona district by Stauch and Professor Scheibe, of the Berlin Mining Academy. This latter opened up a diamondiferous area of

great wealth, and the stones discovered were found to be of a much larger and more valuable type than those hitherto brought to light. In the course of their explorations Professor Scheibe and Stauch found diamonds as far as one hundred and fifty kilometres south of Lüderitzbucht, near the coast in the vicinity of Sinclair Island. The diamondiferous area hitherto discovered is quite a considerable one, extending from Conception Bay, one hundred miles south of Swakopmund, southward as far as Angra Juntas, some sixty miles north of the Orange River. The total length is about two hundred and fifty miles, and the diamond-bearing strip ranges, with many intermittent breaks, from two to twelve miles in width.

The northern parts of the field have hitherto not been so successful as those farther south, and under German rule the heavy Government taxation—one-third per cent. of the proceeds of sale, plus *régie* and other profits—proved an almost impossible handicap. On the other hand, water is somewhat more abundant, and under the rule of the Union Government of South Africa it will probably be found that these fields may be made payable to the companies or individuals owning them. The water-supply of the southern fields may be described as originally *nil*, for the country is sheer desert, with almost no rainfall. Wells have been sunk, which here and there provide a brackish liquid unfit for human consumption, but just drinkable by animals. For drinking purposes water is produced from condensers on the coast; and this is carried in carts and small tanks borne by pack-animals to the localities where it is required. At the Kolmanskop field, where twenty million pounds' worth of diamonds are believed to be now 'in sight,' sea-water is obtained from Elizabeth Bay, seventeen miles away; and here a big pumping-station has been set up for the purpose. Electricity for lighting and power purposes is supplied from Lüderitzbucht, or was before the war, to various mining companies.

The diamonds thus far have been chiefly found in a deposit of sand and gravel, varying in depth from six inches to fifteen feet. The raging trade-winds which blow periodically in this region have carried the smaller and lighter gems to the sand-dunes, characteristic of Great Namaqualand; but the heavier stones and a layer of other particles are often left in rich pockets, where many of the gems may be found together. As a rule the stones are much smaller than those found at the Kimberley and Vaal River diggings, going some six or eight to the carat; but some large stones are occasionally found, the heaviest yet discovered attaining thirty-four and seventeen carats respectively. They run in all colours—pure white, yellow, lemon, pale pink, dark red, and even in bluish, greenish, and blackish tints. Of a parcel of one thousand five hundred and fifty-eight diamonds, however,

no fewer than eight hundred and nineteen were clear white, or had only a trifling yellowish tinge. It will be remembered that very many of the Cape diamonds are characterised by this pale-yellow tint. These precious gems are found among sand and gravel, including minute fragments of banded agate, red garnet, milky quartz, yellow chalcedony, red jasper, white felspar, epidote, magnetite, and specular iron, often accompanied by particles of granite and gneiss.

The diamonds of South-West Africa have a character of their own. They are said to resemble Brazilian stones, and can readily be distinguished by experts from the Kimberley and Vaal River gems. Not long since some natives produced in Cape Colony certain small diamonds which they pretended to have found in the Vaal River alluvial diggings. But the experts detected them at once. They were not Vaal River stones, but had been stolen in German South-West Africa. The puzzle to all geologists and diamond and other experts—a puzzle at present completely lacking solution—is how these diamonds of South-West Africa got into the torrid, waterless, and forbidding sand deserts in which they are found. Dr Wagner, author of *The Diamond-Mines of Southern Africa*, after discussing and dismissing various theories, states his belief that they are derived from a primary deposit or primary deposits which now lie buried in the sea somewhere off Pomona, one of the principal fields, where the heaviest stones are found. Dr Marloth states that among the prospectors 'the belief is quite common that Pomona diamonds came from some volcanic fissures that occurred there.' Another authority, Dr Versfeld, believes that the diamond-bearing gravel is not of marine origin, but débris from diamond 'pipes,' which has been concentrated by strong winds, and that the stones may have been thus transported hundreds of miles. He is of opinion that the discovery of diamond-bearing pipes 'much nearer to the Lüderitzbucht deposits than those at present known seems well within the bounds of probability.' It is worth stating that 'pipes' and dikes resembling the Kimberley formations

have been discovered in the Keetmanshoop, Gibeon, and Bethany districts, much farther east of the new fields; but these, singularly enough, contain no diamonds.

How valuable the diamond industry of South-West Africa is to the Union of South Africa may be gauged by the following figures:

DIAMONDS PRODUCED IN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.

	Carats.	Value.	Value per Carat.
1908 . .	39,762	£53,842	27s. 1d.
1909 . .	519,190	704,123	29s. 0-5d.
1910 . .	792,642	1,015,779	25s. 7d.
1911 . .	766,465	968,418	25s. 3-1d.
1912 . .	992,380	1,408,738	28s. 4-7d.
1913 . .	1,470,000	2,953,500	40s. 1-9d.
Total .	4,580,439	£7,104,400	

These figures are from Dr Wagner's *The Diamond-Mines of Southern Africa*, and they are worth pondering.

In 1911 the total value of the diamond output in the Union of South African territories was eight million seven hundred and forty-six thousand seven hundred and twenty-four pounds; in 1912, ten million sixty-one thousand four hundred and eighty-nine pounds; and in 1913, eleven million three hundred and eighty-nine thousand eight hundred and seven pounds. These mines have been established and at work some forty years; and the output of South-West Africa for 1913, close on three million pounds, after a mining life of five brief years only, makes by comparison quite a formidable showing. Some very wonderful dividends have been paid by German mining companies on these fields. Thus in 1912 the Koloniale Bergbaugesellschaft paid its shareholders 3800 per cent.; in 1911 the dividend was 2500 per cent. In 1913 the Pomona Company paid a dividend of 175 per cent. The German Government, by taxation, *diamant régie*, and in other ways, derived very large profits from this industry; and it may be expected, therefore, that as the mines develop the Union of South Africa will prove to have done a magnificent stroke of business in the acquisition of these fields alone, as a result of General Botha's remarkable conquest.

THE ROMANCE AND PATHOS OF TRENCH AND HOSPITAL LIBRARIES.

By CLIVE HOLLAND.

DURING the first fifteen months of the conflict nearly a million and a half of books (mostly works of fiction) had been despatched to the troops in France and at the other theatres of war where British soldiers are fighting for the Empire and for the ideals of freedom and civilisation. And how welcome these books have been! Returned soldiers, whole and sick,

whom we have met have told us that but for the solace of reading they would have been badly off indeed for recreation and amusement in the gloomy dug-outs, the trenches, and the huts which afford them some sort of shelter. In these, often by the light of a candle stuck in a bottle or upon a piece of wood with a nail driven through it, the war is happily for

a brief respite driven from the mind by the glamour of some romance or 'the magic carpet' provided by some book of travel.

Letters received by those who have been privileged to be connected with the organisations for supplying the troops and seamen with 'something to read' give many interesting insights into the life of the trenches and hospitals. Here is one from a correspondent 'somewhere in France,' that official and non-committal phrase which often covers a tragedy in being: 'You cannot imagine with what pleasure I received the parcel of books. There is a small library attached to one of the huts not far away; but now I've started a lending department in our trench. It would amuse you to see the volumes in the improvised bookshelf made of a sugar-box. Perhaps it may surprise you to know that some of the older books are first favourites. Lots of chaps will take Dickens or Scott before some of the much-boomed writers of to-day. But we all like W. W. Jacobs, Pett Ridge, and Conan Doyle, to mention a few of the best. I have just been reading *Thirty-Nine Steps*, and I nearly got caught by a "Jack Johnson" whilst doing so. I have lent it to B., who has just returned it. He says: "Hang it! I wish the chap who wrote it had made it sixty-nine steps, if it would have meant a longer book." This is a compliment that John Buchan will doubtless appreciate. It is difficult, however, to tabulate favourites; for our armies in the field are such cosmopolitan bodies that every taste seems represented.

An officer lately returned from the front told us that he picked up in one of the trenches near Ypres a copy of *Sophocles* in Greek, well thumbed and water-stained, and within a few yards a copy of a popular threepenny sensational novelette! 'Both,' he remarked, 'had been well read. The latter emanated from a large firm of cheap literature providers, and the former from one of the oldest publishing houses in London. The *Sophocles* was stamped with the arms of Haileybury School.'

But in cheap editions even the lesser-known and second and third rank writers of to-day are having a run such as they never enjoyed before. There is not, perhaps, much money in it for them when they have parted with sixpenny or sevenpenny rights for a ten-pound note, but they have the satisfaction—and it should not be a small one—that they have passed away many a weary hour for many a war-worn man or invalid.

Strangely enough, we have been told over and over again that Kipling is not a great favourite with soldiers. Many, indeed, dispute the 'atmosphere' and truth of some of the 'Barrack Room Ballads;' and although we have met with enthusiastic readers of several of his animal stories, and admirers of *Stalky & Co.*, the impression and weight of evidence seems to be against the

assumption that he is immensely popular with the men in the trenches.

It may surprise many—though it should not do so—that there has been a great revival in the works of Thomas Hardy. Over lunch recently we were talking of books with a returned corporal belonging to the Somersetshire Light Infantry, when he said, 'Some one sent us out a parcel with several of Hardy's books in it; and a lot of chaps I'm with have asked me to bring back some more if I can get hold of them. They bring back their homes to them, and the folk they know, though of course they are Dorset characters, and not people of our own county. The copy of *Under the Greenwood Tree* which we had was literally worn to rags, and much to our regret a "Jack Johnson" wiped it out at last, as it was buried in the mess kicked up by the shell. Unfortunately,' continued the speaker, 'the chap who had put it down was blown almost to bits by the same shell.'

Doubtless Mr Arnold Bennett would have been pleased to hear of a man of the Staffordshires discussing the relative merits of the trilogy of novels into which critics are of the opinion that he has put some of his best work. 'I don't think he does some of the folk at home [in the Potteries] fair justice,' exclaimed my friend from the trenches home on leave, and speeding thither in a L. & N.-W. express. 'But he's a wonderful chap is Bennett for all that, and I've to thank him for many an hour's amusement. How he'd laugh, to be sure, to see me in my "Ritz Hotel," reclining on a wooden shelf, and hoping to Providence that the bit of candle I had got hold of would last out till I'd finished the chapter.'

No one will wonder that Charles Garvice is popular. 'I like stories of girls, and fellows of a cheerful blighter sort,' said one reader from the Neuve Chapelle sector. 'I've met 'em myself, old friends most of 'em, and am glad to meet 'em again. He don't give you problems, and cross-purposes which lead to miserable endings. I like his stuff, that I do.' And the speaker evidently did. We heard much the same sort of thing from a correspondent who wrote: 'If you want to know the sort of books we like out here, send along a few of Garvice, Stanley Weyman, Percy White, and Max Pemberton. If you've got a Mary Johnston to spare, throw it in.' Stevenson, too, is a prime favourite. How he would have rejoiced! We know of quite a number of copies of his *Inland Voyage* which have crossed the Channel, and are now in hospitals and dug-outs; and *Treasure Island* is exercising its immortal spell in Flanders, as in every other part of the globe where Britons have gone, and where the English tongue is spoken.

It is, indeed, almost impossible to believe that any one who has read much fiction, who is between the ages of fourteen and five-and-twenty, has not been enthralled by that wonderful yarn

of Pew and Jack Silver. But at least one young fellow—a public school boy, too—had not read it. 'Thanks ever so much for *Treasure Island*,' came a letter home. 'I've often meant to read it, but never have till now. I am deep in it, though the Boches just recently have been giving us a worrying sort of time. . . . I only hope that I shall not be done for before I find out whether the treasure is found. I fancy Pew had the true Hun spirit.' Alas! the young writer never found the secret of the pirate's treasure in Stevenson's absorbing romance. He was killed by a bomb ere he could finish the book. But by a deed of conspicuous gallantry he has left to his family a treasure of honour greater than that of gold ever interred in Bahama Cay or pirate isle.

We were shown not long ago a copy of one of Anthony Trollope's once widely read novels reissued in handy but substantial form in Bohn's Library. Penetrating four-fifths of the way through it was a hole the size of a cedar pencil, or perhaps a trifle larger. The owner of the book said, 'This saved my life. That hole is a German Mauser bullet-hole.' And then he laughed, adding, 'When I received the book and commenced reading it I wrote home: "Thanks for the novel of Trollope's. It's a bit hard reading, and plenty of it." Luckily for me, there was!'

Most readers must have heard of Mrs Hegan Rice's book, *Mrs Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. Many humorous stories have centred round it. One at least has its origin in the trenches. In the spring of last year several of the men of a certain unit in Flanders who had gardening instincts set about making a garden both for flowers and vegetables no very great distance back from the firing-line. Some one mentioned that there was a book called *Mrs Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, and it was decided that one of the enthusiastic gardeners should write home for it. 'It must have something about other things than cabbages in it,' said one of the company, and doubtless visions of 'timely hints for timely crops' came before the enterprising one's eyes. When it arrived it was not what they expected. But they all enjoyed reading it, and now *Mrs Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* is a standing joke.

One of Sir Gilbert Parker's novels is a treasured possession in a certain West of England family. The copy is only a sevenpenny. The cover is stained and discoloured, so that it is difficult at first sight to decide upon its original shade. In it are written several comments by the boy (he was little more) to whom it belonged. Against one incident of courage and splendid valour is inscribed: 'This is the real thing. I wish that I may have my chance and do as well.' He had his chance, and did as well. But the laurel-leaves had to be placed upon a lonely grave, and not upon a youthful brow. Who knows but that incident inspired the dauntless

courage which has gilded his name with the gold that no time can dim!

There have been many romances connected with the war, and some at least with the books that have found their way to the battlefield. Not long ago there was married in an Essex church to a charming girl a young private who before the war had been one of the idle well-to-do. Between the pages of a novel which was given out to him from a box of books that arrived at the front he found the photograph of a remarkably pretty girl, and in the book itself the name and an address of the owner. He fell in love with the photo, and wrote to the owner of the book. In the letter he told of the finding of the photograph, and asked whether the original was unmarried, and known to the person whose name appeared in the volume. A reply was sent to the young private (now a Lieutenant) to the effect that the girl in the photograph was a cousin and a great friend. Other letters followed; and at last, when certain inquiries had been made by the girl's father regarding the young fellow, he was given her address. Soon afterwards he obtained five days' leave, came home, called upon the young lady, and was engaged ere his leave expired. Six months at the front passed, with two short leaves in between, and the marriage took place quite recently.

There are humorous, pathetic, and romantic incidents connected with the libraries which have been formed for the use and entertainment of the wounded at the various hospitals in France and elsewhere. Here, more even than in the trenches, the cheerful book is in demand. The happy ending, if not a *sine quâ non*, is at all events much more appreciated than the sad or unsatisfactory one. And who can wonder?

The lighter type of fiction, good biography, travels, and poetry are very popular; and the works of women writers who can tell a good cheerful and natural story are in great demand—for example, those of Mrs Henry Wood, Rhoda Broughton, 'Rita,' Mrs Hungerford, the Baroness Orczy, Gene Stratton-Porter, and Madame Albanesi; and those of such diverse writers as Jane Austen, Marie Corelli, Mrs Humphry Ward, and 'Frank Danby' are very popular. Among the men writers (in addition to those we have already mentioned), we have found A. E. W. Mason, H. G. Wells (especially his *War in the Air*, *Bealby*, *Kipps*, and *Tono Bungay*), Rider Haggard, Seton Merriman, 'Q,' Cutcliffe Hyne, W. J. Locke, and Eden Phillpotts in great demand. Among the older authors, Thackeray, Dickens, Meredith, Fenimore Cooper, Clark Russell, and Jules Verne are having quite a run. In one hospital we recently visited we found men reading Macaulay, Stephen Phillips, Austin Dobson, Tennyson, and that great popular American poet Whittier.

The demand for a happy ending to a story is

sometimes very pathetic. A nurse told us of a serial in a monthly magazine that had been perused by two of her patients, and how one of them was depressed for a whole day because the heroine died. 'I wish, Sister, I had never read it,' he exclaimed. 'I got to like that girl, and if I could have found one something the same when I got out and about again, I should have married her if she would have had me.'

By a strange chance a lady novelist, one of whose stories was running in a magazine recently, paid a visit to a large base hospital in France. The men heard she was there, and one poor fellow asked that he might speak to her. When she came to his bedside he said, 'I don't think I'm likely to pull through this bout, ma'am—I've had two turns before in hospital—but I'd like to thank you for writing that jolly yarn. It's cheered me up a bit, and shown me that there's some good in suffering.' We fancy that no more touching or splendid testimonial has been received by any writer during the war. But perhaps we are mistaken.

From one of the base hospitals near Dunkirk was forwarded home a leaf torn from a popular work of fiction, upon which had been inscribed the last message of the unfortunate young fellow who had been reading the book. Round the page, in straggling letters, ran the words which told how he had lain for two days with a fractured thigh and a wound in his shoulder. On the third day he traced: 'I shall die of thirst. As yet no one has been able to reach us. The contents of my water-bottle I shared two days ago with Lieutenant J., who died the same night. I have little hope of being picked up alive.' Then came the last words: 'I can see to write no longer. Good-bye, mother and Monica (the girl to whom he was engaged); all is coming over dark. There is nothing save the fresh roar of the guns. I can see a light. Good-bye.' Then followed a succession of irregularly formed X's. One can imagine the passing of that poor lonely soul. Let us hope that the light he saw in that great hour of agony and death was the beautiful garment of that Comrade unseen by the living, in whose touch there is healing and rest.

It may be that some readers have books which they can spare and would like to devote to the amusement and solace of our soldiers and sailors at the front, on the sea, or in the hospitals. These may be handed in at any post-office, from which in due course they will be forwarded free of charge. At one time one hundred and forty thousand items of literature were being sent weekly to the Camps Library; but there was a shortage of one hundred thousand a week, as two hundred and fifty thousand a week are required. Books and magazines will also be welcomed by hospitals and the Y.M.C.A. huts.

The Germans have their system of field libraries. A war correspondent in the *Times* notes that the books are mostly paper-bound volumes about six

and a half by four and a half inches in size, thin enough to be slipped into the pocket. They are printed in clear type, so as to be easily read in indifferent light, and contain chiefly short stories and the like. The books are packed in boxes of a regulation pattern, in shape and size much like the wooden boxes that one sees on confectioners' shelves. These boxes are carried on the field kitchens, and pass through the army from one company or battery to another. The books are stamped on the title-page that they belong to the Field Library. Men draw a book at a time, sign for it, and when it has been read exchange it for another. It is, in fact, an ordinary but very extensive official circulating library system, wherein the process of circulation is not confined to the individual volumes, but the whole library unit circulates from troop to troop. The literature is generally good work by standard authors. Judging from the 'finds' in some of the dug-outs, however, neither the outburst of German nationalism, the writer says, with its effort to expel the use of all enemy languages, nor the official providing of other literature, has succeeded in killing the German officer's liking for French novels; and, judging from samples seen, the correspondent thinks his taste in them is—well, dubious.

GOD'S ANGELS.

BROTHER, the way is dark,
Dark by the river Somme;
But, list to yonder lark
Singing of home!
Singing of home and rest,
High o'er thy war-worn breast,
The lark goes soaring west—
Singing of home!

Yea, joy is in the song,
Heaven's glory fills the bars
With ecstasy, and shadows long
With gleaming stars—
With stars that float on high,
Like angels passing by,
They gem the dark'ning sky—
Those shining stars.

So, 'mid the storm and stress,
Bidding thy heart rejoice,
Love gives to fearfulness
An angel's voice.
An angel's voice that sings,
A lark on soaring wings,
That heavenward, homeward flings
His angel voice.

The stars that throb and burn
In those expansions fair,
Wait for thy soul's return,
Upshining there—
There by a way of gold,
From whence the mists have rolled,
God and the stars unfold
An entrance there.

GILBERT RAE.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

PATMOS.

By CAROLINE P. INGRAM.

IN these troublous days, when there is war over all the world, it is good sometimes to turn in thought to the time when there was peace on earth and goodwill toward men, and when one could go to see the most interesting parts of the world without fear of bombs falling from Zeppelins or assaults from murderous torpedoes and submarines. So this little record of a part of a cruise taken a few years ago may recall to memory the pleasant days that are no more.

It is not given to all to be able to say, in the words of St John the Divine, 'When I was in the isle that is called Patmos.' It was, however, our privilege some few years ago to spend a short time in this Holy Isle, as it may well be called. It was after a visit to Constantinople, that gorgeous City of Palaces, of glorious colouring and artistic brilliancy, that we came to this abode of peace and simple life. Before leaving England we had looked in an old *Universal Gazetteer*, dated 1815, which professed to give a concise description of all the known world, with the 'governments, manners, and customs of the inhabitants.' Certainly the account given of Patmos as it was then differed greatly from our experience of the ways of the inhabitants. They are represented in our old book as being of a ferocious character, pirates and murderers, cowardly and cruel. 'They never fail to massacre the crews of the vessels that fall into their power, and after plundering them they sink the captured ships, so that not a trace of their outrages may be left.' So much for a description of the island written when our great-grandparents were attending school.

To return to our own experiences. When we landed at the port of Scala, on a lovely morning of early October, we were not attacked by any cowardly brigands, but we were welcomed by the gentle and courteous inhabitants. They are a handsome, dark-eyed people; and with their kindly, cheerful countenances they looked as though the loving spirit of St John still dwelt amongst them; and certainly the old Italian saying, '*La fisionomia è lo specchio dell' anima*,' is true in their case, for nothing could exceed the gentleness and kindly courtesy they showed to us.

There are no wheeled vehicles in the island, and all carrying is done either by men or by mules. So mules were soon ready for us, and

we rode up to the Monastery of St John, which is at the summit of a hill some six hundred feet high. Here the monks received us, and showed all the treasures of their noble library—all, I should say, except one, the best, the priceless manuscript of the Gospel of Mark, written in the sixth century after Christ. One manuscript which we saw—the Book of Job with a commentary—was very beautiful with gold lettering on purple vellum; this was said to date from the seventh or eighth century. After wandering through rooms and courtyards and corridors, all clean and white, devoid of all ornament save only a few sacred pictures and a crucifix, we came to the refectory, where we were offered the usual refreshment of a spoonful of quince jam and a glass of ice-cold water from the famous well of the monastery. In the chapel is a silver shrine, the tomb of St Christodoulos, the founder of the monastery. The monastery looks like a great castle stronghold, with its many towers and projecting battlements, from the topmost of which there is the most lovely view of Patmos itself, the blue sea round it, with the smaller islands glowing like jewels in the sunlight. The deep-toned bell gives out its sonorous sound, hanging clear in an open turret on the highest point of the building. The small houses of the people are clustered round the monastery so closely that it is hard to tell where the village ends and the monastery begins. The people all seemed gathered under the shelter and care of the monks; and these, with their long beards and their reverend appearance, seemed like the patriarchs of old watching over and caring for the whole community.

We returned by a mountain road and bridle path, through low-growing vines and bushes which shelter numerous birds, quails and partridges, the latter possibly the descendants of the tame partridge which, as tradition says, was the companion of St John in his exile. The legend runs that the bird wandered with him on the hillside, and did its utmost to solace him by its love and companionship. So we got down to the most interesting spot in the island—the lower monastery, which is built over the cave where St John is said to have lived so many years in exile in the reign of the Roman Emperor Domitian, and where he wrote the Book of the Revelation. This lower

monastery is on the side of the hill ; and on our passing through a doorway in the surrounding wall, the way leads down several steps into a small courtyard, where, as almost everywhere in the East, a garden is made in all the shady corners in and out of the houses, myrtle-trees and aromatic plants scenting the air. Then down still more steps to the right, and one comes to another little courtyard, from which is entered the chapel of the monastery, the traditional dwelling-place of the apostle. On the wall to the right of the altar is a cross carved in the wall to mark the place where his couch was laid. From the entrance to this cave we look on the same scene which must have been before his eyes. We could see the everlasting hills as he saw them,

the sea and the sky, all the most beautiful works of God.

We lingered a space, and then went on our further journey full of the quiet peacefulness of Patmos, never, I think, to lose the impression made on us in that abode of love and devotion.

Thence we journeyed to Crete and Knossos, and the throne of King Minos, going farther and farther back in history, even to the time of two thousand years before Christ, and almost a hundred years before Abraham. Yet, though so remote in time, their history is better known to the world of to-day than that of the little island which we have tried to describe as we saw it, 'when I was in the isle that is called Patmos.'

JANET ARMSTRONG.

CHAPTER II.

AS a rule, in estimating any one's age I am wide of the mark. In Janet's case, however, I had data to go by, for I remember my aunt in her will made mention of 'the twenty-six years Janet Armstrong has been my faithful maidservant.' And as she herself had told me that she had listened to the striking of the eight-day clock since she was a lass of thirteen, it didn't require a university training to bring out her age as forty or thereby ; but her step was as quick and light as that of a girl of eighteen, and her hair as black as when first I saw her in the yellow-ochred kitchen of Carfrae House. She wore clogs at her morning work, footgear perhaps not of the smartest ; but on Janet they seemed neat and becoming, for they were always well polished, and her feet and ankles—well, I hesitate to particularise on such points, but all the same they didn't escape the notice of the parish, for I once overheard Bargain Bob muttering to himself at the manse gate, after a passage at arms with Janet over the purchase of the manse calf, 'Ay, by my sowl ! she's a warrior ; kens the price o' beas' to a shillin', an' 'll no budge a bawbee ; sherp woman, weel-tongued, an' wad wile the bird fra the bush ; an' she'll be a guid singer too—the comely queen—for she has legs like a canary.'

The bargaining faculty was certainly her forte. Than my aunt Margaret no keener buyer or pawkier seller breathed Lauderdale air, and in Janet she had a pupil worthy of her teaching. And as Janet became a 'permanent,' I unconsciously did not a little to encourage and create a scope for this faculty ; for at the following Whitsunday term I began to farm the glebe instead of letting it as formerly. I stocked the old grass parks with Cheviot hogs, wintered store cattle, ploughed, and sowed corn, in all of which she was my adviser. I also bought an extra cow, and erected an extensive hen-run ; and soon,

between butter-making and butter and egg selling, she had the time of her life.

All our surplus produce went to Toon o' Scaur—to Andrew Hair the merchant. He was not of my parish, was a Dissenter and a Scaurbrig Cameronian to boot, and I incurred no little ill-will among my parishioners by patronising one outside the Kirk. But he was the first cadger to call at the manse after I came ; and, though he had many peculiarities, he was honest enough, and I continued to give him my custom. No money passed between us. It was a case of giff-gaff, he receiving butter, eggs, chickens, and sometimes vegetables, and giving us their value in bread, groceries, feeding-stuffs, and seeds. And with a factotum of Janet's capabilities, my interests were duly safeguarded. Not a single opportunity did she miss of turning the penny to advantage ; and to listen to her in a troking encounter with Andrew Hair at the manse back-door was a weekly entertainment, to which, I blush to confess, I looked forward with more pleasure than to my Wednesday night prayer-meetings.

As a rule, the preliminaries were conducted on both sides with a cordiality and an affableness which to a stranger might well be an augury of an easy, agreeable chaffering. But no sooner were the weather and the crop prospects discussed, and local news disposed of, than, with a long-drawn 'Imphm-m !' Janet's lip tightened, and Andrew cleared his throat, put the top button in his coat, and began to spit-spit on the causeway.

'Ay weel, to business, Maister Hair. I've fifteen dizzen eggs here—my faith ! eggs are eggs the noo ; can hardly be got, they tell me. Fifteen-pence a dizzen I hear they're gettin' ower at Dalmakerran, but to you I'll say yin an' tippence ; an' fifteen dizzen at yin an' tippence is—let me see noo'—

'Hoots, hoots, Miss Airmstrong ! there's eggs

galore in the country, mair than I can buy, an' I'm giein' only a shillin' an' a penny.'

Janet, busied in mental calculation, and with an upturned eye to the gable rhone, paid no heed.

'Fifteen at a shillin' is fifteen shillin's, an' fifteen tippences is twae an'—ay, that'll be eichteen shillin's a' but sixpence a'thegither. What's that ye say about eggs galore, an' yin an' a penny a dizzen?'

'I say I can get as many eggs as I can cairt, an' their worth to me is yin an' a penny.'

'There was yince a man ca'ed Ananias, an' you, bein' a Scaurbrigger, will dootless ha'e read about him. He was in the egg line likely—I'm no juist sure; Maister Crosbie could tell us—but at ony rate he cam' to a deplorably sudden end, Maister Hair, through'—

'Juist so, Miss Airmstrong; but we're no pointin' morals. I'm buyin' eggs, an' I say yin an' a penny.'

'Speak low when ye mention a price like that, Maister Hair. I'm feart the hens'll hear ye, an' I dinna want them to be discouraged. Imphm! Sic a wark ower a penny! I wunner ye can waste breath on't. An' ower eggs like thae. My word! look at them, man, an' dinna staun' fuffin' an' spittin' there like an adder. Look at them, I say; no a wee yin among them, an' a' as fresh as new-kirned butter. Saw ye ever eggs like them?'

'They're richt eneuch—nocht wrang wi' the eggs; but I get as much for a wee yin as a big yin. I dinna sell by wecht. Mair than that, my mither used to say there wasna a teaspoonfu' o' difference between a wee hen-egg an' a big yin.'

'That may be. Your mither may be richt; an', withoot askin' what your faither said, I'll juist tell ye this: let a Toon o' Scaur wife wale her ain egg purchase in your shop an' she'll tak' Shinnel manse yins every time. Deny it, an' you're nae credit to the Scaurbrig eldership. Yin an' tippence's my price, an' oot o' here they'll no gang for less.'

'Then I doot ye'll get them to keep.'

'Dinna worry, Maister Hair; I needna keep them hauf-an'-oor. The Shinnel grocer wad gie his finger-taps to be in here, an' he'll no grudge the price.'

'Imphm! eh, mercy, Miss Airmstrong! you're a hard, hard troker.'

'Nae harder than you're yoursel', Maister Hair.'

'Say yin an' a penny ha'penny, then—that's splittin' the difference—an' let's ha'e dune wi't.'

'Yin an' tippence, Maister Hair, or no at a'; an' ye maun mak' up your mind, an' no keep me idlin' here, for I've a Presbytery dinner to get ready.'

'Weel, weel'—and Andrew's breath came and went in a sough of despair—'ay weel, I'll juist ha'e to say your money. It's a black bargain for me; but ye'll ha'e to let me ha'e next week's layin' at the same price, even though the market's risin'.'

'Weel, we'll see what next week brings roon',

Maister Hair. Noo, let me see! I've ten cockerels here, an' I'm askin' twae shillin' a-piece. Fine, firm, weel-fed birds they are; twenty weeks auld come Friday.'

'Ay weel, they might be guid, but they're no bonnie.'

'Oh, they're no bonnie—imphm! I wasna aware that beauty o' feature was a point in a cockerel.'

'Auch, dash it, Miss Airmstrong! I mean they're a' legs an' neck.'

'Noo, Maister Hair, ye canna judge a chicken by lookin' at it. Grip it, an'—'

'Imphm! ay, bane, Miss Airmstrong—a' banes'—

'An' what were ye expectin'? My man, when ye hear o' a breed o' chickens withoot banes let me ken, an' I'll sell my Paisley shawl to buy a settin' o' the egga.'

'Yin an' tenpence a-piece is juist about'—

'Away wi' you an' your yin an' tenpence! Twae shillin' is little eneuch, an' feedin' dear. Imphm! a weel-faured, wise-lookin' man like you, wi' a guid-gaun business, hagglin' like a fishwife ower tippence. I wonder at ye; in fac', I'm ashamed o' ye, an' very little wad mak' me open an accoot wi' the Shinnel grocer. We'll juist say twae shillin'; an' then I've—let me see, I've— Oh, ay, I've twenty-three punds o' butter; an', though it's on the rise, as I've nae time to argy, I'll juist say for this the same price as last week. Noo—eh!—we need Indian corn. What price are ye askin' for that?'

When it came to this stage Andrew Hair's whole being changed. As a buyer he was sharp, to the point, and never wasted words. But when he was seller he dilly-dallied, spiced business with a grain of religion, and lingered over his subject, maybe to give him time to make the most of his chance of adding gear to gear.

'Ay. Indian corn ye say, Miss Airmstrong—imphm! Juist so noo. We—we dinna sing hymns in oor kirk—we're gey particular hoo we praise oor Maker—but there was yin I learned when I was a boy at the schule. It said something about "Fra Greenlan's icy mountains, fra India's coral strand;" an' d'ye ken, Miss Airmstrong, when I hear Indian corn mentioned, that hymn aye comes to my min'. Strange hoo the blessed truths spring frae what is o' the earth, earthy. Ay, God's gold dust often shines among the dirt o' business. Hoo much corn are ye askin', for the price depends on the quantity?'

'I'm kind o' feared to mention a quantity. If I said a ton you'd mebbe gang off in a sudden dwam, an' I wad ha'e to bring ye roon wi' whisky, an' I ken you're terr'le set against drink.'

Andrew was known to take a dram—a big one at times—but always, as he thought, on the sly. His weather-beaten face reddened. 'Ay, Miss Airmstrong,' he said thoughtfully, "'wine is a mocker, strong drink is ragin', and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." Timothy,

puir chiel, got a bit license at times, though, and there are mair o' his kind than you wad think; but ye may say a ton o' Indian corn, and I'll keep guid grup o' mysel'.

'Ay, I may say a ton; but what's your price?'

'Weel, Miss Airmstrong, to you it'll be—oh, let me see noo—it'll be— Whoa, Sally! what are ye brainin' at? Ye'll ha'e that guid graith a' shaken to bits.—Eh, my word, but she's fond o' this manse gress! Mebbe it'll be sweeter than the ordinar', for dootless the Lord mak's it grow richer roon' the dwellin'-places o' His servants. When the labourer is worthy o' his hire He sees to it that the hire is o' the very best—even to the gress, an', for an Auld Kirk minister, Maister Crosbie is as worthy as you can expect; at least, so they tell me. We'll say seven pun' ten a ton, then, Miss Airmstrong.'

'Juist so, Maister Hair, juist so; it's a dreich business gettin' a price oot o' ye, but you're bauld when it comes to the namin' o't. I'll no think o' takin' a ton in the meantime; but ye may send ower eicht stane—that's a hunnerwecht—an', accordin' to your price, that'll be seven an' sixpence.'

'Ay, imphm! but—but that's at ton rate.'

'Exactly, juist that noo, at ton rate.' And Janet made haste to change the subject. 'An' we're needin' sugar an' meal, an' we wad be nane the waur o' some'—

'Ay, but—but hover a blink, Miss Airmstrong. If ye tak' less than a ton the price'll be mair. I couldna afford to gie a hunnerwecht at seven an' sixpence. I've a shop rent to meet, a hoose to keep gaun, a horse an' cairt to keep on the road. Listen to me, Miss Airmstrong—be reasonable. I maun live, woman—I maun live.'

'I dinna see ony partecular necessity, Maister Hair; but at ony rate you're no to live off me, an' not a penny mair than seven-an'-six will ye get.'

'Sirce me, Miss Airmstrong, but that's queer! D'ye ken, ye said that awfu' like my puir auld mither—juist the same drunted, dried wey. She was glib when she was in fettle; she had to be, for my faither was sawney an' donsie, an' she often had baith ends o' the stick to haud. Ay, it was her that set me up at the stert—thirty-three years gane Candlemas—wi' forty pun' o' tea an' a second-haun' carpet-bag. She bocht an' I selt, an' the first week I cleared twae pun' three. What a gift o' prayer she had! An' for her grip o' the Epistles—oh, Miss Airmstrong, a mair gifted woman never praised the Lord in Scaurbrig—yin o' the elect, the chosen. Imphm! I miss her to this day, an' it's five-an'-twenty years since she des't. Ay, faith, I miss her; but "the Lord gave, an' the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Say ye a hunnerwecht at eicht-an'-six, Miss Airmstrong?'

'Puir body, an'—an' what age was she when she was ta'en away?'

'Oh, she was weel on, Miss Airmstrong; ower eichty a guid bit, hoo faur exactly we didna

ken; but she was auld—gey auld. I peyed the rent, though, to the very last—never grudged it, though at the time it seemed like flingin' siller doon a coal-pit; but I was strengthened by His assurance that for what I was daein' my days wad be lang on the land, an' that bread cast on the watter wad come back efter mony days. Eicht-an'-six did we say, Miss Airmstrong?'

'No, Maister Hair, seven-an'-six; not a penny mair even for your puir auld mither's sake.'

'Imphm! I—I wonder gin I had the minister's ear, wad he no bargain mair to my likin' than you?'

'Mercy me, man, are ye daft? If the Reverend David Crosbie kenned that I gie you a' oor trade he wad—guidness kens what he wad dae, for the Shinnel grocer's a member o' oor ain congregation. Him an' the minister are unco pack, an'—'

'Auch, damn the Shinnel grocer! I'm aboot sick-fu' hearin' ye haudin' him up as a bogey-man to me. Oh Lord, forgie me for swearin'! I'm a puir weak vessel efter a'; but really, Miss Airmstrong, ye wad provoke a saint. Still, I should beware, for the Word says, "Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry, for anger resteth in the bosom of fools," an' we'll juist say eicht shillin's instead o' eicht-an'-six for eicht stane. Hoo d'ye stan' for tea?'

'Ay, that's weel minded noo; we're needin' tea. Send a ten-pund chest, same as last; it masks weel, an' it's deep i' the colour.'

'Noo ye're speakin' sensibly, Miss Airmstrong—something like yoursel'. Imphm! Wad ye no think o' takin' a twenty-pun' chest? There's some talk o' a new Budget, an'—'

'There ye go noo, Maister Hair! never content or satisfied. But hoo comes it aboot that grocers are a' terrible anxious to sell tea? Have ye mair plunder off it than sugar?'

'Plunder! Losh, Miss Airmstrong! that's a queer word. No mony grocers'll ken the meanin' o' that yin noo. Plunder! Megstie, d'ye think we're in the 'pothecary line, Miss Airmstrong? Wae's me, there was a time, though—juist efter I first sterted—when we could coont on what's ca'd a margin o' a shillin' a pun'—wecht I mean, ye ken—on tea; but, losh! nooadays between taxes an' cairrage, a' the profit we ha'e is the tin-foil that lines the inside o' the chest. Ay, I may say o' tea what Phinehas's widow said o' Israel, "Ichabod, the glory is departed." I've some nice kippers comin' in the morn. I'll send ye ower three pair into your bargain; an' if that's a', I'll say guid-day, Miss Airmstrong.'

One morning, after a more than usual protracted argy-bargy, and when the rumbling of Andrew's cart-wheels was echoing down the loaning, I went into the kitchen. Janet was slowly and thoughtfully drinking a tumbler of water.

'I don't wonder you're thirsty, Janet,' I said; 'you've had a long sederunt with Hair to-day.'

'Ay, it's been driech, but I think I ha'e scored. Andra needs watchin'. Yin's e'e maun be skinned when yin's dealin' wi' a Scrip-quotin' cadger.'

'But is it worth all that haggling, Janet?'

She made no reply till she had rinsed and thoroughly dried the tumbler.

'I canna say that it is,' she said, as she stood

with her hand on the open cupboard door; 'but priggin' an' bargainin' is juist the breath o' my nostrils; an' mebbe it's juist as weel, for when a woman's turned forty an' unmairret she's a' the better o' a hobby.'

And I went ben to my study laughing and wondering.

(Continued on page 802.)

BROOCHES.

NO relics of antiquity are more deserving of study than personal ornaments, and of all personal ornaments perhaps the brooch is the most important, as affording an insight into the character of the people by whom it was worn.' So says Mr Romilly Allen, that great authority on Celtic ornament; and perhaps a few notes on some ancient brooches may prove of interest. Practically, a brooch is a contrivance for fastening together any two points of a garment, a development of the pin, which was the first and simplest method of fastening, probably evolved from the sharp thorn plucked by our arboreal ancestor to hold a few leaves or a skin together. First of all, you have a pin—wooden, bone, or metal; then its head is thickened to keep it from slipping through the hole it has made in the stuff; and then the brooch is evolved, a pin which bends round to a catch, thus holding the cloth without the possibility of its slipping.

The Celtic brooch is penannular—a ring with a break in its continuity, and the pin is longer than the diameter of the brooch. The method of fastening this in the garment is as follows, again to quote Mr Romilly Allen: 'The long pin is inserted in the fabric at two points close together in such a manner that the apex goes right through it, and appears again above the surface; the pin is then forced through the break, and the ring is given a turn through a right angle in the plane of the fabric, thus fixing the brooch.' The long point was usually worn upwards to avoid injury from it. These brooches were most important parts of the dress, as they are to this day in the dress of a Highlander, and a precious brooch is enumerated among the customary insignia of a chief.

The finest specimen of the ornamented brooch of the early Celtic type that we possess in Scotland is the Hunterston Brooch—so called because it was found at Hunterston, near West Kilbride, in Ayrshire—now kept in the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh. The date ascribed to it is the tenth century. It is of silver worked over with interlaced patterns in gold filigree, and set with amber, and on the under side has an inscription in Runic characters. Some antiquaries claim it as the brooch of King Haco himself, lost at the battle of Largs!

Another Scottish brooch of somewhat the same type is that known as the Glenlyon Brooch, also silver, and set with stones on claws and on raised pyramidal bosses alternately, with a centre bar also inset with stones and decorated with wire interlaced work. On the lower side the names of the three kings of Cologne are inscribed in black-letter—Caspar, Melchior, Balthazar—a favourite talismanic inscription on medieval amulets. These two brooches are purely personal ornaments; but some of the other brooches of an early date are known as reliquary brooches, and bear as their centre ornament a round polished rock-crystal, under which was usually a receptacle for a small piece of sacred relic. Of these perhaps the best known is the Brooch of Lorn, which 'is of silver, of very curious form and ancient workmanship,' a round centre boss bearing the crystal globe, surrounded by round pyramidal bosses with jewels on their summits, the whole outlined by a battlemented edge. The picturesque legend concerning this brooch is well known: how the Bruce, close pursued by his enemies, and overpowered by numbers, was retreating into the fastnesses of Argyllshire. Directing the retreat of his men through a narrow defile where but one could pass at a time, Bruce himself, on horseback, guarded the rear, beating back the desperate attacks of the pursuers. Three of the clansmen of Macdougall, the Lord of Lorn, seeing the havoc wrought in their ranks by the Bruce's mighty strokes, vowed they would either kill him or take him prisoner. All rushed on him at once; but by the exertion of almost superhuman strength the Bruce grappled with and slew all three assailants, though he could only free himself from the tenacious dying grasp of one Highlander by unclasping the brooch that held his cloak and leaving it and the cloak behind. Thus the brooch fell into the hands of the Lord of Lorn, and is still in the possession of his descendant, Macdougall of Dunolly. It was long treasured at Dunolly; but in the seventeenth century, when Dunolly was burned, it disappeared, and was supposed to have been carried off by the enemy. About the middle of last century, however—the story goes—it was seen and recognised by a friend of the Macdougall's in a jeweller's shop in London. He purchased the brooch and

presented it to his friend, and so, after all its adventures, it returned to its own place again.

The Lochbuy Brooch is of similar style, and is now in the British Museum, though a model of it may be seen in the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh. It is said to be made of silver found on the Lochbuy estates in Mull, and to have been fashioned about the beginning of the sixteenth century by a travelling tinker or artisan, one of those 'cairds' who wandered over the country turning their hands to any job of metal-working that came their way.

The Ugadale Brooch is of the same type, and has been treasured in the Macneill family since the day that 'good King Robert' bestowed it upon their ancestor in acknowledgment of shelter and assistance rendered him in his wanderings on the wild moors of Cantire.

Another beautiful brooch is of a different design, star-shaped, with a large central crystal, and on the silver points scroll ornament and a shield bearing the Campbell arms, the owners of it being the Campbells of Ballochyle. This Ballochyle Brooch was much esteemed as a talisman.

The art of engraving metal and using tools was part of a liberal education in these countries from the twelfth to the fourteenth century; thus in the twelfth century an Earl of Orkney described among his accomplishments the ability to 'engrave Runic letters and use the tools of a smith.' Martin, writing in 1716, comments on the dexterity of the Highlanders in engraving designs on bone, horn, or wood with merely a knife. In John Lane Buchanan's *Travels in the Western Hebrides* he also remarks that the people 'are wonderfully ingenious; they make hooks for fishing, cast metal buckles, brooches, and rings for their favourite females.' I fear a good deal of that dexterity has gone; but there are signs every here and there of a revival of the work and of interest in the old designs, which are so beautiful and so well adapted for personal ornament. In the island of Iona Mr Alexander Ritchie has a studio from which he turns out beautiful specimens of Celtic work in silver and other metals.

In the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries circular brooches were made and engraved with animals and ornament inlaid with niello, and inscribed in black-letter. These talismanic inscriptions were in Latin, and those most frequently found were: 'Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judæorum,' or the abbreviated form of 'Jesus Nazar,' or 'Jesus Na,' and 'Ave Maria gratia plena,' or simply 'Ave Maria,' or 'Maria.' Less frequently the brooches are inscribed with the names of the 'Wise men from the East'—the three kings, Caspar, Melchior, Balthazar. These names acted as charms 'to cure the bites of serpents and other venomous reptiles, as well as particular diseases,' and we find that brooches, rings, &c. were sold to the pilgrims who came

to their shrine at Cologne; and thence no doubt the use spread to different countries.

In the sixteenth century the knowledge of Latin seems to decrease, and also the care with which the inscriptions are rendered, and they gradually become so barbarously distorted as to be unintelligible, and descend into mere ornament resembling black-letter; and later still there is nothing but purely ornamental decoration, and the idea of the talismanic value is lost.

On many silver brooches we find engraving and niello, on the brass ones engraving alone. Niello is a kind of metallic enamel made of silver, copper, lead, and sulphur, and when prepared was stored in goose-quills, and applied in the same way as glass enamel. Liquefying at a lesser heat than is necessary for ordinary enamel, it was simpler and easier to work with, and could be managed with less apparatus. These brooches were originated, designed, and executed in Scotland, chiefly in the Highlands, and were probably the handiwork of people who fashioned them at their leisure, working at them lovingly and slowly in the long winter nights when they were cut off from outside work; and their roughness and the signs of lack of technical skill in the working of metal are due to this. The taste and idea of the design are generally better than the power of execution. Even the more important brooches are supposed to be the work of those wandering workers in metal the 'cairds,' the ancestors of the tinkers of to-day, whose handiwork is now confined to mending pots and kettles.

In the eighteenth century and beginning of the nineteenth, silver brooches with an anchor pattern in niello were made and carried about for sale in central Perthshire by a 'caird' of the name of Ross. These were also sometimes spoken of as Glasgow brooches, as some of them were made there. About the same period or earlier small silver heart-shaped brooches were in common use in Scotland, and were in great demand, being worn to ensure protection against witchcraft and enchantment. They were fastened in the clothes of children, stuck in the chemise or petticoat. Sometimes they bore inscriptions, more often not. In one district a circular iron brooch fastened into a child's frock was an efficacious expedient for averting the evil eye, 'where it remains for many years,' and on Speyside an old woman was found who had worn 'a large brass brooch in the form of a circle fixed on her clothes above the left hip' for more than fifty years for the same purpose.

The silver heart-shaped brooches were sometimes engraved or set with jewels, and sometimes the heart was crowned or entwined with another, as in the design known as the Queen Mary Brooch, supposed to have been given to her by Darnley. They are known as Luckenbooth brooches, from having been made and sold in the Luckenbooths which in those days surrounded St Giles' Kirk, Edinburgh.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

CHAPTER XVI.—continued.

AT length there came the time when the enemy could be pursued no longer, on account of the proximity of the shore. So close in had they steamed that some one in the *Mariner* even declared that he was able to count the windows in the buildings and the tiles on the red roofs; and though the tile part may have been an exaggeration, the window-counting certainly was not. The yellow, wave-lapped beach, with the turf-covered sand-dunes beyond it, looked strangely calm and peaceful; but concealed in those dunes were guns of almost every imaginable size from fourteen-inch downwards, some of which were reputed to be able to pitch their shell on a sixpence at a range of fifteen miles. The *Mariner* and her consorts were a long, long way inside this distance, and there was nothing for it but to discontinue the action, and to beat a hasty retreat.

Brother Boche, with his guns in among the dunes, was no fool. He was merely waiting for a good opportunity to open fire, and his chance came at the precise moment when the British helms went over and the destroyers started to steam seawards. Then the whole line of coast suddenly began to sparkle from end to end, and before one had time to think the shell were pitching. The fire of the destroyers, both as regards its volume and its accuracy, had been as nothing to this. Great white-water fountains seemed to spout up everywhere at the same moment—ahead, astern, and on either side. How many projectiles fell within a few feet of the ship during the next ten minutes it is impossible to say. The shooting was very accurate—indeed, far too accurate to be pleasant. It was extremely unpleasant.

Words can convey no conception of the breathless sort of sensation caused by those falling shell. They howled like wolves and screeched like express trains passing through wayside stations. They fell into the water with heavy liquid plops, detonated in gigantic upheavals of water and with roaring concussions compared with which the reports of heavy guns faded into insignificance, and sent their jagged-edged fragments whirling off into space with the humming and buzzing of angry hornets. It was a sickening, uncanny feeling to see a fifty-foot geyser-like spout spring into the air a bare fathom off the stem, to notice the black patch at the spot in the water where the shell had burst as if one had emptied a bucket of ashes, and then to steam through the descending spray, and to smell the horrible, reeking stench of the explosive. It was more alarming still to see a bouquet of four or five such splashes jump into the air within a few feet of the stern or the side of the ship. If a single one of these projectiles drove home the *Mariner* would

probably be brought to a standstill, in which case her subsequent demolition and the slaughter of her crew would only be a matter of time. If three or four shells struck at once she might possibly founder immediately.

It is one thing to be fired at by a similar vessel, and to be able to fire at her in reply; but it is something quite different to be subjected to the individual attention in broad daylight of a heavy ship, or many shore batteries, when there is no possible chance of retaliation. It leaves one breathless and cold; and though, perhaps, men may not actually show their fear, they would give much to be elsewhere. It is only natural.

Shell from modern heavy guns can drive their way through the armoured sides of a battleship, but they will pulverise a destroyer into mere powder. There are no bombproofs, no funnels, no armour, not even a conning-tower—not that it would be used if there were. The officers and the men at the guns and torpedo-tubes are all on deck and in the open, while those below in the engine and boiler rooms have nothing between them and the deep sea but a steel skin barely thicker than a substantial biscuit-tin. Moreover, the greater portion of the hull is crammed with machinery, ammunition, and explosives; and, however much of a safeguard a destroyer's speed and small size may be, she must always seem very vulnerable to those who serve in her. I say 'seem' advisedly, for it is surprising how much hammering the tough little craft can withstand without being knocked out; while, as any gunner who is used to the game will tell you, she is not a very easy target to hit. But, for all that, one lucky shell may do the trick, in which case every man-jack of her crew will be killed or drowned. There is never much chance of escape if once the ship goes, and any man who says he relishes being under heavy fire in a T.B.D. is either a born hero or an Ananias. It is easy to make light of things after they have happened, but no words can adequately portray the inner feelings of the ordinary mortal while the ordeal is still in progress. They are indescribable.

But by some miraculous intervention of Providence the *Mariner* and her sister-ships escaped practically scot-free. According to people who witnessed the withdrawal from a distance, people who well knew the range and accuracy of the coast guns, the odds were a hundred to one that they would never escape, for at times they were hardly visible in the spray fountains leaping up all around them. They were literally buried in the splashes, but still they came on—and escaped.

It was not until afterwards that the men

thoroughly realised how lucky they were. At the time, whatever they may have felt in their hearts or minds, there were no suggestions of fear in their faces, no trace of nervousness in their demeanour. They behaved just the same as usual—jeered uproariously when a shell fell a few feet short and deluged them with spray, and made facetious remarks when projectiles from 'Fractious Fanny,' as some one adroitly christened a particularly obnoxious 11-2, lumbered gracefully over their heads and exploded merrily in the sea a hundred feet or so beyond them. Perhaps they were a little more talkative than usual; perhaps their laughter was sometimes a little forced; but, for all that, they behaved as British bluejackets always do.

'I wouldn't 'a missed that there show fur a lot,' said Pincher Martin after supper the same evening.

'I reckons we kin think ourselves lucky ter git outa it,' Billings murmured with his mouth full. 'It's orl right lookin' back on it w'en once it's orl over; but it takes a bloomin' 'ero not ter 'ave a cold feelin' in 'is stummick wi' them there guns a-pluggin' at 'im.'

'Did you 'ave a cold feelin' in yer inside, Josh?' M'Sweeney queried anxiously.

'Course I 'ad. I wus cold orl over. I ain't no bloomin' 'ero. But, orl the same, Tubby boy, I reckons it's done us orl good ter 'ave a bit of a shake up like this 'ere. Makes us a sort o' understan' 'ow every bloke aboard 'as 'is own job ter do; don't it?'

Joshua's way of expressing himself may have been crude, but M'Sweeney quite understood what he meant.

The engagement, short as it had been, had given the men confidence in themselves, each other, their officers, and their ship. It had banded them together in some extraordinary and quite inexplicable manner which no years of peace training could have done. Together they had been tried and had not been found wanting; and now, more than ever, they had become 'we few, we happy few, we band of brothers.' They felt themselves inspired with a new patriotism and a new ardour, and it was that very feeling which, on 21st October 1805, had helped their forebears to win the battle of Trafalgar.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE DAY.

I.

ALL through the peaceful night of 30th May 1916 British squadrons were at sea steaming steadily eastward. Fighting-ships of almost every class were represented—great battle-ships and battle-cruisers, armoured cruisers of an older type, new and very fast light cruisers, the ubiquitous destroyers in their dozens, all converging silently towards the area on the other side of the North Sea which was presently

to become the scene of the mightiest and most terrible battle in British naval history.

The Commander-in-Chief and the Admirals in command of squadrons may possibly have known that something unusual was in the air; but it is doubtful if any subordinate officers or men had the least inkling of what the next day would bring forth. They knew that a battle was always possible, and were ready and anxious for it. Off and on for nearly twenty-two months they had scoured the gray wastes of the North Sea, and had explored its grayer fogs, always hoping that the next dawn would bless their tired eyes with a view of the far-flung battle-line of the enemy stretched out across the horizon before them. But morning after morning the sun had risen to display the same bare and monotonous vista of sea and sky.

Sometimes the ocean was calm and peaceful, the sun shone undimmed, and the blue sky towards the horizon was piled high with mass upon mass of mountainous white cumulus. Sometimes they had fogs, when they could see barely a hundred yards; sometimes the prevailing North Sea mists, in which the visibility alternated between two and five miles. At other times the wind howled, and the leaden sea was whipped into fury by gales; while the sky became overcast with dark clouds, and streaked with the white, frayed-out streamers of mares' tails. They had come to know the vagaries of their cruising ground by heart; but whatever its aspect the sea was ever innocent of the one thing they all wished to see—the German High Sea Fleet.

Their wistful longing was just as acute as that of the men in the storm-battered ships of Columbus when straining their eyes towards the western horizon for the first dim blue traces of the new continent; and now, through sheer disappointment, not a few of them had come to believe that the chance they all prayed and longed for would never come.

Daylight on 31st May found the *Mariner* and many other destroyers still steaming eastward in company with the battle-cruiser fleet under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty in the *Lion*. Certain light-cruiser squadrons, acting as scouts, were stationed some distance ahead of the heavier vessels. The morning—which had broken beautifully fine, with a calm sea—passed without incident, and it was not until shortly after half-past two in the afternoon that the advanced squadrons reported the enemy in force to the eastward.

It is impossible to give any idea of the thrill of excitement which passed through the officers and men of the ships when the facts became known. The bugles blared, and they hurried to their action stations. 'Enemy in force!' Did it mean that they were in touch with the High Sea Fleet? Had their chance come at last, the chance for which they had

all been hoping ever since that fateful 4th August 1914?

Men looked anxiously at their neighbours to see how they took the momentous news; but nowhere did a face show signs of fear. On the contrary, their expression and demeanour testified to their implicit and unshaken confidence in themselves and their leaders. They laughed, jests passed from man to man and from group to group, and they went about their business with an intense keenness born of a new hope.

The big battle-cruisers swung rapidly into fighting formation and increased speed, their wash churning the calm sea into great waves. They presented a magnificent spectacle as they steamed into action with the smoke curling from their funnel-tops, white ensigns flying at each masthead, and the huge guns in their turrets pointing their lean muzzles skywards.

At two-thirty-five P.M. a considerable amount of smoke was sighted to the eastward, and a little less than an hour later the gigantic shapes of five hostile battle-cruisers were looming up over the horizon.

'All guns, load!' came the first order from the control positions. 'Salvos by director! Guns—ready!'

Inside the turret a burly A.B., clad in flannel shirt and trousers, spat solemnly on his hands, stretched out a hairy, tattooed arm, and moved a small, brightly polished steel lever. Instantly a clattering hydraulic chain rammer uncoiled itself like a snake, and an enormous shell weighing three-quarters of a ton was pushed bodily out of the loading-tray to vanish into the open breech of the gun with a smack and a thud. The rammer was withdrawn, another man manipulated a handle, and two cream-coloured, sausage-shaped bundles with red ends rolled into the space just vacated by the projectile. They were the cordite charges, swathed in innocent-looking silk coverings, the red extremities being the muslin bags containing the powder-igniters. The silk, somehow, seemed strangely out of place in the gun-turret of a battle-cruiser. It reminded one irresistibly of the counter of a drapery establishment; but for many a long year artillery experts have known that a silk-covered cartridge leaves little or no burning residue in the breech of the gun when the weapon is fired. Hence its use.

Again the hairy, tattooed gentleman moved his lever, and the rammer, darting forward, propelled two quarter charges into the yawning breech of the gun. The operation was repeated, while a man fiddled for a moment with the lock, and then the great steel breech-block swung to with a clang.

'Right gun, loaded!' some one bawled, as something slipped into place with a click.

'Right gun, ready!' from another man.

The gunlayer watched a dial, and the gun's crew stood tense and expectant, while the huge

breeches of the weapons moved ponderously up and down, with a wheezing and a groaning of the water through the hydraulic machinery. The turret twitched slowly to the right, stopped, and then moved again. Ammunition-cages containing more shell and cartridges ready for the next round came clattering up from the loading-chambers.

The officer in charge, a lieutenant with absurdly pink cheeks and curly hair, was stationed at his periscope, one end of which protruded through a hole in the armoured roof of the turret, and gave him a view of the surrounding sea.

'Can yer see anythink, sir?' some one asked in a hoarse whisper, his curiosity getting the better of him as the officer bent down to wipe the eyepiece of his instrument with a gaudy bandana handkerchief.

'Yes,' he answered cheerily; 'five battle-cruisers, some light cruisers, and a good many destroyers! Stand by. It'll be starting in a minute.' He replaced the handkerchief in his pocket, and applied his eyes to the periscope again.

The loading number of the right gun, he with the hairy arms, was busy with a piece of chalk, and the other members of the gun's crew who had nothing particular to do watched him with some amusement. 'To HUNNY, WITH LOVE FROM BILL MASON, A.B.,' he traced out laboriously on the sleek, yellow-painted side of the huge lyddite projectile. He stepped back to survey his handiwork with a little chuckle of glee. 'That'll tickle 'em!' he remarked, winking solemnly.

The men tittered.

The lieutenant at the periscope suddenly held his breath as a muffled, whistling shriek and the roar of an explosion from outside brought the men's heads up in eager, listening attention.

'Garn!' said Mason with a grin; 'that ain't gone nowhere near us. 'Ave another go, ole son!'

'Stand by, men!' cautioned the officer, who was the only person who could see what went on in the outside world.

Mason licked his hands and rubbed them unconcernedly on the seat of his trousers.

Wheee-w! wheee-w! B-o-o-m! from the outside again, followed by the sound of another detonation and a slight jar, which showed that the ship had been struck somewhere.

The gun's crew looked at each other. The turret moved slowly to the right, and went on moving. The breeches of the guns began to see-saw gently up and down in rhythm with the movement of the ship. Then a bell rang, and with a roar and a thud the right gun suddenly went off, and recoiled backwards along its slide. It ran out again with a wheezing, sucking sound, and the massive breech-block flew open with a metallic crash.

'Left gun, ready!' came a shout.

The turret became filled with the warm, acrid smoke of burnt cordite. There came the swishing sound of the washing-out apparatus, and the clatter of the chain rammer.

The bell rang again. B-o-o-m! roared the left gun. The great battle had begun.

II.

It is impossible for any single spectator to describe a naval action as a whole from his own personal observations and experiences, particularly a battle which divides itself into many different phases, lasts intermittently from about three-thirty in the afternoon until the same time next morning, and is fought over many miles of sea.

The *Mariner* and various other destroyers were present with the battle-cruisers throughout the first shock of the engagement and the running fight which ensued. Some of them, the *Mariner* included, assisted to repel the attacks of hostile torpedo-craft during daylight, and delivered their own attacks on the heavy ships of the enemy during the afternoon and night; but though Pincher Martin saw a great deal of the fighting, he had no very clear conception of how the engagement went as a whole or of how the time passed.

When he first saw the enemy they appeared as a row of immense gray shapes stretched out across the horizon. They were battle-cruisers; he knew that from their build; and though they must have been fully ten miles distant, they looked grim and menacing. With them were several light cruisers, looking absolute pygmies alongside their overgrown sisters; while on the farther side he saw, or thought he could see, a swarm of destroyers. They reminded him of a colony of ants. It was now about three-thirty p.m., and the weather was quite clear.

The *Mariner* was stationed close to the line of battle-cruisers, and between them and the enemy. She occupied one of the best seats in the house, the front row of the stalls, so to speak, a position from which, but for the clouds of smoke and masses of spray flung up by the falling shell, those on board her would have seen practically everything that happened. But the billet was not exactly a comfortable one. Indeed, it was most unpleasant; for when the firing began the shot from both the British and the German guns whistled and thundered overhead, while there was always the chance that the destroyers would receive the benefit of hostile shell falling short of their intended target.

Pincher watched the enemy with a certain amount of fascinated apprehension. They seemed to swing into a single line, and then, quite suddenly, he noticed five or six tongues of bright orange flame and clouds of brown smoke leap out from the side of their leader. There was a lengthy pause, followed by a terrifying

crescendo of howling and screeching as the giant projectiles came hurtling through the air. They fell in a bunch a bare fifty yards short of one of the battle-cruisers and exploded with a roar, the great upheaval in the sea almost completely shutting out all traces of the ship beyond. The British guns instantly flashed out in reply, and the next moment the engagement became general.

From this time forward the whole affair seemed ghastly and unreal, an awful nightmare in which it was quite impossible to remember exactly what had happened. The air shook and trembled with a turmoil of ear-splitting sound, in which one heard the deep booming note of the British guns as they gave tongue, the shrill whistling or droning of shell as they passed overhead, and the sharper concussion of the hostile projectiles as they fell and burst.

Looked at from a distance, the huge hulls of the German ships seemed literally buried in a spouting maelstrom of shell fountains rising from the sea all round them. At times a shadowy gray mass, sparkling with wicked-looking gun-flashes, slid slowly into view behind some great upheaval in the water, to disappear the next instant as another salvo of shell fell and burst. The British guns seemed to be making very good shooting, but it was impossible to note exact results from the low deck of the destroyer.

Pincher glanced at the *Lion* and the other ships, and the spectacle held him spell-bound and made him feel almost dizzy. They were enduring a veritable tornado of shell, and the sea all round them leapt and boiled until at times the rushing shapes of the great vessels, close as they were, seemed actually hidden in the turmoil of flung-up water. Some of the shell were going home, too, for here and there in the rifts in the spray and smoke he saw the deep-red flash, a cloud of oily smoke, and a shower of flying debris as they struck and exploded. There were a few ragged holes in the gray steel sides; here and there the symmetrical shape of a ship's superstructure was marred by a twisted and distorted mass of steelwork, and pierced funnels vomited forth their black contributions to add to the already smoke-laden atmosphere. Star-shaped splashes of yellow and white showed where shell had struck armour, had exploded, and had failed to penetrate; but it seemed nothing short of a miracle how any ships built by human agency could withstand such a terrific hammering without being battered to pieces. It was an awesome sight.

It was well for the *Mariner* and her neighbours that the German shooting was so accurate. The hostile fire was concentrated on the battle-cruisers, and every shell seemed either to strike or else to fall within a few yards of them. The destroyers in their precarious position were untouched; but, for all that, the experience was

nerve-racking, and Pincher had a feeling of intense relief when he saw the brilliant flashes and rolling clouds of brown, rapidly dissolving smoke from the British guns. They were firing fast, and it was no small consolation to think that the enemy were enduring the same terrible ordeal themselves.

One of the most awful incidents of that eventful day was the blowing up of the *Indefatigable*. The catastrophe, utterly unexpected, was appalling in its suddenness. At one moment the huge, nineteen-thousand-ton ship was steaming bravely along with her guns firing; the next, a salvo of five or six shells seemed to strike her simultaneously amidships. There came the splintering crash of the explosions, some spurts of flame, and upheavals of yellow, brown, black, gray, and white smoke. The great ship seemed literally to be divided in two, for both the bow and the stern reared themselves out of the water at the same moment. The thundering, shattering roar of the explosion made the nearer ships dance and tremble. The report seemed to compress the air until one's ear-drums threatened to burst, and masses of debris, large and small, were precipitated skywards, presently to come raining down into the sea in all directions.

The smoke-cloud spread and rose into the air to a height of three or four hundred feet. Soon it completely blotted out the scene of the disaster, and hung there impalpably, wreathing and eddying in thick, rolling masses. Then some freakish air-current caused another cloud of brown vapour to rise and overtop the first, until the whole mass looked for all the world like some gigantic, over-baked cottage loaf sitting squarely on the sea.

Within two minutes the ship had disappeared for ever, taking with her her gallant crew of nearly eight hundred officers and men. Barely a soul was saved, though destroyers, hurrying

to the scene at imminent danger to themselves, searched the flotsam-strewn area for survivors.

The *Queen Mary* met a precisely similar fate. Again there came the terrible roar and flare of an explosion, followed by the cloud of smoke, in which the great ship sank almost instantly to the bottom. It was an awful moment; but one of the most magnificent spectacles of the battle was the sight of the great three-funnelled *Tiger* steaming at full speed through the pall a few moments after her unfortunate sister met her fate. At one moment she was in full view; the next her bows disappeared, then her midship portion with its three great funnels, and finally her stern, until the whole enormous length of the ship was completely swallowed up in the mass of brown vapour. Then her sharp stem with its creaming bow-wave emerged into sight on the other side of the pall, to be followed by the rest of the vessel as she drove clear of the scene of the catastrophe with her guns flashing defiance and her glorious white ensigns fluttering. It was an inspiring sight, but of the gallant crew of the stricken *Queen Mary*, comprising nearly a thousand souls, only four young midshipmen and under twenty men were rescued.

The loss of these vessels was a sad blow, but still the battle raged furiously. The hostile shooting, however, seemed to be becoming erratic, a fact which told its own tale, while ours steadily improved. Indeed, the next time Pincher was vouchsafed a fleeting glimpse of the enemy, two of their largest ships seemed to be badly on fire, while a third had quitted the line and was some distance astern of her consorts. But it was with a feeling of intense relief that the sorely tried British saw a welcome reinforcement of four battleships approaching at full speed, firing heavily as they came.

(Continued on page 806.)

HUMOURS OF A LATIN-AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

By JOHN D. LECKIE.

MANY persons are incapable of seeing a Latin-American revolution from any other than its humorous side. The following paragraph, culled from a comic paper, illustrates this standpoint. 'I hear that X. has been in seven wars.' 'Impossible! He is only about twenty years old.' 'Yes, but he has lived two years in South America.'

It cannot be denied that Latin-American revolutions have their comic side; but they have their tragic side also. The writer speaks from personal experience of more than one revolution in these countries. At the time of my writing these lines Mexico is in the throes of an internal strife that has lasted four years, impoverishing the country, to the accompaniment of incredible outrages. It has been said, and truly, that a revolution of the

worst type is worse than a war; it combines all the horrors of war with all those of anarchy. The century which has elapsed since the countries of Latin-America achieved independence has been in their case a sad record of turmoil and internal wars; the crimes and outrages committed during that period have called loudly, but in vain, for redress. Yet in the writer's opinion, the result of long experience, these subsidised revolutions could to a large extent be prevented or their evil effects mitigated by organised philanthropic action much more easily than international wars can be prevented—if they can be prevented at all—by so-called peace societies. If Mr Ford, with his shipload of philanthropists, had betaken himself to Mexico instead of to Europe, his voyage might perhaps have been productive

of better results. But the tragic aspect of the case has been dealt with in other articles by the present writer, and the object of this one is to look at the matter from its humorous side.

Rabelais has truly said: 'It is better to write so as to make one laugh than so as to make one cry, for laughter is the peculiar attribute of man.' Even outrages may have their humorous side, as the following example will show. As is well known, during every revolution of any duration, the disturbed state of the country results in the formation of bands of marauders, who infest the outlying districts and sometimes even the towns; and the regular soldiers are at times scarcely any better. One day a lieutenant, with a band of his braves, met a countrywoman going into town with a basket of home-made cheese, by the sale of which she intended to procure the necessaries of life for her family. 'Hallo, old woman!' he cried, 'let us sample your cheese;' so saying, he took her basket and 'confiscated' the lot, distributing it among his followers, who laughed at the matter as an excellent joke. Meanwhile the poor woman, knowing that it was worse than useless to protest, tearfully returned home minus her wares. But retribution followed this incredibly mean action. The countrypeople, who had already been victimised more than once by the same bully, now dubbed him 'Lieutenant Cheese,' and the nickname stuck to him ever after. It often happens that the breast that is callous to the sense of honour is keenly sensitive to the shafts of ridicule, and so it was with 'Lieutenant Cheese.' He never imagined that his spoliation of a poor woman would be advertised in such a manner; but thereafter it was not safe to mention the word 'cheese' in his presence, for he always took it as a personal allusion.

Such acts of spoliation were too common to attract much attention when even great crimes could be committed with impunity. The writer himself was plundered, not for the first time, his horses being forcibly seized, without payment it is needless to say. One of these horses was recovered after the close of the revolution. He was in a pitiable condition, and during the time he had been in the possession of the bandits (they were nothing else) he had acquired a rather bad habit, for he now insisted on stopping in front of every public-house that he passed, much to the embarrassment of his teetotal owner.

It is well known that during a revolution business is often unusually brisk in the larger towns of the affected area. For example, when a revolution is raging in Uruguay, Montevideo (the capital) may be gayer than usual. Shopkeepers will tell you that business has never been better; at the hotels you can scarcely get accommodation owing to the influx of guests; the theatres are filled every night with a well-dressed crowd. A sign of prosperity, you may say. Nothing of the kind; the very reverse.

The fact is, Uruguay, like most other Latin-American republics, is mainly pastoral and agricultural. But in the country districts during a revolution there is little security for life and property; hence the *estancieros* and farmers come into town for a long stay, bringing their families with them. Thus the towns are crowded with refugees, and the money they spend among the tradespeople creates a temporary and fictitious prosperity, to be followed by a reaction later.

In these disturbed times much powder and shot is wasted with very little result. Both the contending parties often show much strategy in avoiding an encounter. When one of the parties gets tired of doing nothing it will perhaps make an expedition into the open country and consume a large quantity of *caña* (native rum) and ammunition, the latter being fired into the surrounding ant-hills; after which these valiant men will return to the townspeople (who meanwhile have been terrified at the distant sound of firing) with fearful accounts of a desperate battle, in which the enemy were defeated with great slaughter.

On one occasion the general in command of the Government troops had to proceed with his men to a certain point. He received information that the rebels had taken up a position in a dense wood which skirted the railway line along which he would have to travel. As it would never do to leave the enemy in a position where they could take him in the flank while they themselves lay concealed and in safety, it was necessary first to dislodge them from their point of vantage. For this purpose artillery was brought up, and the bombardment of the enemy's hiding-place commenced. It was a brilliant victory for the Government troops, according to the general's account; the enemy retreated, leaving him master of the situation. Though he was unable to produce any proofs of his victory in the way of killed, wounded, prisoners, or booty, he stated that, 'from the tracks of blood which he saw,' the enemy must have suffered severely. It afterwards transpired that there was not a soul in the wood the whole time the bombardment was going on!

On another occasion two hostile forces lay facing each other, each unwilling to take the initiative of attacking. One general (whom we will call Gomez) occupied a small town with a diminutive force; the other general lay in wait for him along the only road which led to it. The latter (we will call him Pando) learned that Gomez's men were in sore straits; and though some of them had deserted to him, the desertion was not on a large enough scale to satisfy Pando, so he hit on the following plan of hastening the process. He caused it to be known that he would pay a bonus of two pounds to every man of the enemy who deserted to him, and he made it a condition, as a guarantee of *bona-fides*, that each deserter should bring with him his Mauser rifle

and full quota of ammunition. Gomez's men now deserted almost in a body; at least a thousand (about the whole force) found their way to the enemy's camp. Gomez thereupon quietly evacuated the town at night, and next morning Pando marched in with all the honours of war, without firing a single shot.

'A clever idea,' some reader will exclaim; 'but did not Pando pay rather dearly for his whistle? A thousand men at two pounds each—that would amount to two thousand pounds, which Pando would have presumably to pay out of his own pocket.' Not so, dear reader! Pando was not that kind of man. As he paid for the rifles out of his own pocket, he claimed them as his property; and when his party got into power, as they did soon after, he sold these Mausers back to the Government at eight pounds each, a profit of six pounds on each rifle, or something like six thousand pounds on the whole transaction. Yes, Pando understood how to kill two birds with one stone.

As a stroke of business, this was perhaps capped by the action of another rebel leader. On his march through the country he commandeered and killed as many cattle as possible. Cattle belonging to the enemy were fair game, but he was not particular about the ownership; from one *estancia* (large cattle-farm) alone he is said to have carried off some twenty thousand head. But all these cattle were not required for the support of his handful of men; they were simply killed for the sake of their hides. A hide was as good as a bank-note, easily saleable in any town; so when he arrived at the town of X. he disposed of the lot to a trader for spot cash. Thus were the rebels able to replenish their exchequer. Let us say twenty thousand

hides at two pounds each—total, forty thousand pounds—quite a respectable amount of plunder; and as the rebel leaders also allowed their men to plunder on their own account, it was quite unnecessary to pay them, so the whole of the proceeds were net. But the rebel chief was not satisfied with this. No sooner had he sold the hides and received cash in payment than he 'commandeered' them. He also commandeered all the carts in the neighbourhood, and their owners, these being employed in carting the hides to the railway station, whence they were to be sent out of the country to a neighbouring republic and sold a second time. It was a good stroke, and might have succeeded but for the fact that the hides were captured by the Government troops before he was able to get them across the frontier.

Let it not be supposed that everything commandeered by the Government troops or by the rebels (whichever of the two happened to have the upper hand temporarily and locally) was required for military purposes. The shops were requisitioned for such things as sewing-machines or ladies' apparel, which the soldiers then distributed among their female friends. The officer in command of one of these plundering expeditions did rather a good thing. He sent many wagon-loads of the commandeered goods to a hiding-place in the depths of the forest; but his *cache* was discovered by the *montoneros* (independent freebooters, always in evidence during a revolution), who in their turn commandeered it.

Such are a few brief aspects of a revolution from its comic side; but there is nothing comical about it to those who, like the writer, have seen one and suffered from it, as many British subjects have done.

REAL VIOLIN ROMANCES.

PAGANINI'S MAGICAL GUARNERIUS.

By W. C. HONEYMAN, Author of *The Violin: How to Master It, &c.*

WHEN Paganini was just seventeen his marvellous playing attracted the attention of Parsini the painter, himself an accomplished violin-player.

'He can play anything at sight that man can write,' said a friend to Parsini.

'I do not believe it,' said Parsini, and for days he was invisible. Then he approached Paganini, carrying in one hand a grand violin by Antonio Stradivari, and in the other a violin concerto of extraordinary difficulty which he had written, but could not himself perform.

Said the artist to Paganini, 'If you play that at sight I will give you my violin.'

'Then you may bid farewell to your fiddle,' was the confident reply of the violin wizard, who played the piece without an effort.

Shortly after he nearly lost this violin through his passion for gambling. 'Watch, jewels, rings, and medals, all had gone,' he afterwards related, 'and my money was reduced to three francs. A prince had offered me two thousand francs for my violin, and I needed money to take me to St Petersburg, where I was engaged to play. I threw down the three francs as my last chance to keep my violin, and won one hundred and sixty francs! I was saved, but renounced gambling for ever, as contemptible to all right-thinking men.' Earning money so easily, however, he was careless, and was soon again in straits, and had to place his violin in pawn at Leghorn as security for money borrowed. Then he found himself without either money or a violin.

'I cannot play to-night,' he said to M. Livron,

a merchant and distinguished amateur violinist. 'I have no violin.'

'Play upon mine,' was the eager response; 'there is not a violin equal to it in the whole world.'

Paganini played that night as he thought he had never before succeeded in playing, and naturally gave part of the credit to the violin, and somewhat sadly returned it to its owner. But Livron had been at the concert, and more deeply thrilled than any one else there, and he handed back the violin to Paganini, with these words, '*Je me garderai bien de profaner des cordes que vos doigts ont touché; c'est à vous maintenant que mon violon appartient*' ('I shall take good care never to profane the strings which your fingers have touched; it is to you that my violin now belongs').

The violin thus nobly bestowed and eagerly welcomed was made in Cremona in the year 1743 by Joseph Guarneri; and Paganini, with one exception, played upon no other till the day of his death, as he could always get a more robust and penetrating tone from it in large halls than from any violin by Stradivari, and was thus the first to draw attention to the grandeur and beauty of Guarneri's works. More than that, this magical violin seemed to be a mascot to him, for from the time that he took it to his heart his fortunes never looked back, and gold poured into his pockets ceaselessly. It answered every call of his passionate nature, and even then seemed to have a reserve of power not touched. With that magic violin he conquered Europe. It was thought to be a demon violin, and all kinds of monstrous fables were heaped upon it and its owner, in spite of his dignified protest. Paganini was also accused of meanness, and was described as keeping a concert audience in London waiting while he took shelter from the rain rather than pay for a cab to take him to the hall. The writer of this calumny forgot that for a stranger in London to go out into a down-pour of rain to hunt for a cab was a sure way to get wet to the skin, while to remain in shelter was a sure way to keep dry. Paganini's health was never good, and even then (1831) he was suffering from the affection of the throat which carried him to the grave. The life of a delicate man is worth more than the convenience of many concert audiences.

All London rushed to hear the demon violin, and to announce a concert with Paganini was a sure way to have any hall filled to overflowing, though for each concert Paganini alone received two hundred pounds.

The news of this extraordinary success reached a poor widow in Brighton, who was struggling hard to support herself and her young family by teaching music, and she conceived the bold idea of asking the wizard violinist to perform at a concert in Brighton, and wrote to him asking his terms. To her surprise, she received a reply

to the effect that Paganini would be pleased to play at her concert for one-half of his usual fee—namely, one hundred pounds. The concert duly took place, and the widow's little son, named George Augustus Sala, then a child of seven, heard Paganini for the first and only time. The concert, however, barely paid expenses, and Mrs Sala, with a sad heart, realised that when all were paid she would have hardly a shilling left. Next forenoon Paganini called for his money, and was paid. Mrs Sala had thought of appealing to him for some reduction; but one look at his grim face scared the thought away, and she quietly conducted the great artist to the door, where the little G. A. S., in a shabby velvet suit, already had posted himself.

Paganini patted the boy on the head, said, 'Good child!' shook hands with the widow, and disappeared.

Mrs Sala turned away with tears in her eyes; but the boy cried out joyously, 'See, mamma! See the pretty picture he gave me!' The 'pretty picture' was a bank-note for one hundred pounds.

Once only was Paganini induced to use another violin than the magic Guarnerius, and that was about a year after his visit to Britain (1832), when, run down in health, he was staying and resting in Paris. Instead of hanging up a stocking at Christmas, as we do, the French place a wooden sabot on the hearth; and some one who thought Paganini rather niggardly with presents sent him a sabot almost big enough for a cradle, taking care that this sabot should arrive when he was entertaining a large company, the intention of the sender evidently being to sneer at Paganini as more ready to receive presents than to give them.

The maid who brought in the queer present was almost the only one in the villa with whom the invalid exchanged words, and he was surprised one morning to notice that her eyes were red with weeping.

'What is wrong with my little Nicette this morning?' he asked; whereupon, with fresh tears, the girl told him that her sweetheart had drawn the black number, and had to go away as a conscript to the war then impending.

Paganini sat at a table diligently carving a piece of ivory for the handle of a dagger, with his beloved Guarnerius and the wooden shoe near him, and his eye travelled from his work to these.

'Could your Adolph not be bought off?' he gravely asked.

'Yes; but fifteen hundred francs is the lowest price for a substitute,' answered the girl, 'and we have not saved the quarter of that.'

'I wonder what that shoe could do,' thoughtfully observed Paganini; to which Nicette made no reply, as she feared that the kind *maestro* must be going mad.

Paganini, however, was skilled in the use of edge tools, and he secretly thinned down the

wooden shoe from within, fitted it with a table of thin pine, fastened a neck to it, with pegs and strings, and, lo! the sabot was a violin—of a kind. He then announced a concert, for one hundred people only, at which he would have the pleasure of playing five pieces upon a sabot. Every ticket was eagerly bought, and when the evening of the concert arrived Paganini appeared with his beloved Guarnerius, and fairly electrified the audience by playing as he had never done before. Then, as a second part, he brought on the uncouth shoe-violin, and began to improvise some of his strange romances in music. It was soon clear to the listeners what that weird music represented. It was the life of a conscript: his drawing of the black number, the grief of his sweetheart, his departure, the bustle of the camp, the tumult of battle, the shouts of victory, the return of the conscripts, and the joyous pealing of wedding-bells.

Behind the scenes stood Nicette in tears, knowing too well what the music meant—the loss of her lover, and the possible blighting of her whole life; but, to her surprise, Paganini called her to the front, and said, 'My little Nicette, here are two thousand francs which the old shoe has earned for you; that is five hundred more than you need to buy off Adolph. And here also is the old sabot; perhaps some one will give you a few francs for it.'

Somebody did, for when it was put up for auction 'a mad Englishman' gave six thousand francs for it, and sent Nicette away home almost fainting with joy.

Needless to say that Nicette till her last day on earth never forgot Paganini's goodness; and when he died, eight years later, there was not in the whole world one who mourned for him more sincerely than did she.

Once more Paganini was tempted to divide the love of his magic Guarnerius, when, a year later (1833), he became the owner of a grand viola by Stradivari. The viola, or tenor violin, is a little larger than a violin, and goes one-fifth lower. It has a deeper tone, of a more pensive quality, and requires long fingers and great power in the performer to bring out its best effects. Paganini fancied that here was a chance to astonish the world with new effects, as the viola is seldom used for solo-playing; and as he was still ill, he asked Hector Berlioz, the greatest composer after Beethoven, to write a solo for him. The idea, however, 'ran away' with the composer, and the solo expanded into that great symphony known as *Harold in Italy*, in which the solo of the viola streams out like an angel's song above every other instrument in the orchestra.

Paganini, however, was away from Paris for three years, in the vain search for health, and so he did not hear the wonderful symphony till 1838, when Berlioz, broken in health, in deepest poverty, and borne down with the load

of his wife's debts, produced it at a concert which he had got up in the faint hope of retrieving his fortunes. Paganini was thrilled, as Berlioz thus relates:

'The concert was just over; I was in a profuse perspiration, and trembling with exhaustion, when Paganini, followed by his son Achilles, came up to me at the orchestra door, gesticulating violently. Owing to the throat affection, of which he ultimately died, he had already completely lost his voice, and unless everything was perfectly quiet no one could hear or even guess what he was saying. He made a sign to his son, who got up on a chair, put his ear close to his father's mouth, and listened attentively. Achilles then got down, and, turning to me, said, "My father desires me to assure you, sir, that he has never in his life been so powerfully impressed at a concert; that your music has quite upset him; and that if he did not restrain himself he should go down on his knees to thank you for it." I made a movement of incredulous embarrassment at these strange words; but Paganini, seizing my arm, and rattling out, "Yes, yes!" with the little voice he had left, dragged me up on to the stage, where there were still a good many performers, knelt down, and kissed my hand. I need not describe my stupefaction. I relate facts, that is all.

'Going out into the bitter cold in this state of white-heat, I met M. Armand Bertin on the boulevard. There I remained for some time, describing the scene that had just occurred, caught a chill, went home, and took to my bed more ill than before. Next day I was alone in my room, when little Achilles entered, and said, "My father is very sorry to hear that you are ill, and if he were not so unwell himself he would have come to see you. Here is a letter he desired me to give you."

'I would have broken the seal, but the child stopped me, and saying, "There is no answer; my father said you were to read it when you were alone," hastily left the room. I opened the letter, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Beethoven is dead, and Berlioz alone can revive him. I have heard your divine composition, so worthy of your genius, and beg you to accept, in token of my homage, twenty thousand francs, which will be handed to you by Baron de Rothschild on presentation of the enclosed.—Your most affectionate friend,
NICOLO PAGANINI."

'Then only did the truth dawn upon me, and I must have grown quite pale, for my wife, coming in at that moment, exclaimed, "What's the matter now? Some new misfortune? Courage! We have endured as much before."

"No, no; quite the contrary."

"What, then?"

"Paganini has sent me twenty thousand francs."

"Louis! Louis!" cried Henrietta, rushing distractedly in search of my son, who was playing in the next room, "come here! Come to your mother! Come and thank God for what He has done for your father!"

'And my wife and child ran back together, and fell on their knees beside my bed, the mother praying, and the child, in astonishment, joining his little hands beside her. Oh Paganini! what a sight! Would that he could have seen it!'

Of the music which Paganini produced from this magic Guarnerius, the brilliant pianist Kennedy, of Dublin, who heard it in that city in 1831, said to me that 'no human being could conceive of its wondrous power without hearing it. It was Paganini first, and every other violin-player nowhere. He had fingers long and thin as pipe-shanks, and so could reach from the bottom of the finger-board to near its top without shifting his hand, and thus could play a rapid run of tenths more easily than an ordinary player can play a run of octaves, and his octaves were so true that they sounded like a single note.'

R. B. Stewart, who was one of the orchestra of the old Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, when Paganini appeared in that city, and who had heard every great violinist between 1814 and 1885, said that not one of them approached Paganini, in whose hands the violin seemed not a mere instrument but a living personality, speaking things never spoken before and never heard since.

Paganini seemed to have a contempt for the low musical pitch of that day, which is now known as 'French pitch' or 'continental pitch'; for, while the orchestral accompaniments of his solos were written in E flat, he, with his violin tuned half-a-tone higher, played the solo in the much opener key of D major, so much more suitable for getting easy chords, harmonics, and pizzicatos. For the same reason his *Carnival de Venise* was arranged for the orchestra in the key of B flat, while Paganini, with his violin tuned half-a-tone higher, played the solo in the more brilliant and open key of A major. That curious trick puzzled many skilled musicians; but R. B. Stewart had an eye that could bore into you like a gimlet, as I can personally attest, and he detected the trick, though Paganini never allowed the band parts out of his sight, and carried them away after every rehearsal and performance.

The extraordinary magnetic power poured through that magic Guarnerius brought Paganini a constant stream of gold, and gold is supposed to command all that the world contains or a man desires; but, alas! it could not bring him health. Nature runs long accounts, but exacts heavy interest. The excesses of youth had left their mark on this great genius, and he was a physical wreck at the age when most men are at their best. Change after change he tried in vain, and at length landed at Nice, the air of which had

always agreed with him. He grew weaker every day, and seldom left his couch. One evening he seemed more kind and patient than usual, and, after a short slumber, whispered to his son, 'Draw back the curtains, *caro mio*; the moon shines on the sea.' It was done, and he raised himself and gazed long and earnestly upon the restless sea, so suggestive of his own life; and then the whispering of the wind among the trees or the distant murmur of the sea seemed to suggest to him some melody or harmony, and he feebly stretched forth his hand for his magic violin. A few sweet tones he was able to draw forth, and then, with a deep sigh, he gently laid the violin down. 'Ah! I could once'—was all he said. Then he lay back, and allowed his eyelids to droop. 'I will sleep now,' he whispered, with a smile upon his lips, and then he gently drifted out into the Great Beyond.

The magic violin, it was found, he had bequeathed to his native town, Genoa, with the fatal request that it was never to be played upon by any other, which, alas! was simply signing its death-warrant. A peculiarity of wood is that as long as it is handled and used it lives, and wears but little; but whenever it is laid aside it immediately begins to decay, and become the prey of insects. This magic violin, for which ten thousand pounds was offered and refused, and which might have thrilled the world for hundreds of years to come with its heart-searching tone, is becoming worm-eaten in its grand glass case in the Municipal Palace of Genoa, and will soon be a little heap of worthless dust. So passeth away the glory of the world.

A NOMAD'S DAY.

BANKED, black, the clouds that mask the coming dawn

Hang sullen, shroud-like in the eastern sky,
Seeming to cheat last even's parting glory
Into a last good-bye.

But in the farther lands the sun is wakening;
Rifting, reluctant wreathes the gloom away,
Gray pearl, pearl rose, rose pink in turn enchanting,
And then an upflung ray.

Now o'er the desert's cast a blaze of wonder,
And tender green of palm and gold-lined sand
Contrast with deepest blue of heaven's vaulting
To glorify my land.

On! happy foot, o'er scenes for ever changing,
Aimless or urgent as the night-dreams rule,
Sating a soul in joy till flesh grown weary
Welcomes a shady pool.

Splendour of couching sun to-night is waning,
Whisp'ring the wings of sleep the palm-fronds
sway,
And bear in soothing strain the farewell blessing
Of freedom's happy day.

HERBERT T. GRANT.

IN THE SINAI DESERT,
11th June 1916.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

GERMAN NAVAL TRADITIONS.

By LUKE HARRUNEY.

SOME years ago, when the writer was living at Wilhelmshaven as English tutor to the naval officers there, the numerous portraits and paintings with which their Casino is ornamented used to interest him very much; for the portraits were almost entirely those of officers who had lost their lives in the numerous accidents that befell the ships, first, of Prussia, and, later, of the newly founded German Empire. The first *Fräuenlob* sank in 1860, the corvette *Amazone* in 1861, the battleship *Grosser Kurfürst* in 1878, and the corvette *Augusta* in 1885; and many of the portraits were those of the officers drowned in these ships. A worse fate than shipwreck befell Germany's first battleship, the *Deutschland*, which was built for the Bund, or North German Confederation, in 1848; for, owing to its doubtful sea-going qualities, it ended an inglorious career by being sold by auction.

After this German battleships were built in England, the last English-built vessel being the *Kaiser*, launched at Poplar in 1874. The *Kaiser* was, for those days, a formidable ship of seven thousand four hundred tons, and at the lunch following the launching ceremonies Count Munster announced that this battleship gave Germany 'naval predominance over all other nations.' After this date all German ships were built in Germany; but Count Munster's remark may be taken to exemplify the unspoken thought then, as now, uppermost in German minds—namely, that, given the ships, German sailors would prove themselves superior to those of all other nations. No one has any right to complain of this; but the characteristically German method of expressing the thought is, to say the least, ridiculous.

From this belief sprang Germany's solitary great naval tradition before the war. The tradition is a curious one, decidedly uncomplimentary to Britain; and the visitor to Wilhelmshaven will still find plenty of evidence of it all over the town, in the numerous oleographs and engravings exposed for sale of Roechling's picture, 'The Germans to the Front.'

In June 1900 Admiral Seymour's little band of two thousand men retreated from Pekin in order to join the Allied Army sent to his relief. Seymour's force contained four hundred and

sixty German sailors as well as nine hundred and fifteen British, so that, on June 22, Seymour ordered the Germans to take their turn at the front. This order at once gave rise to the assertion in Germany that the German sailors saved the whole force; that without their leadership all would have been lost. Ernst Mayer, in his spiteful pamphlet, published at the time, entitled *Los von England*, at once wrote of 'Seymour's cry for help;' and Roechling's picture, showing the German sailors rushing forward with their naval flag at their head, and the sailors of other nations cheering wildly in admiration in the background, merely records on canvas that all the honours of the expedition, according to German people, fell to the German sailors, and that the British played a cowardly part!

With this tradition before us, it is not difficult to realise the absurd claims now being made on behalf of the German navy. An instance of these is furnished by the amount of literature which the career of one of the writer's old pupils has given the German people. This was Von Weddingen, of the U 9, now acclaimed in Germany as 'one of the greatest naval heroes of all time,' and still more ludicrously as the man 'who gave Germany the command of the sea.'

Kapitän-Leutnant Otto Eduard von Weddingen was a native of Westphalia, born at Münster in 1880, the youngest child of a merchant of Herford. He was the best type of German naval officer—a sportsman, destitute of the unpleasantly arrogant manners common among his Prussian comrades. He became *leutnant-zur-see* in 1904, *oberleutnant* in 1906, and *kapitän-leutnant* in 1912. Thus far his career had been undistinguished, and calls for no remark. Soon after the war broke out, in August 1914, he married Fräulein Irma von Prencke. On 22nd September 1914, more by luck than anything else, his submarine, the U 9 (to which he was appointed in 1912), sank the three British cruisers *Aboukir*, *Hogue*, and *Cressy*. When he returned to Wilhelmshaven at noon on the following day the scenes that followed, according to the *Wilhelmshavener Tageblatt*, almost beggared description. The town broke out into bunting everywhere, all the church bells rang, the streets were thronged with cheering crowds

long past midnight, and enough beer was drunk to float a battleship. Poets all over Germany at once set to work—the writer has the results of their labours before him in the shape of a volume of verse; and the Kaiser naturally conferred the Iron Cross upon Weddingen himself, and decorated every member of his crew.

Fortune again favoured Von Weddingen on the following 13th October, when the U 9 sank the *Hawke*. This time decorations literally rained upon him. The Kaiser gave him the Red Eagle, and every state in Germany followed suit with one or other of its orders. Nothing less than the destruction of the entire British fleet was now hoped for from the German submarines. Von Weddingen was the hero of the day, 'one of the greatest sailors of all time.' So high did enthusiasm run that the city of Münster actually affixed a marble tablet to the house in which he was born, informing the world in general that it was the birthplace of Von Weddingen, 'Sea hero.'

In March 1915 Von Weddingen was given the command of the finest of the new German submarines, the U 29, and great things were expected as a result. But by this time submarine warfare was better understood. Von Weddingen was compelled to confine his exertions to commerce raiding. On 11th March he sank the French steamer *Auguste Conseil*, and on the 14th four small British vessels. Justice was done in this country to the courtesy and

humanity of these closing acts of his career, for he caused no wanton loss of life, and was considerate in every way to the crews whom he compelled to leave their vessels. At the end of this month the British Admiralty announced that the U 29 had been destroyed, and that all on board were lost. Thus ended Von Weddingen's career.

But in the cafés and beer-halls of north Germany they are still singing Alexis Moskowski's 'Song of the U 9,' according to which Britain no longer sings 'Rule Britannia,' 'for quite otherwise now is the text of the song.' And, after depicting the dismay of the great English villain, Sir Edward Grey, the chorus of Moskowski's ditty winds up:

U 9! U 9! U 9!
Eternal glory is thine, is thine,
And thine is the sea, Germania!

Certainly, we are far distant from the days of Prussia's first great naval commander, Benjamin Raule, the Dutchman whom French writers unkindly term a pirate, who was hired by the Elector Frederick William for four months, at the price of one hundred and thirty-five thousand florins, in order to attack Sweden; and nowadays Von Weddingen and others have a more honourable claim for remembrance. But it is not the custom of other nations to spoil the laurels their heroes have legitimately earned by bombast and falsehood.

JANET ARMSTRONG.

CHAPTER III.

I WELL remember the May morning when the call came to me from my present city charge. It wasn't altogether unexpected, as I had had an inkling from an Edinburgh friend how matters were tending; but when I sat, letter in hand, in the quiet of my little study, with the ripple of Shinnel in my ear and the May morning sunshine in my heart, I own to a feeling of surprise at once pleasant and painful, and before God I felt humbled.

Since coming to Shinnel I had looked upon it as my settled home, not as a stepping-stone to another and a more responsible sphere; and the quiet, uneventful years I had spent in the glen had forged links in a chain which bound me lovingly to its grassy hills, its birchen shaws, and true, warm-hearted, kindly people. To break my connection with it now, to end a period of peaceful, contemplative study and soul-satisfying, appreciated work, somehow seemed to me as savouring of broken trust, of discontent, and a useless striving after a vain, fleeting show. Still, after all, it was a limited sphere of usefulness; and there was that within me, a consciousness of strength and equipment, calling for—nay,

demanding—more opportunity, more outlet, and a larger, busier vineyard. So, recognising this call as the tide in my affairs, after much heart-searching and consideration I accepted.

That same evening I told Janet. Not a word did she say till I had finished, and had pointedly asked her if she would accompany me to Edinburgh as my housekeeper.

Of a sudden she had found much amiss in my room demanding immediate attention, for she adjusted the window-curtains, dusted the mantelpiece with her apron, and blew with her breath soot-smuts off the crimpily tinsel in the grate. The silence became oppressive.

'We've been guid freens for mony a lang year, Davie,' she said at length; 'an' for yince I mak' nae excuse for ca'in' ye by the auld name. I'm—I'm rale prood o' ye; so wad your aunt ha'e been had she been leevin'. Ay, it—it'll be a gey rive leavin' a' about this place here, which, I daur say it, I've got to love; but if you can put up wi' leavin' it, so can I; an' I'll be gled to gang wi' ye, an' continue makin' your hame mine. Ay, an' this turn-up'll mean a displenishin' sale; an', wi' the markets sic as

they are, it'll be an unco chancy business. Is the—the what I may ca' the pey—is it as guid where ye're gaun as ye ha'e here? But mebbe that's an impident question I'm speirin'!

'Not at all, Janet,' I said; 'not at all. The salary, or stipend, as we call it, is more than I have here by nearly four hundred pounds.'

'Megstie me! fower hunner pounds. Oh losh, fower—hunner—pounds! That's—let me see—nearly echt poun' a week. Mercy, think o' that! That's a ca' fra the Lord; sure as death, a lood, lood ca' I wad say, an' I'm thankfu' ye heard it sas glibly. A toon's life'll no be like this; but—fower hunner poun'! Weel, that's no gaun stravaigin' aboot every day for chance gruppin'. Oh, faith, I'll gang wi' ye. An' what aboot the wee Wanlock warlock, as I ca' her—Aggie—ben in the kitchen there? Have ye asked her?'

I assured her she was herself the only person as yet who knew of my contemplated change, told her I didn't wish it to become parish talk; but, all the same, I was wishful Agnes should come with us. 'You know, Janet,' I said, 'my home atmosphere here—thanks to you—has been all I could wish it to be. If at all possible, let us carry it with us.'

And in this, as in other things, Janet didn't fail me.

Much took place at this time which, if written down, might make interesting reading; and, being naturally reminiscent, I am sorely tempted to go into details. However, I will restrain myself, for I am not writing my autobiography. I am writing of Janet Armstrong, and therefore must confine myself to a recital of those events with which she was personally and more directly associated.

Concerning our waygoing, all I will say is that, contrary to Janet's prognostications, there was no necessity for a dispenishing sale. She sold our stock of sheep privately to a Dumfries dealer, a little, podgy man, with two beady eyes, no neck to speak of, and a large, round face, every inch of which seemed to be in need of shaving. Somehow I think he won't forget Janet, for he sold the lot at Thornhill mart the following Saturday, and to a penny got just his own money back.

My old friend Glenhead was keen to have the two cows and our young quey. Goodness knows, I am no troker, nor have I the bargaining instincts; but, even to me, Glenhead as a buyer seemed to be stupidly anxious. I was surprised, as I gave him credit for knowing the game; but probably he considered a manse deal demanded no dissembling. When he called I left him entirely to Janet's tender mercy; and after much noisy bickering, and a good deal of what sounded to me perilously allied to blasphemy, he jumped into his trap, and left without coming in to wish me good-day.

Janet just laughed when I asked her the

cause of all the rumpus. 'I wad tak' Glenhead,' she quietly said, 'to be yin o' thae kin' o' fouk that wad teach his gran'mither to catch fleas. You'll mebbe hear mair the morn.'

She was quite right; for, after breakfast, Glenhead again drove into the courtyard, and for two hours thereafter the birds seemed to stop singing. He came in and had dinner with me. When Janet entered with the soup-tureen he eyed her from crown to toe with a look that spoke volumes.

'Maister Crosbie,' he said after she had closed the dining-room door, 'I've bocht the bees, but at a ransom price. As for that greyhound o' a hoosekeeper o' yours, by my faith, sir, she's a Tartar! Ony yin that rides ahin' her sits dam—eh, dashed—near the tail; mind, I'm tellin' ye, Maister Crosbie.'

Andrew Hair was very much disappointed at not getting our hens. They were all distributed gratis among the more deserving of my parishioners, and Janet superintended the apportioning with a happy resignation strangely out of keeping with her calculating, mercenary disposition.

One warm July day, about a year after I had settled in my city charge, I was sitting in my little summer-house writing a report of the doings of a committee of which I was secretary. My manse garden, bordered to right and left by shimmering saughs, slopes gently down to a rippling burn, along the farther bank of which runs a low, ivy-covered wall forming the boundary between my grounds and the Hermitage glen beyond. Save for the intermittent sounds of traffic—low-rumbling, and mellowed by distance—there is little in my surroundings to denote proximity to a busy, bustling city, and often my heart responded with a thrill to nature's offerings, as my eye wandered lovingly from the fragrant flower-beds beside me to the grassy slopes of the distant Pentlands before me, where, through a glimmering, veil-like heat haze, Allermuir and Caerketton lay bathed in July sunshine.

I had finished my work, and was leisurely filling my pipe, when, chancing to look through the open window, to my surprise I saw two large hands clutching the ivy on the top of the wall. Then a head, half-buried in a soft gray hat, cautiously came to view, followed by a bulky body and two long legs, stiffly and with evident difficulty raised from the other side. And there, half-lying and half-astride the copestone, was Andrew Hair, the grocer from Brig-o'-Scaur!

Making siccar his position, and balancing himself carefully, he took a slip of paper from his vest pocket. 'Number five—imphm!' I heard him mutter. Then he cast his eye along to the end of our short terrace, counting the houses and nodding his head as he mentally ticked off each number.

I was too astonished to speak; but as he complacently settled himself, and mopped his perspiring face with a large red handkerchief, surprise within me gave place to curiosity, and I was just on the point of calling the challenging word, when, with an agility creditable to a much younger man, he vaulted from his perch into the garden.

A screen of laurels hid him from my view; but, just as he landed, a text came most opportunely to my mind; and, remembering one of his little peculiarities, I called aloud, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

There was silence for a moment, then a rustling among the branches of the laurels, and a very scared, astonished man stood before me.

'Oh, it's you yoursel', Maister Crosbie!' he said with a catch in his breath. 'I juist didna ken the voice, though I was by-ordinar' familiar wi' the text. Ye quote it a' richt, but ye dinna gie your authority. It's—it's in the Gospel o' Saint John, the'—

'Don't worry about chapter and verse, Andrew Hair,' I said, 'but tell me why, when you visit me, you don't come to my house by the door.'

Andrew looked very shamefacedly at me, not knowing whether I was angry or badgering in fun. 'The fac' is, Maister Crosbie, you're takin' me at a disadvantage. I didna expec' to meet ye like this. It wasna you I cam' to see; it was Miss Airmstrong.'

'Oh, it's my housekeeper you've come to visit! Just so. But I'm sure Janet wouldn't like to know of any of her friends scrambling over walls and'—

'Yes, yes, Maister Crosbie; but, ye see, on my roon's wi' the cairt I'm aye used ca'in' at the back door. Fouk in my line o' business maun be discreet. We micht tak' the liberty wi' a cot-hoose, but at a faceable, dooble-storey yin we wad never presume to gang to the front. Sae far as I can see, ye've nae back entry here, an' I should ken, for I've been hingin' aboot, keekin' here an' keekin' there, for the feck o' an 'oor an' a hauf.'

'But there's a side gate to the kitchen door, Andrew.'

'Ay, I ken; but it's at the front too. Od, it seems a desperate queer thing to build a hoose without either a back door or a back road. Hoo ye get yer coals in or your shunners oot without fouk seein' ye beats me; an'—an' keepin' a soo'll be fair oot o' the question. But I'm deavin' ye, Maister Crosbie?'

'Not at all, Andrew; you're not deaving me. But come away into the manse. You'll be tired and hungry; and if Janet's expecting you she'll be'—

'Eh, but, one moment, Maister Crosbie; she's—she's no expec'in' me. Will ye juist hover

a meenit, if ye please, till I compose mysel'?' He sat down on a stump of a tree at my summer-house door, and his face wore a worried, perplexed look. 'Maister Crosbie,' he said after a long pause, 'I must confess I didna expec' to see you the day. As I've telt ye, I cam' to ca' on Miss Airmstrong to—to—in fac', to ask her a question. But noo that we've met I micht as weel tell ye my errant. Have ye a—a meenit to spare?'

I assured him I had; and, after helping himself to tobacco from my pouch and a match from my box, he began: 'Ye see, it's like this, Maister Crosbie. I lost my wife shortly efter you left Shinnel, an'—an' we've the Word for 't that it's not good for man to be alone. I'm missin' a womanbody in the hoose, an' if I dinna get settled doon it'll sune no be worth while, for I'm gettin' on in life. There's a wide wale in Toon-o'-Scaur, but there's a scarcity o' what I judge are the richt kind—they, ye ken, wi' a weel-faur'd face, a workin' haun', a level heid, an'—an', abune a', the grace o' God in their he'rt. Noo, I've often thoct o' Miss Airmstrong; she's o' a desperate knacky business turn, has a by-ordinar' guid appearance for ahin' a coonter, an', havin' been sae lang aboot a manse, she'll dootless be staunin' fast i' the faith. This is a Toon-o'-Scaur holiday; it's a cheap trip—only five-an-ten return—so it struck me that, instead o' writin'—which in the ordinary wey is kittle—I wad juist tak' the day aff an' speir at her mysel' by word o' mouth. Ye unnerstaun', Maister Crosbie? Ye—ye follow my drift?'

'Yes, Andrew, I understand, quite. I take it you have come here to-day to ask Miss Airmstrong to be your wife?'

'That is so, sir. You've struck the nail on the heid.'

'But, Andrew, is it not usual to—well, to court a woman before asking her in marriage?'

'Weel, I wad say it is, Maister Crosbie, when—when yin has the chance; but it's a faur cry fra Toon-o'-Scaur to Embro', an' in that wey I've been what you wad ca' handicappet. Still, I ken my ain mind on the maitter; an' as for Miss Airmstrong, though she's younger a hantle than me, I wad judge she's past the cooin', cushie-doo stage, an' will sensibly consider this chance o' a guid doon-settin'.'

'Just so, Andrew,' I said thoughtfully. 'And has she ever given you cause to think she would be agreeable to what you propose?'

'Weel, sir, I—I juist canna exactly say she has; but mair than yince she's telt me that I was a weel-faur'd, faceable man; an' that's nae little to hing by. Of course, we were talkin' business then. I was a mairret man, an' nocht mair was said. But I'm wastin' guid time. I maun get the business settled within an 'oor, for I've to be in Toon-o'-Scaur the nicht.'

'Well, Andrew, there's the kitchen door,' I said, pointing up the walk. 'I dare say I ought

to wish you luck ; and I do, if not with Miss Armstrong, with some other suitable party. I'll be here for some time yet. Come back and give me an opportunity of congratulating you.'

I waited till long past my tea-hour, but Andrew didn't return. The time slipped quickly past, however, for I was busy in thought. Somehow I couldn't imagine Janet as Andrew Hair's wife, mending his mealy clothes and serving behind his counter. All the same, I couldn't

shut my eyes to the fact that she had changed lately, in what respect I couldn't very well say ; but she was observing the fashions to the same extent as she had previously ignored them, and there was a happy gleam in her eye I had never noticed before. Since hearing Andrew's story I was inclined to associate these changes with the reason of his visit ; and, in spite of Andrew's assurance that he wasn't expected, I put it down to cause and effect.

(Continued on page 827.)

THE WORK OF LOBWORMS.

By CHARLES DAVISON, Sc.D., F.G.S.

AS the tide retreats from a sandy beach, the lobworm or lugworm, the common bait of fishermen, throws up its castings on the sand. The worm, which is about a foot long, burrows head downwards in the sand freshly soaked with the sea-water. After swallowing the sand and taking from it what nutriment it possesses, the worms throw up the waste sand on the surface in small heaps, which are strikingly similar, because formed in the same way, to those ejected by earthworms on our lawns.

At first sight, the castings seem to be thrown up somewhat capriciously. In one spot they may be scattered with a fair approach to uniformity ; but patches of sand, apparently in no way differing from the rest, occur in places without any castings. When the surface is covered with broken shells they are also rare or altogether absent, unless the sand is much ripple-marked, and then the fragments of shell collect in the hollows, while castings are piled up on the intervening ridges. Impure or clayey sand, such as that which lies above or near a submarine forest, is altogether, I believe, avoided by lobworms. The castings also vary much in size in different parts of the same beach. They are largest on sands where the water is smooth and retires gently and continuously ; but if again surrounded by incoming waves they sink down and lose much in size, if they do not entirely disappear.

So closely are castings sometimes collected that from a little distance the beach looks as if covered with a rash. In no place that I know of are they so large or so abundant as on the broad stretch of sand, three miles wide, which at low water separates the west of Holy Island from the opposite coast of Northumberland. Some years ago, when staying on the island, I endeavoured to estimate roughly the number of castings thrown up in a given area, and the weight of the sand contained in them. The implements required were few and simple—a good measuring-tape, a small shovel with a sharp edge and flat bottom, and a few wide-mouthed jars and oiled silk to cover them. Selecting a

stretch of sand where castings were clustered with a fair approach to uniformity, and neither more nor less abundant than in surrounding parts, I marked out with a stick a triangular area with sides about four or five yards in length. The three sides being measured and the number of castings within the triangle counted, data were obtained by means of which the average number of castings per acre or square mile could be readily calculated. To determine the weight of the sand contained in the castings, some of average size, as many as would go into a jar were collected, and the sand was taken home, and afterwards dried and weighed.

Altogether, nineteen triangles were so measured on the Holy Island sands, and, as might be expected, the average number of castings per acre varied rather widely. In none was it less than thirty-nine thousand nine hundred and thirty-five per acre ; but in the majority it was far higher, rising in one case to two hundred and three thousand two hundred and seventy-two. Taking all the areas together, the average number of castings per acre was eighty-two thousand four hundred and twenty-three, equivalent to more than fifty million per square mile ; so that, from one of the higher parts of the coast, or from one of the refuges on the route to Beal, it is not impossible that a spectator might include within his view as many worm-castings as there are inhabitants in the world. And when we reflect on the enormous number of castings thus thrown up within a very limited area, and remember also that as the tide advances they are all obliterated, only to be renewed as the water again retires, the vastness of the work accomplished by the myriads of lobworms on our sandy beaches will be readily apparent.

The measurements described above were made during one week in August. Whether the number continues uniform throughout the year—that is, whether lobworms tend or not to die off during the winter months—I am unable to say. But I imagine that they are not much affected by the cold ; for once, after a night of intense frost, and while the sea-water left higher

up the beach was a sheet of ice, I found castings on a patch a mile or two north of Sunderland quite as numerous as at Holy Island, the number within a small area being equivalent to eighty-seven thousand five hundred and nine per acre.

Some of the Holy Island castings, when dried and weighed, contained not more than half-an-ounce of sand; others, perhaps less abraded by waves, as much as two or three ounces. If we suppose that the same number and weight of castings were formed on an average after each of the seven hundred and five high tides of the year, the measurements made on Holy Island sands show that the total weight of sand yielded annually by lobworms was in no place less than four hundred and forty-nine tons per acre, while in two cases it was as much as three thousand one hundred and forty-six tons per acre. The average amount was one thousand nine hundred and eleven tons per acre, an amount which, if spread out over the whole area, would have formed a layer thirteen inches thick. Thus, area for area, lobworms accomplish considerably more than a hundred times the work of their brethren on the land.

The depth to which lobworms burrow is, of course, very limited. They keep near the surface, in order to deposit their castings upon it, and thousands must be dug up every year for bait. Carpenter gives the depth as from twelve to eighteen inches, and Johnston about two feet. Taking the latter estimate, it thus follows that on the Holy Island sands the layer of sand inhabited by lobworms must on an average pass through their bodies once in less than two years.

With these figures before us, it would be difficult to overestimate the work of lobworms. We have seen that over an acre nearly two thousand tons of sand are brought up by them in the course of a year and deposited on the surface. The distance through which it is carried is small, but it is carried in the direction opposite to that in which gravity acts. The surface sand must frequently pass through the bodies of the worms, and in this way the particles must become slightly worn. But of still greater importance is the fact that fresh sand is being continually introduced by lobworms to the grinding action of the waves.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

CHAPTER XVII.—*continued.*

IT was at about this time that some signal was hoisted in the *Lion*, and before Pincher quite realised what was happening, the *Mariner* and most of the other destroyers swung round and steamed for the enemy as hard as they could go.

'Gawd!' he whispered breathlessly; 'we're goin' in to attack!'

It seemed a suicidal sort of business, another charge of the Light Brigade, as the ship, quivering and shaking to the thrust of her turbines, drove on at full speed into the very jaws of those belching guns. They were between the lines, and the screeching and howling of the heavy projectiles as the two squadrons fired at each other became fainter and more distant. They drew nearer and nearer to the enemy. They were travelling at something over thirty knots—fifty feet a second, one thousand yards a minute.

'Lie down!' came a sudden order to the guns' crews, for in another moment the enemy's secondary guns would be opening fire. The men flung themselves to the deck and watched.

It was at this moment that Pincher first saw a cloud of enemy destroyers and some light cruisers appearing from behind the line of German heavy ships. They came out at full speed to ward off the British attack, perhaps to deliver one of their own; but, whatever happened, they were too late, for the British small craft, swinging round, turned to meet them.

'Guns' crews, close up!' came an order.

'Load with lyddite!' The men scrambled to their feet and waited.

'Enemy destroyers bearing green four-five,' came through the voice-pipe. 'Rapid independent! Commence!'

For the next few minutes Pincher was so hard at work cramming shell into his gun that he could hardly see what was happening, much less understand it all. He realised that the ship was being fired at, for there were splashes in the sea all round, and he could hear the shrieking whistle of the shell-splinters; but the roaring of the *Mariner's* own guns drowned every other sound. It was glorious to think that his own gun was firing at last, and somehow he did not very much care what happened so long as the enemy suffered.

It was an exciting experience. The hostile flotilla appeared as a drove of rushing gray shapes in the midst of a turmoil of shell fountains, smoke, and gun-flashes. There were so many of them, and they were so closely packed, that it was unnecessary to single out any one particular vessel as a target, and the British guns merely fired into 'the brown,' with the almost absolute certainty of hitting something.

Nearer and nearer they came—four thousand yards, three thousand five hundred, three thousand. In numbers the two forces were about equal, but the effect of the heavier British guns soon made itself felt, for before long two of the enemy seemed to crumple up and vanish.

in a cloud of smoke and steam. A bare thirty seconds later another shared the same fate; while a fourth, badly hit, lay nearly motionless on the water and very much down by the bows, with a storm of shell spurting, foaming, and bursting all round her. The hostile attack was beaten off, for after a very sharp close-range action the enemy's flotillas turned tail and scuttled back to the shelter of their heavier ships.

Then the British flotillas, with the ground cleared, charged on again to press home the attack on the German battle-cruisers. The moment they came within range they were fired upon, and within a few seconds all the enemy's lighter guns came into action in a furious and frantic endeavour to drive them off. The gray shapes of the hostile vessels scintillated with gun-flashes and became shrouded in smoke, and once more the sea started to spout and boil angrily. But the destroyers were not to be denied, and after the gigantic shell fountains of the earlier portion of the battle, these smaller splashes, alarming as they might have been in ordinary circumstances, seemed puny and insignificant. Indeed, they came as a positive relief, and nobody worried his head about them.

The little craft still drove on under a heavy fire, and the *Mariner*, following round in the wake of her leader, turned and fired two torpedoes in rapid succession when she came within range. Others did the same, some ships arriving within three thousand yards of the enemy to do so. Some of the torpedoes must have gone home; but before they reached the enemy the attackers had turned about and were steaming hard to get out of range.

The *Mariner* had been hit by only one small projectile, which burst aft, but did no damage to speak of except inflicting slight flesh-wounds on two men, much to their subsequent satisfaction. Other ships had not been so lucky, and Pincher noticed one destroyer which had been struck in the engine-room and could not steam. The last time he saw her she lay motionless between the two fleets, enduring a terrible fire from every German gun which would bear. The greater number of her men must have been killed and her deck converted into a reeking shambles, but her colours were still flying.

The action between the opposing battle-cruisers had continued with unabated fury, both forces steaming to the southward on roughly parallel courses; but at four-forty-two the German High Sea Fleet had been sighted to the south-eastward from the *Lion*. Sir David Beatty thereupon swung round to an opposite course to lead the new-comers towards Sir John Jellicoe, who, with the battleships of the Grand Fleet, was somewhere to the north. The enemy's battle-cruisers, maintaining their station ahead of the High Sea Fleet, conformed to the movement of the British shortly afterwards.

The Fifth Battle-Squadron, under the orders

of Rear-Admiral Evan Thomas in the *Barham*, with the sister-ships *Valiant*, *Malaya*, and *Warspite*, were now approaching from the north, firing heavily as they came on to the head of the hostile line; but shortly before five o'clock they swung round into line astern of the battle-cruisers, coming under a heavy but more or less ineffectual fire from the leading German battleships as they did so.

Up to now the weather conditions had been favourable alike to both sides, but at about four-forty-five a thick mist and a great mass of dark cloud settled on the eastern horizon, and blurred the outlines of the enemy's vessels until they appeared vague, shadowy, and indistinct. To the westward, however, the sky was still quite clear, and the British were plainly silhouetted against the horizon, which gave the Germans the advantage in so far as the light was concerned.

Between five and six P.M. the action continued, Sir David Beatty's force, with the four battleships astern of it, gradually drawing ahead of the enemy, and concentrating a very heavy fire on the battle-cruisers at the head of his line at a range of about fourteen thousand yards. The hostile battleships, meanwhile, farther astern, could do little to reply, and ship after ship of the enemy was badly battered, while one of their battle-cruisers, terribly damaged, was observed to quit the line.

At about six o'clock the leading British battleships were sighted to the north from the *Lion*, and at this time Sir David Beatty, to clear the way for them to come into action, altered course to the east and crossed the enemy's T, reducing the range to twelve thousand yards as he did so, and inflicting terrible damage with his heavy fire. At this time only four hostile vessels were in sight, three battle-cruisers and one battleship, the others being obliterated in the mist.

Twenty minutes later the Third Battle-Cruiser Squadron, commanded by Rear-Admiral the Hon. H. L. A. Hood, joined Sir David Beatty. The reinforcement was ordered to take station ahead, and steamed gallantly into action at a range of eight thousand yards. It was then that Rear-Admiral Hood's flagship, the *Invincible*, subjected to a concentrated fire from every hostile gun which would bear, was sunk.

Previous to this, between five-fifty and six P.M., Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Arbuthnot, with the older cruisers *Defence* and *Warrior*, had steamed in to attack the enemy's light cruisers, and the two vessels, with their 9.2 and 7.5-inch guns, sank or inflicted severe damage upon their opponents. But in doing so, unaware, on account of the mist, of the immediate presence of the enemy's heavier ships, they suddenly came within easy range of monster weapons against which their comparatively light armaments were impotent.

An awful fire was concentrated upon them.

The *Defence*, to use the words of an eye-witness, was 'blown clean out of the water' by a salvo of shell. The *Warrior* was hit repeatedly by heavy shell, and suffered terrible injury, for before escaping from her unenviable position she had arrived within a range of about five thousand four hundred yards of two hostile battle-cruisers.

The ship was little more than a battered wreck. A distance of five thousand four hundred yards is nothing at sea. It is point-blank range, and may be compared with using a rifle at fifty yards. Her casualties in killed and wounded had been very severe. The engine-rooms and stokeholds were flooded through shell striking and penetrating below the water-line, while she was blazing furiously aft, and was making water fast. The whole vessel was pierced and perforated until she resembled a gigantic nutmeg-grater, and as time went on she settled lower and lower in the water. Certain of the survivors tried to quench the fire with hoses, while the remainder set to work to build rafts, practically all the boats having been demolished. The conflagration was eventually subdued, and then came the piteous and gruesome task of identifying the dead, while the wounded were brought on deck in case it should be necessary to abandon the ship.

For over an hour she lay there helpless, and we can imagine the relief of officers and men when, later in the evening, the *Engadine*, a cross-Channel steamer converted into a seaplane depot ship, arrived on the scene and took her in tow. The energy of every soul on board was then concentrated on keeping the ship afloat; and, as the steam-pumping arrangements were useless, the exhausted men were at the hand-pumps all through the hours of darkness.

But it was not to be. The weather during the night grew rapidly worse, and when dawn came the wind and sea had risen, and waves were breaking over the quarterdeck. The cruiser could not last much longer. She was sinking fast, and there was nothing for it but to abandon her.

One by one the wounded were passed down into boats and were ferried across to the rescuing vessel. They were followed in turn by the remainder of the ship's company, the officers, and finally the captain; and when last seen, between nine and ten in the morning, the *Warrior* was sinking by the stern. But she had upheld her name. She came to a noble end, for she had fought valiantly against overwhelming odds until she could fight no more, and her name, together with those of other brave ships lost on that eventful day, will never be forgotten. Her heroic dead did not sacrifice their lives in vain.

Of the gallant work of the *Engadine*, which towed the cruiser for seventy-five miles between eight-forty P.M. and seven-fifteen A.M. the next

morning, and was instrumental in saving the lives of her ship's company, we need make no mention here. The exploit occupies its deserved position of prominence in Sir John Jellicoe's official despatch.

III.

It was immediately after the destroyer action between the lines that the *Mariner* first sighted another body of ships looming up to the southward. The new-comers, about sixteen large ships accompanied by many smaller vessels, came on at full speed towards the scene of action, and at first the men in the destroyers imagined them to be the battleships of the British Grand Fleet. Their spirits rose accordingly, for with the arrival of these powerful units the enemy's battle-cruisers, cut off from their base, could not escape annihilation. But a few minutes later, when the great ships had come nearer, their unfamiliar shape and unusual light-gray colouring proclaimed them for what they really were—the battleship squadrons of the German High Sea Fleet.

Some of the destroyers which were favourably placed at once dashed in to attack with torpedoes, retiring as soon as they had fired, and before very long most of them had rejoined the heavier vessels.* Their next chance of doing something was to come after nightfall.

From about six-fifteen onwards it is very difficult to give a comprehensive account of what occurred, for with the arrival on the scene of the British Grand Fleet, the German main squadrons turned and retired to the southward. Sir John Jellicoe chased at full speed; and, as he says in his despatch, 'the enemy's tactics were of a nature generally to avoid further action,' while he refers to his own ships as the 'following' or 'chasing' fleet. Moreover, in the engagements which ensued, the enemy were favoured by the weather, for banks of heavy mist and smoke-clouds from the hostile destroyers reduced the visibility to six miles or less, and periodically screened the opponents from each other's view.

The fighting between the opposing battleships, which began at six-seventeen P.M., seems to have resolved itself into a series of ship to ship and squadron to squadron encounters rather than a formal fleet action; but, while our vessels remained in their organised divisions throughout, the enemy, soon after the fight began, seem to have become more or less scattered, and to have had a trail of injured ships struggling along in rear of their main body.

A hostile vessel would suddenly loom up out of the haze a bare eight or ten thousand yards distant, to be greeted with salvo after salvo of shell as the British battleships drove by. She

* That is, those destroyers attached to Sir David Beatty's squadron.

would reply to the best of her ability; but, whereas our vessels had just come into action, and their shooting was very accurate, the German firing was not good, and had little or no result. Ship after ship of the enemy appeared through the murk to be fired at heavily for three, four, or five minutes, then to disappear in the haze, badly hammered and perhaps on fire.

To give some idea of what took place during this period it is advisable to quote largely from the official despatches of Sir John Jellicoe and Sir David Beatty. There was the battleship *Marlborough*, which, with the First Battle-Squadron, came into action with the retiring enemy at six-seventeen P.M. at a range of eleven thousand yards. She first fired seven rapid salvos at a German vessel of the *Kaiser* class, then engaged a cruiser, and again a battleship, doing them all serious injury. At six-fifty-four she was struck by a torpedo, the only one which took effect out of the many fired by the hostile destroyers; but, though damaged and with a considerable list to starboard, she remained in the line, and opened fire again at a cruiser at seven-three P.M. Nine minutes later she started to fire fourteen rapid salvos at another battleship, hitting her badly and forcing her out of the line. Her firing throughout was most effective and accurate, and this in spite of the injury caused by the underwater explosion of the torpedo.

The First Battle-Squadron closed the range to nine thousand yards, and wrought great havoc with its fire; but only one of its vessels, the *Colossus*, was struck, despite the hail of shell from the enemy.

The Second Battle-Squadron was in action with other German battleships between six-thirty and seven-twenty P.M., and also with a battle-cruiser which had dropped astern seriously injured; while the Fourth Battle-Squadron, with which was Sir John Jellicoe's flagship, the *Iron Duke*, engaged two battleships, as well as battle-cruisers, cruisers, and light cruisers. The vessels of the Fourth Light-Cruiser Squadron remained ahead of the British battleships until seven-twenty P.M., when they moved out to counter the attack of hostile destroyers, and successfully drove them off. They did it again an hour later, in company with the Eleventh Destroyer Flotilla, and came under a heavy fire from the enemy's battleships at ranges of between six thousand five hundred and eight thousand yards. It was then that the *Calliope*, flying the broad pendant of Commodore Le Mesurier, was hit several times, and suffered casualties, but luckily escaped serious injury. In the course of these attacks torpedoes were fired at the foe, while four hostile destroyers were sunk by the British fire.

At seven-fourteen Sir David Beatty, who, with his battle-cruisers, was apparently separated

from Sir John Jellicoe, sighted two battle-cruisers and two battleships in the mist. He promptly engaged them, and, setting one on fire, so damaged another that she was forced to haul out of the line. The enemy's destroyers thereupon emitted dense volumes of gray smoke, under cover of which the enemy turned away and disappeared.

But they were very soon relocated by the British light cruisers acting as scouts, and between eight-twenty and eight-thirty-eight P.M. Sir David was once more in action at ten thousand yards. During this period the *Lion* forced one of the enemy, badly on fire and with a heavy list to port, out of the line; the *Princess Royal* set fire to a three-funnelled battleship; and the *New Zealand* and the *Indomitable* caused another vessel to leave the line heeling over and blazing furiously. The enemy then disappeared in the mist, and were no more seen.

These various semi-isolated actions, and particularly the performance of the *Marlborough*, which fired at no fewer than five different ships between six-seventeen and seven-twelve, show only too well how the mist aided the foe; but in spite of it, the German losses were very heavy.

At nine P.M. darkness was rapidly approaching, and at about this time the British heavy forces retired temporarily from the immediate neighbourhood to avoid hostile destroyer attacks, remaining, however, in positions between the enemy and his base from which the battle could be renewed at daylight. At the same time the light cruisers and destroyers were ordered in to do what damage they could.

To those in certain of the destroyers which were present during the latter part of the afternoon and evening, and happened to be unengaged, the sensation was a most uncanny one. Their area of vision was bounded by a narrow circle of four or five miles radius, but all round them until nightfall the air resounded and shook with the distant rumble and the nearer thudding of big guns as the heavy ships engaged each other. The uproar never ceased. Fighting seemed to be furious and continuous; but though the vessels of the *Mariner's* flotilla were steaming to the southward with their guns ready and torpedo-tubes manned, it was not until after darkness had fallen that they were vouchsafed another chance of using them. But they saw many signs of the battle. At one moment they would catch a glimpse of a huge British battleship vomiting flame and smoke as she engaged some invisible opponent. She would fade away in the mist, to be followed presently by a fleeting vision of two light cruisers, one British and the other German, their sides a quivering spangle of gun-flashes as they mutually hammered each other. They also would disappear, swallowed up in the haze; and a British destroyer, steaming at full speed, would dash across the horizon on some errand of destruction,

with smoke pouring from her funnels and an immense white wave piled up in her wake.

They passed the bows of a sunken enemy light cruiser standing up out of the sea like some gigantic spearhead; and once, just before dark, they sighted what remained of a sorely wounded German cruiser. She was sinking fast. Her guns were silent, and she lay over to an alarming angle, with a blaze of orange and cherry-coloured flame leaping and playing about her

from end to end. The whole interior of the ship must have been a raging furnace; and a mushroom-shaped pall of dark smoke, its underside stained a vivid carmine by the flames, hung over her like a canopy, and added its contribution to the thickness of the atmosphere. The sea was strewn with wreckage, masses of debris, and floating corpses wearing life-belts.

And so the night came.

(Continued on page 820.)

ARTIFICIAL FOODS.

By CHARLES COOPER, Editor of the *Epicure*.

ECONOMICAL considerations, induced by the present high cost of living, have lately directed increased attention to various artificial preparations, designed to serve as substitutes for the more costly food articles to which we have been accustomed, with the result that in at least one instance tardy justice has been done to an artificial product that had long been regarded with suspicion.

Foods made, or invented, by the chemist come under two denominations, the distinction between which, all-important as it is, is perhaps very imperfectly appreciated by the general public. There is first the imitation food which has nothing but some particular trait in common with the article it parodies, differing from it essentially in chemical constitution and food value. Substitutes of this character may have a value of their own commercially and in domestic economy; often they are produced for fraudulent purposes only; or, again, may be merely scientific diversions of chemical experimentalists.

Altogether different is the synthetic food. Synthesis is the reversing of analysis. Analysis is the resolving of a compound body into its elements; synthesis is the combining of elements into a compound. All our foods are made up of various constituents, combined and developed as the results of animal and vegetable growth, and the chemist, having analysed these and ascertained their constituents, has been able to recombine them, and, putting them through processes somewhat analogous to those of Nature, has produced laboratory-made articles which conform exactly by analysis and in food value to the original models set by Nature herself.

What the food-chemist has done in this direction is sufficiently wonderful, although his powers are by no means illimitable. He is able to make a great many things; but meat and starch he cannot make. The analysis of starch and of meat-albumen is easy enough, but their synthesis has hitherto baffled all the men of science. In the days before the war German chemists did not despair of ultimate success; latterly their activities have been diverted into other channels. Where starch

and albumen occur in a synthetic food, therefore, they are the natural products. Given a laboratory equipped with seventy elements, plus starch and albumen, the chemist can make up most of the foods on our ordinary bill of fare. Not that the majority of such experiments have any domestic or commercial significance, their production involving no economy of means. While they are often of great interest to the student, they offer no money-making or money-saving possibilities to the manufacturer or householder. I have heard of a laboratory-made dish of mashed potatoes, which in appearance and flavour would have imposed upon a Parmentier; but the potato itself would be very much cheaper than its synthetic substitute.

Some there are among synthetic foods which have proved of immense commercial and domestic importance. Of these margarine may be regarded as one of the greatest triumphs of food science. By certain processes, known only to Nature, the fatty tissues of the cow are transformed into milk; the milk is drawn from the animal; the fat-globules are separated, compressed, and make their appearance as butter. The chemist, by a scientific short cut, takes the fat direct from the tissues of the animal, and, in margarine, produces an article so exact to butter in chemical composition and nutritive value, and so closely resembling it in taste and appearance, as to be indistinguishable to the eye or the ordinary palate. The very fidelity of the resemblance was the undoing of margarine in the first instance. Its cost of production being about one-fourth of that of butter, the temptation to the dishonest trader to foist the cheap article upon his customer in place of the more expensive one proved irresistible. Its retail sale has, in the past, been attended with more dishonest practices than probably that of any other single article of consumption. It was made the subject of special legislation both in Britain and America, and found constant employment for an army of vigilant food-inspectors and public analysts. The result was the creation of a prejudice that for a long time barred margarine from domestic use, although it was enormously

used in the production of shop goods and factory-made products. Latterly there has been a very welcome change in the public attitude. Margarine is now advertised and sold under its proper designation, and is bought and used on its merits. The employment of a large proportion of nut-butter in place of animal fat reduces the cost of manufacture, and makes the article a profitable one for the seller, while it supplies the user with a cheap and perfectly wholesome and nutritious article of diet.

That remarkable vegetable the soya bean has been successfully employed in the production of a synthetic milk, which can be retailed at about half the present price of ordinary milk, to which it conforms exactly in appearance and analysis, with no very marked difference in flavour. This subtlety of flavour, which is one of Nature's own secrets, is one of the things which often evade the art of the food chemist. On the other hand, he can frequently claim an advantage over Nature in the greater reliability of his products. Cow's milk, for instance, is apt to vary in quality, even when taken from the same cow, from day to day. The synthetic product, being made to a standard prescription, never varies.

A milk-like emulsion prepared from sanātogen is an example of an imitation, as distinguished from a synthetic food. It is like milk in appearance; but while it has a value of its own as a nutritious article, it differs essentially from milk in its constitution, and cannot be employed to replace it.

Glucose is another synthetic article which, although not sold in the grocers' shops in place of sugar, is extensively employed in manufactures. Nature, by some occult system of her own, produces sugar in many plants, notably in the sugar-cane. Physiologists discovered that sugar taken into the stomach is converted into glucose by the digestive acids before the system can assimilate it. The chemist finding that the same article, glucose, can be produced by boiling starch in a weak solution of sulphuric acid, the acid being subsequently neutralised by lime, the result has been the creation of an industry the magnitude of which it is hardly possible to estimate. More than a quarter of a century ago it is said that Germany alone had fifty factories at work, turning out thirty thousand tons of starch-sugar annually. Glucose is sanctioned by the law, and being practically identical with cane sugar, no objection can be raised to its use. It crystallises less readily than cane sugar, and golden syrup prepared from it is more favoured by buyers from its presenting a brilliant transparent appearance; and jams in which it is used keep soft for a long time. It must be borne in mind that, as glucose is to some extent a pre-digested food, it is absorbed more readily than cane sugar, and may be apt to overload the system more easily. It also undergoes fermenta-

tion more readily. The manufacture is nowadays conducted with great care; otherwise the elimination of sulphurous acid has at times been far from complete, and a catastrophe happened some years ago through the customers of a northern brewery being poisoned wholesale by the arsenical contamination of the glucose employed in place of malt. The alarm that this created and the precautions instituted are the best guarantees against the recurrence of such a danger.

While glucose is a perfectly permissible substitute for sugar, the same cannot be said for its other rival, saccharin, which is an imitation pure and simple. Its discovery was one of the romances of the laboratory. Over thirty years ago Dr Ira Remsen, afterwards President of the Johns Hopkins University, entrusted a student, who was working for his doctor's degree, with the preparation of a new derivative of toluene. Happening to taste the product, the student—now Dr C. Fahlberg—was amazed at its extraordinary sweetness, which is estimated at five hundred and fifty times that of cane sugar. Impressed with the commercial possibilities of the discovery, Dr Fahlberg threw up his work at the University and secured for himself all the legal rights in the discovery. Its results have been colossal in their magnitude. With no food value whatever, saccharin has perhaps a legitimate sphere of utility as a sweetening agent for diabetic patients, but its illegitimate commercial employment is on an immeasurably greater scale, and its effect in cheapening production has led to its extensive use in about thirty manufactures, such as children's sweetmeats, jams, jellies, marmalades, canned goods, and various drinks. Coal-tar, of which saccharin is a derivative, does not commend itself to one as a desirable food article, and it is not surprising to hear that a consensus of professional opinion has declared the habitual use of saccharin in the dietary to be fraught with the gravest danger to health. It retards the digestive transformation of foods to the weakening of muscular energy. It is diuretic, and its passage through the kidneys is liable to be attended with serious consequences, especially to those who have any tendency to disease of those organs. In America, and in all European countries save our own, its use is prohibited, or allowed only under most stringent regulations. As a great deal of it may go into very small compass, it affords excellent opportunities for indulgence in the good old-world diversion of smuggling, to which, and to its extended use, it is to be feared that the present high price of sugar may offer very great temptations.

The synthetic production of alleged fruit essences is a flourishing business, the secrets of which would be very interesting, if told, as illustrating what may be done with apparently unpromising material. I once heard a learned professor describe with much complacency how he made a delectable pineapple flavouring upon

which he particularly prided himself. The processes were lengthy and painstaking, and included the decomposing in a chalk mixture of very rotten cheese and very sour milk, and distilling the product with oil of vitriol.

About synthetic wines there might be found material for a small volume. Their production has furnished diversion to a great many experimentalists in chemistry, and a handsome living to a great many exploiters of the public. The late Mattieu Williams told of a Birmingham chemist of his acquaintance who succeeded in producing a really excellent claret, which might have passed muster in every respect save colour, which he could only obtain by the use of aniline dye. Being a man burdened with a conscience, he shrank from that, and so, as Mr Williams said, another industry was lost to Birmingham.

Every now and then we read in the papers sensational stories of the coming usurpation of the kitchen by the laboratory, and of the meals of the future which the chemist will supply concentrated into the dimensions of a lozenge. These vaticinations are but the babble of irresponsible frivolity. We have a few synthetic foods of outstanding merit, such as those referred to in this article, which have done, and are doing, important work in supplementing and cheapening our ordinary food supplies, and it is probable that the number of these may be increased as time goes on; but the majority of these laboratory discoveries, often happened upon while the chemist was looking for something else, may have a scientific interest without any practical public significance.

THE PIRATE.

By MAYNE LINDSAY.

I.

THEY were huddled on the deck of the destroyer that had picked them out of the water, a mass of shivering people, grotesque in their life-saving gear. Their attention was riveted on all that remained to be seen of their late home, a few hours before one of his Majesty's battleships in active commission, and now, keel uppermost, no more than a whale-back hardly visible, at a couple of miles distance, above the greenish waters of the eastern Mediterranean. She was being rapidly left behind, for the very good reason that the Turks had her range, and were able to make things uncomfortable for any craft lingering in her neighbourhood.

The destroyer's crew moved about, administering tots of rum.

A midshipman, whose skinny wrists and ankles belied the proportions of his inflated waistcoat, wiped a straggle of wet hair off his forehead, tossed down the rum, coughed, smacked his lips, and cheered up at once. He was a person not easily depressed.

He addressed the commander, who was muffled, Red-Indian-wise, in a blanket. 'D'you suppose we shall get leave for this, sir? I could do with a month.'

'Leave!' The commander withered him. 'Not in the least likely. Extra hands are wanted out here; a ship's company without a ship will be just the thing. Unless you are a case of shock, which you don't appear to be from the way you took your grog, I think some one will be able to find you fatigues ashore, Easton.'

There was that in his eye that made Tommy Easton retire. He melted into the crowd, and

squeezed his way to Courtlands, another midshipman, who was wedged in a warm spot abaft the forward funnel. He repeated the prophecy.

'Well, I can't be expected to take on another job until I get a pair of breeches'—Courtland was dressed in a flannel vest and an oilskin—'can I? It'll take a fortnight, with luck, to get new gear from Malta. They'll have to hush me up on the island. I shall live secluded on the hilltops with the goats.—Oh, thanks awfully!' He accepted a cigarette from a passer-by.

'I hadn't time to strip,' Easton said. 'It was my watch below. I barely tumbled up in time.'

Courtlands glanced at him. 'Get clear, all the men below?'

'Most of them.' There was a silence between the two boys. 'I see the island. Wonder where we shall fetch up. There was a fair scrum when I was here last, and since then they have dumped ashore the Lord knows how many more transports full. Tents! My hat! the whole place is tents now, seems to me.'

Tents there were, enough to shelter the shipwrecked mariners. The destroyer disembarked them, and shot away again to her station. The sun sank; the beach was chilly. The men were mustered. The Government store produced slop khaki, and a military mess invited the officers to dine off tinned courses.

Later Easton found himself tented with his brother-snotties in an encampment, a southern moon beaming between the flaps out of a still and perfect night. He nestled in his blankets. There was a little desultory talk; then quiet. The day of catastrophe was done; to-morrow would take care of itself. He had recited his

experiences to several subalterns of Kitchener's army. He was sleepy.

He slept.

II.

A few mornings afterwards Tommy Easton was frying beef and potatoes on a biscuit-tin lid, over a fire of demolished packing-case, before the door of the tent. The rigours of shipwreck had fallen upon him. The island was congested with great preparations, and nobody had yet had the time, or discovered the method, to reduce the employment of five hundred unexpected arrivals to a system. The deputy harbour-master had culled a gang for buoy-work, medical inspection had drafted the invalids into hospital, a major of Marines had weeded out the able-bodied men of his arm, and the coal-officer had detached a squad. The rest picnicked in sand, snatching the dubious pleasures of the passing hour.

Courtlands had gone on a foraging expedition for cigarettes. The other members of Easton's mess were about somewhere; but they did not happen to be on the spot when that individual, prodding the beef with a fragment of hoop-iron, perceived his late commander bearing down upon him. The commander had exchanged his blanket for the uniform of his rank; he was shaven; he seemed never to have left the world of ordered things.

'Are you the only one here?'

'Just this minute I happen to be, sir.'

'Oh, well.' Then—'Oh, you'll do. Do you see that tug? She has been lent from Malta; she has a Maltese engineer and a stoker on board. I've sent the coxswain of the captain's gig and a couple of men off to her. Go aboard and take those lighters in tow—the string that is loading from the tramp with the red funnel—and stand by for further orders.'

'Very good, sir.'

'You had better draw what you will be likely to want before you go on board. You may be any time in her. See that Hallup has the stores I told him to put in for.'

'Ay, ay, sir.'

He was gone. Easton fished a piece of beef out and ate it, rejecting the underdone potatoes. He dived into the tent and extracted his blankets. Emerging again, he encountered Courtlands, who had picked up the hoop-iron, and was engaged with the biscuit-tin.

'How filthy this stuff looks! Have you tried it?'

'M! It might be worse. Sorry I can't stop to dish up, Courty. I'm off. Kiss the boys good-bye for me.'

'Off! Where to?'

'I happen to have a command, that is all,' Tommy said with dignity.

Courtlands expressed his disbelief emphatically.

'If you won't take my word for it, I'm sorry,' Easton said. 'I'm not joking.'

'Where is she? What is she?'

Easton pointed her out. They gazed at her. She was ancient; she was shabby beyond belief; she had paddle-wheels, and was nearly as broad as she was long. Courtlands snorted; but Tommy's heart had already warmed to her.

'And I've *carte-blanc* to raid the shore pusser for anything I want. It is a bit of all right, isn't it? So long, Courty. This shore business didn't appeal to me, really. Give me the bounding blue ocean.'

'You'll end as a pirate if you aren't careful.'

'That's not a bad idea. I shall think it out—on the bridge,' said Tommy Easton.

He shouldered his blankets, and went to harry the storekeeper. Hallup the coxswain was before him, a man of resource and presence of mind, with two stout seamen to bear away the spoils. He had already put in for a fortnight's rum for all hands, for tobacco, sugar, biscuit, matches, and marmalade. He compared his housekeeping list respectfully with Easton's mental notes; and presently, heavily laden, the party left the island.

III.

Here may be considered to begin the individual career of Midshipman Thomas Easton, R.N., master of his fate and of H.M. tug *Bonny Bluebell*. His opportunities were varied, and Hallup was a coadjutor after his own heart. It was Hallup, perhaps, who infected him first with something that is stronger even in the Royal Navy than simple pride of possession—the itch for any portable property, for any berth, job, or occasion that would go to the greater glory of his command.

They began, modestly enough, by discharging the duty to hand of towing the lighters to the mainland landing. Their course was erratic; because neither Tommy nor the coxswain had handled a paddle-wheel tug before. They mastered the elements of her peculiar navigation laboriously, starting with a difference between the bridge and the engine-room, and backing the *Bonny Bluebell*'s substantial stern into a cruiser's picket-boat which was lying alongside the jetty. The picket-boat's crew fended her off with boat-hooks and hairy arms, and language horrible to hear; but after all it was only because the *Bonny Bluebell* herself changed her mind capriciously at the last moment that they escaped. If she had sat down on the jetty, as she seemed to intend, she must have sunk them out of hand. Hallup twirled the big wheel violently; and Tommy, sweating at every pore, passed on some of the comment that was aimed at him down the engine-room voice-pipe.

It was answered by a nervously amiable Maltese, grimy and voluble, who gesticulated through the skylight. 'It is not poss-eeble to

go full speed ahead ver' quickly, sar! This is a ver' old sheep, and moves with difficulty.'

'She's got to get a move on out of this, Antonio, or you'll know the reason why.—Oh, keep your hair on!' This to the midshipman in the picket-boat, who could be heard shrilly vociferating under his stern. 'Port a bit, Hallup,—for God's sake! She may answer the helm this time.

The *Bonny Bluebell* floundered in the shallow water. Spectators on the shore made demonstrations of delight. She churned for a minute, and then lurched ponderously away, leaving the picket-boat, furious and disgruntled, heaving in her backwash.

'Whe-ew!' Easton said, mopping his brow. 'We are well out of that. Now for the lighters. Stand by to pass the tow-rope. Starboard a little. By Heaven, she's done it again!'

She was bearing down on the foremost lighter, quite unmoved by his frantic efforts to head her off. She proceeded placidly to clasp it to her bosom, and bore it onward in an ample embrace until Hallup's energetic manipulations of the wheel persuaded her to disengage.

Easton spent the next hour in playing the game of catch-as-catch-can, with the lighters elusive and retiring, and the *Bonny Bluebell* as coquettish as an elephant at play. When order was restored, tow-ropes were made fast, and tug and tows were making for the open sea, he consulted again with the coxswain.

'She's so awfully broad in the beam, she ought to be a good sea-boat, oughtn't she? I wonder what speed she has.'

'Just three, I should say, sir—slow, slower, and stop. Oh, she wants a bit of handling. Might be best to give other craft a wide berth till we know exactly how to take her. And when it comes to putting these here lighters ashore'—

'Oh, that's all right,' Tommy said with confidence. 'We'll just heave 'em at the beach and let 'em rip. Keep her on her course while I go below and see if I can get them to raise more steam. That Maltese fellow looks more like a cook than an engineer. I don't suppose he understands her, really.'

He dived into the bowels of the tug, struggling to recall the engineering he had learned at Dartmouth. He was below some time, and reappeared on the bridge oily, but triumphant.

'The beggar had dirty fires. I've disrated him, and promoted the other fellow. Now we'll whack her up, and dump our tow ashore, and then we'll stand easy and have a snack.'

A beachmaster, built in with cases of stores and ammunition, mule-fodder, and petrol-tins filled with precious water, and harassed by his unceasing labours, saw the *Bonny Bluebell* pounding towards him, with the evident intention of casting herself at his feet on the incoming wave. Catastrophe appeared inevitable, when

she stopped her advance with a sudden surge of paddle-wheels, let go the tow-ropes, and then, with the aplomb born of Easton's limitless inexperience, contrived miraculously to evade the forward prance of the liberated lighters. Their way drove them at the beach, where they flung themselves ashore in attitudes of abandon. And before the beach commander, usually a fluent man, could find words to express how completely the way it had been done was the way not to do it, Easton had passed out of call, his first task fulfilled and left behind him.

IV.

Tommy Easton, it is to be noted, was a mere speck in the machinery of great operations. Where battleships are hammering at forts, and transports are pouring troops on to hard-won and hard-held beaches, a seventeen-year-old snotty may well be overlooked. It did not take either Tommy or his coxswain long to discover that in some things they were accountable to no man. They were caught up to any job that was doing, sucked dry of their last ounce of working capacity, and pushed aside again, by people who were themselves taxed to the limit. Their incomings and outgoings were nobody's business.

Hallup was the first to grasp some of the happier features of their position. He suggested roving where the victuals grew, and Tommy roved. They drew rations and rum wherever rum and rations were forthcoming, and they bartered bread and tobacco, which were to be had without much difficulty from the big ships, for tinned peaches and other delicacies conveyed by the lighters' men, who were occasionally to be found starving in the midst of plenty.

They accumulated ships' stores, too, for the rainy day. The lockers in the after-cabin bulged with canvas, and heaving-lines, and bunting, and paint and varnish—particularly paint and varnish, for which Hallup had a magpie's instinct. Some of their abundance came in ways more or less legitimate; but not all. There was a side of bacon that lost its way between a provision transport and the shore; there was a case of eggs that left a beach at dusk, never to return; there were cigarettes that might have arrived at G.H.Q. itself if there had been no elderly tug offshore at the moment. And Easton lived, like the lilies of the field, taking no thought for the morrow, at many gunroom messes, popping up out of the unknown about dinner-time, and fading into the night as mysteriously as he had come, before the steward, murmuring a formula about half-a-crown, had followed the coffee round to where he sat.

Their troubles came at nightfall. The *Bonny Bluebell* had to make fast somewhere, and it was her ambition to tie up comfortably to one of the big ships and lie snug till daylight. Sometimes she pulled it off at the first shot; but only too often she would bump into the ship's side, and

the angry voice of authority on a deck far above would drive her away. It was not so easy to find a berth, and nobody loved her. She wandered wearily, the Ishmael of the night, until she had the luck to strike some milder-mannered refuge. Tommy Easton slept on the bridge—in his sea-boots, strangely clothed and very damp, his hair uncut, his shirt unwashed—the light sleep of the mariner who is never very far away, even in dreams, from the hazards of his calling.

There came an interval when he was lost altogether to the people in charge of the distribution of freight. He vanished. One day he was at their beck and call; and the next morning he was not. They missed him, for they had lots of jobs for anything that could pass a hawser; but they were too busy to think long about him.

Far out, made fast to a newly arrived and innocent transport, Easton's command was otherwise engaged. The inspiration was entirely Tommy's; but the treasure-trove in the after-cabin had suggested it. The transport commander was possibly flattered by the confiding air with which the *Bonny Bluebell* sidled up to him as he let go the anchor. He saw an ancient tug and a curiously juvenile tug-master, and he smelled the savour of fresh paint when he peered over the side. He had been allotted the farthest berth from the beaches; but he did not connect his position with what he saw below him.

Hallup had attained the height of his desire. He had a whole tug to paint from clew to ear-ring, and as much paint as he wanted to do it with. He had hunted the booty with an enterprise that was heroic, seeing that looting a battleship's paint-store is not unlike rifling a hive with the honey-bee about. The *Bonny Bluebell* merged from rust and battered brown to the loveliest gray. Even Antonio and the stoker painted. They were not sure they knew how when they began; but after a little persuasion with a boat's tiller they learned quickly. Easton basked in the sun on the bridge, as grimy as a sweep, and re-read the last letter from home, more than a month old, in which his mother told him the second footman had gone to the war, and she was afraid there would be nobody to valet him when he came back. She wished to know if he remembered to change his socks, and whether his servant aired his pillow-cases.

The longest spell ends; and, to do Tommy justice, all that extra tots and encouragement could do had expedited the painting. He did not want to be out of the real business a minute longer than the job in hand demanded. It was done, ready to excite the marvel and envy of all beholders. Besides, the transport had been in communication with sophisticated people from the fleet, and was showing a disposition to ask questions. Easton said good-bye to her politely, and set a course for the principal landing, where

the supply craft were clustered thick as bees. There was nothing among them that had even a lick of expensive gray paint, much less the full glory of it from stem to stern.

He made for the break in the cliffs, keeping inside the line of patrols. He could see, behind the coastline, little balloon-like clouds drifting over the enemy stronghold, and he heard the boom of guns rolling across the water.

Hallup spoke behind him. 'Begging your pardon, sir, there's a tramp in trouble. He's aground, or next thing to it, too near the enemy's ridge battery to do him any good.'

Easton followed his outstretched finger. A small supply steamer was stationary below a headland. As they looked, an ensign reversed fluttered to her masthead.

'Ashore—wants assistance.' Hallup rubbed his chin.

'Our job, I think!' Easton sprang to the voice-pipe. 'Fire up for all you're worth, Antonio. If—if you monkey now I'll keelhaul you.—If she isn't fast aground we'll have her out of that before Johnny gets her range—eh? Dash it all! we ought to be able to handle anything on God's earth by this time. Hope we'll get her off before a destroyer butts in. They're so beastly officious.'

There was no destroyer at hand when the *Bonny Bluebell* arrived, thudding at the top of her speed to where the tramp was struggling, like a fly in treacle, with the shoal water round her. The tug threshed about, and backed astern to get close enough to pass a heaving-line for the hawser. Much painful experience had put Easton up to most of her tricks, and he manoeuvred her into position in the record time of her years of ungainly service.

His most urgent reason for hurry was soon justified. A ranging salvo fell, one ahead and three astern of the stranded steamer.

'Full astern starboard—ahead port!' He was backing and filling. 'Look alive with that line! Stand by to pass the hawser!'

Another salvo plumped into the sea, sending white columns leaping high into the air. Tommy wiped his eyes clear of the wind-borne spray tossed down upon him. A shell, well aimed, crashed through the foredeck of the steamer, but ricocheted overboard without exploding.

Tommy went on giving his orders, Hallup twirling the big wheel behind him. Another shell whistled over the bridge of the tug, while others fell unpleasantly close.

The *Bonny Bluebell*, putting her back into it, strained at the hawser. A mile away the black streak of a destroyer raced toward them. The hawser tightened; the tramp shivered, floated—and surged heavily ahead. Somebody on her deck raised a cheer. The Turks planted a few more shells, but in the shoal water just astern of her as she moved slowly but surely into the safe cover of the headland.

There was the roar of twelve-inch guns from a battleship off the landing, the majestic entrance of a giant into an affair of pygmies. The Turkish battery ceased firing.

v.

Late that evening a stout tug in brand-new gray crept alongside the flagship. A seaman began furtively to make her fast, and Tommy Easton, who was washing his face and hands in a bucket, speculated on what the gunroom mess might have for dinner. Then his heart sank. He could hear the voice of the commander, in whom the impulse of hospitality was only too plainly absent.

'It's no go, Hallup. We'll have to chuck our hand in, and try again somewhere else. Hades, but I could do with a real dinner!'

He dried his hands on a piece of waste, and gazed wistfully at the cruiser. The *Bonny Bluebell* slid reluctantly astern, and as she did so a big man with an admiral's lace and a monocle came out on to the stern walk, and caught the face that glimmered up at him. He looked hard at it for the half-minute before he returned to his cabin.

Somebody megaphoned from on high: 'Are you the officer in charge of that tug? The Admiral wants to see you. You are to come aboard immediately.'

'My hat!' Easton said. 'A collar—I haven't seen a collar since the old ship went. Give me a brush down, Hallup. My goodness, he might have given me time to get my hair cut! I dare say your razor would have managed it.'

Five minutes later he stood in the Admiral's cabin. It was extraordinarily clean; and the full sense of his pariah-like existence came home to Tommy Easton. There were people who still lived like this, with fresh linen, and chintzes on the chairs. He had forgotten them.

'So you have been running a dockyard tug since your ship was sunk?'

'Yes, sir. I have a topping crew, all except the Maltese; and they aren't so bad if you take 'em the right way. My coxswain is *most* efficient, sir.'

The Admiral nodded. 'I believe you towed the *Tarantula* off when she grounded inside the bluff this morning. What sort of shooting did the Turks make?'

'They were just getting the range as we cleared out, sir. They registered one hit; but their shells are pretty rotten. It didn't explode.'

'And during the time you have been in charge, how have you managed for stores and coal and so on?'

'We managed to get what we wanted, sir. We put in for 'em when we came across 'em.'

'Ah! How much paint did you put in for? I don't remember what the allowance for your tug would be likely to be.'

Easton opened his mouth, and shut it again.

He stuttered. 'Of course—of course, things sometimes h-happened to come our way, sir.'

'Quite so.' The Admiral dropped his monocle, and readjusted it. 'Ah, well, paint being barred, is there anything you still want?'

'If we could be sure of a berth at night. . . . My men are at it pretty hard in the day, and we do have to bucket about a lot when I'd like to see 'em turning in.'

'Tell the sentry to pass the word to give my compliments to the commander, and say that I should be glad to see him.'

The commander entered. The Admiral indicated Easton. 'This is the midshipman in charge of the tug you were talking to just now. He has to tie up somewhere, and he is doing sound work. I shall be much obliged if you will allow him to make fast to us when he wants to, and see that he gets what is necessary, and that he dines here when he is alongside. That all right?'

'Quite, sir.'

'Suit you too?' He wheeled upon Easton.

'Oh, *thank* you, sir.'

The Admiral held out his hand. 'That was a good piece of work to-day. I think a petty-officer will take over your tug presently; but it won't be because you haven't given satisfaction. You are the right stuff. Good-night.'

It was the end of Easton's piratical career; he knew that as he made his way to dinner. But he forgot that he was tired and hungry, and he trod on air. What a sportsman the Old Man was! What a lot of nice fellows there were in the world! The commander had sent him on his way with a friendly nod. The awful larceny of the paint had blown over; and if that little affair of the transport was guessed at—and he suspected that the Admiral knew more than he allowed to appear—it too had been inexplicably condoned.

He breathed freely, and flung himself into the gunroom, relaxing in the company of fourteen other snotties precisely like himself.

SALUTE DESTINY!

THE sun has risen! Gold and red displayed,
His banners glow above the waking earth;
Rise, too, my soul, trustful and undismayed,
Salute the daily mystery of birth.
The shadows pass from moorland, hill, and sea.
Go forth to meet thy unknown destiny.

The hour has sounded. Ringing loud and clear,
Somewhere a bugle calls, the red dawn glows.
Heroic souls! naught do they know of fear,
Each man is ready as to death he goes;
Silent, yet eager for whate'er may be—
Soldiers, saluting God and Destiny!

Now, at this great eclipse of dawn and night,
Of life and death and things memorial,
Transformed, transfigured far beyond our sight,
Is hidden the great Good, the end of all.
We stand at the Salute, and bow the knee,
Comrades, to your immortal Destiny!

C. FARMAR.



Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

IF it is true that this cataclysm has made philosophers of all, impelling the mind and conscience of even the most careless to some sharp and fearful consideration of the problems of life and death, and the mysterious meaning of what we see and feel, there is one class of the community upon which these matters inevitably press with perhaps a greater solemnity and import than upon any other. Now we approach the end of another year of the life of the world, and it is a way with individuals to look back upon the closing period in its particular relation to themselves. Now, rather than upon their own birthdays, do they take stock of themselves and their performances, consider their achievements, estimate their existing efficiency, and possibly come to certain decisions as regards the future. The essential fact is that another year of life has gone, not to be recalled or repeated. Each of us is one year nearer to the end of life. Most people, of whatever age or kind they may be, regret the year that soon will be completed less than any other through which they have lived. If the tide of victory has turned in favour of those who will be conquerors, nevertheless the experiences of this year have not been such as will be happily remembered. But this prime consideration apart, the fact of being a year older, each of us in his own particular history and career, is one that in general circumstances strikes with different effect upon different persons, partly in consequence of varying temperament, but more because of varying age. A certain healthy neglect of the final problem is a grand perquisite of youth. Indeed, in extreme and exuberant youth is there not often the desire that for a while the years may fly their fastest and ripeness come to this ambitious sapling? In old age, near to death, there is indifference again, but of another kind. It is the indifference of resignation and of the blessed serenity of spirit that is given to life-tossed man in reward for his labours and his struggle. In the winter of life there may be, indeed, in a keen and comforting conscience, the most perfect contentment, and the completest sense of well-being ever experienced. Those of such age have declared it. Between these two periods of satisfaction there is the most difficult

one of middle age. It is the period of achievement in nearly all work of the mind; it is the time when in most respects a man is considered to be at his best. He has still much bodily and mental elasticity, is capable of enjoyment of all good pleasures, is still of the young, and yet by experience has qualified for the councils of the wiser and older. He may seem to have all the privileges and none of the disqualifications, has a life behind him and another in front. Hope is still his friend. It still appears that destiny is within his control. For such reasons we speak of such a man as being in 'the prime of life.' He is living and being that for which it might seem his existence was ordained. This is the consummation.

* * *

The view is well enough, but admission to this period of prime is not by a golden gate swinging smoothly on oiled hinges, a path fringed with scented flowers, sounds of music in the air as of choirs of spirits chanting songs of achievement upon this great enthronement of maturity. It is not a day of sunshine and gaiety. All life does not seem to bid to laughter him who is this day gowned to his degree of wisdom by middle age. It is not like that. From the beyond, from eternity, from space, and from some unsuspected depths in his own being, it seems as if spirits with their fingers pointing rise about him in demand for accounts and for estimates, and for declarations of conscience and intention. Through leaping flames there is presented to dying youth that supreme interrogation, the Meaning of Life. The one who was young and is passing now to middle age had not thought, not suspected, not understood. Certainly he had not feared. But now he fears. The problem floods his mind and conscience like some monstrous tidal wave. He may be overwhelmed. It is hard to maintain his footing. According to his strength and conscience he struggles. Indifference, real or affected, a resolve not to think and worry, is not a virtue. This testing and improving period must not be shirked. The man who suddenly sees that happy youth of his flying fainter and more faint in the distance as he is driven into the cold and gloomy passages that give on to middle age must stand up firmly and think.

He must take his bearings. It is a clear and well-defined period in the life of every man of thought and conscience. While it lasts it is seldom in any sense a happy period; it is one that perhaps more than any other is fraught with the most tremendous consequences, because one's attitude to the rest of life, and what may be beyond it, has now to be declared and abided by; it is the final emplacement of character, the starting of a new expansion of the mind. It should do good to the man; but, again, of all the periods of his life, this short one of realisation, of crisis, and often of panic is by no means one of joy. Of all the subtle reflections of M. Anatole France upon life and the good things that are of it, that which one remembers always with most vividness is this: '*Le crépuscule de la jeunesse est l'heure la plus mélancolique de la vie. Il faut du courage ou de l'étourderie pour le passer sans trop rechigner.*' The sentiment may perhaps not, after all, be very profound, and yet here does the French philosopher seem to voice in silver phrases an unspoken thought that is hugged to our innermost beings. He reveals to us our own ideas and instincts. This time, in that inimitable way in which he writes of his friends among the intellectuals, he has been discussing François Coppée, and he says: 'He is still young, for he declares he is growing old. I do not suspect him of any affectation. On the contrary, I am convinced that he feels age coming upon him, and that he is saddened by it. What more natural? Old age is only felt keenly in anticipation. We taste its dread and its terrors before we enter upon it. The twilight of youth is the most melancholy hour of life. It needs either courage or heedlessness to pass through it without becoming rather crabbed.' *Le crépuscule de la jeunesse*!—it is truly the testing-time of life and the spirit. Youth has had its fling; now the verities must be faced.

* * *

At the opening it was said that there was one class of the community upon whom the stress of these times of terror weighed with greater severity than upon others, and, of course, it is those who are passing into 'the twilight' that are meant. If the world were good and happy, and we seemed to have crept a little nearer to the state of the Millennium, the trial would still be severe. Now it is intensified by the pervading gloom and sorrow, the breaking up of communities, and the scattering of relatives and friends, the brooding solitudes that are forced upon us all, and the questioning, louder than ever before, unceasing, ringing, echoing through our consciences, as to the meaning of life and death, the ultimate object, the supreme mystery. When the mark of forty years has been passed, and the twilight glows, there comes this period of restless wonder; and if the circumstances of the time have caused, as is suggested, some aggravation of the case,

they have lately also brought about a certain alleviation. Inevitably it happens that this time of twilight falls somewhere between the years forty and forty-five. Hardly even with a morbid or precocious temperament, or the most optimistic nature, can it be sooner or later. If by forty-five the experience has not been felt in some degree, then assuredly the subject is of somewhat careless conscience, and will escape the distemper that affects all sensitive minds and makes them deeper and better for it. What struck hard upon those who were stepping into the twilight when the war began was the discovery for the first time, sudden and shocking as it seemed, that they were too old for anything, for the biggest thing that mattered. They may have been too old for something before, but perhaps they did not think of it. If the violence of their exercises had been abated they had not noticed it. It was as a change of taste, and not caused by increase of years. But now! For the greatest work of the world that had ever required doing, they were, alas, too old! The limit of military age was fixed first at thirty-eight. A man was to be reckoned as too old to fight at forty. He was to stand aside for the younger men. He was not of their class. This condemnation or rejection was not the decision of a few or a section; it was national and official. It jerked the men who were passing to the twilight, to the full shock of their new miseries. How some of them rebelled, struck the years from them, practised a commendable deceit upon the authorities, and in some satisfactory measure, by good and arduous performance, succeeded in deceiving themselves, we know. But generally the man of forty was left to his twilight. He saw the young men march gaily by, and for the first time he realised that he was not of their class, that there was a difference between them which was felt on each side, that no complete sympathy could exist between them. There might be something a little forced in their comradeship. The lightness and the buoyancy of the young man were not to be reacquired; those who for an hour tried to attune their moods to this youthful key came to realise the absurdity and the pathos of their situation. The war, it is rightly said, is a young man's game, and the world is for him while he plays it. Seeing him gay in his khaki, the joy of everybody, the man who stands back in the twilight came to realise the tragedy of life. There was death ahead. Yet death, alas! was surely nearer to many of these gallant young, but yet they did not care, and it was different. Now came the full perplexity of the mystery, and the beginnings of personal philosophy.

* * *

But the first spasms of philosophy do not bring entire contentment. Regrets recur, as the man who is too old stands back in the twilight and sees the young men go marching by, and

the people giving cheers. He turns a critic of himself. In the mirror he may have seen gray hairs. It seemed that his limbs were a little stiff; he ran up a flight of stairs to discover if it were truth or fancy. Suddenly he realises that he has been subconsciously taking a little special care of himself in recent times, selecting his foods, examining his habits, and so forth. The happiness of carelessness had secretly withdrawn itself. He remembered that ironical old proverb that the Spaniard told him one day, '*Si quieres vivir sano, hazte viejo temprano.*' A joke indeed! Get old quickly, so that you may live healthily! Well, now, then, is the time for health! He is old. He is too old for the war. A stripling in khaki, a young kinsman from a colony, comes along to see him before passing on to Flanders. They would be happy together, and close companions. Dick is the name of the colonial lad; but— 'Why don't you call me by my Christian name?' the elder asks. 'But I wish, sir, to be respectful; you are my elder.' Yes, poor Forty, there it is. That is the cold truth. 'That remark, meant for such magnificent respect, for the very depth of veneration, was the hardest thing to bear. It was youth disavowing age, its separation of classes, its marking of boundaries. They would be respectful! Never was respect so hard to tolerate. However, it is clear we should turn away from these things of youth, and apply ourselves to our philosophies and the serious work in the twilight. These young men are about to make the world they will live in. Only a little of it will be our world. Perhaps, then, it is right they should fight most for it.'

* * *

The emotions of this period are very subtle. Stirring up the neglected contents of old drawers and boxes, we come suddenly upon some of the relics of youth. They may be sporting materials, or certain letters, or photographs. Here again we see the gulf that has been fixed; then we were not as we are now. The happy carelessness, the spring, the hope, life that was leaping! Remembering, regretting, you may look almost savagely upon that dead self with its mockery of your present state. Another thing you will notice is the peculiarly strong effect upon the emotions of the elder that little children now have. Perhaps you were always 'fond of children,' as the saying is; but this new emotion is no simple fondness. It is a passion. The beauty, the wonder, and the glory of child-life, the pathos and sublimity of its innocence, burst upon the senses. Indeed, this is one of the most splendid emotions of all human experience. The man in the twilight turns with an overwhelming joy to the company of the little child; this new passion takes the place of that of another kind which belonged to youth, and the new one seems the better thing. Again, in an old closet some garment of the long-gone youth

may be discovered. There is often nothing more poignant among remembrances than an old and long-discarded jacket. It takes us back to acts and scenes and circumstances as nothing else. It is of the old personality. Here is an old sporting-jacket; how well we remember the first time we put it on! And happy is the man who with an old overcoat in use can keep the years in even continuity. I remember how it was with a splendid friend of mine. 'It is not often,' he wrote, 'I have a sentimental attachment for articles of clothing; but I must confess an affection for my veteran uniform overcoat, inspired by its persistent utility. I find that it is twenty-three years of age, and can testify to its strenuous existence. It has been spared neither rain, wind, nor salt-sea spray, tropic heat nor Arctic cold; it has outlived many sets of buttons, from their glittering gilded youth to green old age, and it supports its four-stripe shoulder-straps as gaily as the single lace ring of the early days which proclaimed it the possession of a humble sub-lieutenant. Withal it is still a very long way from the fate of the one-horse shay.' That was Scott, of course; and thinking of him reminds one also how, on the eve of his last great adventure to the Southern Pole, he felt that twilight coming upon him, and was secretly a little troubled. He was forty-three. His age was making him wonder upon many things, for he was a man of keen temperament and deep introspection. He considered the men about him, and compared himself with them. One day, when they were living through their last winter in the polar regions, and preparing for the magnificent, fateful, tragic trek to the polar point, he wrote in his diary: 'I have had several little chats with Wilson on the happenings of the journey' (a previous journey of a local kind). 'He says there is no doubt Cherry-Garrard felt the conditions most severely, though he was not only without complaint, but continuously anxious to help others. Apropos, we both conclude that it is the younger people that have the worst time; Gran, our youngest member (twenty-three) is a very clear example, and now Cherry-Garrard at twenty-six. Wilson (thirty-nine) says he never felt cold less than he does now. I suppose that between thirty and forty is the best all-round age. Bowers is a wonder, of course. He is twenty-nine. When past the forties it is encouraging to remember that Peary was fifty-two.' Is this not a splendid thing to contemplate? Forty-three and Thirty-nine refusing to pass into the twilight shadows, but, instead, turning round savagely upon their followers in life and snapping at them, as it were, the Twenty-three and Twenty-six. It was bravely done. And there is a sequel to this which one must mention now. In those great volumes in which Scott tells his last thrilling story, one of the finest of the British race, there are two lines at the end

which for poignancy are among the rarest in all the literature of achievement, and I think their significance has never yet been noted by any friend or critic. As Scott lay dying in that blizzard-beaten tent, he wrote letters to a few relatives and dearest friends, and one of them was to Vice-Admiral Sir Francis Bridgeman, in which the hero said just this: 'I want to tell you that I was not too old for this job. It was the younger men that went under first.'

* * *

We have spoken of thirty-eight. Early in the war the Government, perceiving the dolour with which a large and important and worthy part of the people was affected, determined upon an improvement of their mental and emotional state by Act of Parliament. It raised the limit of age to forty, and thus it put back by two years the period of disqualification. So the man of forty became not too old, he was not in the shadows, he was the equal of the young men, and he was not qualified for their unwelcome respect. This was a pretty movement by the State; it was like the moving on of the hour-hand of the clock in the newly invented summer-time. It was just a nice deception. The summer-time gave us longer days; the forty limit made us young again. Our right arms were needed, and we were to march behind the drums. It was splendid of the Government. Peevishly you may say that Whitehall was not endeavouring to do any magician or good-fairy work, and cared nothing for private emotions, but merely wanted

more men. It may be, but Forty could hardly see it so. He was brought in for qualification. The State formally and officially, and with all the pomp and authority of its Great Seal, declared that he was good enough for anything, that he was not too old, that it wanted him, and it seemed to that man then that it was only yesterday that he went swinging his way to school. But these rejuvenations make jealousies. There is trouble when the line is drawn. Besides, the real twilight admittedly came when forty was just past, when those forties were beginning to take effect. Could Whitehall do nothing for the older crew? Would it be straining the powers of Government to give youth back again also to those who were even now passing through to the twilight, and were oppressed? Could not they be snatched back from philosophy and for a little while made boys again by Act of Parliament signed by the King? They have done it in France and elsewhere, and why not here in Britain? I am not pretending now. We know that for sound reasons thousands of good men hate the idea of this raising of the limit, for the upset of their lives and careers that must ensue; yet not one of them but at the first mention of it was secretly pleased and flattered for one thing. He was reckoned as a young man again. He counted. It was not desired that he should retire into the twilight with his philosophy, to consider his experiences, and to be treated with studied respect by the younger men.

PINCHER MARTIN, O.D.

CHAPTER XVII.—continued.

IV.

'And I will prepare destroyers against thee, every one with his weapons.'—*Jeremiah xxii. 7.*

THE fighting and the destroyer attacks of the night are even more difficult to follow than the actions which took place during the afternoon and evening. The British heavy squadrons had withdrawn at dark to avoid the expected torpedo attacks of the hostile flotillas; and the retreating enemy, meanwhile, damaged and undamaged ships, some singly, others in pairs or in groups of four or five, still steamed hard for their own waters. It was upon these scattered units and divisions that the British destroyer attacks presently took place.

The *Mariner* and her next ahead had somehow become separated from the others after dark, and to Pincher this desperate rush after the enemy was an awesome business. Owing to the mist and the haze, the night was unusually dark; but, though with the retirement of the larger ships the incessant booming and thudding of the heavy guns ceased, frequent outbursts of fire

from lighter weapons, sharp, blinding flashes of flame, the redder glare of exploding shell, the white gleam of searchlights, and the occasional thud of a distant, heavy explosion showed where torpedo attacks were being delivered. The night was an inferno.

It was very difficult to tell which were the attackers and which the attacked, and it was this very uncertainty, and the not knowing what was happening, which were so trying to the nerves. All they were aware of was that the German fleet, with many of its ships badly battered, was somewhere ahead of them. They all realised that a torpedo attack after dark was a desperate game at the best of times; but they had witnessed a succession of such awful scenes during the fighting of the afternoon and evening that their feelings of personal danger and the dread of being killed seemed to have gone. They felt themselves keyed up to the highest pitch of excitement, excitement so intense and so utterly abnormal that they had neither the time nor the

inclination to think of themselves and their own danger. The German fleet was somewhere in the darkness ahead of them, and it was their duty to sink and destroy what they could. Nothing else seemed to matter.

Their chance was not very long in coming. The two destroyers were steering on a south-south-westerly course at twenty-five knots, and shortly after ten o'clock a band of lighter colour began slowly to encroach on the dark sky on the eastern horizon. Ten minutes later the dense blackness from about south-east to north-east had given way to the usual indigo blue of the night; and there, some distance abaft the port beam, and dimly silhouetted against the sky, were the blurred shapes of two vessels. They were fully two miles distant, perhaps more, and seemed to be steaming slowly on much the same course as the *Mariner* and her consort. What class of vessel they were it was quite impossible to determine. But, from their position and course, they were certainly not British; while, from the background of intensely dark cloud to the south-westward, it seemed unlikely that they had seen the destroyers.

The *Mariner's* next ahead must have seen the ships at much the same time, for she suddenly increased speed and turned slightly to port until she was steaming across the strangers' bows. The *Mariner* conformed to her movements.

Wooten, gazing through his glasses, felt himself quivering with excitement. Had his chance come, the chance for which they had all hoped and prayed? He gave some order over his shoulder to a man at a voice-pipe, who passed it to the torpedo-tubes. 'Lord!' he ejaculated to the first lieutenant, still busy with his binoculars, 'they look to me like two lame ducks, No. 1; but they're big ships, whatever they are!'

'I sincerely hope they are, sir,' MacDonald replied calmly. 'It's time we had a look in at something. Shall I go down to the tubes?'

'Yes, do. And fire when your sights come on if you get no further orders. For God's sake, don't miss!'

The two great vessels were drawing rapidly nearer, and became more and more distinct. The leading destroyer was still altering her course gradually to port, until at last she remained steady on the opposite and parallel course to the enemy. The *Mariner* travelled in her wake, and the track they were following seemed as if it would take them past the ships, now nearly a mile and a half distant, at a range of about six hundred yards.

It was at this moment that the enemy first seemed to realise what was happening, for a gun suddenly boomed out from the leading vessel and a shell went screeching by overhead. Where it fell nobody saw. Almost instantaneously a searchlight flickered out, and after sweeping slowly across the water, fell full on the *Mariner's* leader and remained steady. Another

beam shone out, another, and yet a fourth, until both destroyers were illuminated in a dazzling glare which for the moment blinded everybody on board. Then the guns started in earnest.

The destroyers were steaming at about thirty knots, and the enemy at ten or twelve. In other words, attackers and attacked were nearing each other at the combined rate of about forty knots, or one and a half miles in two minutes fifteen seconds. It was the longest and most trying two and a quarter minutes that Wooten or any of his crew ever experienced, for though the speed of the approach tended to make accurate shooting difficult, the difficulty was largely mitigated by the point-blank range.

The dark hulls of the enemy were hidden in the blinding glare of their searchlights and the incessant sparkle and spurting of bright golden flame as their guns were fired as fast as they could be loaded. Filmy streamers of smoke from the discharges wreathed and eddied fantastically through the blue-white rays of the lights. The air suddenly began to reverberate with a succession of ear-splitting crashes, the screeching whistle of shell passing overhead, and the dull *plop* of others as they pitched in the water to raise their shimmering, ghostly spray fountains. There came the roaring thud of the explosions, and the same old familiar humming and buzzing as fragments drove through the air. But above the din and turmoil of the firing there was another and quite new noise: a short, sharp, metallic-sounding explosion in the air, followed by a hissing and soughing like the wind among trees—the enemy were using shrapnel.

There came a crash, and a sheet of brilliant greenish flame from aft. The ship seemed to wince, but still drove on. Another shell, bursting on the water a few feet short, sent its jagged splinters flying over the bridge and across the upper deck. Something whizzed within a few inches of Wooten's head, and there was an infernal clanging and clattering as slivers of steel drove through and against the ship's side and funnels. It was followed by the thud of a falling body, as one of the signalmen, standing just behind the coxswain at the wheel, slithered to the deck.

'Gawd!' he muttered, with an air of intense astonishment, sitting up and nursing his side; 'they've 'it me! Gawd blimy, blokes, they've 'it me!' But nobody had time to pay attention to him.

Another jar, the roar of a detonation, a burst of flame from the fore-castle, and a whining and whirring of splinters! Another, close beside the foremost funnel, and a sound of splintering and crashing as some object fell and went over-board! Something red-hot and sharp grazed Wooten's cheek. He put up his hand to brush it aside, and his fingers came down sticky and wet.

A hideous metallic explosion in the air and a fiendish rattling of bullets upon steel were heard, as a shrapnel burst and sent its contents flying on board. Willis, the coxswain, hit through the left shoulder, released his hold on the wheel and fell to his knees; but in an instant he was up again, steering the ship with his uninjured right hand.

Wooten suddenly felt a burning sensation in his left arm, as if a red-hot knitting-needle had been passed through the flesh. The shock of it sent him staggering backwards, and he gritted his teeth with the pain. His left arm seemed numbed and useless, and a little trickle of blood ran down inside his coat-sleeve and pattered to the deck. The air was full of the sickening stench of explosives.

They were very close now. The enemy seemed to be nearly on top of them, and their huge blurred shapes, almost invisible in the glare of the searchlights and the vivid gun-flashes, seemed literally to obscure the horizon. But the destroyers still drove on. They had not been stopped.

The lights of the nearer ship suddenly went out, and a column of water and smoke shot into the air at her side. It hung there for a moment, glistening in the ruby and orange flashes of the guns, and then there came the thundering reverberation of a heavy underwater explosion quite close at hand. It seemed to compress the air, and caused the destroyers to stagger in their stride. A torpedo from the leading destroyer had gone home.

Wooten instinctively looked aft, and as he did so a little puff of dull flame flickered out amidships. It was followed by a loud, snorting hiss and a heavy splash as a torpedo left its tube. Another came almost instantaneously with the first.

The enemy's fire, though still furious, became very wild; and two minutes later, with the sound of a couple more thudding explosions ringing in their ears, the destroyers were out of danger. The roaring of the guns gradually died away, and then ceased altogether.

'Good God!' muttered Wooten, trembling in his excitement.

Daylight found the *Mariner* and her leader some distance across the North Sea, steaming slowly homewards. They were battered and leaking, while the *Mariner* was badly down by the stern and listed slightly to starboard. Her funnels were riddled through and through; there were gaping holes in her side and her deck where shell had penetrated, and many smaller punctures where splinters had struck and gone through. A large projectile, bursting on the fore-castle, had torn the deck and the ship's side, and had flung the foremost gun off its mounting, killing or wounding every member of the gun's crew except one. The wardroom and one mess-

deck were open to the sea; boats were splintered and useless; and the topmast, taking with it the aerial of the wireless telegraphy, had been shorn off and had gone overboard. The mizzen-mast also had disappeared, and a brand-new white ensign now fluttered from an improvised flag-staff in the stern. It was the only respectable-looking thing in the ship.

But the surprising thing was that neither vessel was vitally injured. They could both steam, though slowly, and by dint of plugging the more serious holes and keeping the pumps going, they were still tolerably seaworthy. How they had escaped from the inferno without being blown clean out of the water was nothing short of a miracle.

Casualties had been heavy. Wooten went about with his arm in a sling and a bandage round his head; but his hurts, though painful, were not sufficiently severe to incapacitate him for duty. The first lieutenant had not been so lucky, for he, peppered badly by a shell, had been confined to his bunk with more serious injuries.

The eight dead had been buried at dawn, and now the wounded lay in their hammocks on the battered mess-deck under the fore-castle. Some of the slighter cases, with their hurts bandaged, were smoking cigarettes and talking quite cheerfully; others were asleep.

Pincher Martin was one of them. He had three neat little splinter-wounds in his back—three insignificant-looking and trivial little punctures which caused Brown, the surgeon-probationer, to purse his lips and to frown in his most professional manner when first he saw them. 'D'you feel any pain?' he had asked.

'Not unless I moves, sir,' the patient had answered with a wan smile, his tightly compressed lips giving the lie to his words.

An operation was impossible, and they dressed the wounds as best they could, and made him comfortable; but the slivers of steel somewhere inside him hurt atrociously, and it was all he could do to refrain from moaning when they touched him. So Brown, seeing how things stood, dozed him with morphia, and poor Pincher, with his young face unnaturally haggard, drawn, and very white, was presently slumbering as peacefully as a child.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONCLUSION.

I.

'AM safe,' the telegram said tersely, in Billings's ungrammatical English. 'Martin wounded, progressing favourable.—JOSHUA.'

Mrs Billings, drying her eyes with a handkerchief, read it for the third time. 'Emmeline!' she called softly, going to the door of the sitting-room at the back of the shop.

'Yes, mother.'

'There's news, my gal!'

'News!' cried her daughter, darting forward. The elder woman sniffed loudly and held out the flimsy paper. 'Read that, my dear.'

The girl snatched it in her agitation. 'Martin wounded, progressing favourable,' she read slowly. 'My Bill wounded!'

She stood there for a moment wide-eyed and swaying ominously. Then her pent-up feelings overcame her; and, collapsing suddenly on to a chair, she fell forward with her head on the table and her face buried in her hands. Her whole body shook with sobs.

Her mother was at her side in an instant. 'There, there, my pretty,' she murmured consolingly, patting her daughter on the shoulder; 'don't take on so. Don't cry, my gal. He's only wounded.' She was crying herself.

But Emmeline refused to be comforted. 'My Bill's wounded!' she moaned again and again.

Mrs Billings leant down and put her arms round the girl's neck. 'Don't take on so, dear,' she said huskily, with the tears streaming down her own face; 'it's all right, my pet. There, there,' as Emmeline shook with another paroxysm of sobbing, 'don't fret; it's all right; he's only wounded. We've—b-both got a—deal to be thankful for.'

Mother and daughter wept together.

For the last forty-eight hours they had both been living in a state of awful suspense. First had come the tidings of the engagement in the North Sea, with the depressing information that the British losses had been very heavy. Then came the news that eight destroyers had been sunk; but no mention of the *Mariner*. They had no means of finding out whether or not she had even taken part in the battle; but both of them, with dismal forebodings in their hearts, had made up their minds for the worst.

All day and all night the two women had prayed and hoped. The agony of their suspense was almost more than they could bear, and their hearts nearly broke during that frightful period of waiting. Emmeline, pale-faced and red-eyed, went to the railway station twice a day to procure the earliest copies of the morning and evening newspapers. Together they had read them eagerly, trying to piece together some sort of a connected narrative to relieve their tortured minds. But still there was nothing about the *Mariner*. They read about the desperate destroyer attacks on the German fleet, and of the losses incurred by the British flotillas. They could not bring themselves to believe that 'no news was good news.'

Emmeline looked up with the tears still trickling down her face, and reaching for her handkerchief, proceeded to dab her eyes. 'I'm a fool,' she said, sniffing; 'I suppose I ought to be thankful he isn't killed.'

Her mother kissed her gently. 'There, there,

my dear,' she said softly; 'that's better. Be brave. It's all over now.'

The girl dried her eyes, rose from her chair, and walked slowly across to the mirror over the mantelpiece. 'Lor!' she said bravely, a little smile hovering round the corners of her quivering mouth, 'I do look a sight, and no mistake!'

II.

When the *Mariner* struggled home to her east coast port after the engagement, Martin was one of the first to be packed off to the local hospital. Then had followed an operation, and a fortnight's delay before he was sufficiently recovered to be sent to the Royal Naval Hospital at Haslar. It was here that he again saw his mother and father, who came down for the day, called him a brave boy, and inconsiderately wept over him through sheer thankfulness.

Then, at four o'clock on one never-to-be-forgotten afternoon Joshua Billings suddenly appeared. He was grinning sheepishly, and Pincher noticed at once that he wore the badge of a leading seaman.

'Allo, Josh!' he exclaimed, very much pleased to see him, and shaking his horny hand; 'ow goes it?'

'Orl right, Pinch. 'Ow's yerself?'

'Gettin' along fine, chum. They're sendin' me 'ome on leaf in four days. Wot's th' noos; an' wot's that?' Pincher pointed to the single anchor which adorned the sleeve of his friend's jumper.

Joshua looked solemn. 'I gets rated up ten days ago,' he explained; 'death vacancy. Poor ole Byles got laid out, yer remember. I'd sooner 'e wus still wearin' th' killick, poor bloke!'

He spoke huskily.

Pincher nodded. 'Wot are yer doin' 'ere?'

he asked.

'The ship's in dock, an' they give us ten days' leaf,' answered his friend. 'By the way,' he added, 'I suppose you 'eard as 'ow you'd bin rated up.'

'Wot?'

'They've made yer an A.B.'

'S'welp me!' Pincher ejaculated; 'ave they?'

'Yus, they 'ave, Pinch; an' if yer don't watch it we'll see yer a leadin' seaman afore long.'

'Yer didn't come 'ere a purpose ter tell me that, did yer?' Martin queried suspiciously.

'Ow d'yer mean?'

'Ow's Hemmeline an' Mrs Fig— yer ole woman? I've 'ad a letter from Hemmeline every day 'cept yesterday an' ter-day, an' I thought— 'Ere!' Pincher suddenly blurted out, a vague hope dawning in his heart, 'why ain't you on leaf at Weymouth?'

'We come round 'ere ter give yer a chuck up, Pincher.'

'We! 'Oo d'yer mean? 'Er an' 'er mother?'

'Yus. They're outside. I come in fust to prepare yer like.'

'W'y couldn't yer 'ave said so afore?' Pincher demanded wrathfully. 'Bring 'er in!'

'Orl right, ole son; don't go gittin' rattled abart it. Me an' my missis'll go an' see Dogo Pearson, wot's wounded an' in another ward. I'll tell Hemmeline as 'ow you'd like ter see 'er, an' me an' the missis'll be back afore long.' Joshua winked twice and went away.

Two minutes later Emmeline was sitting by Pincher's bed. Her eyes were full of tears, tears of happiness, and to Pincher she was the most adorable thing in the world.

'Oh Hemmeline!' he sighed huskily, his throat working and his fingers clutching her hand; 'oh Hemmeline!'

'Well, Bill, what's the matter?' she asked dreamily, turning her head and smiling at him through her long lashes.

'Ow I love you!'

'Silly boy!' she chided softly.

We will draw a veil over what happened next. The ward was a very public place; but the other patients discreetly turned their heads away and pretended not to see.

Mr and Mrs Joshua Billings were away for fully half-an-hour. To Emmeline and Pincher it seemed more like five minutes.

III.

The wedding, a month later, was a very quiet one.

THE END.

SOME ROYAL APPARITIONS.

By REGINALD B. SPAN.

THERE are few royal families in Europe which have not at one time or another been visited by supernatural beings or experienced weird occurrences. Just as, it is alleged, the banshee is attached to certain ancient families in Ireland, so are apparitions attached to some of the Royal Houses of Europe.

One of the most notable of these is the White Lady of the Hohenzollerns, who has appeared before the death of members of that family for several centuries. It is stated that quite lately this spectre has been seen again—portending disaster to the present family. The White Lady dates back to the fifteenth century, and is said to be the ghost of Lady Bertha von Rosenberg, who was born in Bohemia in the year 1425. Her father was Ulrich von Rosenberg, a Governor of Bohemia and commander-in-chief of the Roman Catholic troops against the Hussites; and her mother was Catherine of Wurtemberg. Lady Bertha died at the end of the fifteenth century, after an unhappy life. Her portrait is to be seen in several of the old Bohemian castles, and she is represented as wearing a white dress with a white veil, and it is in this costume that the spectre appears. Those who have seen the White Lady have stated that there was nothing terrifying about the apparition, which had a sad, gentle face and calm, stately mien. She appears before the doomed members of her family for the purpose of warning them to reflect and repent before their passing into the next world. Her first appearance occurred some hundreds of years ago at the Castle of Neuhaus in Bohemia, a castle which she herself had built during the first years of her widowhood. The apparition was then frequently seen looking out of the window of an empty turret-room. Although she has been seen so often, only twice

has she been known to speak. In December 1728 she appeared in the palace at Berlin, and acclaimed in a loud, clear voice, '*Veni, judica vivos et mortuos! Judicium mihi adhuc superest;*' which, being interpreted, is, 'Come, judge ye the quick and the dead! I wait for judgment.' On another occasion she appeared in the Castle of Neuhaus, and spoke to a certain princess. This lady was in her bedroom trying on a dress before a mirror, and turned to her maid asking what the time was, when suddenly the White Lady appeared from behind a screen and said, '*Zehn uhr ist es, ihr Liebchen*' ('It is ten o'clock, your dearest Highness'). The princess fell ill soon after, and died ten days later. The apparition has frequently been seen in the Castles of Bayreuth, Berlin, and Karlsruhe; also at the ugly, many-windowed Palace of Mannheim. On one occasion the *Ahn Frau* (as she was called) appeared by the dying-bed of the Margravine Amelia of Baden, mother of the wife of Alexander I. of Russia, in one of the great rooms of the ancient Palace of Bruchsal. She was then seen kneeling in an attitude of prayer by the bed. A Scottish gentleman who was residing at Karlsruhe before the war, and was acquainted with members of the House of Baden, states that he 'can guarantee the genuineness of the appearance of the White Lady at the Markgrafliche Palace at Karlsruhe, as he has had positive evidence.' He also personally visited the Mannheim Palace to question those grown gray in the service of the Grand Duchess Stephanie, but was unable to obtain conclusive evidence, though he was told of the appearance of the *Ahn Frau* there.

An apparition called the Red Man has been connected with the rulers of France for ages. This Red Man is said to have always appeared before any great calamity to France, and before

the death of the kings. It is a historical fact that the apparition visited Henry IV. on the night before he was assassinated, and appeared to Louis XVI. immediately prior to the outbreak of the French Revolution, also to certain members of the Imperial family before the Franco-Prussian war. Just before he was murdered President Carnot saw the Red Man, and took it as a warning of disaster or death; and, though every precaution was taken, he was unable to avert the tragedy. Napoleon saw the apparition several times, and appears to have been quite intimate with it. The best-known instance occurred on 1st January 1814, early in the morning. Napoleon had shut himself up in his cabinet, ordering Count Molé, the Councillor of State, to remain in the next room, and to stop anybody from troubling him whilst he was at his work. Shortly after his retirement, a tall man dressed all in red appeared to Molé, and stated that he wished to speak to the Emperor. The Count replied that it was not possible, and ordered him away. The Red Man, however, refused to go. 'Tell the Emperor that it is the Red Man who desires to speak to him, and he will admit me,' he said; and, awed by the imperious manner and commanding tone of the strange personage, the Count reluctantly obeyed, and with much trepidation approached Bonaparte. 'Let him in,' said the Emperor sternly. Very curious to know what this mysterious interview could mean, Count Molé listened at the door, and overheard the following conversation. The Red Man said, 'This is the third time of my appearing to you. The first time we met was in Egypt, at the battle of the Pyramids. The second was after the battle of Wagram, when I gave you full warning, and granted you four years in which to make a general peace. I told you then that if you did not obey me in this particular I would withdraw my assistance and protection from you. You have not obeyed me; so I have come for the last time to warn you that there are but three months in which to complete the execution of your designs, or to comply with the proposals of peace which are offered by the Allies. If you do not achieve the one, or accede to the other, your downfall will follow speedily; so bear well in mind what I say.' Napoleon expostulated vehemently, pleading that he could not possibly regain all he had lost in so short a space of time, or make terms on anything like honourable or satisfactory conditions. The Red Man was inexorable. 'Do as you please,' he said. 'I am not to be moved by entreaties or otherwise. I have given you my last word, and now I go.' He moved to the door, the Emperor following him and begging him to be more reasonable; but the apparition left abruptly without another word. Napoleon, appearing greatly distressed, then retired into his sanctum, and remained there for the rest of the day. Three months later the Emperor abdi-

cated. Count Montholon relates that Napoleon, when on his deathbed, told him that he had been warned of his approaching end by this same strange being. It is also alleged that Josephine appeared to Napoleon shortly before his death, and informed him that he would soon be with her.

It is not generally known that the ghost of Napoleon appeared to his mother, Madame Letitia, just after his death at St Helena; but such was indeed the case, and the incident is recorded in Mrs Fraser's work, published a few years ago, *A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands*. Madame Letitia, generally known in France as Madame Mère, was the last to bid Napoleon farewell on his embarking for St Helena, his '*Adieu, ma mère!*' being answered by her Italian '*Addio, figlio mio!*' About six years after that last pathetic parting, Madame Mère was sitting one morning in the drawing-room of the Palazzo Buonaparte (it was 6th May 1821), when the man-servant announced a visitor who wished to see Madame Mère alone, and immediately, as he had come with important news of the exiled Emperor. She at once gave orders for his admission to her presence, and the stranger was accordingly ushered in. He was wrapped in a voluminous cloak, and had his hat drawn low down over his eyes; but on entering the room, and as the servant withdrew, he removed his hat and drew back the cloak, which partly concealed his face, and revealed himself as none other than the Great Napoleon, her dearly beloved son. Madame Mère uttered a cry of amazement and joy, and stepped forward to greet him warmly, as she thought he had somehow managed to escape from St Helena, and had come straight to her to ask for shelter before proceeding to France. But the awful chill of contact with forces of the Unseen fell upon her, and she stopped as though suddenly paralysed, unable to move farther or speak, as the being before her regarded her with poignant solemnity, and said gravely, 'May the fifth, eighteen hundred and twenty-one—to-day!' He then stepped slowly back and retreated through the door behind him, letting fall the heavy *portière* as he did so. Recovering her self-control, Madame Mère rushed from the drawing-room into the apartment beyond, but found it empty. She then hastened into the hall, where a man-servant was seated outside the room, according to custom. 'Where is the gentleman who has just gone out?' she cried. '*Excellentissima Signora Madre,*' replied the man, 'no one has passed since I conducted the gentleman to your presence, and I have been here all the time.' It was not till six weeks later—such were the delays of those times—that the news of the death of the Emperor arrived from St Helena. He had died at six p.m. 5th May 1821, and his spectre appeared to Madame Mère the following morning at eleven a.m. In this case three servants saw the ghost

besides Madame Mère—the hall-porter, who admitted him at the front-door; a footman who was in the hall, and who offered to take his hat and cloak; and the servant who ushered him into Madame Mère's presence. But none saw him leave, though they were at their posts all the time.

The ghost attached to the Imperial family of Russia appears in the form of a 'double;' that is, the royal personage doomed to die sees his or her own spectre either walking about the rooms of the palace or seated on the throne, looking generally 'as real as life.' It is related that the Empress Catherine, shortly before her death, was sitting reading in her boudoir, when one of her ladies-in-waiting came to tell her in a breathless voice that a very strange thing had just happened. They had seen a figure exactly like the Empress enter the state-room, and were greatly mystified, as they knew her Majesty could not possibly be in that part of the palace at that time. The Empress turned pale, as she knew what such an apparition signified; but, showing no outward fear, she followed her attendant to the state-room, and there beheld, seated on the throne, a female figure the exact counterpart of herself. Passing the group of excited and awe-stricken domestics, she boldly advanced towards the mysterious being, and, addressing it, demanded to know who it was that dared to intrude thus. The figure remained motionless and silent; so the Empress turned to her guards, who were close behind, and ordered them to fire at it. They had no sooner done so than the apparition vanished. The Empress died about ten days later.

It is reported that one of the palaces of the Romanoffs has several ghosts, one of which is that of the Emperor Paul, who was assassinated. An English lady who was resident in the palace as a governess shortly before the present war declares that she saw one of these apparitions. One afternoon she had returned from a walk, and was sitting in her room before the fire, resting, when she heard a hollow cough, and on looking round perceived a tall, thin young man, clad in a green uniform, regarding her intently, as though he wanted to speak, and was unable to do so. His expression was very sad and melancholy. On seeing that it was noticed, the apparition advanced toward her, and, as the lady shrank back in fear, seemed to pass right through the fireplace and vanish. On another occasion the same figure appeared to her in the corridor one afternoon as she was going to her apartments. This time the lady was not in the least alarmed. The apparition twice opened its mouth as though desiring to say something, but was unable to utter a word. Its expression was gentle and very mournful, and betokened a soul in sorrow which was seeking for aid. On the lady saying, 'Is there anything I can do for you?' the figure vanished. A gentleman at the Legation to

whom she related this strange experience informed her that he had always heard that the palace had several ghosts, and stated that the apparition she had seen was evidently that of the Emperor Paul.

It is a matter of history that Charles I. was visited by the ghost of Lord Strafford, who warned him of impending defeat, disaster, and tragic death. It is said that at Charles's coronation there was not enough purple in the country to make the royal robes, so they were made of white. It was afterwards remembered that white was symbolical of misfortune, since heretics were usually arrayed in it for their execution. Another significant omen in connection with the tragic fate of the unfortunate monarch occurred when Bernini was exhibiting a statue of the king which he had just completed. It was placed on a pedestal in the royal gardens, and Charles was looking at it, when a hawk carrying a partridge it had just killed flew close overhead, and some blood fell on the statue in such a way that it trickled round the neck. The incident was recalled when the king was beheaded at Whitehall.

Queen Elizabeth was warned of her death by the apparition of her own double. The ghost of George III., it is alleged, was often seen at Windsor Castle. Ghosts of royalties have also been seen at Hampton Court and the Tower of London.

The Empress of Austria had a warning of her death on the night preceding the tragedy at Geneva in 1898. She was awakened in the night by the bright moonbeams which filled her room, and saw in the moonlight the face of a woman weeping bitterly. She took this apparition as a portent of impending disaster. On that fateful morning, Czateray, who went into the Empress's room, as usual, to ask how she had slept, found her Imperial mistress looking pale and sad. 'I have had such a strange experience,' said Elizabeth. 'I was awakened in the middle of the night, and saw the apparition of a woman standing near me, who was weeping. I fear it is a presentiment of misfortune, and danger is imminent.' A few hours later Lucchini stabbed her to death on the side of the lake, as she was about to embark on a steamer.

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria is said to be haunted by the ghost of his late Minister, Count Stambuloff. This apparition has been seen by his side sometimes when he was driving, and frequently when he was walking. On one occasion Ferdinand visited a certain princess, and it was noticed that both she and her lady-in-waiting seemed much perturbed. It transpired later that both saw a man 'who looked like a corpse' standing beside the king. A courtier who had known Stambuloff, and heard the description of the apparition from the lady-in-waiting, stated that it was undoubtedly the dead statesman.

Two kings of Denmark of olden times are said to 'revisit the pale glimpses of the moon' in much the same way as Hamlet's father. Abel, who reigned several centuries ago, and murdered

his brother, still haunts the wood of Poole near Sleswig; and the old Scandinavian king Valdemar IV. is said to appear at times in the great forest of Gurra, near Elsinore.

JANET ARMSTRONG.

CHAPTER IV.

I DIDN'T see her till after supper. She came up to my study and said she wished to speak with me; but she hesitated, and seemed so loath to begin that I had to break the ice myself.

'Well, Janet,' I said cheerily, 'has Andrew Hair gone?'

'Oh ay, lang syne. I didna detain him lang; and as she laughed a slight blush came to her cheek which to me seemed to impart a youthful, girlish look to her face.

'And what took place then, Janet? You know, he told me his mission, and promised to come back and—'

'Oh, he telt ye that, did he?' and she looked so confused that I was sorry for her. She covered her burning cheeks with her hands, and when she looked at me I really didn't know whether she was going to laugh or cry. 'What assurance! What impudence! My word, had I but kenned I wad ha'e gi'en him mair than he got! Fancy him thinkin' I was here like a cairt o' coals waitin' till I was lifted.'

'Then, Janet, you haven't accepted him?'

'Oh David Crosbie, M.A., d'ye want me to add a "D"? Dinna mak' me lauch. The very idea! No, no, I didna accept. Puir auld sow! he got quite reckless in his promises; said if I didna like the shop he wad retire fra business an' tak' up hoose at Scrubberknowe, where we could keep hens, an' be as happy a' day as twa cushie-dooa. Oh mighty me! juist think o't. But it's no very fair to the puir man to be tellin' ye thae things; only, you're no everybody, an'—an' the thing's dune wi'. He got away in guid time to catch his train, so we'll juist say nocht mair on the subject. Ay, an' noo that I ha'e fund my tongue I'll juist tell ye what I cam' up the stairs to say. I am gettin' mairret. No to Andrew Hair, though,' she quickly added, as she noted the look of surprise on my face.

'I wasna intendin' to tell ye juist yet,' she said after a pause; 'but I micht as weel dae sae, noo that we ha'e had sic subjects sprung on us, as it were. Kennin' me as ye dae, an' efter hearin' what I ha'e to say, ye'll mebbe think I'm baith daft and glaiket. I micht be; but I'm awfu' happy, for what has come back lately into my life has altered me amaisht ayont my ain kennin'. Let me tak' my time; dinna speak, an' I'll tell ye a' aboot it in my ain wey.

'I dare say ye'll ha'e often wondered in your ain mind hoo it cam' aboot that I had never got

mairret, an' dootless ye wad think that I never was inclined nor had the time for love-makin' an' coortin', an' sic like. To be sure, I've been keepit busy a' my days, for your aunt asked an' got whole-he'rted service. But a lass is juist gey thrang-hauden when she canna spare a bit 'oor o' a forenicht to spend wi' a lad. Ay, weel, yince—langsye—I faun' time, an' I had yin o' the best an' truest lads that ever clamb a hill-face. He was young herd at the Howe, an' I was servant-lass at Carfrae Hoose, an' juist because o' him the sweetest word in a' the world to me is the name Glenburnie. For there it was we met in the quateness o' simmer gloamin' or in winter's mirk; an', though it's years gane-by, I never, even yet, see the flush o' sunset or hear the sough o' a winter wind but his face comes up afore me, an' I think I hear his voice.

'He was aye mair blate an' bashfu' than forritsome; but at times when it wasna possible for me to get oot to meet him he wad come into the kitchen at Carfrae; an', d'ye ken this, it was when him an' me were sittin' thegither on that same settle that's doon in this manse kitchen that I first clappit eye on you. A wee, shilpit-lookin' sow! ye were, too, wi' your first breeks on, an' a leather belt roon your waist like a polisman.'

'Janet,' I said eagerly, 'I don't wish to interrupt you, but I also distinctly remember that meeting. Was your—your sweetheart tall and fair-haired?'

'Ay, yes, he was tall an' fair,' she answered in a mellow voice. 'Dear me, fancy you mindin' that noo!' she added reflectively after a pause.

'I have also a faint recollection of seeing you together up Soonhope Burn,' I continued. 'It was raining, and you and he were standing underneath a plaid'—

'Stop! oh, stop noo! What a tether o' a memory ye ha'e! We thocht ye didna ken us. Oh, I mind fine. My goodness me! hoo comes it that ye never mentioned this afore? I wad mony a time ha'e been glad—oh, so glad!—to—to talk it a' ower, for—that was a gey happy time in my life. Had I kenned ye thocht thae memories worth treasurin' I wad ha'e wrocht my fingers to the bane in your service.'

She spoke fervently and earnestly, and for the first time in my life I saw a tear coursing down her cheek.

'Ay,' she said in a low, hushed voice, 'when

there's love in the he'rt the sun's aye shinin', and, on lookin' back, it was simmer to me the hale year through. But a darkenin' cam', an' it was me that brocht it on. A young hallockit lass, wi' a' the world in front o' her, is unco apt to be thochtless and heidstrong at times, and will treat as very dirt aneath her feet a' in this life that's worth prizin' an' carin' for. She disna think that the richt chance at the richt time comes only yince in a lifetime, an' she plays at handba' wi' what she should nurse to her briest as a mither guards her bairn. It was a hasty, angry word I spoke. I didna mean it, nor yet did I feel it; an' though I kenned it cut to the bane, I wadna tak' it back. Time an' again I got the chance; but no. Oh, had I but thocht! had I but kenned! But I did neither; an' wi' pride an' wilfulness in my he'rt, an' cairret away in the senseless vauntin's o' seventeen, I gaed my wey; an'—an' efter a wee he gaed his.

'It wasna lang till I rued; but it was then ower late. He left the Howe at the next term, an' went ower into the Humble side, an' in time gaed clean oot o' my ken. But I never could think o' ony ither lad, an' I juist wrocht away, tryin', in a' I took on haun', to mak' the best o't, an' to forget hoo awfu' stupid I had been.

'This that I've telt ye o' happened when I was gaen seventeen—twenty-six years bygone; an' noo, juist when I'm turnin' forty-three, I've come into my ain again. An' this is hoo it cam' about.

'Ae afternoon, when I was doon Morningside Road on some errand o' my ain, my e'e lichted on a signboard wi' the name Herries in thin gold letters. That was my auld sweethe'rt's name. It's no very common; I never had seen it in big printin' afore, an' my he'rt juist warmed to it a' at yince. It turned oot to be a milliner's—no a big place—juist ae door an' winda, but a' gey snodly laid oot an' tidy-lookin'. Weel, I had nae need o' a new bonnet; a' the same, I lookit ower everything in that winda mair than yince, an'—an' then I went my wey along the street. Then I turned an' back I went—back to the shop wi' Herries in gold letters abune the door; an', thinks I, juist for the sake o' the name, though I didna need it, I'll gang in an' buy a bonnet. I'm no what ye wad ca' rash in sic maitters, an' I was surprised at mysel'; but "Auch," says I, "juist for yince I'll let mysel' go." Weel, I bocht a bonnet, gied the price that was asked, an' never thocht o'—oh, ye needna lauch, for it's true—I couldna haggle ower a price in a shop wi' the name Herries abune my heid, an' I paid the money to the last bawbee.

'I took no particular notice o' the shop-woman mair than that she was young an' genteelly dressed in black; but when she was gi'en me my change she happened to look at

me juist as I was lookin' at her. She smiled and said "Thank you" wi' a bit incline o' her heid. It was the voice an' action thegither. It seemed so familiar, an'—an' *the name abune the door*. A' at yince my he'rt began to stoon. Oh, I wantit to sit doon, an' I gruppit the back o' a chair. Then, juist to gain time an' get composed, I asked her aboot the price o' ribbon; an' efter buyin' some o' a colour that'll match nocht I possess, we got on the crack. She telt me the shop was her ain, an' that her faither had a big dairy ower at Liberton. Her mither had died when she was born, an' an aunt—a sister o' her faither's—had keepit hoose for them for nearly twenty years.

'I sat juist as if I was in a dream; an' then, efter a wee, as little concerned as I could, I asked her faither's name. "George Herries," says she. "That's strange," says I efter I got back my breath. "I yince kenned yin o' that name in Lauderdale; but the man was a herd, an' it's mair than twenty years sin' syne." "That'll likely be father, then," says she. "He was a herd before he took ower the dairy. He named our new cottage The Howe, because he lived there when he was a boy."

'An' then I kenned I was speakin' to the dochter o' my auld sweethe'rt. A queer oorrie kind o' a feelin' cam' ower me. I couldna speak, an' though I had bocht a' I wanted I couldna gang oot, an' I juist stood like a stookie, thowless an' donnert. Oh, I tell ye it was awfu' tryin' on me, an' she was quick to notice it; for she cam' roon fra ahin' the coonter, put her haun' aneath my airm, an' led me into her workroom at the back. In a meenit or twa she had the kettle boilin'. Then she masket a cup o' tea. Of coorse I apologized, an' refused, but she wad tak' nae denial. "It's just my usual tea-time," she said, "and we'll have cream in a—— Ah! here it comes. Father's never late."

'I heard a horse pawin' the causeway; then the ooter door opened, an' in less time than I tak' to tell ye, wi' a smile on his face an' a wee tin o' cream in his haun', there before me stood George Herries.

'I canna very weel tell ye exac'ly what took place. I was sairly enough putten aboot afore he cam' in, but I was waur efter. Everything had happened sae sudden-like an' unexpected, an'—an' there was a kin' o' mist afore my een, an' I felt oot o' place an' awkward. Oh, I tell ye, it was amaisht past endurance.

'He looked at me for a lang time without speakin', an'—an' then he cam' forrit; an' he said, "Janet!" an' the gledsome look he gied me juist made my he'rt loup like a lassie's. An' then——

She hesitated and paused for a moment. Just then the old eight-day clock downstairs gave a preliminary *hick-click* and a *whir-r-r*, and very deliberately struck ten.

Janet looked toward me. 'Ay,' she said when the echoing chime had died away, 'in the auld days when that same auld knock struck ten your aunt used to cry ben into the kitchen, "Janet, it's gaen bedtime; is the back-door locket?" Since comin' to keep hoose for ye I've aye made Carfrae Hoose 'oors manse 'oors, and it's time the doors were seen to, so I'll juist say guid-nicht. The best pairts o' a' love stories have to be experienced, no spoken aboot; so ye can juist imagine the rest o' mine.'

She had lived over again what she had been telling me, and there was a happy, youthful look on her face as she closed the door.

Three months later George Herries and Janet Armstrong were married in my manse drawing-room. I had kept a note of the profits accruing from her Shinnel Manse transactions, for which I made out a cheque and gave it to her as a wedding gift. When I say it was no inconsiderable amount I am not boasting or advertising my benefactions, and it was only after much pleading and persuasion that Janet would take it. But I had no difficulty whatever with the eight-day clock and the kitchen settle. She accepted them gladly, with tears in her eyes and a tremor in her voice which George Herries, decent, honest man, could neither account for nor understand.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AN INGENIOUS 'NON-SKID' APPLIANCE FOR COMMERCIAL MOTOR-VEHICLES.

SKIDDING upon a greasy or slippery, dusty road is the *bête noire* of the driver of the commercial motor-vehicle. While presence of mind and quick action are able to lessen the 'waltzing' tendency and to effect speedy recon- trol of the vehicle, there is always the danger of inflicting injury or damage upon a third party. Although the fitting of twin-tires to the rear wheels of the heavier cars of this type reduces skidding to a certain extent, this device is not completely effective. For this reason widespread interest is being aroused by a new non-skidding invention which has been evolved especially to meet the case of the twin-tired commercial vehicle, and which, as exacting tests have demonstrated, completely prevents side-slipping. The appliance, which consists of a chain of malleable iron shoes, joined by steel links, is simple in design and operation. Each shoe is solid, and in section resembles an inverted V; while from the side the chain recalls the familiar driving-belt of the motor-cycle. Its construction enables the chain to fit into the groove between the two tires, so that when it is placed in position the wheel appears to be provided with a single broad tire, the tread of which is formed by the flat surfaces of the shoes. The chain does not fit tightly, however, sufficient play being allowed to permit the shoes to rock slightly upon their bearings in the groove. The result is that, when the car evinces an inclination to 'waltz,' the edge of the shoe, by virtue of this rocking motion, is presented to the road surface, and instantly checks the skid. The slight spaces for the links between the shoes prevents the chain from presenting a continuous face to the road; the shoes themselves are roughened so as to obtain a good grip; while the chain has a creeping action over the road which conduces toward the same end. This device does away with the

danger of slipping on hills with heavy loads, facilitates restarting on steep slopes, and greatly increases the braking-power in going downhill. It will be readily seen that by giving the tire an augmented tread greater adhesion upon the road surface is secured because of the larger surfaces in contact. The utilisation of the arch between the two tires is serviceable in another direction, for it helps to preserve them. Small stones and objects of a similar nature cannot force an entry. They are either crushed or are surmounted by the wheel. Nor does the chain itself inflict any damage upon the walls of the tires against which it presses, because each shoe is composed of a malleable iron centre flanked upon each side by rubber, which forms the surface coming in contact with the tires proper. Neither are the benefits accruing from the resiliency of the tire affected in any way, because the non-skid appliance is so designed as to act in conjunction with it. The even tread which is presented is suitable for all conditions of road surface, and the appliance can be safely used in any weather without damaging the tires—a most important consideration. The presence of the chain does not affect the normal smooth and comfortable running furnished by rubber tires, for there are no protruding bars or knobs to produce bumping or vibration. One feature which should influence the use of this invention is the facility and celerity with which it may be attached and detached. There is no necessity to jack-up the wheel. The chain is merely laid upon the ground before or behind the car, and the wheel is moved forward or backward over it so as to bring the chain in the groove. The two free ends are then picked up, brought together, and linked after the manner of the endless belt of the motor-cycle. Detachment is merely a reversal of this process, and either task can be accomplished in a few seconds. The invention can be applied to any type of twin-tire, whether round or square in section, with

equal facility, and can be adapted to any size of wheel.

A CHEAP NEW FUEL.

Interest has been excited by the production of a new fuel which can be cheaply produced in extensive quantities, and which complies with the demand for national economy. It has been evolved by the engineer to a British borough, and is made from household refuse, such as scraps of vegetables and other articles of the domestic dust-bin. These are crushed, treated with pitch or tar, and made into briquettes. The fuel thus formed resembles coal in general appearance, and when broken up burns in the open grate with the glow characteristic of the familiar product of the mine. The engineer identified with its production emphasises the fact that a mechanical plant is necessary to produce the fuel, but there is no reason why the capital outlay in this connection should be heavy, while the cost of manufacture ought to be kept down to such a low figure as to enable the fuel to be sold retail at approximately ten shillings per ton. The raw materials are immediately to hand in adequate quantities, the chief expense being the cost of collection, which has to be incurred in any case. The only additional outlay is for the pitch or tar necessary to make the mass combustible.

CHEAPENING THE COST OF MILK.

No feature in connection with the increased cost of living to-day has aroused such hostility as the rise in the price of milk. The interests responsible for this development maintain that it has been forced upon them as a result of the enhanced cost of feeding-stuffs and the increase of wages which they have had to meet. But the British farmer is the most conservative member of his class in the world. As a rule, time-saving, labour-saving, money-saving devices make no appeal to him. This is clearly seen in connection with the suggested adoption of mechanical milking methods. In peace-times, when labour was cheap and plentiful, his hostility to mechanical methods triumphed; but under the present conditions this antagonism is meeting with public denunciation. That the farmer is in error has been plainly proved, and it is not improbable that the absence of skilled hand-milkers will in the end compel him to introduce mechanical devices. It has been clearly shown, in the case of farms worked upon up-to-date lines, that cows may be milked in far less time, more efficiently, and at less cost by machine than by hand. In one case a mechanical milker is now doing the work which formerly required the services of five hand-milkers. The installation is capable of milking eighty-five cows simultaneously, and the cost of operation is but a mere fraction of that formerly incurred. In this instance electricity being available from the

public supply system, it is employed to drive a one and a half horse-power motor actuating the vacuum-pump, the pipes from which extend to the machines disposed in the stalls. Apart from the saving of time and money, there is no risk of the milk being contaminated by coming in contact with the hands. During the past few years the mechanical milker has undergone considerable improvement and development. Several excellent machines are now on the market, and there is every reason to hope, under the pressure of labour shortage, that this modern method of milking cows will come into general vogue, which will certainly conduce to the greater purity and cheapness of our milk-supply.

REMOVING GUN-DEAFNESS.

One of the evils of the terrific cannonade with giant guns which is being waged upon the battle-fronts is the deafness produced. Many expedients have been adopted to prevent this, but their effectiveness is not complete, while it is not always possible for the soldier to protect his ears with any of these devices. A well-known French aural specialist, Dr Marage, has elaborated a system of treatment which is now being used with conspicuous success. This is a mechanical apparatus which is capable of emitting the sounds of the French vowels as continuously as may be desired. The intensity, duration, and quality of the sounds may be varied, the source of energy employed—namely, compressed air—being controlled by gauges to suit various requirements. The apparatus was devised by Dr Marage for this special purpose, and may be described as a device for applying massage to the affected organ by means of sound vibrations. The ear of the sufferer is first submitted to a searching examination to ascertain the extent of the injuries which he has received. He is then taken to the machine, and each ear is treated separately. From the vowel-sounder a tube, similar to a speaking-tube, is led to the ear, and applied to it in such a way as to enable the sound vibrations to play fully upon the inner ear. The course of treatment lasts about two weeks, by the end of which time it is possible to determine whether the man's hearing is capable of restoration or not. It is stated that, as a result of this novel massage, approximately 70 per cent. of the soldiers stricken by this malady are so far cured as to be able to rejoin their regiments.

A NEW GOLFING-DEVICE.

The impactor golf-machine is a new invention, scientifically designed to analyse the properties of a stroke made with any golf-club upon a suitably attached captive ball. It is claimed by the inventors that the correct length, elevation, and alic or pull of the complete flight are recorded simultaneously on the dial of the

machine, which readily lends itself to the exhaustive study of all the conditions ensuring a correctly timed stroke. Guided by what he learns from the machine, a player adjusts his stance, grip, and swing until a satisfactory and consistent record is secured; and a handbook is in preparation which will assist him in his search for the proper conditions. The value of this invention for ready tuition in golf is obvious, and the pupil is encouraged in a fascinating manner to practise and to study the development of that 'form' which will give confidence and efficiency on the links. By the use of the machine the amateur golfer will be relieved of the tedium and expense generally incurred in the earlier stages of his career, while the professional golfer and the golfing enthusiast will also find it equally interesting and instructive. The charts of well-known courses have been adapted for use in conjunction with the machine, and a simple device is introduced to enable the player accurately to trace on the chart the course of the flights the ball would take between the tee and the green. By this means a new competitive game is introduced, which, while retaining many features of a game on the links, may be played in any confined space. It is expected that ship-owners will enthusiastically adopt this invention as a new deck-game for passengers, and that it will find favour in hotels, hydropathics, &c., as well as amongst the general golfing public.

PETROL FROM SHALE.

The increasing scarcity of petrol, combined with the rising cost of extracting this volatile fuel from heavy oils, is drawing greater attention to shale as a source of oil as well as of other valuable commercial products. This interest is not peculiar to any one country, but is being developed in all parts of the world where the raw material exists in large quantities. So far the only country where the utilisation of this source of supply has been successfully carried on is Scotland, where, by the evolution and installation of ingenious machinery, the prime cost of extracting the oil from shale has been reduced to a figure which enables the resultant commercial products to be vended at prices competitive with those drawn from petroleum. But in the United States, where enormous deposits of shale are to be found, notably in Oklahoma and California, the situation is being minutely investigated by scientists and Government experts. Even in these islands it is possible to develop this industry still further, since there are extensive stretches of rich shale which, as Dr William Forbes-Leslie recently told the Society of Arts, it would at the moment pay to exploit. He drew attention to the discovery of an important oil-shale basin in Norfolk, with whose yield highly interesting and valuable experiments have been made. Under the proper treatment, one ton of shale yielded forty gallons of oil,

sixty-six pounds of sulphate of ammonia (an excellent fertiliser), and twenty-five thousand cubic feet of dry gas possessing high illuminating properties. As the cost of winning petroleum from the earth is increasing very rapidly, owing to the necessity of sinking the wells to greater depths, the day does not seem far distant when the dormant resources of the British Islands in this direction will be requisitioned. As is well known, the Kimmeridge shale outcrop in Dorsetshire is particularly rich in oil, and the recent discovery of deposits in Norfolk should render feasible the establishment of an English petrol-producing industry on a proper scientific and commercial basis.

A NOVEL HYGIENIC SUGAR-BOWL.

An ingenious sugar-bowl which, as it preserves the contents from dust and flies, complies with hygienic requirements, has recently been placed upon the market. The crux of the invention is a special dome-shaped cover or lid fitting tightly into the rim of the vessel. This cover is provided with a special handle, consisting of two levers connected to a novel pair of tongs working upon the cross-lever system. Normally, when the cover is in position these tongs are folded up and occupy the space within the dome. When, however, the outer lever handles are pressed together, the lever system within is brought into play, and a lump of sugar is picked up between the jaws of the tongs. At the same time a grip is offered wherewith the cover may be removed. When the cover is replaced and the handles are released the tongs automatically rise and close into the dome away from the sugar. Not only is the sugar-basin designed upon these lines being sold in many different styles to suit various tastes, but the special cover with the tongs can be adapted to existing bowls at a small cost. To effect this it is only necessary to furnish the inside width of the rim of the bowl.

TAR FUEL.

As is well known, the distillation of coal produces an appreciable quantity of tar, which in turn furnishes, as a by-product, hard pitch. Owing to the scarcity of coal and the accumulation of quantities of this residue, German engineering chemists have endeavoured to turn the latter into a substitute for the former for industrial purposes, and in this connection they have proved highly successful. The pitch is reduced to powder, and is then blown into the furnaces in steady streams of the desired volume by the aid of compressed air. Owing to the lightness of the granulated material, very little pressure is necessary to effect this. The system is closely allied to that followed with crude oil. The powdered pitch, being highly combustible, burns readily, leaving neither slag nor ashes, so that its use is distinctly labour-saving; while, owing

to its heating value being in excess of that of coal, it constitutes an economical fuel. The huge Belgian blast-furnaces at Seraing are being stoked in this manner; and, according to reports, two thousand tons of steel, in two hundred and fifteen heats, were handled within three months in a furnace adapted to this system of firing, at an average expenditure of two hundred and ninety-two and a half pounds of pitch per ton of molten steel. Owing to the success of the fuel in industrial circles a further effort was made to adapt it to domestic requirements, and here again success is stated to have been achieved in combination with another 'fuel waste.' Coke-dust has hitherto been regarded as useless for fuel purposes, and its only value has been as a substitute for sand in mixing concrete and pavement-making. But now the powdered pitch and coke-dust are mixed in certain proportions, and then pressed into briquettes for burning. So long as the stove has a good draught this pitch-coke briquette fuel is stated to give complete satisfaction; it is declared to be clean, and to be of high heating value. This ingenious utilisation of two waste products of the coal distillation process has proved of national importance in another direction. It has contributed to the conservation of the coal-supplies, and has enabled the coal won to be more profitably exploited, either in the gas-plants or the coking-ovens. As we in Britain are being urged to be more sparing in our consumption of coal, especially for domestic purposes, our emulation of the Teuton practice in the manufacture and use of these briquettes might prove of far-reaching

importance, particularly in connection with the heating of the wasteful kitchen-range.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

HARVEST.

'Tis said that Eastern tillers weep
When scanty produce crowns their toil,
And they must snatch from children's mouths
The seed they sow in thankless soil.

But harvest comes, and golden sheaves
Their sorrows change into delight;
Forgot are bitterness and tears,
And joyous plenty ends their night.

So do I hear a harvest song
Ringing o'er all the clash of war,
That tells of reapers gathering in
The fruits of battle from afar;

The better Europe of our dreams,
When sword and rapine rule no more!
The age of gentle chivalry!
The reign of Christ! The death of Thor!
N. MACLEOD CAIE.

POLLOKSHIELDS.

. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the *writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.*
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CHRISTMAS 1916.

DELILAH OF THE QUINTA.

By MARIAN BOWER,
Author of *The Medusa Room*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

*C'est trop . . .
J'ai donné mon secret, Delila va le vendre.*

IT was said by his comrades that Lieutenant Bryan Bloxham, for all that after ten years of service he still remained a subaltern, was one of fortune's favourites. But, then, promotion—though the soldier's life was no mere promenade in uniform in the opening years of the last century—was as slow in the British army as it was rapid in the French; and the big man with the brilliantly blue eyes, with hair that rippled beneath his helmet, with a smile that few women saw and forgot, knew that. He knew too that his colonel, Andrew Vennie—Old Andrew, as the commanding officer was affectionately called by every trooper in the regiment—looked on him with a very favourable eye; and that that same grizzled, explosive warrior, as kind of heart as he was short of temper, was generally listened to, and his advice sometimes taken, by the Commander-in-Chief of the British and Allied Spanish and Portuguese forces, my Lord Wellington.

For the rest, often as Bryan heard about his good luck—and he was told of it frequently—he would laugh and say, with a movement half-deprecatory, half-pleased, of his big shoulders, that he supposed his turn for a bad time would come later. But that 'later' showed no signs of hurrying.

The British troops had been sent into Portugal to stem the tide of Napoleon's invading army; and, after a hard fight at Busaco, after their march through middle Portugal, they were entrenched behind the lines of Torres Vedras, that gigantic defence designed by the far-seeing Irishman, whose tenacity was to change the whole course of history; and, so far, Bryan Bloxham, always reckless, always eager to expose himself, had come through the campaign without a wound, without a day's illness.

Now every man in Wellington's army was in winter quarters, and so silently had these twenty odd miles of entrenchments been thrown up that Marshal Massena, the French commander, heard the first whisper of them only four days before he reached them; while, to the majority of his men, the seeing of this chain of brown mounds with their own eyes was the first intimation that they were cut off from Lisbon, which they had looked on as their city of plenty; from the sea, by which they hoped to receive both provisions and reinforcements; and from any effective stroke against the armies from the 'Island of Shopkeepers,' which was breaking in on their victorious record.

Wellington's men waited, far from pleased with their inactivity, though the officers kept hounds and went a-hunting, and the rank and file participated in any sport that might be

going on. But day by day the plight of the French grew worse. It was only the pride of the proudest fighting force in Europe that kept these veterans before entrenchments that they knew they could not storm. Hunger, starvation, stared them in the face. They could neither beg, borrow, nor steal. By order of the man who was later to blossom into the Iron Duke, the whole country had been swept as bare as if a cloud of locusts had passed over it. Each peasant had driven his flock within the British lines; each farmer had carried off or destroyed all that belonged to him. And yet to retreat was almost as difficult as to remain. There was hardly a blade of grass, much less an ear of corn, all the way back to Coimbra; and to go north by Coimbra through the level middle provinces was the only way the French knew.

True, one alternative remained to them. They could strike west and try to cross the frontier over into Spain, where comparative plenty awaited them. But to do that they must pass over a wild, mountainous region, about which they knew nothing but the one alarming fact that every inhabitant left in it was hostile to them. At first they sent out surveying parties; but they learned so little, while the cost of them—not in money, but in men's lives—was fearful. Each party, before it mapped out a road, or ascertained how a pass cut between two wooded heights, was attacked by peasants invisible among the rocks and trees, who used their muskets with deadly effect. When prisoners fell into their hands the case was even worse. If one of Massena's men was taken, he held himself fortunate to be shot at sight, not done to death by inches.

Therefore, from the early days of October—and the New Year of 1811 had come now, and was well on its way—Bryan Bloxham found life quite a pleasant holiday. He did his share of outpost work, to be sure; whenever there was volunteering to be done he volunteered; but equally he got leave whenever he could, and spent more than one gay time in Lisbon, dancing with the prettiest women by the light of the moon shimmering over the Tagus, or taking his turn at any sport that might be going on. He rode to hounds, too, with a zest that Lord Wellington promised himself he would not forget when an additional galloper was required; and, with that abundant geniality of his, he made friends, quite good friends, with more than one French officer, for the two nations on this occasion fought in a strictly well-bred manner, and the men who were all agog to kill each other when the guns boomed were equally ready to share a bottle of wine together when the flag of truce floated between the two camps.

Bryan Bloxham had even time for other and very different employments. His nature was curiously many-sided for his time and his

generation. He had the gift of taking interest in many things, of doing many things. He would shyly sketch in the white line of the Atlantic rollers as they tumbled in among the great rocks almost at the foot of the last of the British entrenchments, as modestly he would dabble in a sunset, or he would rein up his horse to survey the luxuriance of the cork-woods, the waving gray-green of an olive-grove.

He did yet more. While few of his brother-officers spoke any language but their own, Bryan contrived not only to come by a very fair knowledge of Portuguese, but to hear from the refugees within the lines tales of the long-past days when Portugal was one of the great Powers of the world—stories of adventure, of love, of the Moorish occupation; and, concerning himself with things nearer at hand, a hint was dropped to him that within the Quinta Marina were concealed quite unexpected relics of bygone Portugal.

This *quinta*, as Bryan speedily learned, belonged to a certain Don Miguel de Calvalhos; and, as it stood on the brow of the hill looking down on to the Atlantic hardly more than a few hundred yards from the outposts, he had passed it by dozens of times.

In this miscellaneous cluster of buildings, mostly huddled behind a high wall of rough blocks of stone daubed all over with white plaster, the old Portuguese grandee lived with a couple of servants who went abroad as rarely as their master. Don Miguel had neither wife nor child, and so unsociable was he that though he probably owed his life, and certainly the security of his property, to the British occupation, he kept his door obstinately closed.

But one day Don Miguel found that the provision for his small household had not been allowed to pass through the British lines. The old man walked out from the *quinta*, strolled into the open country, and addressed himself to the first soldier he met. As chance would have it, this soldier happened to be Bryan Bloxham, the one Englishman in all Portugal, perhaps, who was longing to make Don Miguel's acquaintance.

The old man, with his face half-hidden beneath his wide felt hat, with his heavy *capa* wrapped about his gaunt frame, imperiously stopped the horseman, and as imperiously, not to say insolently, stated his grievance. Nine men out of ten would have resented the manner; quite as large a proportion would have made light of Don Miguel's anxiety about three bags of onions, a couple of cheeses, and a few sacks of maize; but Bryan Bloxham wished to see the interior of the *quinta*. Besides, to his mind, life was too short to spoil with resentment unless a quarrel were absolutely thrust on one; while it was one of his accepted maxims that one might as well do a good turn by the way if one could.

He smiled with those blue eyes of his into

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the forbidding face. 'I am going to headquarters now,' he said. 'I will see to the matter at once.'

The old Portuguese, without so much as a syllable of thanks, turned about; but Bryan was as good as his word. That very evening he was able to promise the arrival of the provisions for the next day.

The young man rode leisurely up to the *quinta*, while the sun was still comparatively high in the blue sky, to give this news himself; and as he looked ahead, over the line of the olive-grove to where the horizon melted into a haze tinged with gold, he did not notice that a woman, a peasant woman apparently, with a country basket poised on her head, and the inevitable flower behind her ear, was watching him, stealing along behind him, and that when he stopped at the door of the *quinta* she sat down among the grass as if to wait and see what might follow.

José, Don Miguel's servant, answered Bryan's sharp knock at the wooden door set in the middle of the high wall, and the dark-faced man was as taciturn as his master. He said curtly that no strangers were admitted within the *quinta*; but when Bryan told him that he came with good news for the dinner of the morrow, José so far unbent as to offer to give a message.

A message would, after all, have done quite as well; but that was not quite what Bryan proposed. 'Your master will see me, my friend,' he said as he jumped from his horse, and threw the reins to his orderly. 'I will come in,' he went on in his careful Portuguese; and as confidently as if he had been cordially invited, he pushed José gently back, and when he stood on the other side of the iron-bound gate he went on to say that he was in no hurry. If Don Miguel were resting or engaged, he had time to await his pleasure.

He sauntered farther into the courtyard as he said that; and while José, seeing that he was worsted, hurried toward the house, muttering a curse as he went, Bryan began a leisurely survey of the scene before him.

The *quinta* was not built altogether on the accepted plan of country houses in Portugal, as Bryan had hitherto seen them. It was true that the inevitable paved courtyard possessed in its centre the equally indispensable well with a great stone head, and that facing the door by which Bryan had forced his way in was a double flight of steps leading up to the house itself. But instead of both remaining sides being taken up with a collection of low, untidy buildings, on the west, where the sun might linger, there appeared to be a little garden. Now Bryan had heard a whisper of this garden—how long ago a certain king had planted it for love of a pair of bright eyes. Bryan walked rapidly across the stone flags, his spurs clinking behind him, his sword rattling against its attachment; and
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as he stepped between a series of low pillars—which showed that, however much King João might have builded, the Moor had been there before him—the soldier saw a square finished off at the farther end in a way which was quite new to him.

A line of arches rose up before the background of the great outer wall; and even against the white of the plaster, visible between every two openings, they showed whiter still, for their outer surface was composed of white glazed tiles carefully fitted one against another. The arches were low and flat, and on the broad shafts, on the delicate spans, the tiles, painted with a peculiar vivid blue, first made encircling frames, and then showed within those frames a series of scenes from bygone Court life, still in blue on white. Bryan knew enough to understand that he saw before him one of the most perfect survivals of an art peculiar to Portugal in its prime. He stood a moment, with the greenness of the new grass at his feet, with the trickle of water making music in his ears, with the promise of blossom in the budding camellia-bushes, in the clumps of iris. Then, as he looked up and down, a new expression overspread his face. It lost its pure enjoyment; it became alert, excited even.

Bryan strode close up to the row of arches. He looked quickly at the first one; he passed on to the next. He went down all the line to make sure that he was not mistaken. Then he turned about, and came back more slowly, until at the third from the end he suddenly pulled up. The picture within the medallion was by no means the least interesting of the series. It showed King João bestowing the great order of Portugal, the Order of Christ, on a kneeling grandee, who, in fact—though Bryan did not know this until later—was an ancestor of the very Don Miguel to whom the *quinta* belonged now. Bryan merely glanced at this scene; all his attention was fixed on an oblong insertion which filled up the space below, and which was repeated in each shaft. As he bent down to examine it, the artist was banished by the soldier.

It was apparent that he had before him in these oblongs a series of maps of the Portuguese provinces; and if they were correct, for this was before the days of an Ordnance Survey, they might prove of the greatest service to Lord Wellington, who was almost as badly off for accurate knowledge of the country as were the French.

Bryan had purposely pulled up before the oblong which took in Lisbon and the surrounding country. He could check that by experience. He fixed one position after another, and then through his ardour was just beginning to filter the remembrance of having heard that the *quinta* was originally a Moorish palace, and that the Moors were especially learned in such arts as geometry and map-making, when he felt a sharp touch on his arm.

'Don Miguel!' Bryan exclaimed as he looked round.

The old Portuguese stepped a pace or two away, then bowed without speaking.

Bryan came towards him, too eager to be pulled up for a shade of manner. 'These maps'—he began.

The old man put up a lean hand, with thin claw-like fingers discoloured with incessant cigarette-smoking, and with a gesture stopped the eager words. 'You seem to take a great interest in my poor garden, Senhor Englishman,' he began icily. 'I am glad it has afforded you pleasure. I live here by myself,' he went on dryly. 'I enjoy it myself.'

But Bryan was past taking a snub. 'Don't you understand,' he returned as eagerly as ever, 'that these maps are invaluable just now? You did well to conceal their existence; the French would have given anything to know of them; but now Lord Wellington will be sure to come and look at them himself.'

The old Portuguese heard the rush of words. His face grew even darker than its wont. But while he kept silence, twisting his cigarette between his fingers, Bryan came to him again.

'Have you got paper and a pencil?' he began confidently. 'I should like to draw out a little bit, or Old Andrew will never believe what a find I have got for him.'

The dark eyes raised themselves to the blue ones. There was a moment when Don Miguel was very near to bidding this audacious young Englishman to leave his presence at once; then something else prevailed with the old man. Some memory awoke in him, some feeling perhaps for youth, and for the confidence of youth. The old man dropped his eyes; he began to walk down the path; he drew Bryan along with him.

At the other side of the garden, where only the line of twin pillars divided it from the courtyard, Don Miguel pulled up. 'I have kept my door closed for years,' he explained. 'I do not see why I should open it now; but you are like sunshine after a storm, Senhor Englishman. You please my old eyes, I hardly know why.'

The old man went on again. Bryan walked silently by him. He was very much interested, perhaps a little elated, but he was not so surprised as he might have been. Strange developments had a way of coming to Bryan Bloxham.

Neither of the two men said a word until they reached the old well-head. Then Don Miguel waved his hand toward the house.

'You may come in,' he said. 'My steps will hardly know themselves when they find a stranger's feet on them. And, Senhor Soldier,' he went on, looking up searchingly, 'you say that you could copy my pictures on to paper?'

Bryan assured the old man that he could do so much.

Don Miguel nodded, and began to go to the house. With his hand on the stone baluster, he paused yet once more. 'Your name, *senhor*?' he asked.

Bryan gave it, together with his regiment and his rank.

The old man looked the big figure up and down from head to foot, and then he announced his decision. 'Senhor English Soldier,' he said, 'you may copy my pictures in the garden if you like; but I will have neither your Commander-in-Chief nor any other man within my walls.'

CHAPTER II.

'If you please, sir!'

A sentry came forward from the earth-work that was known as the Atlantic outpost, and, putting up his hand to the salute, stopped Bryan Bloxham, who was cantering back from the Quinta Marina to make his report to his colonel.

Things were done in a less precise manner in the army then than they are now. Don Miguel's stipulation had been accepted. No one in authority saw anything particularly incongruous in a cavalry officer making maps for a fighting force. If the old Portuguese made a point of Bryan Bloxham's doing it, the British were in Portugal to conciliate, not to antagonise; and Bryan was about as good as any one to copy the tiled atlas in the *quinta's* garden.

But to Bryan personally the matter had quite unexpected results. Don Miguel, shyly, grudgingly even, at first, showed signs of wishing to make friends with the young man, who, in every possible way, was his exact opposite. From timid advances which Bryan received in his matter-of-course, every-one-likes-me manner, the old Portuguese came to open friendship, until before many weeks were past Bryan might stable as many hunters as he pleased in the tumble-down range of disused buildings, his pet hound might bring up her family in another corner, he might knock on the grim door in the high wall every day in the week; and, lastly, Don Miguel set aside for him one of the rooms within the *quinta* itself, and there Bryan worked at his maps, transferring his tracings to parchment, colouring in the rivers and the woods and the mountains.

After one particular afternoon of work, Bryan had smoked cigarette after cigarette with Don Miguel, had listened to the old man's tales of the time when he brought his Spanish wife home to the *quinta*, and, finally, when midnight was well past, he had thrown himself on a broad divan, and had slept as soundly as only one with such strength and health as his could sleep.

In the early morning, with a square of parchment that Andrew Vennie especially desired to
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see carefully folded within the breast of his tunic, Bryan set off from the *quinta*. The day was but just breaking. It had been a wild night. Bryan recollected how the great gusts of wind, the lashing rain, had punctuated Don Miguel's talk about bygone times. The ocean rollers were still grumbling moodily as they dashed against the boulder-strewn coast; the mist was still low down, almost clinging to the dripping grass; and the sun, determined to shine, was struggling through a bank of piled-up clouds.

Bryan Bloxham reined in his horse and inquired of the sentry who had stopped him what might be the matter.

'A woman, sir,' blurted out the man.

'A woman!' repeated Bryan. 'Where?'

'Here, sir!'

Bryan bit his lip impatiently. Ever since men went to war, women in the camp have been an additional complication. It chanced, too, to be one that, in this connection, Bryan especially disliked.

'I suppose I had better see what she has to say for herself,' he answered dubiously. He recollected the poor creatures who sometimes appeared in the orderly-room: women maddened by hunger into thieving, women caught at worse purposes, and he never saw such a scene without feeling that it blurred and spoiled his picture of life as he liked to look on it.

The sentry limited himself to 'Very good, sir; but Bryan asked yet another question: 'Are you sure that you are right to detain this woman? What has she to say for herself?'

'She does not speak a word that we can understand,' answered the soldier; 'that is why we made so bold as to stop you, sir.'

Bryan began to walk his horse along. 'How did the woman get within our lines?' he asked next.

The sentry thrust out his lip. 'Black night,' he muttered. 'Couldn't see your hand before your eyes. Rain splashing like water out of a spout on to your face.'

Bloxham nodded. The woman had evidently come into view unexpectedly, probably as the mist lifted suddenly.

He sent the soldier to tell the guard to turn out the prisoner; and then Bryan Bloxham, sitting on his charger, waited, and as he waited his eyes strayed over the landscape before him. The tempest had worn itself out. It was being followed by that peculiar calm that so often does come after one of Nature's fits of passion. The mist from the sea was mingling with the mist from the wet earth, and together, one gray, one golden, they were driving along before the new-born day. Bryan marked the beauty, the peace, indifferently enough at the time; but he remembered the scene all his days; and he remembered too—for trivial incidents as well as great ones serve to mark the cross-roads at 1916.]

the turning-point of a life—the tramping footsteps of the guard, the tired faces of the men eager to be relieved, the outline of a cloaked figure, so small and so slender, surrounded by stalwart frames in military greatcoats.

The guard opened out, drew back. Bloxham straightened himself on his horse. The woman remained standing where she had been left, the great cloak about her face, its large hood covering her head.

Bryan looked down. At the first glance he was conscious of something unexpected. He had looked for the dishevelled, the repulsive, the bold.

'Why are you here?' he began sternly; but he got no farther than that one question. He was answered, not in broken English, not in Portuguese, but in French. It was no country-woman's voice either, no camp follower's, and neither did it excuse, much less plead.

'Pardon, monsieur,' interrupted this voice, 'I think you are making the same mistake that your men have done before you. I am from the French camp; and, monsieur, I claim your help and protection.'

Bryan had looked down, and the next instant he jumped from his horse.

The woman had dropped her cloak, and, as he stood before her, she pushed aside the heavy cloth hood. She showed him her face, her eyes, the oval of her cheek.

Bryan drew in a deep breath. 'Madame!' he began hurriedly; and then, as his eyes sought hers, he pulled up, and he substituted 'made-moiselle.'

The girl, for she seemed quite young, ignored the change of address. 'I claim your protection, monsieur,' she repeated.

Bryan answered at once. 'I will do what I can,' he began eagerly; 'but'—

The pretty head was lifted sharply; a frown drew down the white brow. 'But?' questioned the girl.

Bryan tried to laugh lightly; nevertheless he, who hitherto had been so sure that there was no life like a soldier's, all at once discovered that the calling had its disagreeable aspects. 'I must ask you a question or two, madame,' he went on apologetically. 'You will tell me, for instance, how you came here?'

'Oh,' returned the girl, and she laughed as if she were amused, 'is that all? I can answer that easily enough.' She began immediately.

Luckily, as Bryan thought at this moment, he understood French almost as well as he did English. When the Convention and the murderous guillotine drove so many of her finest sons from France, they found no more certain hospitality than in England. One such refugee had been sheltered in the old manor house where Bryan was born, and Bryan had learned French from the courtly old man who acted as nurse, as schoolmaster—and as a friend.

It seemed that this pretty girl had actually ridden out from the French rear-guard without an escort. On the way, her muleteer, the one man with her, had threatened to cut her throat if she did not dismount and let him drive off with the mule and its belongings, and the few valuables with which it was laden. She was only too willing to escape on such terms. Through the darkness, through the rain, she had wandered on foot. She had lost all sense of direction. A gleam from a camp-fire had at last given her hope just when she was about to fall exhausted. She had made for the light only to find herself within the British lines, not the French. 'Your men, monsieur,' she wound up, 'must bear out my story if you need confirmation. They will tell you how wet I was, how mud-stained.'

Bryan bowed. It was quite a couple of minutes before he could bring himself to ask the guard if what so pretty a woman said was true. He coloured right up to the roots of his fair hair, and the girl, watching him, perhaps understood, for a smile that had in it a hint of amusement, and of something deeper, touched her lips, while there flashed into her great dark eyes, as a lantern flashes out into the night, one quick glance of what could but be called triumph. The next instant the oval face was very still.

Bryan Bloxham turned from the group of soldiers. 'Madame,' he began, 'I had to ask for form's sake. My men assure me that you were wet and dripping.'

But the girl seemed hardly to concern herself with the corroboration. 'I am not madame,' she corrected. 'I am Clementine de Gillamont—Mademoiselle de Gillamont. I am on my way to nurse my father, Colonel de Gillamont, of the Twentieth Chasseurs. He is reported, at headquarters, to be badly wounded.' Clementine looked up at him again. 'You will not keep me here, monsieur?' she said. 'Think, my father may die from want of care!'

Bryan drew himself up. 'Mademoiselle,' he assured her—and he dwelt on the title—'we English do not make war on wounded men or on devoted daughters.'

The girl came a step closer. 'I knew, monsieur,' she murmured, and she dropped her eyes so that the long lashes fell on the pink cheeks, 'that I could trust myself to you.'

Bryan flushed with pleasure; but underlying the pleasure was a certain embarrassment. He was not sure what to do. Mademoiselle de Gillamont evidently expected to be sent back then and there to the French lines. But he, a subaltern, had no right to decide whether a Frenchwoman was to be detained or liberated. Besides, one so young, so pretty—though the distance between the outposts of one force and those of the other in the days before long-range shooting was hardly two miles—could not go

alone. Bryan had no authority to furnish an escort. The proper proceeding, of course, was to refer the girl to superior authority.

Old Andrew Vennie was very grim where a woman was concerned, but he was a just man. Bryan turned. He was just about to propose to escort Mademoiselle de Gillamont to his colonel himself, when Clementine, as if she knew what was coming, raised her great dark eyes to his; and Bryan all at once felt that this girl, with a face that had no match, so far as he knew, for beauty, looked to him, Bryan Bloxham, and to no other man, to help her.

The two, the slight woman and the broad-shouldered man, stood facing each other. Neither of them spoke, and as they waited, with the morning growing brighter and the breeze from the sea just fluttering the strands of Clementine's hair against her little ear, Bryan knew that something had leaped into his life that had not been there before, and that that something had no likeness in the past, had no precedent in any other experience.

It was the swift rise and fall of a horse's hoofs thudding over the turf that broke in on Bryan Bloxham's exaltation. A second soldier was riding up; and Bryan, as he muttered an impatient word between his lips, saw at the first glance that the new-comer was a Spaniard belonging to the force under General Romano quartered about Mafra.

The Englishman expected the Spaniard to ride past him, for the two forces rarely interfered with each other; but as the small, dark-faced man came nearer he jerked in his steed.

For one instant the wiry Andalusian horse, breathing hard, stood with its heaving flanks almost touching Mademoiselle de Gillamont, and the girl flashed one quick, expressive glance into the face that waited for just this look. Then, as Bloxham unwillingly brought up his hand to the regulation salute—apart from his annoyance at being interrupted, his insularity caused him to have no great opinion of the Spaniards within the lines of Torres Vedras—the new-comer in his turn sprang to the ground.

'I am Ramon di Gracias, captain. On the staff,' he announced.

Bryan coloured with vexation. 'I am Lieutenant Bloxham, Ninth Horse,' he answered grudgingly.

The Spaniard smiled significantly, and took a step forward. 'I am senior to you, then, sir,' he said.

Bryan was silent. It seemed to him intolerable that any one, above all a foreigner, should supersede him while Mademoiselle de Gillamont's fate hung in the balance.

The Spaniard saw the annoyance, and it appeared to gratify him. 'A lady within the lines—at this hour,' he began.

Bryan turned on him. 'The lady lost her way,' he thundered.

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The Spaniard, so wiry and so slim, looked the heavier Englishman up and down. 'A pleasant interlude doubtless,' Captain di Gracias went on. 'A charming variation on dull duty.'

Bryan's face went purple this time. He raised his great arm, and the next moment the Spaniard would assuredly have suffered for his impertinence had not Clementine interposed.

She put her hand on Bryan's sleeve; she pulled him aside. 'Monsieur,' she began breathlessly, 'you will not forget. I have put myself in your hands. Take me back yourself to the French lines. We are wasting time, and every minute may be of consequence to my father.'

Bryan heard the eager words. The suggestion exactly chimed with his own inclination. Old Andrew expected him, to be sure; but an hour later would do as well as an hour earlier. Bryan knew that there was a tumult within him. His being, his manhood, urged him to set out at once; but some remnant of prudence still remained to him, some thought of his duty as a soldier still admonished him.

It was the Spaniard who broke the silence. 'Mademoiselle,' he said as he stepped up to the girl's side, and this time he made no attempt to veil his insolence, 'why trust yourself to a dull Englishman when a Spaniard is by? Is not England the land of fogs and bargainings; is not Spain the country of romance and myrtle-flowers?'

Clementine de Gillamont slowly lifted her beautiful face. The impertinence appeared to have made no impression at all upon her. 'Senhor,' she was beginning, but the sound of that voice addressing such a man was more than Bryan could stand. He flung himself round, setting his great back to Captain di Gracias.

'Mademoiselle,' he began slowly, decidedly, 'I am at your disposal. You honoured me by confiding yourself to me. You wish to reach the French outposts. I will escort you there. Shall we set out at once?'

CHAPTER III.

IT was hardly noonday when Bryan Bloxham found himself back at his own quarters. He had escorted Mademoiselle de Gillamont to the French lines; he had waved his white handkerchief on his sword to announce that he came in peace.

The officer in command of the outpost and Bryan happened to have met before, and Captain de Pratz-Clos received the big man, whose hospitality he had partaken of when he had brought a letter from Marshal Massena to Lord Wellington, with a friendly smile. It was when the Englishman explained the purpose of his visit, when he stepped back and brought up Clementine, that there came a sudden change
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over the Frenchman's face. There seemed to be dismay written there, a great repugnance; and then, with the thought that had banished the smile from his blue Breton eyes, that had closed the lips tightly under his big moustache, still unexpressed, Captain de Pratz-Clos turned to his countrywoman. 'Mademoiselle'—he began.

'De Gillamont,' put in Clementine hastily but very clearly.

The man she spoke to looked hard back at her. 'Mademoiselle de Gillamont,' he returned, and it seemed as if he grudged to give her the name—'I suppose I must send you, mademoiselle, to'—

'To the Convent of Ste Marie di Prega,' put in the girl.

'Just so,' retorted the Frenchman, with an odd emphasis on his words; 'to the Convent of Ste Marie di Prega, where'—and he dwelt even more emphatically on the next words—'the severely wounded are lodged.'

Captain de Pratz-Clos seemed to ponder for a moment. When he looked up he addressed himself to Bryan, not to Clementine. 'It is clearly my duty,' he muttered, and he spoke with a curious detachment, as though in this instance he separated his duty as a soldier from his inclination as a man.

Bryan was struck by the icy manner.

The fine Frenchman, for all that his blue eyes were so alive, for all that there was energy, decision, in every movement of his well-knit body, must have singularly little of the fire of his nation if he could be so frigid before one of his own countrywomen, who was not only unusually beautiful, but who had risked so much to reach her father.

Bryan looked quickly from the man's face to Clementine's. If he was dismayed, she seemed to have remarked nothing.

'Thank you, *mon capitaine*,' she answered tranquilly. She turned and looked at Bryan. For quite an appreciable space her eyes fixed themselves on his. She seemed to be measuring the man who had brought her back; she seemed to be estimating the possibilities of his mind as well as those of his body. Then, with a half-sigh, with a shrug of her shoulders, she looked down.

Bryan understood that a struggle of some sort was taking place in her thoughts. He wondered what could be troubling her, perplexing her. 'Mademoiselle,' he cried, and he made an impetuous step nearer, 'what more can I do for you?'

The girl heard the ring in the voice.

De Pratz-Clos heard it too. The Frenchman turned angrily about. '*Mais c'est trop fort!*' he exclaimed; and again, just as he had done before, the Frenchman pulled himself up. He turned to Clementine. 'Mademoiselle,' he said, and his tone was a command, not a

suggestion, 'you say that you are anxious to reach your—the convent.' He went to the door and set it open. The action of dismissal was unmistakable.

Clementine de Gillamont turned to Bryan. '*Adieu, monsieur!*' she murmured. 'I thank you.'

There was pathos, there was dignity, there was resentment in the emphasis on the pronoun.

Bryan understood all that had gone unexpressed; at least he thought so. He bent forward, his face aglow, his eyes alight. '*Mademoiselle,*' he returned, and he did not care whether Captain de Pratz-Clos heard him or not, 'you honoured me when you accepted my escort. You will honour me still more if you call to me whenever you have need of me. I will not say *adieu*. We shall meet again—we must meet again.'

It was of this girl with the alluring face that Bryan was thinking as he came back to his own quarters. He felt strangely elated. The very air seemed to be filled with champagne. There might have been a new blueness about the sky, so sensible was he of the glow of its colour; the very defences—earthworks, ditches, fences—unprepossessing as they were, had some charm of shadow or of tint as he looked at them. He went straight to his hut, to the one place where he had some small chance of being alone. He sat down on the bench which served him alike for a bed and a chair; and there, with one leg thrust out, with an elbow on one knee and his chin in his palm, he sat still, as if mentally as well as physically he needed to take breath.

So far it had been a whirl of emotion without clear thought. Bryan Bloxham knew that he had been stirred by a new experience; that he, habitually the most active of men, wished to sit still, and actually, that he might enjoy again that which had gone before, to dream awhile.

This time of reflection might have brought knowledge in its train; but Bryan Bloxham had hardly surrendered to the unaccustomed tranquillity when he heard his name being called.

Instantly he sprang up, the soldier in him alert. He hurried out of the hut. The sunlight flooded on to his face, and before he could recover from the confusion of the glare he heard that Old Andrew wanted to see him at once.

'What for?' asked Bryan.

'Something in a hurry. You are to go at once,' came the reply.

Then, and not till then, Bryan Bloxham thought of the map which still remained tucked within his tunic. In a very few moments he stood face to face with his colonel.

It was quite a while before Andrew Vennie spoke. The gray-headed veteran was seated before a poor table in a bare room. He was evidently looking over a pile of papers, for the quill by his side was still wet, and his sword served as a letter-weight to one of Bryan's own

tracings. His faithful hound was at Colonel Vennie's feet, and the old man's eyes, with the colour faded out of them by exposure to tropical suns and to blinding blasts, were stern, angry even. Then, as the fine figure of the man before him seemed to fill up the room, to bring down still lower the stained, rough ceiling, something twitched in the sharp face, and the clean-shaven lips drew together as if they feared, not to scowl, but to tremble.

Bryan saluted and waited. He knew the signs of the times. Every man in the Ninth knew exactly when Old Andrew was put out; and though there was something about his colonel which did not wholly agree with anything that he recollected to have observed before, Bryan concluded that the wind of authority was very much in the east.

Colonel Vennie looked up, threw down his pen, pushed a map, on which he had been drawing lines and making crosses in red ink, from him with so violent a movement that the square of parchment slid off the table on to the earthen floor; and Carey Roy, evidently thinking that it was time to move on, tucked his brown body well under his master's chair.

As Bryan's arm fell his commanding officer turned on him. '*Mr Bloxham!*' he snapped out.

The ceremonious title made Bryan start. Often enough Old Andrew called him '*my lad*'; sometimes the grizzled-headed man went so far as to use the name that Mary Bloxham had just had time to give to her boy before all things earthly faded from her; but never since he joined did Bryan remember to have heard his formal title. He threw up his head, and the blue eyes looked a straight question into the stern gray ones.

'I have to ask you, sir,' went on Old Andrew, in his harshest barrack-yard voice, 'what you have to say for yourself. I have sent for you to give you every chance; but, by gad, sir! unless you can clear yourself, I tell you at once that you will leave this room under arrest.'

Bryan stepped back, dismayed. There was evidently something much more grave at stake than a couple of hours' delay with a tracing which might or might not be required that week or the next either. '*Clear myself!*' he ejaculated; 'of what?'

Old Andrew half-raised himself in his chair. '*Answer me,*' he spluttered incoherently.

'I will answer any question you put to me, sir,' retorted Bryan. 'But I do not know what all this means.'

It is possible that while old Andrew Vennie was waiting for Bryan he had made up his mind to put a restraint on himself, to proceed gradually, to get at the beginning of things, and take them along gradually; but the old man had never been diplomatic for ten minutes at a time in all his life, and now Bryan's outcry effectually banished any nice calculations.

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The tall soldier, as straight as when he joined, for all his seventy odd years, swung his chair backward until every one of its rickety wooden spokes creaked. 'Not understand!' he echoed, while he brought that same chair down again on to its two long-suffering front legs; and Carey Roy, finding his position perilous, rose, stretched himself, and, selecting a stand between the table and the unglazed square which served for a window, grumbled in his deep bass. 'By Gad, sir,' went on Old Andrew, and now he rose, 'tell me, did you or did you not march as bold as brass across from our lines to the French outposts this morning?'

'Oh, that!' exclaimed Bryan, as if there were a great deal of fuss about very little.

'You did!' cried out his colonel, pouncing on the half-admission. The old man paused. He dropped both hands on to the unsteady table, and it rocked from right to left under the pressure. Then, while a beam of insistent sunlight flooded into the room, Colonel Vennie asked his next question. 'How came you,' he went on, 'an English officer, to take it upon yourself to go to the French lines without a pass from headquarters, or without a flag of truce?'

'I could see no other way, sir,' answered Bryan sturdily.

Old Andrew looked hard at the young man. 'Gad, sir,' he fumed, 'are you telling me that something forced you?'

'Just so,' answered Bryan promptly.

Andrew Vennie looked scrutinisingly into the fair, open face. The old man was torn between two considerations. On the one hand was his liking for Bryan, was his experience of him all through the campaign, was that still more potent thing of which Bryan knew nothing, that made the veteran of more than fifty years' service watch over this boy as he had watched over no other being since he donned his tunic and shouldered his musket; on the other hand was the fact that every word Bryan Bloxham said seemed to confirm a piece of information that Colonel Vennie had received that very morning, coupled with the knowledge that even the best man, and the staunchest, finds it hard to stand up against one temptation.

'Why did you go?' finally demanded Old Andrew, and he mumbled, because he felt that indeed he was giving Mary's boy a last chance.

Bryan paused a moment before he replied. It was not that he was afraid or that he repented. He had been aware when he set out that he was doing an unprecedented, a perilous thing. But with a certain type of men a woman's name never comes easily to their lips.

'I went to restore a French lady to her friends, sir,' he said at length.

At the words 'French lady' Andrew Vennie's two hands rocked the table again. That was exactly what his information told him, though the matter had by no means been put in the 1916.]

same light. 'What had you to do with a French lady?' he went on sharply.

'She demanded my protection, sir,' went on Bryan sturdily.

Andrew Vennie heard the unabashed ring in the voice. He looked hard into Bryan's face. It began to dawn on him that it was possible that his information might be true to fact and false as to motive. He breathed hard, and again Old Andrew tried to put a curb on himself. 'What can you tell me about this French lady?' he asked.

'Everything that I know myself,' returned Bryan fearlessly.

'Then, by Heaven,' cried out Old Andrew, 'be quick, and say what you do know!'

At once, confidently, but still with perplexity, feeling that something lay behind that he did not yet understand, Bryan told how he had first seen Clementine de Gillamont, what she had told him, what she had required of him.

The old man heard the enthusiastic story to the end. Then he slowly took up his pen and began to make lines on the table before him. Andrew Vennie remained thinking, meditating for quite a while; and Carey Roy, seeing that the times had changed, dragged his sleek coat over the floor, and laid his smooth head on his master's knee.

At last, when Bryan was almost beside himself with wonder, his commanding officer looked up. 'Did nothing strike you as strange in this tale?' he asked.

'Nothing!' Bryan cried out. 'Why should it?'

Old Andrew nodded grimly. His old lips twitched again. 'Even if what you say be true'—he began.

'If!' interrupted Bryan indignantly.

Old Andrew smiled as if he liked the interruption, but he deliberately repeated the phrase. 'Even if what you say be true,' he reiterated, 'your conduct was most blameable. What warrant had you, a subaltern, to restore a French subject? What right had you to present yourself at a French outpost? A less honourable foe would have detained you as a deserter; a more vindictive one would have shot you at sight.'

The commanding officer had evidently only begun his admonition; there was as evidently considerably more to be said, for even in those informal days, when Wellington's men sometimes went to a theatre as the guests of the French with passes signed by the two Commanders-in-Chief, an impromptu visit to the enemy's outposts was hardly a thing to pass over in silence. Then, all at once, Andrew Vennie's judicial tone gave way, and the old man flung out his hands. 'Thank God, my lad!' he cried, 'I do believe what you say. I can believe that you have been a dupe, not an accomplice.'

'A dupe, sir?' echoed Bryan.

The lined, weather-beaten face with the

mastiff jaw relaxed, and with the eyes that had a gleam in them which contradicted Old Andrew's reputation for severity, he looked into Bryan's with a half-understanding, half-reproachful expression. 'I do not doubt you, lad,' the old man went on slowly. 'But, Lord, boy, what a fool you have made of yourself!'

'A fool! How?' ejaculated Bryan.

The old man bent forward. 'Think again,' he said. 'Did it never occur to you'—

Bryan interrupted him. 'If you are asking me to doubt a word that Mademoiselle de Gillamont told me, then'—

He never got to the end of his hot protestation. Andrew Vennie lifted his hand. 'By gad, sir!' burst out the old man, his temper carrying him away again, 'it is not what I ask you to do, but what you will see for yourself you must do unless you are a bigger fool than your mother's son has any right to be.'

There followed a moment's pause. Bryan could not but know that it was a time of strange happenings. He could not but know—every man in the camp did—the part women generally took when they mingled actively in the affairs of the two nations. The mere suggestion of this possibility sent the blood flaming into his face. 'I do not know what you mean, sir,' he answered, because he guessed all too well.

The old warrior shook his head. 'My lad,' he began anew, 'did you believe just what this Mademoiselle de Gillamont chose to tell you?'

'Every word of it,' flung back Bryan.

'You had no misgivings?'

'None!'

Old Andrew heard the vehement cry. He would once have spoken up so for a woman, but only once. He recognised the ring in the voice; he knew what it meant.

The old man muttered a hard word under his moustache, something about jades and deceivers. 'My lad,' he repeated, and then he stammered, cast about for what he should say next, and, as usual when Andrew Vennie was perturbed, he lost his temper. 'You!' he spluttered. 'Lord, you young fool, don't you understand what I mean? I'm trying to tell you that this Mademoiselle de Gillamont is no more Mademoiselle de Gillamont than I am. She is a spy, sir; and when she was caught she made up to you to get her out of the hole. If you had brought her to me, as was your duty, you would have seen where she would be now.'

Bryan heard this terrible accusation, and his hand sprang to his sword.

But his colonel was before him again. The old man was not making his assertion at random. A certain notorious woman spy was known to be about. The woman was exceedingly clever at disguisements. It was more than suspected that she had visited the British lines once or twice before. There was a certain leakage of information, and she was supposed to be the

cause of it. Moreover, clothed in her proper person, she was known to be young, to be attractive. Andrew Vennie was even provided with a description of this woman. He read it aloud, and, as the old man dropped out his words one by one, Bryan's hand fell to his side, and the clear blue eyes looked appealingly ahead.

For the first time, as Bryan Bloxham stood in this poor room, he was afraid. His heart began to thump against his side; a gray shadow came over his face. Andrew Vennie's catalogue like list of brown eyes and white teeth was bad enough, but there was yet other confirmation. Bryan recollected—he could not but recollect—that something in the manner of Captain de Pratz-Clos. The dryness, the contempt even, the pointed withholding from this lovely woman of that which was hers in virtue of her sex, not to speak of her beauty, were explicable enough now, if—if what that damning recital pointed to was true. Bryan turned his head; he looked out to the strip of trampled grass visible through the opening; he put up his hand—it trembled as he lifted it—and wiped the beads of moisture off his brow. He wanted in every fibre of his being to contradict Old Andrew, he wanted to protest that even his respect for his commanding officer would not permit him to listen to such an accusation, but he could not say a word.

Bryan Bloxham had been honest with himself all his life; so now his own heart was honest with him. He was not sure! He could not be sure! Do what he would, there was misgiving, not confidence, in his heart. He looked dumbly across the stained deal table. Andrew looked as hard at the distressed face. The old man had usually scant mercy on those who loved not wisely but too well. He had little toleration for the tender passion in any form. He held that a soldier in love was a soldier lost, but now he would have given anything to palliate, if he could not reassure.

But Colonel Vennie was not the man to shirk. He knew, too, that the surgeon who makes a patient yell with agony (this was before the days of anæsthetics, remember) was often doing him the greatest service. 'Was this the first time'—he went on slowly.

'That I had seen—her? Yes,' replied Bryan.

'You give me your word?'

'Yes,' answered Bryan.

'And that you have repeated every word that passed between you?'

'Yes,' said Bryan, 'all but'—

'All but what, sir?' shot out Andrew Vennie.

Bryan looked up, and his pathetic face told what was the gist of that which had been omitted.

The old man dropped his eyes; he considered for quite a long while.

'There must be no second time,' he announced.

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Bryan nodded dumbly.

Andrew Vennie rose; he came round; he stood close to his subaltern; he touched the young man's sleeve.

'You understand,' he said, and he carefully looked away. 'There must be no second time. I appeal to you for your own sake—because your mother would have said the same to you, and she was the finest woman I have ever met—to take care that there be no second time of your making. But,' went on the old man, 'if you are taken unawares—and I think this woman may try to get at you again—then I rely on your honour as a British soldier not to take this Mademoiselle de Gillamont, as she calls herself, back again, but to bring her straight to me.'

Bryan heard the weighty words. He understood that he was being dealt with considerably, mercifully even. Men had been court-martialled for less glaring errors of judgment. Yet Bryan stood with his eyes on the floor. He thought of what he was being called upon to renounce, or what, maybe, he might find himself called on to perform.

'Thank you, sir,' he answered. 'I understand.'

Andrew Vennie heard the reluctance. He brought his hand down on the young man's arm again. 'Bryan Bloxham,' he admonished, 'you will not forget. I rely on you. I rely on your honesty, on your honour. You will do your duty, sir.' The old man turned away, and sat down by the table.

Bryan remained where he was, and for the moment his mind refused to think of his own position, it began to occupy itself with what might be called an irrelevant train of reflection. Bryan found himself wondering how well Old Andrew had known his mother; why the colonel, who had never mentioned her until to-day, had alluded to her as if she held so large a place in his estimation. Then the young man's thoughts went on, and there reproduced itself in his mind's eye the miniature which always stood on the carved Tudor shelf above the fireplace in the oak room at Bloxham Manor. Such thoughts faded as fast as they had risen, and next the sense of what was required of him, of what his honour bound him to do, flooded down on him. Mechanically he raised his hand to the salute; mechanically he turned to go. He got through the rough door somehow; he stood in the open. Outside in the fresh air he began to sway uncertainly, to breathe as if he were tired with a long course.

Bryan Bloxham began to walk heavily along. He wanted to see no one; he wanted to speak to no one. He tried to face the blow as a man should. He himself had told this girl with the soft pink cheeks and the appealing eyes that they must meet again. Now he had to tell

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himself that to look anew into that fair face would be a calamity, not a joy. If only he could have disbelieved; if only he could have flung back Old Andrew's description, and maintained that there was a mistake somewhere! But that was just what he could not do. There was the insistent inner conviction, the perception, that the charge was true. Other men, he told himself, had believed against the world, and they had been justified of their faith. But Bryan Bloxham had no real faith, and he knew it.

The big man groaned aloud. And as he walked on, with the sun, that only an hour ago had seemed so glorious, now nothing to him but a burning ball; with the blue that had seemed to him to be the shade of love, of hope, but an expanse of metallic colour, Bryan Bloxham realised exactly what had come to him. Some men, he knew, love because they will; some men because they cannot help it. He belonged to those who walk in bondage to their own hearts. He was a Samson chained, and even in this the first hour of his clear perception he saw that he would remain a prisoner.

It should have been his purpose, his joy, to seek out Clementine de Gillamont; and now all that was left him was to put the doings of this morning as far from him as might be, to endeavour to live out his days with as little thought of her as might be.

CHAPTER IV.

BRYAN BLOXHAM came slowly out of the heat and bustle, out of the sound of lilting, haunting music, out of the glow of countless wax candles in round chandeliers suspended from the embossed and gilded roof; away from the babble of tongues speaking English, Spanish, Portuguese; away from the glance of bright eyes and the friendly greeting of his comrades.

It was but three weeks since Bryan Bloxham's unauthorised visit to the French lines, and February, with its warmer breath, with its flowering shrubs, and its camellias all blossoming with their wax-like, rosette-shaped blooms, was well on its way.

The notables of Lisbon had organised a ball. It was a means with one section of the community—mostly the light-hearted and the gay—of showing their appreciation of the British efforts on their behalf. A general invitation had been extended to the British officers, and among those selected to accept it was Bryan Bloxham. Perhaps old Andrew Vennie had bethought himself that youth is young, and that if one woman had magic in her smile, so might also a second. At any rate, the old man had been cordial about leave.

Bryan had made his bow to more than one

signorina ; but the merry-making found no echo in his heart, and he had just slipped away from the great throne-room of that Palace of Belem which stands not far from the banks of the Tagus. He was almost at the wide entrance ; he could see the indigo-blue of the night through the open door ; and his mind, tuned by its very perturbation to his love of beauty, was thinking of the river with the glittering constellations glowing above it, of the great church of Belem across the square, with the silver light from the moon sparkling on the elaborate carving of the great west door, on the statue of the famous Don Henrique above the portal, when—all but into the night, all but out into the freshness—he pulled up short.

Bryan Bloxham's whole being was invaded by a rush of heat. Something seemed to glow scarlet before his eyes. The big man began to take gasping breaths, and immediately there began a war within him. He was torn by opposing impulses. On the one hand was an urgent desire to look once more where he had looked but an instant before ; on the other was the certainty that though it might be inglorious, it would be a thousand times better for him, more prudent—nay, more honourable—to go resolutely out of this palace of the old kings of Portugal.

But the force pulling him back was a much more powerful one than the force urging him along toward the square. He threw up his head. He pressed his lips together ; a glint came into his eyes. He straightened his shoulders. Bryan Bloxham turned about. He moved back to the throne-room. He avoided the throng pouring out from the door with its heavily carved frame. More than one woman glanced up at the big Englishman in his magnificent uniform ; but Bryan had not so much as a thought for any one of them. He knew what he was seeking, whom he was seeking. He was persuaded that only one pair of eyes could look at him with that precise glance. It was true this was the last place in which it would seem likely he should meet their gaze. That reflection almost made him pause for the instant ; and then a sudden hope shot across his being, as a ray of light darts into a closed room. What if during these last dreary weeks, with their interminable length of days, with their nights when he only slept to dream uneasily, he had been making a mistake ? What if Andrew Vennie, never over-prone to give the benefit of the doubt, had been perpetuating a monstrous calumny ? What if he, Bryan, should be able to return to duty on the morrow, humbled and abased, it is true, but with the hideous nightmare that had pursued him waking or sleeping gone for ever ? The mere notion made his whole being expand. It was even strong enough to resist the memory of his own conviction, of that confirmation of Andrew

Vennie's assertion that had come out of his own mind.

A moment later he was back within the long throne-room itself. He stood craning his neck over the multitude of moving forms. He looked searchingly at each woman's figure, at each dark mantilla-covered head.

Then, as suddenly as he had pulled up in the cool marble vestibule, he began to move toward the great dais where, when there was peace in Lisbon and a lawful reigning house, the two great chairs of state stood under a high, gold-fringed canopy.

A woman's figure had glided from between the crimson curtains covering the third of the long row of windows. Bryan saw the figure reflected in the mirror which filled the space between one window and the next. He started off in pursuit ; but a friend spoke to him, and detained him. Bryan shook the man off as soon as he could ; he hurried past another pair of curtains, but for the moment the woman he sought was lost to him.

Regardless of the dancers assembling for a good English country-dance, in which Bryan but so little a time ago would have participated with as keen a zest as any man, he stepped into the open space of polished floor. In a minute more, reflected lower down the room in the last of the series of mirrors, he was sure that he caught a glimpse of her he sought.

Bryan Bloxham started off anew in pursuit. This time the mantilla-covered head turned, as though conscious of being observed ; then with almost a furtive movement the black lace was drawn farther over the face.

The young man bit his lip. This evasion, this fearfulness, was not what he had hoped for. It did not look likely to lead up to what he had dared to think of. He muttered a despairing word between his teeth, a word dragged from him by the fear coming down over his brief elation, as a damp cloud comes down and shuts out a spring day.

He was stopped next by a bunch of Portuguese grandees and British generals. He got round them at last, and found himself at the far end of the room. There before him was the square of crimson carpet, reached by three wide, low steps ; there was the canopy covering the empty space ; and at either side of this dais, stretching from it to either wall, was a double row of pillars painted white and decorated with gold.

Bryan stood still. The music was giving a curious Southern turn to the old English melodies ; the dancers were forming and parting. But Bryan kept his back to them. He had eyes, he had a mind, only for the one woman he was pursuing. What had been a possibility at first had become a certainty now. He knew that, and he knew more. The woman in the mantilla was as well aware of his purpose

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as he was, and she seemed to be drawing him along rather than to be evading him.

He saw this same form glide behind the pillars at the left of the dais.

Bryan searched the dimness behind them, for the great circles of candles, while they illuminated the open space for dancing, left the corners in shadow, and behind the screening pillars there was such darkness that it might almost have been another room.

Bryan waited with his blood swirling, with prudence trying to assure him that even yet he had time to retreat; with the mere human longing to see one face, to hear one voice, sweeping all other thoughts aside; and then that slender form, with the white dress showing below the lace of the long mantilla, peeped out between two columns. She looked straight at Bryan Bloxham, and remained standing there. Impetuously he stepped across the square of crimson; with one stride he was down the three steps. He made into that dim space, with the wall hung with silk, of crimson also, on one side of him, and the double row of columns on the other. Even as he came closer, Bryan felt that the situation had been well chosen. The woman heard the rattle of his sword, the click of his spurs. She turned, and swept one swift glance about her. She put up her hand and pushed the lace away from her face.

There had been no mistake. It was Clementine de Gillamont. It was the devoted daughter who had prayed to be taken to the French lines that she might hasten to nurse a wounded father; it was the woman whom old Andrew Vennie had not hesitated to describe as a notorious spy.

Bryan placed his hand on her arm; he held on firmly, as if to prevent her leaving him again. All he had meant to say went from him. He forgot the questions, the reproaches, he had prepared, and instead there came out one sharp, hard question. 'How did you think you could escape me?' Bryan Bloxham ejaculated.

The dark eyes looked up. There was neither fear nor remorse in them. There was a certain insistency in the glance, it is true; but that seemed to come from the desire to fix an exact position.

'How should I know that you would want to see me again?' Clementine answered at length, and she spoke lightly.

Bryan fell back. The unconcerned answer staggered him. It killed his hope. It pointed to even more than that. He looked hard at the lovely face before him. The woman who had robbed him of his peace had been beautiful in her peasant's cloak, with the rough felt hood on her head. Now, dressed with a certain exquisiteness, with a rose under her ear to show how pink was her skin, how dark was her hair; with a string of cameos (a favourite ornament of the moment) joined round her white neck with

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pearls as big as peas, and her skirt veiled in gold-embroidered muslin, Clementine de Gillamont was almost bewilderingly beautiful.

Bryan saw that, and he tried to keep a hand on himself. He repeated to himself that it behoved him to act as a man of sense, of honour. But he knew how little these prudential considerations really weighed. The urgent thing, the driving thing, was not to know how Clementine came to Lisbon, what she was doing at the Ball of the Notables in the Palace of Belem, but to learn if their hour together had been but acting, if her appeal to him had come out of her heart or had been but a political manœuvre.

'Tell me,' he began urgently, 'who you are.'

The pretty woman looked up as if amused.

'If you have forgotten my name,' she retorted evasively, 'why should you be surprised if I was not sure that you would care to see me again?'

Bryan almost shook the arm on which he hastily put back his hand. 'How did you get here?' he went on hardly.

'Why should I not be here?' she retorted.

Bryan looked over the pretty head. He was fighting with himself; he was fighting against himself.

'Tell me,' he asked, through his clenched teeth, 'are you Mademoiselle de Gillamont, or who are you?'

It was a challenge, and the woman who heard it recognised it as such. She paused, determining maybe how much she might dare. Then the smile that Bryan remembered all too well touched her lips. 'Monsieur,' she said, 'I do not see why you should question me.'

The bright eyes looked at the man's working face. They saw their owner had the advantage.

'No, monsieur,' went on Clementine, 'it seems to me that it ought to be enough for you that you are the man who once put me under an obligation. It is hardly chivalrous to demand payment with such an uncivil question.'

The reply, as it was meant to do, stung Bryan. 'I regret, mademoiselle,' he cried hotly, 'if I am giving you occasion to think me unmannerly.'

Clementine dropped her eyes to the ground, but her lips smiled. Perhaps if a spider ever feels genial with a fly it wears some such expression. 'In that case, monsieur,' she went on tantalisingly, 'it will be easy for you to amend your ways.'

'How?' asked Bryan.

The girl slipped back from his shaking hand; she wrapped the mantilla about her again; she drew herself up. 'Perhaps you will pass out before me, monsieur,' she returned.

Bryan went pale, his lips twitched, the veins showed on his temples, but he looked at her, forced her to look at him. He might be as wax in her hands, but even while imprinting himself with her mould he was making a struggle for his own being.

'And if I pass out before you?' he asked, and each word was pressed from him as water is wrung out of a sponge.

'In that case, monsieur,' answered Clementine significantly, 'it is possible that you may find that you are rewarded for your confidence.'

Bryan heard the half-admission. He understood, he was meant to understand, all it implied. 'Tell me what you wish me to do,' he cried.

It was a moment before Clementine spoke again. The country-dance was coming to an end; the fiddles were hastening the tune; the ringing laughter floated into this dark space which had all the advantages of isolation, and, to Clementine's mind, none of the disadvantages of being alone.

'Sir English Soldier,' she said, 'all I ask is very easy. Walk down the room to the door. Wait there. After that, after you have proved that you trust me, I will explain anything you please.'

The suggestion seemed so simple! It had in it that touch of whimsicality that just such a pretty woman might be expected to think of. It was so much in keeping with this bewitching face—not with another Mary Bloxham, who sat at home and merely waited as women did in those times when each letter took more weeks than it had pages to reach its destination—that Bryan was all but turning about, when he recollected the word that he had given to old Andrew Vennie, the thing that the colonel expected of his subaltern. He pulled up, and if his face had been white before, it was gray now.

The music wound up with one sharp, high note; the circles of dancers broke up. The hurrying feet began to patter over the hard floor; the majority of the throng was making for the great door to seek the coolness of the *patio*, the dropping of the fountain in that open space in the middle of the building without which no house of any pretensions at all is constructed in the Peninsula.

'Mademoiselle,' said Bryan, 'I regret I cannot do that. Mademoiselle, do you not understand? I would give ten years of my life to be convinced that you do not understand. Tell me, who are you? Who brought you here? Make it clear to me how the Mademoiselle de Gillamont that I took back to the French lines can be here at a ball in Lisbon.'

The woman heard the entreaty. She understood that Bryan was struggling between his feeling for her, between his admiration for her, and his loyalty as a soldier. She was more beautiful than most women, and she knew it. She was an alluring woman, and never once had she hesitated to make use of her charm. 'Monsieur,' she said in quite a new tone now, softly, shyly almost, 'I should prefer you to trust me.'

This time Bryan's lips twitched; this time he

rocked as if a bullet had struck him. 'Mademoiselle,' he said, the words coming from between clenched teeth, 'I cannot.'

'You cannot?' echoed Clementine.

'Mademoiselle,' went on the driven man, 'you must see that I cannot.'

Clementine looked up again. She let her eyes linger on his working, twitching face. 'Why not?' she whispered.

'Clementine,' cried Bryan, 'don't you see what you are doing? Don't you see how you are maddening me? Explain, for Heaven's sake, if you can!'

The cry was wrung from the big man. It spoke to his pain, to his honesty, but it only moved Clementine in so far that it gave her a better chance of getting her own way.

'Don't you understand?' she breathed. 'I am asking for your confidence in me. You are telling me that seeing is believing. That is not enough, for I'—she fixed her eyes on him again—'I should value your confidence in me.'

Bryan hesitated. If this woman's soul matched her face, then what was she not artlessly revealing to him? His breath began to come in sharp gasps. He still remembered the word he had given; he still hung on to his promise; but he felt as if, after all, he might be playing fast and loose with Paradise. His very extremity drove him to clear speech. 'Clementine,' he blurted out, 'don't you see that it is you who must help me?'

The girl threw back her head. Her eyes gleamed. The man's stand angered her. 'And if I will not explain?' she flung back.

Bryan put down his trembling hand against his sword. It was his duty or—this woman. Hastily he began to speak; quickly he said what he had to say. 'Then, mademoiselle,' he returned, and he felt as if he were signing his own death-warrant, 'I am a British soldier, and I must do my duty. That duty would be to call up the guard standing by the door of this room, and give you over to them on suspicion of being—a spy.'

Clementine heard the hurried words. There had always been the chance that this big Englishman might not be so malleable as she would like. She stood for a moment with her head down. It was now maybe that for the first time a little esteem came into her mind; it was now maybe that a spark touched her heart and reminded it that it belonged to a woman. For a moment she hesitated. Then her training, the knowledge that she needed Bryan for her tool—that was why she had dared so much to come to this ball—got the better of her. She put up her hand. 'Monsieur,' she began slowly, watching the effect of each word, determined to confess as little as might be, 'I cannot explain.'

'You cannot!' echoed Bryan.

'I am in your hands,' she went on, and she

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threw back the lace covering from her. 'You may denounce me as a spy, if you can bring yourself to do such a thing.'

Bryan looked away from the pleading eyes. 'I have my duty to do,' he said, and he was harsh because the words hurt him so.

'Monsieur,' almost whispered Clementine, 'is it any man's duty to condemn a woman to a fate worse than death?'

Bryan muttered the words after her as if they conveyed no meaning to him.

She came up and put her hand on his arm. 'Think,' she went on, 'to what you will condemn me if you denounce me. Think,' she continued, as he neither spoke nor stirred; 'will you deliberately, in cold blood, give me up to a fate worse than death itself?'

Still not a motion, not a syllable answered her. She stepped back. She waited. Her nerve was magnificent, for she did not add a single word, she did not permit herself so much as a rustle of her gown.

The throne-room was almost deserted; the music was stilled. The group of Portuguese notables had moved into the centre of the floor. Clementine looked into the light. The minutes went by. No word came to her, but gradually the tension of her features relaxed; she almost smiled.

Bryan Bloxham stood as motionless as she did. He understood now to what she was referring, and it caused him to shiver as though the ague were upon him. He had heard of the prisons in the Peninsula; he had heard of the dungeons reserved for political suspects. He had even been shown one, a hole ending in water that sometimes rose and flooded the place knee-deep; a hole never light, but damp, pestilential, where a man had prayed for death as a boon, and he was but suspected of selling information to the French.

At length Clementine turned to Bryan Bloxham. 'Monsieur,' she said very softly, 'the dance is over. We may be observed now. Give me your arm. Take me out of the room yourself. Take me out of the palace yourself. Take me into the street, into the night, Monsieur'—and her voice rose just a tone—'you cannot refuse to give me my chance.'

Suddenly Bryan wheeled about upon her. He came close to her, so close that he crushed her soft dress.

'Do you know that I have given my word?' he hissed.

'To whom?' whispered back Clementine.

He told her.

The girl looked over her shoulder into the light, into the space. She had still time, but not too much. She touched his hand. 'Take me out into the night,' she said for the second time.

He felt the warmth of her fingers, the softness of them.

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Clementine moved yet nearer to him. 'Monsieur,' she breathed, 'I cannot die that death.'

He shivered.

'Monsieur,' she went on, 'have you forgotten? I am young; I am beautiful.'

He understood what that meant too, and he groaned through his clenched teeth.

'Monsieur,' she added, 'has any man the right deliberately to deliver up a woman to that?'

He put up his other hand. He covered hers. He pressed it down. Yet still he did not speak.

Clementine understood. She was tearing the very soul out of him; but he had given his word. She played the last card in her hand. 'Tell me,' she whispered, and she let her head slip down until it touched his shoulder, 'did you never hear of a woman who was bidden to go free and sin no more? How will you feel,' she went on, and the words came softly one by one, 'each day when you awake, and look out to the sunshine, and recollect that you turned a deaf ear to the woman who asked you that question? How will you feel each night when the day goes down, and you remember that there is no morning and no evening in the place to which you have condemned me, and that I asked you the question you will never forget; only night, always night, and smells and dropping damp, and here and there a man worse than a beast of prey?'

Bryan heard. Each separate word was as a sharp-pointed needle piercing his heart. He began to sway; his chest began to heave as if it would burst his tunic. He pulled Clementine nearer to him; he threw his arm about her; he crushed her to him. Then roughly he flung her from him. 'Come,' he said hoarsely.

And as they turned together, the big Englishman with his sword catching, so unsteady was his gait, and the beautiful woman with the lace carefully pulled over her face, Captain Ramon di Gracias came abruptly round the pillars. He might have been hiding, or he might have appeared by chance. At any rate he looked after the two figures. He knew that big English form again. He did not need to be told who the woman was that was with him. He stood, one foot lifted on to the first of the steps of the dais, the brilliant uniform throwing his lean, olive-skinned face into greater contrast. He watched until the man who walked so unsteadily, until the slight figure which might almost have been supporting him, were lost to view, and then the Spaniard drew in his thin black moustache, and he drew down his eyebrows, while his eyes narrowed as a cat's do when it sees a mouse. A strange compound of emotions seemed to imprint themselves on his face. It was as if in some sense he was a gratified spectator of a scene that he himself had engineered; and yet there was that in his look, above all in the way in which his right hand opened and shut, as if

it itched to feel a knife in its palm, which pointed to a very different state of mind.

The slim, lithe man stood motionless until the music began; then he muttered an oath, a threat of vengeance on some foe, and, with his row of white teeth snarling as if they belonged to a wolf's fangs, he mingled in the crowd again.

CHAPTER V.

BRYAN BLOXHAM rose from his stooping posture before the tiled oblong in the garden of the *Quinta Marina* which represented the province of *Entre Minho e Douro*, the most northerly part of the kingdom of Portugal. He had but one more map to make, and he regretted that his task was so nearly finished. He could see Don Miguel, of course, as long as the British army remained within the lines of *Torres Vedras*, but that would not be the same as having an official reason for regular visits. He wondered, as one's mind does turn to trifles rather than dwell on a main issue, if the old man would ask him now to give back the key of a certain little gate concealed behind a clump of bushes, and opening behind one of the shafts of the tiled work within, which enabled him, without any one being aware of his presence, to enter the Garden of Arcades, as that square of greenness by the courtyard was called to distinguish it from another garden at the front of the house, which had received the name of the Moor's *Repose*.

The key had been handed to him with a great air of mystery, and he had been strictly enjoined not to speak of it to any one, not even to his colonel. Bryan had promised secrecy, not because he thought the matter of prime importance, but because he wanted to gratify Don Miguel's whim. He had grown very intimate with the old man. He had heard many things about his friend's private affairs. Among other things, he had learned that grief, which is the parent of so many human eccentricities, was the cause of Don Miguel's isolation.

It was a story with more than one parallel in the Peninsula. Don Miguel had married a relative, though she happened to be a Spaniard. The girl possessed the thing that is supremely valued in that land of olive skins and dark eyes: she had golden hair and blue eyes. She had been fondly loved. But Don Miguel's happiness did not last as much as a year. The girl-wife faded out of life, and her husband was firmly persuaded—whether there was any solid foundation for this or not Bryan never could be sure—that her death was not due to natural causes. Certain it was then, certain it is said to be even now, that poisoning is by no means a lost art in Spain and its sister-kingdom. It was also to be taken into account that the girl's family bene-

fited from a pecuniary point of view by her decease.

At any rate, the suspicion had soured Don Miguel. He declined to hold any communication with his wife's family. He had shut himself up in the *quinta*; he was said to be very rich, and to have no mind to leave his wealth to religion; and now, in this utterly unexpected way, this big, blue-eyed Englishman was the one being to whom the old man's heart seemed to open out.

Bryan, as he walked away from the arcades, went on to think of one of the many tales that Don Miguel had told him. The Portuguese grandee was proud to admit that English blood ran in his veins. He maintained that the fair colouring of his girl-wife was an inheritance from that great-grandmother who, a hundred and more years ago, had been English herself, and had married one of the Portuguese noblemen who went to England in attendance on that unhappy queen whom the Merrie Monarch, in his more feeling moments, alluded to as 'Poor Kate.'

But before Bryan had strolled as far as the fountain in the centre of the green square his mind had left behind it such bygone things as great-grandmothers, and he folded the tracing-paper that he carried in his hand; he knew again how ill at ease he was, how dejected. The afternoon sun beat fiercely down on him, but he took no heed of its glow. The garden, the courtyard, were as still as if no human being lived in the *quinta*. Old José and Mariquita, his wife—she had come to the house years ago as an attendant on the Spanish bride—were probably both enjoying a prolonged siesta; while Don Miguel had departed from his usual routine, and for the first time for years had announced that he meant to pay a visit to Lisbon, to see his notary, the old man added significantly.

Bryan hoped his host would be back before nightfall. He made up his mind to wait for him. His appearance would be a surprise, for, expecting to be on duty, he had expressly stated that he would not visit the *quinta* that day.

He found something consoling in the hours spent with Don Miguel, in those confidences which showed how other men had loved and had had to make the best of a broken heart. But at this moment Bryan was very glad of a short space of time to himself. It was only by an effort of will that he, hitherto the most sociable of beings, did not shun his comrades. He felt as if each one of them must guess something of what he had done. He felt as if every time Andrew Vennie looked at him the old man was probing his heart. Again and again he went over the circumstances to himself. He had given his word, and he had broken it; he had refrained from giving up an enemy of his king and his country. Against such considerations were ranged not only his love but his

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humanity. Could he, could any man, deliver up a woman on the charge of being a spy when the war had so inflamed the minds of the Portuguese that the mere fact of being French condemned a man to a hideous death, though he were innocent of any other charge than that of obeying his emperor in Paris?

More than once Bryan had been on the point of risking all, of making a clean breast of the whole matter to Andrew Vennie. It was not the fear of consequences that restrained Bryan. It was that something within him again. Clementine had put forward the most moving of all pleas; she had begged for a chance to go and sin no more; but Bryan was not, he could not be, certain that the vow she had vowed to him would be fulfilled.

He stood still with the scent of the violets, opening their purple flowers in the grass at his feet, coming up to him, with the teasing flies buzzing about him; and then, with a hopeless gesture, he went along through the double row of pillars into the courtyard. It was so quiet that the ringing of his footsteps on the flags was the only sound. He mounted the steps—José, by the way, had garlanded them with strings of great maize-coloured onions to dry in the sunlight; he pushed open the door into the house beyond. Within the stone-walled, stone-paved corridors it was dim already; it was chill, as if no sun shone without. Bryan stood a moment with half a mind to call for José and ask him to beg Mariquita to make him a cup of coffee; but he hesitated. Mariquita was the one person in the *quinta* who had no smile for him, never a gracious word. The old woman always looked at the big Englishman with a glint in her sunken eyes, with a tightening of her thin lips. Bryan was so sensible of her hostility that he had once mentioned it to Don Miguel. 'I am afraid Mariquita finds me a great trouble,' he said.

The old man had dismissed the notion lightly. Mariquita was full of prejudices and hopelessly ignorant. She hated heretics, even though they were the saviours of her country. It was perhaps Mariquita's sourness that stopped Bryan; it was perhaps the finger of that fate which makes puppets of even the most resolute of us. At any rate, the big man went down the corridor until he came to the door of the room set apart for him. He was about to open it, when a breath of air came to him. The whiff of freshness was so unusual in that dim, heavy old house, where Mariquita hated draughts as she hated the French—or heretics—that Bryan involuntarily went along a few more steps. He was hardly less surprised to find that the door into the Moor's Repose stood open. Don Miguel had occasionally pushed the cobwebs aside or disturbed a happy family of ants to open it and let himself and Bryan into the garden; but that it should be unbarred when the old man was

from home struck Bryan at once as extraordinary.

The explanation his English training at first suggested to him—that Mariquita was taking advantage of her master's absence to indulge in what was known in home circles as 'cleaning'—he dismissed at once. The old woman would consider such a thing waste of energy. Her household arrangements seemed to be conducted on the supposition that flies and spiders, that dust itself, came from *le bon Dieu*, and were not lightly to be disturbed.

Bryan came up to the open door. He looked into this second garden. A heavy outer wall, a continuation of that which ringed round the courtyard, and which was almost in the nature of a fortification, bounded this space also. But the garden slanted down a hill, and the ground was cut into terrace after terrace. The stream, indispensable to all Moorish horticulture, still trickled musically as it fell from one level to the next; but the surprise jets, that favourite practical joke of the most solemn of nations, the sprays hidden under the footpath which sprouted up water when any unwary stroller in the garden set his foot on it, were all choked up or broken altogether.

The room Don Miguel had placed at Bryan's disposal looked on to this old garden. It was screened from the garden by a low veranda, which at the time when the garden was built had doubtless been finished off with pierced stone-work between its pillars, so that the women of the household might take what had to serve them for air without the danger of any strange eyes falling on them. But the spaces between the pillars were open now; jasmine and myrtle, growing as they pleased, twined themselves about the arches. The wing had been rebuilt, and windows such as Christians use had been fitted into the room, and had been provided with heavy wooden shutters. These shutters, which had not turned on their hinges for years, had been pushed back when Bryan Bloxham took possession of the room; and the window itself, to Mariquita's further annoyance, had been made to open so that Bryan, while he drew or coloured his maps, could smell the scent of the flowers or smoke a pipe with the night air blowing on to his face.

He walked along the veranda listlessly for the first few steps, then quickly. He came hastily up to the window. He saw—and the circumstance seemed to him to announce something unpleasant, momentous even—that its sashes were ajar. He knew he had fastened them when last he left; and, as he thought that, with a sudden leap of consternation, as if this might concern him nearly, vitally, he recollected that recent information declared the French troops to be in desperate straits. It was nearly March now, and the British had been within the lines of Torres Vedras, the French without them,

since October. Each day one army or the other was expected to make a move. It was the common topic of gossip round the camp-fires, at the messes. Bets were passing freely as to whether Lord Wellington would let the enemy slip away, trusting to the barrenness of the land, to the hostility of the population, to finish them off; or whether he would fall on them and endeavour to set the seal on his masterly manœuvres with a brilliant victory. Then, as he thought of that, and while apprehension made his mind race, Bryan Bloxham recollected a word that Andrew Vennie had let fall. Bryan had been dining with his colonel. The old man invited the officers of his regiment to what fare there might be by twos and threes at a time. There Old Andrew always had a genial welcome for them, and generally a glass of the best wine of Xeres. But as Bryan sat at his table two evenings ago his colonel had called him to his side, had filled their two glasses, and then, looking into the tawny liquid, had asked a question or two about the maps.

Bryan had answered these questions easily enough. It was when Andrew Vennie went on that a certain uneasiness invaded his mind.

'It is a good thing that the Quinta Marina is well within our lines,' dropped out the colonel. He waited a moment, looking hard at Bryan.

The young man coloured. He knew he did. He was caught again in the mesh that entangled him. If—if he had but been sure of Clementine!

'Since a spy was captured close by we have strengthened the guard at that outpost,' Andrew Vennie went on. 'You,' weightily, 'will not forget that, my lad?'

The commanding officer rose as he said so much, and with a gesture dismissed his subaltern. Bryan had stepped back, feeling as if he had been struck. The next day came the order revoking his turn for duty, and bidding him spend the afternoon at his map-making.

Andrew Vennie might have spoken at random. A prudent soldier would strengthen an outpost near to things of such value as the maps of the arcades; but Bryan felt then as if he were being admonished—warned even. The idea had troubled him; it came back to him in the brief space that he stood by the unlatched window looking into the room that was in one sense his own. He pushed open the sash. He entered quickly. He looked hastily around him. There was the wide divan against the wall, piled with the cushions on which he slept when he passed the night here; there was the one piece of furniture out of setting with the character of the room, a high bureau with its writing-table and its pigeon-holes above, and a big cupboard below; there was the table standing on the tiled floor. But when he got so far as that he made a hasty step forward. He bent; he straightened himself as abruptly. If things were as he already guessed

they might be, he must face the room, not lower his head. He looked down at a crumpled ball round by the leg of the table. The blood began to ebb and flow in his veins. He was sure that the crumpled ball was not only paper, but that it was tracing-paper such as he used for his maps. He had never cast any aside in that careless way. Any sheet he spoiled he burned at once.

Bryan Bloxham stood a moment, tall, upright, the pistol already out in his hand. He knew that the door out of the room into the corridor was locked. He knew that he and his strong arm commanded the window, and he looked searchingly around into the shadows. It was the first moment of elation that Bryan had known since the ball. The fighting-man was in the ascendant.

The next moment even that glow was dulled. That ball of paper just out of range of his feet did not point to a common thief. He drew himself up. He edged himself down the room until he stood with his back against one wall, with the window on his right and the high bureau facing him. Then he levelled his pistol. He pointed it at the beautiful piece of furniture, but he did not aim at the upper part, where, in the range of little spaces, were stored his pencils, his colours, his compass, and all the other necessities of his work. He let his arm fall lower, and his pistol pointed to the cupboard below. He stood so, alert, steady, content to take time.

With his sharp eyes he examined every detail of the bureau that Don Miguel had fetched down from one of the upper rooms for his express use. It was more modern than most of the things in the *quinta*—that is to say, it was getting on for two hundred years old. It had nothing Portuguese about it. Indeed, Don Miguel maintained that it had been made in London, and that it was part of the dowry of his English ancestress.

At last, when Bryan Bloxham had looked for other traces of a thief's presence, and had found none other than that roll of paper, he began to speak in his best, most carefully pronounced Portuguese. 'Listen,' he announced with the full force of his good lungs; 'I know that some one must be hidden within that press. I am armed. If no one comes out I shall fire through the doors.'

The big man stood back; he waited. Not a motion, not the smallest rattle of the closed doors, greeted this announcement. Bryan smiled grimly. He squared his big shoulders.

He repeated his decision, but this time he said it in French. He waited again.

The room faced directly south; the sun was already slanting in, and one long wedge of light struck on the floor, showing up the quaintly patterned tiles, ornamented with red and black and green; but it showed too that ball of paper, that ball which, since such commodities as parch-

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ment and tracing-tissues were by no means in common use at that epoch—and, above all, in this particular country—assumed a graver importance each time he looked at it.

A new quick fear—a thought to which his mind would not give place—shot through him. His heart cried out that the idea was impossible, but it hastened him; it made his eyes measure the cupboard, reminding him that there was hardly room for a man to crouch within it.

'Listen,' he cried—and it may be Bryan Bloxham himself did not realise all he was assuming, for now he used the French language only—'I shall count ten, and then fire.'

As before, not even the merest scratch of a sound rewarded him.

'One!' began the big Englishman in his ringing voice. 'Two!' he continued. He waited; he looked at the shut doors. He thought that all his life he would remember the ringed marking of the wood. 'Three!' he went on, and always with his pistol ready pointed in his hand. 'Four!' he shouted out. 'Five!' he called forth. He paused then. He bit his lip. The dew came out on his brow; that same gray shadow that had overspread his sunburnt face on the night of the ball of the notables in Lisbon came out over his temples now, stole lower, and drew down the corners of his lips. He fixed his eyes on the elaborate brass mounting about the keyhole. He looked so hard, so searchingly, that it seemed as if the case were so urgent that he must see through, that he must discover with his own vision precisely who crouched within.

Then he went on, not to count, but to warn. His voice was a cry, a driven cry, but it was firm. 'Do you realise,' he uttered, 'that I am half-way through the count, and that as there is a heaven above I intend to shoot—I will shoot?'

The admonition had its effect. Desperate men do desperate deeds. And Bryan's voice showed that, let the consequences be what they might, he would not falter. He caught the click of the inner bolt; he heard the rattle of the lock. He began to smile as a man does smile, with drawn lips, with a tight mouth, when he does not know if victory will not cost him more than defeat. He waited another instant, but it seemed the space of years. He watched the doors start open; he saw the stirring of a drab, huddled mass. Bryan Bloxham set his teeth. His eyes were dilated; they bulged in their suspense, in their uncertainty. In another moment that curled-up form must unroll; in another moment he must see with his own eyes whether his heart had been torturing him, or whether what he feared was true. The dew came out round his brow. These were not seconds of time that were passing; these were some fractions of the infinite wringing, squeezing a man's very nature out of him.

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The dark mass stirred. Bryan kept his hand steady by one mighty effort; then a form struggled on to the floor of the room; then that form raised itself, showed a woman's figure, a woman's face.

Bryan, as he saw, groaned as if the pain within were intolerable. His arm fell at last nerveless. For a moment he stood propped up against the wall, his head lolling forward, his eyes on the ground, afraid of what he might see if he lifted them. Then, staggering still, reeling, he lurched forward. He laid his hand on the shoulder of the woman who, stretching one cramped limb after another, waited for him with more amusement on her face than dismay, with more confidence than embarrassment.

It was Clementine de Gillamont again. It was the woman he loved madly to his own undoing; it was the woman who had looked with her great eyes into his eyes and pleaded with him to give her another chance.

Bryan Bloxham held on to this woman; then, with his hand grasping into her flesh, he flung out a single reproach. 'You promised me—never again!' he ground out.

Clementine answered never a word. She had to be sure how much more this man's love could suffer and still survive. She had to be sure that her empire over him was as strong a thing as when she had trampled on the first instinct of the British gentleman—the imperative necessity to keep his word.

Bryan lifted his hand at last. He stumbled from her, stood propped up against the table. He did not speak. He had nothing to say. Everything had been summed up in that one incoherent cry.

Clementine came toward him; she came close up to him. '*Mon ami*,' she began softly; '*mon ami*.'

She put up her hand; she touched his.

But she had reckoned wrongly. The caress stung Bryan Bloxham. He jerked himself upright. It was an offence, not a palliation, that the woman who had given a new proof of her treachery should endeavour to cajole him. He removed himself a pace or two away. He folded his arms across his chest. He had been weak once; he had been weak twice; the third time he would be strong.

Clementine looked at him, quite a world of surprised, hurt sweetness in her great dark eyes. 'You are angry with me,' she began softly. She stopped, cast down her glance. 'Why,' she asked, as if Bryan's whole attitude were unreasonable, a cruel thing she had no right to expect, 'have you changed so?'

Bryan looked at the beautiful bowed head. He felt as many an upright man before him has felt when entangled in the perfidy of an unscrupulous woman, that it was so hopeless to try to make her understand; and then, while he waited, while he tried to gather courage to tell

her that this time he meant to do his duty, he saw a little curl slip down her neck and entwine itself round her pretty ear. Dumbly, as one does protest when the very forces of nature seem to take sides against us, Bryan protested in his heart that this was not fair, that this was trying a man beyond his strength.

Clementine saw her advantage. She came closer again. '*Mon ami*,' she whispered reproachfully, 'you are condemning me unheard.'

Bryan swung round. He lifted his head eagerly. Hope leaped into his heart anew. He was so ready to be convinced; he was so eager, so pitifully eager, to be convinced. He made an impetuous movement toward her; his mouth was even opening to speak, when his foot touched the ball of rolled-up parchment. It crinkled as he crushed it down on the tiled floor. The noise came as a reminder to him; he pulled himself up. He would not be duped anew. He might be torn with love, but he was a man, and he would stand firm.

'Look at this,' he said; and as he kicked the ball with his toe, it slid right under the divan.

Mademoiselle de Gillamont followed the ball with her eyes. She bit her lip. She was probably thinking that she ought to have known better than to leave so tell-tale a piece of evidence, when Bryan began to speak again.

'Mademoiselle'—— he cried.

Clementine looked up at him.

'Mademoiselle,' she repeated, and this big man knew that she was reminding him that the last time they met he had called her by her name, he had called her so much more besides.

Bryan's face went gray. The veins came out in his neck. He began again.

'Mademoiselle,' he said, his tone harder than before, 'you came here to spy. You came here to steal my papers.'

The bald accusation was out at last. The very words hurt him as he heard himself saying them. He stepped back; he put his hand down on the table.

Clementine followed him. She was not worsted yet. She tried another woman's wile. 'You are unjust,' she murmured, and her lip began to quiver.

'Unjust!' Bryan flung back at her. 'I have trusted you once; I have trusted you twice. Each time you have deceived me. I have broken my word to save your life'—— He stopped abruptly.

Hitherto his voice and Clementine's, both so charged with feeling, but both of them tense and low, had been the only sounds to break the stillness of the old house. Now a new one intervened. It came from afar, but it came in insistently, imperatively. Bryan knew what it meant as soon as he heard it. Clementine de Gillamont guessed what it meant.

Instinctively she turned to him; instinctively

she pressed up to him. 'What is it?' she whispered, and as she spoke the knocking was renewed. 'What is it?' she repeated as there was silence for a moment again.

In another moment, if Bryan had ever had any doubt, he knew. There were footfalls; there was the sound of voices. 'It is a British guard!' he muttered.

'A British guard!' repeated Clementine.

'They are coming to search the house,' the young man went on.

'For what?' asked the woman, and her wits seemed to have deserted her.

'For you,' cried the man by her.

Clementine looked up into the face bending down to her.

'Who knew you were coming here?' went on Bryan eagerly, hurriedly.

The voices were still talking and arguing. Old José was evidently expostulating, and Mariquita provided a diversion, for she set up a series of shrill screams. The interruption gave the two alone in the room looking on to the Moor's Repose a moment to think. Bryan's mind winged backward with the swift thought that just as his visit to the French lines had been announced to Old Andrew, so now some one must have told his colonel that Clementine was at the *quinta*. There was treachery within treachery.

Clementine, for her part, looked round eagerly, wildly. Her one idea was evidently to hide, to escape. She took a step toward the garden, but impetuously Bryan pulled her back.

'The house will be surrounded,' he ejaculated.

She looked at the press, and Bryan caught her intention from her glance, and for very pain he twisted his lips into a smile. 'That would be no good,' he said harshly.

She began to look up and down the room, but she had only a moment more.

The parleying without was settled. If a British guard were here, it was within the house now.

Bryan heard them coming. He went toward the door. But again he looked back, again his eyes sought Clementine's. She was not crying; she was making no appeal. She was just watching him. Bryan understood. Even at this, the eleventh hour, she did not believe he could desert her.

Neither would he.

He was round again; he was back by her side before he understood that he had taken a resolution. He put his hand on to the slender shoulder before he knew that he had a plan at all. He bent down; he spoke into her ear. 'Give me your papers,' he whispered urgently.

She understood. Her right hand went up quickly, and then she hesitated. What if it were a game of guile against guile? What if Bryan was beating her at her own game? And what if this visit of the guard had been arranged? It must either be that, or one other man must have played her false.

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Bryan bent yet lower. 'Do you hear?' he commanded hoarsely. 'Give me your papers!'

This time Clementine judged that her best way was to obey. She thrust a packet toward Bryan. It was small; it was neatly folded; but as he felt the slips of paper within his fingers he made no doubt that they were tracings of his own maps.

He looked once at Clementine; his face was drawn; his eyes were haggard. He thrust the incriminating packet within his tunic.

There came another knock, and this time it was on the door of the room where they were.

'Open in the king's name!' cried a voice in English.

The emergency gave Bryan back his coolness. He had formed no plan, he did not know what he would do next, but one great purpose came to him, one great motive sprang into life within him. He would save Clementine once more if he could. He must save her.

He walked quickly down the room. He turned the key in the quaint old lock, and flung open the door. But there, standing in the wide aperture, he started. He was face to face with old Andrew Vennie.

For one instant, just as when he had summoned Bryan before him previously, the veteran's eyes looked into the eyes of the young man. For one instant the old campaigner's face twitched and his lip seemed to tremble; then, if there had ever been any softness with Andrew Vennie, he put it behind him; he put behind him too the thought that this big man was Mary's boy; and, drawing himself up, motioning the guard to follow him, he walked into the room.

It was still in high light. It was still flooded with sunshine, and one glinting pool of brightness struck against the walnut press, and, as it were, bent itself up against the grained wood.

The guard pressed back to the wall; their crimson coats showed up against its cool tone. The men stood at attention, dropping the butts of their muskets with a precision that seemed to Bryan oddly familiar and yet oddly remote.

Andrew Vennie went up to the table. He faced about there. 'Lieutenant Bloxham,' he called out as he would have summoned a man on parade.

Bryan stepped forward. His back was to the window; it was turned to Clementine too, and as he marked that he gravely, deliberately, as if she, and not his colonel, demanded his first consideration, changed his position, and with a movement of his hand seemed to associate himself with her.

'Sir!' thundered Old Andrew.

Bryan looked back into his colonel's eyes. He was strangely calm, strangely unconcerned. He could not, at this moment, bring himself to believe that this was real, that this was the gravest moment of life, that on the issue of it hung not only his future, but his honour as well.

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The gray-haired man who was watching him drew himself up. Old Andrew meant to be judicial; he meant to be impartial. And he had never had a harder task.

'Lieutenant Bloxham,' he began anew, 'I will hear you in your own defence. What have you to say for yourself?'

The question seemed to fall into the room. It seemed to strike against the hard floor.

Bryan answered it promptly. 'That you are making a mistake, sir,' he said at once.

Old Andrew started. 'A mistake!' he reiterated. He looked up quickly, and then his honest old eyes went on past the man's fine figure to the woman who stood but a pace or two away. 'I can see for myself that you are not alone,' he observed grimly.

Bryan looked at Clementine. He turned sideways that he might look her full in the face. He wished Old Andrew to see where his gaze was fixed. He wished every single man in the room to see. 'This lady claimed my protection once before,' he began proudly.

Andrew Vennie stretched over the table; he flung out his right arm. 'Then,' cried the old man, pouncing on the admission, 'you do not deny who she is! You do not deny that she is the woman I warned you against! Have you forgotten that you gave me your word to report to me her next visit?'

'I am about to do that now, sir,' returned Bryan.

Andrew Vennie put his two hands down on the table. He leaned far forward on them. 'Eh?' he ejaculated, and the one poor syllable meant so much more than a mere question. He had heard the desperate ring in Bryan's voice; he saw the tight mouth, the drawn-down lines of a face that ought to be so gay and confident. He had had more than a little experience. He knew that while some men volunteer for a forlorn hope gaily, as if they were going to a ball, other men appeal desperately as the one way out of a situation that has grown intolerable. Bryan's face had no exultation about it now. It had that other look. Old Andrew had been watching the lad he loved for weeks past. He had been fearful that the course was growing too stiff for the boy. Now he knew that Mary's son had come to his last ditch, and that he was prepared to die in it.

The stress of the situation communicated itself even to the guard. There was no man in the regiment more popular with the troopers than Bryan, because no one is a better judge of a gentleman than the simple soldier. The men against the walls neither moved nor spoke, and yet there was not one who was not regretting that he must look on and see this fine young fellow 'broke,' as broke they supposed he must be.

Andrew Vennie turned; he looked round over his shoulder. He was about to take a hard step, a decisive step. He hoped to rescue Bryan

in that way from himself. 'Corporal of the guard,' commanded Old Andrew, 'advance!'

The man, a burly campaigner, with scars in the most miscellaneous corners of his body, approached.

'Arrest that woman!' went on the colonel.

Bryan heard the command. He stood stock-still. It was not that he faltered in his purpose, but it was because his mind refused to supply him with an immediate suggestion. He watched the corporal advance. He knew that Clementine was looking at him, that she was appealing to him. He saw the big man lift his strong arm; he saw the great hand at the end of it come down on Mademoiselle de Gillamont's slender shoulder. Then Bryan's whole person seemed to heave. A new emotion surged over him. It came rushing along, as the mighty breakers leap up at high tide. No man, he told himself, must touch this woman while he had an arm to fight for her. The call of possession settled everything. It showed him the way. It plumbed the depth of his love, measured the lengths he would go to save her. Bryan's ingenuity, that a moment ago had refused to help him, was in full motion in an instant. His mind began to gallop. It told him all that he had to circumvent, all that he had to prevent. He had not a moment to think, to plan. If he waited half-a-minute longer Clementine would be dragged aside; she would be hustled; she might even be searched. For the present it was the indignity of such an imprisonment that hurt him the most.

He flung round on Andrew Vennie. 'Colonel Vennie,' he cried out with that note in his voice that rings in a man's tones when he is defending his own, 'tell your men to unhand that lady.'

For sheer amazement Old Andrew stared speechless; in an equal amazement Corporal Barton dropped his hand; and Clementine, alert now, watchful, waiting as an actress for her cue, fixed her eyes on Bryan's face.

But Bryan did not so much as glance her way. He knew that the fight had but begun. He knew that he must have something more definite than mere protestations to urge. He saw that unless he could account for Clementine's presence in this room by some motive that every man must acknowledge and admit the force of, he might delay her arrest for a moment, but would do nothing to make it impossible. He asked himself what motive he could advance, what unanswerable argument he could put forward.

Then, with the sunlight still streaming in, with every man's eye on him, and the quaint setting of the room emphasising the strangeness of what was passing, an idea came to him.

It seemed to Bryan Bloxham that there was one way—and one way only—by which he could save Clementine de Gillamont. He had no time to think of the tremendous consequences the

idea involved. He had no time to think of how it would affect his future, of how the fine old man at home whose only son he was would look on it. It was literally one step at a time with Bryan Bloxham. He walked nearer to the table. 'Colonel Vennie,' he began anew, 'I claim your protection for this lady.'

'Mine!' almost screamed Old Andrew, if so gruff a voice could scream.

'Colonel Vennie,' went on Bryan, 'I am sure when you understand you will tell this lady that you regret your mistake!'

The old man opened his mouth. It remained a moment a great round 'O' of unbounded dismay; then, without articulating a syllable, the lips snapped to.

Bryan saw the perplexity. He was playing a desperate game, and he knew it. At last he trusted himself to glance at Clementine. Her eyes were on him, and he saw them. They were shining; her colour was fluctuating, and there was yet more on her face—there was something that had hitherto been wanting. There was a womanliness; or was it admiration for the man she had calculated on making her dupe, and who now, with his eyes open, when he could have no illusion as to who she was, as to what she was, was fighting for her with no thought of self?

Bryan turned away from that softened look, from the quiver of the red lips. He had read the mute message on Clementine's face, and he was not even glad. He had been tricked before. He might be tricked again. With no hope of that recompense which makes a man dare all, with no hope that anything that this beautiful woman intimated to him could be more than acting for her own ends, he yet knew that he loved her, that he could not help loving her, and that he must give all he possessed to save her.

'I am sure, sir,' he resumed, as if he were the colonel and the other man the subaltern, 'that you will be sorry for your mistake.'

'Sorry!' blurted out Old Andrew. He looked hard at Bryan, as if to make sure that he had heard aright. 'In the name of thunder, why should I be sorry?' he went on.

'Because'—answered Bryan. He had come to the supreme moment. He had come to playing his last card. He looked again at Clementine. She must help him now. She must back him up. The young man drew back a pace. He squared his shoulders, threw back his head. 'Sir,' he began slowly, weightily, 'this lady is my wife! A wife's place is at her husband's side.'

Andrew heard, and he let fly a great oath. Clementine heard, and she answered with a gasping sob. The old man started up; he pushed the table aside with such energy that its legs scraped over the tiled floor. His spurs rattled as he moved; his sword in its scabbard clinked

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with each step. He went right up to this beautiful woman. He looked her up and down. He saw how alluring she was, and in his heart he cursed her for ruining a fine man. 'Madame,' he said hardly, 'you heard what Lieutenant Bloxham said. Is it true?'

'Yes,' answered Clementine.

'You are his wife?' pursued Old Andrew.

'Yes,' answered Clementine again.

'Then,' went on the colonel, and now he flung his question at her, 'when were you married?'

Clementine did not look at Bryan; she dared not. She saw the trap; but, even as she perceived it, those nimble wits that had served her so often showed her a way of escape. 'In Lisbon, monsieur,' she answered.

'When?' demanded Colonel Vennie.

Again it was hardly an instant before Clementine answered, 'The morning after the notables' ball,' she said.

The old soldier fell back. His jaw dropped. Bryan had been to the ball; Bryan might have been married before he returned to the lines.

Suddenly, shooting across the old man's bitter regret that Bryan Bloxham should be tied for life to a woman of such doubtful antecedents, or rather to a woman about whose antecedents there was no doubt at all, a gleam of hope shot through the colonel's mind. 'By whom were you married?' he asked sharply.

It was again Clementine who answered. 'By a priest of my faith,' she said.

'Then,' cried old Andrew Vennie, 'that, according to the English law, is no marriage. Bryan Bloxham is an English subject, and can only be married as one.'

He threw back his head. Andrew Vennie had lost sight of his original purpose of tracking down the notorious spy. His mind was filled with its anxiety to save Bryan Bloxham from an adventuress. But again he had reckoned without the young man's devotion. Bryan walked up to his colonel. He knew that, as the law stood in the year of grace 1811, old Andrew Vennie spoke the truth. The marriage of an Englishman and a foreigner by the priest of another faith was no marriage in the eye of the British law.

'Sir,' Bryan Bloxham said quietly but imperatively, as a man who is within his right, and will not be gainsaid, 'there is a chaplain in the regiment. If we have omitted anything, that omission is easy to repair.'

CHAPTER VI.

OLD Andrew Vennie was alone in the room of the Quinta Marina that had been given up to Bryan Bloxham and his work. It was hardly an hour since Bryan had asserted that 1916.]

Clementine de Gillamont was his wife, and had demanded to be remarried by the chaplain of his own regiment.

Colonel Vennie had given his consent because he could not refuse, but in his heart of hearts the old man was neither satisfied nor convinced. He did not believe in that ceremony in Lisbon. He came very near to the truth, for he told himself that the marriage was the fabrication of a desperate moment—which was right; and that Bryan had never set eyes on this woman in Lisbon—which was wrong.

And while Old Andrew impatiently moved about the room, stamping to the window and back, sometimes going into one corner and then to the next, even pushing aside the chairs as though the mere disarrangement of the furniture might bring light to his troubled brain, Bryan was in the courtyard, pacing to and fro; while to Clementine had been assigned another of the rooms in the *quinta*. Ostensibly she had been confided to old Mariquita's care; but Andrew Vennie had seen to it that a sentry was posted at her door, another before her window. He did not trust that old Spanish woman with an ugly gleam in her deep-sunken eyes; still less did he trust Clementine.

As for Don Miguel, he was still away; and the old man's wrath, when he returned and found his house invaded by soldiers, a woman, and a parson, was easier to imagine than to describe. The notion had struck Bryan, and even amid his anxiety and his perplexity it made him smile.

The orderly that Andrew Vennie had sent back to the headquarters of the regiment had returned a few moments before. Bryan knew what his errand had been. He expected to be summoned into his colonel's presence, and to hear what hour was fixed for this marriage that was to have neither joy nor gladness about it. He thought—what man would not?—of things as they might have been. As for the future—he would not go into that. If he saved Clementine from arrest, from trial, from a long imprisonment certainly, if not from death, that was as much as he could think of now.

But even as he told himself that, another thought came into his mind. It occurred to him, for the first time, to wonder how Clementine had found her way into the *quinta*. Not by the great barred gate, unless with old José's permission. No one could scale the walls. Don Miguel had been positive that no second key to the secret gate into the Garden of the Arcades existed.

Bryan Bloxham passed his hand over his brow. More than once he had fancied that yet other entanglements existed, that he and Clementine were but two actors in the drama, and that there must be others helping forward the development as well. But his brain could bear no more. He turned back, his head droop-

ing, all the spring gone from his fine shoulders; and, as he faced the house, Corporal Barton came down the steps and informed him that the colonel wished to see him. He hurried into the old house. He had come to the point when men go straight ahead, because what is to come cannot be more intolerable than what has gone before. He pushed back the low, broad entrance-door; he even marked the fine metal-work with which it was ornamented. He had looked at it often. It was a woman's cipher surmounted by a royal crown. Bryan smiled with drawn lips. There was love everywhere, and wherever there was love there was pain, bitterness, some one's undoing. He went down the cold, dim corridor. He had been perplexed when he last came along. He was desperate now. He pulled up, caught by the remembrance of his old father; the picture of his cousin, the girl he had carelessly supposed he might marry one day, came back to him. The very lightness of such an attitude, the ease with which he took or left fate then, mocked at him now. He went on again. A sudden gust of wind blew to the door into the Moor's Repose. He listened to it as if he had never heard a hurricane get up suddenly before, and then he entered the room that had been set apart for his own use.

His colonel was there, and there alone.

The glory of the day seemed suddenly to have been quenched; there was a gray, grim air, where but so little a time before there had been high light; but there remained enough illumination to show up Old Andrew, and Bryan thought that he had never realised before that the old man's face was so rugged and so lined.

It was some time before a single word was spoken. The young man stood and waited. The colonel remained motionless, with his head down, with his eyes lowered. It seemed as if Andrew Vennie, who ordinarily did not know what hesitation was, was fearful this time of what might happen if he spoke.

At length the old man jerked up his big frame. He made two steps to the table. He stretched out his right arm; he held forth his hand, with his fingers clasped right over the dim wooden surface; then slowly he opened those fingers, and Bryan saw something drop out of them. The object fell on to the table. The thud of its impact, insignificant as it was, seemed to echo through the room. Bryan watched that little ball half turn over, and roll back again. He knew what it was. It was a piece of crushed-up tissue-paper. It was the tracing that Clementine had left on the floor.

Andrew Vennie, with his arm still outstretched, looked up. 'I have just picked this up,' he said. 'It was under that divan there. Can you account for it?'

Bryan looked at the old man. He had been conscious all along that Andrew Vennie wanted

to be convinced, not to convict. The certainty added to his trouble, doubled his sense of treachery. He hated all this entanglement, but he was growing used to involved issues. Nay, his pliable mind was even becoming nimble at evasion. He looked at the ball. His new-found dexterity prompted him. 'I think, sir,' he said, 'that that is a sheet of my discarded tracing-paper.'

He put out his hand, but Andrew Vennie was before him. 'I will unfold it myself,' said the old man.

The hot colour flooded over Bryan's face. The words stung him. He had sunk so low that his own colonel would not trust him. For a moment he forgot everything but that his honour had been impugned. A rush of hot words was on his lips; then his teeth went to. He hung his head.

Andrew Vennie unfolded the square of paper. It crinkled as it was flattened out. To the end of his days Bryan never heard the rustle of paper without the pain of this hour coming back to him.

The square was not very large; it was smaller than the sheets that were generally taken back to headquarters. Bryan saw that at once. He wondered if his colonel would remark it.

The old man laid the square on the table. He put his hand over it. He carefully covered up the writing. 'Tell me,' he commanded, 'which map is this?'

Bryan hardly thought for an instant. 'I cannot,' he evaded. 'It is a spoilt sheet. I have spoilt several. I cannot say which of them it may be.'

Andrew Vennie's eyes blazed. The old man hated a lie, but he hated an excuse almost more. 'I thought you assured me that you destroyed all waste maps,' he said.

Bryan looked straight back at his commanding officer. He was loath to follow fabrication with fabrication, but he had come to the point of doing it glibly. 'I must have missed this one,' he answered.

The old man heard. He looked hard at the face before him. He saw the strained lines about the mouth, the tightly-pinched-in lips. He knew—he felt sure that he knew—that every word Bryan was saying was untrue, and that this, an essentially honest, man was showing himself to be a liar for the sake of a woman who, when the peril was past, if past it should be, would employ her time by making him who had saved her tenfold more miserable than before.

Andrew Vennie muttered a string of hard words between his teeth. He waited a minute, controlling his impatient temper as maybe he had never controlled it before; and then, as he recognised that there was nothing he could say, no argument he could use, he lifted his hand. He looked down at the sheet before him. He stood with his legs a little apart, with his head pushed forward. He examined the map. It

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was a representation of that part of the province of Estremadura where Lisbon and the surrounding country was to be found. One by one Andrew Vennie read the names printed on it. Those carefully penned letters showed no individuality. They might be Bryan's work; equally they might have been formed by another hand. He put down his own broad first finger; he traced the thin blue line of the Tagus and the streams flowing into it. He looked at the two heavy strokes that marked the fortifications of Torres Vedras. His faded keen old eyes ranged up a little. One town caught his attention. It was Santarem. He stopped; he looked at it fixedly. Santarem! The map ended there. The rest of the paper was left blank. It was to that town that the French had fallen back. Bryan Bloxham brought his work in sections; but Andrew Vennie did not recollect one that matched this sheet. The old man knit his brows. If he had believed Bryan's story little enough at the time of hearing, he believed it even less now. He looked up sharply. Bryan was watching him. The commanding officer opened his mouth, but with an impatient movement he turned away. What was the good of inviting this driven man to lie anew? The lad—and Andrew Vennie never forgot this—was fighting not for himself, but for a woman. And, since he knew his world, he knew too that the man who would scorn an evasion to his own profit can be trusted to throw truth to the winds when he deems that a woman depends on him.

Suddenly Andrew Vennie gave a jerk. A thought had struck him. He took up the sheet of paper; he held it stretched out between his two hands. He raised it, turned it to the window. Bryan saw, and he guessed what the movement meant. The thin, tough tissue he used himself was without a watermark. He prayed that this sheet might be without one also. His eyes grew round, staring, as they waited, as they watched. He had but a moment's suspense, but it seemed to him as long as ten ordinary minutes.

Then Colonel Vennie quietly lowered his arms. He laid the sheet back on the table. Then he put his right hand on it, and he looked Bryan full in the face.

There was yet another moment, while the colonel and the subaltern faced each other.

'Lieutenant Bloxham,' began Andrew Vennie, 'you assure me that this is your map?'

Bryan would not trust himself to speak. He bent his head.

'Lieutenant Bloxham,' continued Old Andrew, 'do you still maintain that this sheet belongs to you?'

Bryan tried to think; he tried to determine not only what he should say, but the consequences of his speech. Involuntarily the blue eyes raised themselves to the lined, anxious face; involuntarily a supplication came into the glance.

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Andrew saw that look. Mary had once lifted her eyes mutely, and there had been just that expression in them. If he had heeded it, how different a whole long lifetime might have been! It hurried the old man; it even deprived him of his advantage. 'By heaven, sir!' he rasped out, his judicial calm all broken up, 'if this is your sheet, then you have used tracing-paper with the French imperial watermark on it.'

The words rang through the room. Bryan stepped hastily back. It was as though some one had struck him; but he made no answer. Tremendous, terrible as the charge was, he had nothing to say in reply to it.

Andrew Vennie lifted the paper again. Again he held it up, and again there was light enough coming through the window to show him the outline of the eagle's wings. He slowly lowered his arm as he deliberately laid the sheet back on the table. Another gust of wind shook the window, rattled the old casement. The long arms of the jasmine without began to sway as if they were agitated, and one suddenly whipped against the dim blue panels.

Colonel Vennie waited until the wind fell; then he marched past the table and stood before Bryan. He looked up into the young, distorted face. 'Bryan Bloxham,' he began, 'I'm not going to speak to you as your commanding officer, but as man to man. You have got yourself into a scrape, lad. I have been in scrapes in my time when I was young. You must tell me the truth.'

The gruff voice with the yearning note in it ceased.

Bryan stood still, with his eyes fixed before him. He had nothing to say.

The silence seemed to last so long that the shadows had time to come still farther into the room.

'Bryan Bloxham,' began Old Andrew anew, 'I have asked you as man to man to tell me the truth. Have you nothing to say to that?'

'Nothing, sir,' cried the young man.

Colonel Vennie looked up sharply. He had never been defied as he was being defied now. 'Bryan Bloxham,' he went on, a touch of temper coming into his voice, 'you must tell me the truth—or'—

'Or?' put in the young man dully.

'Or,' repeated Old Andrew, 'by gad, sir'—For a moment no threat likely to avail occurred to the old man. Then all at once the old face twitched grimly. 'Or, sir,' hastened on Colonel Vennie, 'I will have Mademoiselle de Gillamont sent for. I will ask her what she knows about this map. And—do you hear, sir?—I will have her searched to see if she has another on her.'

Bryan started. The indignity was intolerable to him. 'You would find nothing,' he cried impetuously.

'Why should I find nothing?' demanded Old Andrew as sharply. The old man suddenly

marched up to Bryan. He took hold of the broad shoulder; he shook it. 'As the Lord lives, sir,' he demanded, 'what shall I find on you if I tell my men to search you?'

Bryan heard; he felt Andrew's grasp. It seemed to him that a penalty had to be paid, that some one had to pay it. He had gone so far. He might as well go on to the end. Suddenly he ran his right hand into his tunic, and brought out a packet of tightly folded papers. He stepped forward, pushing Old Andrew aside as he advanced. He flung these papers on to the table. He thrust out his hand anew, and pointed to them as they fell.

Old Andrew saw; he heard. He watched the packet spin across the table; he saw the layers of paper separate themselves. For a moment the old man hesitated again. But he had his duty to do, and he meant to do it. 'Mr Bloxham'—— he began.

Bryan interrupted him. 'I will save you the trouble of questioning me, sir,' the young man cried. 'I will save you the trouble of examining those maps. They were made for the French *État Majeur*. They are on French paper.'

He pulled up and folded his arms. 'Now,' he went on, 'if any one is to be sent to Lord Wellington as a spy it must be myself, not Mademoiselle de Gillamont. There is not a particle of evidence against her. You yourself have seen that those maps were in my possession. You yourself have heard me confess that the other sheet belonged to me.'

Old Andrew heard the ringing words. 'Mr Bloxham,' he said, 'I must ask you to hand me your sword.'

But Andrew Vennie got no further. The old man all at once felt something swell up within him. He put up his hand as if his stiff stock choked him. He pulled at it, muttering as he fumbled. Then he bent, and, as he always did when he was agitated, he struck the table with his fist. He raised his fine old head, and there were tears in the faded eyes, the slow, painful tears of one who had not cried for close on thirty years.

It was not the commanding officer who looked up dumbly at the culprit. Bryan started as he saw the look. He was not before his colonel any longer; he was looking at one who, with his more than threescore years and ten on him, was asking that his old shoulders might be spared the weight of a grief, and of shame that is so much worse than grief. The completeness of the revelation kept Bryan Bloxham dumb.

Andrew Vennie watched the frozen face, with the drawn-down mouth and that dull gray shadow over its warm tinting.

'Lad,' muttered the old man, 'I don't believe yet that your mother's son would forget himself and turn traitor. I don't believe that he would sell information to the French. You have shown

me the maps. I saw you take them out, but as there is a heaven above me, I believe that you took them out to shield that woman. Lad,' went on the old man, edging nearer and nearer, 'you are a fine man, if ever there was one. Speak up now. Tell the truth, lad. I'm not your colonel. I'm the man that never loved but one woman, and that your mother. Tell me how you got drawn into it. Let us talk it over. Lad,' continued Old Andrew, as Bryan only rocked and said no word, 'don't you hear? I'm asking you to trust me. Don't you understand, if you disgrace yourself, you disgrace me, and the regiment too?'

The words, ground out, halting, jerking, stumbling, echoed through the room. Bryan heard them, and as each one reached him it seemed to pierce right through him. He had borne so much. There comes a point when even the strongest will can endure no more. Impetuously he put out his hand; impetuously he sought Old Andrew's grasp. 'Sir,' he cried, as he hung on to the fingers closed over his, 'I must marry Mademoiselle de Gillamont, or'——

'Or?' thrust in Old Andrew.

'Or,' hastened on Bryan, 'there is an attack on the French lines to-night.'

'No,' corrected his colonel, 'not on the French lines, but on the Convent of Ste Marie di Prega.'

'On the convent?' echoed Bryan.

'The French fortified it. It is a strong place now. It is the key to Santarem,' returned Colonel Vennie.

Bryan was still a moment. This was a fresh proof, if he needed more than he had already, of Clementine's double dealing. The certainty hurt him almost as much as if it were the first time that he had found her wanting. His mind went back to that early morning when he took her back to the French lines. He could hear her insisting that she must set out at once for the convent. Bryan remembered every detail of the scene, but perhaps the thing that stood out in sharpest outline was the recollection of Captain de Pratz-Clos and his obvious reluctance, the fine Frenchman's hardly concealed contempt.

'The attack is to-night, sir?' he asked a moment later.

'Just before daybreak.'

'It is a forlorn hope?' went on Bryan.

The old colonel gulped. He guessed to what they were coming.

'Many a man will not come back!' Bryan pursued.

The gray-headed old soldier only jerked his head downwards.

'Most of them will not come back?'

The old man raised his eyes this time. 'Lad!' he besought.

'Most of them will not come back!' Bryan reiterated.

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'Yes,' said Andrew Vennie this time; 'yes.'

Bryan put out his other hand. Old Andrew clasped that too. With death so near to one, with trouble right on one, even the most undemonstrative is driven to some outward expression.

'I volunteer for service to-night,' resumed Bryan, and he spoke eagerly, but very deliberately. 'If no one has spoken before me, I beg to lead the attack, to plant the fuse, to apply the match.'

Old Andrew heard. Bryan had jumped to the conclusion that the attack would involve an attempt to blow up some wall or some door. He was right. Such a measure was almost an invariable feature of a storming-party when artillery was but in its infancy. But Andrew did not think of that. He was occupied with the personal element.

'Lad,' he asked, 'is it as bad as that?'

Bryan nodded.

The two men stood motionless. Their hands dropped apart. The wind rose again, and it shook the window anew.

Presently Bryan began to speak again. 'Sir,' he confessed, 'I lied. I did not marry Mademoiselle de Gillamont in Lisbon.'

'I thought as much,' muttered the man who heard him.

'But, sir,' went on Bryan, 'I saw her in Lisbon.'

'Lad!' blurted out Old Andrew.

'I let her go,' the big blue-eyed man went on. 'I broke my word.'

Old Andrew lowered his eyes.

'I knew she was a spy. She confessed as much to me.'

The old man's white head dropped still lower. 'Go on,' he said hardly, and between his shut teeth.

'She promised to give it up,' Bryan continued. 'I let her go. I—I didn't believe her, but I let her go. I loved her then. I love her now.'

'The jade!' ejaculated Colonel Vennie this time.

'I found her here,' continued Bryan, each word coming forth as if it were wrung from him. 'And'—

'And?' took up Colonel Vennie.

Suddenly Bryan threw up his arms. 'Sir,' he appealed, 'I can't explain any more. I can't make you understand. I don't understand myself. Nothing she can do will kill my love. If I live I will marry her. I must marry her. To-night is the only way out for me.'

'To-night!' echoed Old Andrew, as though he had suddenly grown stupid.

Bryan looked down into the old, sad face. 'You see yourself, sir,' he said dully but very evenly, 'there are only two things left for me: to get killed to-night, or to marry Mademoiselle de Gillamont if I return.'

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Colonel Vennie heard. 'Only two things!' he muttered to himself.

Bryan drew himself up. It was all but dark now. He might never see the sun rise again. He was glad, not sorry. 'As there is a heaven above,' he protested, 'it will not be my fault if I come back.'

CHAPTER VII.

'COME in,' grunted Andrew Vennie.

The door opened; Corporal Barton stepped within; he saluted, and stumped up to the table. 'I was to give you this, sir,' he said.

Andrew Vennie blinked; he suppressed a yawn; he glanced once at the wedge of folded paper that the burly veteran held in his hand. 'Put it down,' he retorted laconically.

The corporal obeyed. He waited yet another moment, as though to give his commanding officer time to read, and to send back an answer.

'What are you waiting for?' growled Old Andrew.

The corporal turned about; he closed the wide door sharply after him.

But even when he was alone again Colonel Vennie made no effort to take up his letter. He was still at the Quinta Marina; he was still in the room where Bryan Bloxham had traced out the maps. It was very cold, all dim but for the feeble glow from a lamp on the table. The casements fitted badly, and the icy draught of the Portuguese night trickled in between them. No one had thought of closing the wooden shutters, and the wind, that had at first blown only in puffs and gusts, as though its humour was wayward, and it would first sulk and then clamour, had now settled down to a driving gale. The old man heard the rattle against the rickety panes. The tempest, so long as there was no rain, was all to the advantage of the surprise attack. Not the most vigilant sentry, with a black night and a raging gale to contend against, could detect the approach of the hostile force.

The old soldier thought of that band of devoted men. They had started as midnight tolled. It was long past that hour now. Old José had remarked that a new day was beginning as he brought in a fresh supply of oil for the lamp, and that seemed a very long time ago.

Andrew Vennie rose uneasily. He went to the window, and stood looking at the wall of darkness. He knew enough about the Convent of Ste Marie di Prega to estimate what the cost of storming it would be. In his mind he pictured the building itself, rising up white on a mound with a surrounding wall even stouter and higher than that round the *quinta*. The land about was low; it was marshy, all mud and slimy water, overgrown with tall reeds, but running under the

very walls of the convent; and—this was what made it of such importance—it was crossed by the best road to Santarem. The way, like so many other things in the Peninsula, owed its existence to ecclesiastical enterprise. It was a flagged path down which three or four men might walk abreast, worn in the centre with the passing of countless mules, raised on a causeway which continued over the marshes, and was terminated by a high gatehouse, constructed partly to take tolls and partly as a fortification, at the point where the causeway reached the solid land.

The expedition must first storm this gatehouse, and then march down the causeway. Andrew Vennie knew all the odds against success, the lives that the enterprise must cost.

The old man shook his head. He turned about mournfully. He walked back to the chair in which he had been nodding. Physically even his stout frame was weary, but he would not stretch himself on the divan. If he had been driven to explain, he would have urged that it was an un-British piece of furniture; but the real reason was distaste. From under it he had taken that rolled-up piece of paper, and the discovery of that ball of tracing-tissue was the reason why Bryan Bloxham was even now marching forward to seek—not honour, not glory, but death.

As Old Andrew remembered this, and groaned; as he fell heavily into the straight chair, with the high arms of twisted walnut and its upholstery of gilded Cordova leather, his glance caught the note still lying where the corporal had left it. Andrew Vennie looked at it dubiously. He had been persuaded all along that it must be from Clementine de Gillamont. At length the old man brought himself to reach out his arm for it. He took it up as though there might be poison in the touch; he brought out his spectacles, balanced them on his nose. He read what was written on the sheet:

'Mademoiselle de Gillamont wishes for a personal interview with Colonel Vennie. Colonel Vennie will regret it if he refuses Mademoiselle de Gillamont's request.'

The assurance of the message, the threat with which it concluded, made the old man's blood boil. He blinked his spectacles off his nose, he muttered hard below his breath, he raised his two hands to tear the paper across, and then he stopped. What did this woman mean? What did she know? Or, rather, what did she not know?

For an instant Old Andrew thought of buying this French spy at her own price so long as he rid Bryan Bloxham of her. Then he remembered. Mary's son had joined the forlorn hope; he had demanded the service of supreme danger for the express purpose of getting himself killed.

For the second time Clementine's note was all but torn in two.

At last, after the old face had worked, and

the old lips had muttered, Andrew Vennie rose. His orderly was in the passage, and he gave a curt command to the man. Then Colonel Vennie went back to his chair and waited.

It was only a very few moments later that Clementine de Gillamont stood before him. She had had no means of making a toilet, but it was evident that she had arranged her hair carefully. For the rest, her plain dark dress, expressly fashioned that its wearer might glide away unperceived, could not deprive the girl of her air of distinction, and the fatigue and emotion that she must have undergone had merely added a softening shadow here and there, heightening her beauty rather than diminishing it.

The door closed. Clementine looked over her shoulder as if to make sure that it was shut; then she walked up the dim room. The old man, watching her, was sure that everything—her pace, her poise—was a matter of calculation, that she was purposely bringing herself within the circle of light.

When she was all but touching the wide walnut table she pulled up. She bent across it; she looked long and steadily at the face watching her narrowly, suspiciously. At last, as a queen who had not received all the homage due to her, she threw up her head. 'Colonel Vennie,' she began, 'you are my enemy.'

'I trust so,' ejaculated the old man.

'You may hate me,' went on Clementine judicially, 'which is stupid of you; but you are honest, which is wise of you. Honest people come into their own at last.'

She stopped; and Andrew Vennie, still staring at her, still frowning, still pursing up his tight lips, made no answer.

'You are thinking,' went on Clementine, 'that I am going to try to make terms with you.'

This time Andrew opened his mouth. 'You are right there,' he retorted grimly.

The beautiful woman nodded. She smiled provokingly. 'You see,' she remarked deliberately, 'I guessed right. It looks as though I knew something about you. Now, you know nothing about me.'

Andrew Vennie kicked the table with an impatient foot. 'Mademoiselle,' he said, 'I'll thank you to come to business. That is,' he amended, 'if you have any to come to.'

The challenge rang out in the still room. The wind, suddenly howling even more fiercely than before, seemed to answer it.

'Colonel Vennie,' cried Clementine, as the windows rattled anew, 'will you tell me how long you intend to detain me here?'

'Until to-morrow afternoon,' answered the old man.

'I understood that the English chaplain was to have been here before midnight,' the girl went on.

'He has been put off until noon to-morrow,' retorted Old Andrew.

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'Indeed!' commented Clementine de Gillamont. 'And the delay was never mentioned to the bride! That is truly courteous.'

The veins in Old Andrew's neck swelled. 'Mademoiselle,' he retorted, 'such a woman as you can well afford to wait for an honest man to marry her.'

Clementine looked up sharply. For a moment there seemed to be amazement on her face. It was as if she were hearing an unwarrantable thing. Then suddenly she gave a gasp. The colour surged into her cheeks, down her neck. Her calm, her nice calculations, were all broken up. '*Mon Dieu, monsieur,*' she cried, and she flung up her two hands, 'must I stand here and listen to your insults!'

Andrew Vennie looked straight into the flashing eyes. But he held his ground. The truth might be insulting, but to his mind it was the truth, and he would abide by it.

'Monsieur,' went on Clementine, her tone ringing, 'I am not a bale of goods to be put back into a warehouse or taken out again as convenience demands.'

The old soldier heard that too, and still his unwavering glance told the woman watching him that he withdrew nothing.

Clementine looked at him, and the glance began with anger; then suddenly something more, something that went down deeper, that affected her profoundly, took its place. There comes a moment in even the most calculating woman's life when her femininity rises up and insists upon being reckoned with. Clementine de Gillamont had come to this point now. She knew that there was that to which she could not, she would not, submit, because she was a woman; she knew that, for the same compelling reason, security, immunity—nay, life itself—could be bought too dear. She had sought Colonel Vennie prepared to return something for value received. She had thought to lay the foundations of new obligations, to prove that she was a tool worth using. Now, in a flash that seemed to come from nowhere, without an argument, but just because she must, she recognised that nothing so easy would suffice. She must go down into the very depths of her own personality, and must fling away both prudence and expediency, to re-establish herself as a woman in her own eyes.

It was a bewildering piece of self-revelation, but Clementine de Gillamont no sooner understood it than she acted on it. '*Monsieur le Colonel,*' she cried out, 'what will you say of me if I tell you that I will not consent to be married at noon to-morrow?'

'You will not do that, I'll wager,' retorted Andrew Vennie.

The beautiful girl drew herself up. Her throat throbbed; her chest heaved. 'Monsieur,' she began once more, 'I insisted on seeing you for a very different end. I had something I could

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tell you that you might care to hear, but now I understand. You have judged me, and nothing I could do would alter your opinion. To you I am a French spy, and Bryan Bloxham is my dupe.'

Andrew Vennie answered the last clause of the sentence, and that only. The hint of a possible revelation of things that might be told, that it would serve him well to hear, he passed by. It was an old device of the intriguer in a tight place, and not worth the breath the words were said with.

'What do you call yourself?' demanded the stern old man.

'Monsieur,' answered Clementine quickly, 'I can only remember that I am a woman.'

'A woman?' questioned the hard voice.

The flame within the lovely eyes leaped up anew. Clementine had paid some instalment for wrong-doing before, but she had never before been shown so plainly as this how contemptible she was. The reprobation hastened the impulse that had sprung up in her heart. She leaned forward with her two hands on the table. 'Monsieur,' she said, 'I am a woman, and for that reason there are some insults that I will not permit. Therefore, for fear that you should add to those you have allowed yourself already, I announce to you now, *Monsieur le Colonel*, that there will be no marriage between myself and Lieutenant Bryan Bloxham.'

Andrew Vennie looked up sharply. 'Eh?' he muttered incredulously.

Clementine de Gillamont repeated her decision.

Old Andrew brought his fist down on the table. 'Then what is to become of you?' he asked as bluntly as before.

'I leave my future to you, monsieur,' retorted Clementine.

'To me!' ejaculated Old Andrew.

The girl smiled. 'You may arrest me if you think fit,' she went on tranquilly. 'You may subject me to a dozen indignities; but I myself have saved myself from the greatest of them all. For the rest, what evidence have you against me? I ask you, monsieur,' she wound up, as Old Andrew sat there and said nothing, 'what evidence have you against me?'

'Your description,' said Andrew sullenly.

'Pink cheeks, red lips, brown eyes. It will apply to twenty women.'

Andrew Vennie got heavily on to his feet. The woman before him was bewildering. She turned, she twisted, until he did not know where he was. 'And Bryan Bloxham?' he ground out.

'What of him?' Clementine flung back promptly.

Andrew beat the table anew. 'He knows you are a spy,' the old man answered.

Clementine looked hard into the lined, weather-beaten face. 'I do not believe he told you that,' she cried out confidently.

Andrew Vennie heard a ring in the voice.

It told him something; it insisted on his acknowledging something to himself; but if possible, as he heard, he hated this beautiful woman more than before. 'Bryan Bloxham confessed to me that he saw you in Lisbon,' he went on.

Again Clementine answered with a derisive laugh. 'I heard what he said about Lisbon,' she retorted significantly.

Andrew Vennie leaned forward. 'Bryan Bloxham told me,' continued the old man, 'that he had not married you in Lisbon, but that it was there that you confessed your trade to him. He knew that it was his duty to arrest you, but you begged him to let you go.'

Suddenly the girl bent over the table. With that extraordinary faculty of hers for plumbing a nature, she realised, even as Old Andrew spoke, that Bryan Bloxham's confession was not a betrayal, not a repudiation, nor yet an abandonment, but that it implied some tragic, some desperate outcome.

'What have you done with Bryan Bloxham?' she cried.

'Nothing,' answered the soldier grimly.

Clementine leaned yet farther over the table. 'Then,' she demanded, 'what has he made up his mind to do to himself?'

Andrew Vennie looked at the wide eyes. He saw the drawn-down mouth. All the anxiety written on the lovely face was clear to him. For the first time his horror of the spy was tempered by something akin to pity for the woman. The next instant he thrust aside his softer feelings. They were but a testimony to the dangerous allurements of this intriguer. 'Bryan Bloxham has made up his mind to get himself killed,' he flung back.

'How?' gasped Clementine.

Andrew Vennie began at once. As Clementine listened her breath came quicker.

'Not the causeway of Ste Marie di Prega?' she cried, anticipating him.

Old Andrew looked at her sharply. 'What do you know about the causeway?' he demanded.

'Tell me!' reiterated the girl urgently.

Old Andrew answered fully this time. 'The attack will begin on the gate at the end of the causeway.'

Mademoiselle de Gillamont put up her hand to her side. She swayed; the colour left her face. 'This must be stopped!' she cried.

For very fear of what might be to come, Andrew Vennie laughed hardly.

'This must be stopped!' reiterated Clementine.

The old man leaned over to her. 'The attacking force set out at midnight. They were to be there before dawn. The wind will favour them. No one can hear them coming.'

Clementine threw out her hands. 'Don't you understand?' she bewailed. 'It does not matter whether it blows a hurricane or is as still as a summer day!'

'Why not?' demanded Andrew Vennie.

'The French have been warned,' cried Clementine. 'It was this that I thought to tell you. I did not know that the attack was for to-night. I thought it was for to-morrow.'

'The day was changed,' thrust in the colonel.

'I demanded to see you to tell you that your plans had been betrayed,' the girl went on. 'I thought it was the one thing I could do—the amends to you and Bryan Bloxham.'

Andrew Vennie interrupted her. For a moment he cared nothing about this woman as a woman, or her motives. He wanted to know about the French and the attack. He put a short question.

Clementine answered clearly. It was not the first time she had made a report. 'The guard in the gatehouse has been doubled,' she said. 'Cannon have been mounted to command the causeway. The French will await the lighting of the tinder. The man who makes the light will be shot down as he tries to ignite the fuse.'

'Then, mademoiselle,' cried Andrew Vennie, 'Bryan Bloxham will not return. He has volunteered to ignite that fuse.'

Clementine felt a cold horror coming down over her. 'Is that true?' she gasped.

'It is true,' the old man answered.

The girl put up her hands. She pressed one to each temple. 'He must not die!' she moaned.

'Woman,' retorted Andrew Vennie, for still he had no mercy, 'you have sent Bryan Bloxham to his end yourself.'

Clementine looked at the hard face. She saw that veiling the grim light in the faded eyes were tears. She saw the massive chin thrust out squarer and squarer because the stern lips would quiver. And then she looked past the heavy figure in the brilliant uniform to the darkened window. Her eyes remained fixed there, but they saw nothing of the blackness of the night. They were filled with another vision—with a picture that her mind, that her heart, put before her. She saw Bryan Bloxham as if he were present in the flesh. She saw the love struggling with reproach in his eyes. She estimated now what he must have felt, what he must have endured. A cold shudder ran through her as she told herself that it was she who had brought him to the pass of choosing death rather than life.

Then her head dropped quickly, her eyes fell right down to the ground, and for the second time since she entered this room Clementine de Gillamont was shown herself. But a short time before she had realised that the woman within her was more powerful than the adventuress; now she learned another thing. She knew that she loved Bryan Bloxham. The fact presented itself to her just in that form. It stayed thus, fixed in her mind. It had neither adjunct nor qualification.

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She paused still, before so tremendous a discovery; then she determinedly turned again to Andrew Vennie. 'Bryan Bloxham shall not die,' she began.

Andrew Vennie put up his large hand. He hated this beautiful creature as only an honest man can hate a dishonest woman. 'That,' he said, and it seemed to him that the confident assertion was little short of blasphemy, 'is out of your hands—or mine.'

Clementine looked as hard as before into the rugged face. 'The expedition to the convent must be stopped,' she insisted.

'It has started,' retorted Old Andrew.

The girl made a step past the table. 'The expedition must be stopped,' she reiterated.

The old man looked at her. It seemed to him useless to explain, to argue. He bent his head.

Clementine saw the movement. The mute hopelessness convinced her as not a thousand words could have done. She hastened closer to the old man. She stood before him, almost touching him. 'If you cannot save Bryan Bloxham, can no one?' she questioned.

Old Andrew looked over the dark head. 'The French shoot straight,' he answered.

Clementine lifted her eyes. 'The gate is packed with picked men!' she gasped.

Andrew Vennie pushed the slim form away from him. 'Poor lad!' he groaned.

The girl heard. She knew that the pity might be for Bryan Bloxham, but that the judgment was for her. For a moment she lowered her head before it; her slim shoulders sank down, hunching forward; then the very strength of her feeling, her lifelong habit of persisting to the end, spurred her anew. 'But before he gets to the gatehouse?' she demanded.

'Who is to stop his getting there?' questioned Old Andrew savagely, and he threw the question over his shoulder.

'A messenger!' the girl breathed.

The old soldier snorted. 'Brave men do not turn tail for a messenger,' he retorted.

Clementine paused before that. It was true. Soldiers did not set out on such errands and then face about because a woman sent to say that she wished to see one of them. She put up her hands, wrung them together, and the very movement seemed to help her to realise that one thing, and one thing only, might stop the expedition. She stepped before Andrew Vennie again. 'The expedition would halt if it were assured of treachery?' she asked.

Andrew Vennie looked hard down at her. He knit his brows together. 'Yes,' he conceded.

'Then,' cried Clementine—and she put a hand on his arm, and she shook it as if to hasten his perceptions, his initiative—'send. Say the French have been warned; say the gatehouse is strongly fortified; say that to go
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forward is but a useless throwing away of life.'

Andrew Vennie moved up his arm. He drew back. But, though he might repudiate the touch, the hot words stayed in his ears. This bewildering woman was right. The certainty of treachery would justify his recalling the attacking force on his own responsibility. But when it came to an investigation, when the Commander-in-Chief asked how Colonel Vennie had come to take so great a thing on himself—a thing that would disarrange, perhaps nullify, a whole plan of campaign—what could he answer? He had not a scrap of proof but a woman's word, and that word was notoriously of little worth.

The old man shook his head. 'I believe you are speaking the truth at last,' he decided; 'but I have no proof.'

'The proof for whom—of what?' flung out Clementine.

Andrew Vennie heard, and explained.

'Then,' gasped out Clementine as soon as the old man had finished, 'Bryan Bloxham is to die because I can't produce a written proof that your instructions have been copied and sold to the French?'

Old Andrew looked hard into the flashing eyes. 'The Lord help us! Yes,' he answered.

But Clementine was on him in another instant. 'Man,' she cried, 'you can't let Bryan Bloxham die because I am a French spy; you can't send a brave man to certain destruction because it has been my trade to cajole, to lie. Send me to Lord Wellington.' The girl came nearer again. Again she put her two hands on the old man's arm. 'Let me explain to the Commander-in-Chief myself,' she hurried on. 'I can convince him. I will tell him things that he must believe. I can show him how I gained information; that I sent it back to the French.'

Old Andrew heard. He almost laughed. 'And yourself?' he asked.

'Myself!' echoed Clementine.

'By your own confession you would be a spy,' the old man went on.

'What of that?' cried the girl.

Andrew Vennie put out both his arms. He shook off the girl's grasp for the second time; but now it was only to place his big hands on her two shoulders, to hold her before him, to look right down into her face. 'Spies are shot,' he flung at her.

Clementine heard; she understood. This old man still doubted her, still believed her to be incapable of putting love before self, of holding the life of another dearer than her own. As Clementine de Gillamont realised this she laughed back in Andrew Vennie's face. 'I can but die once,' she told him. 'What does it matter if I die so long as Bryan Bloxham lives?'

The ring in the voice was not lost on the old soldier. It conveyed more to him, did more to convince him, than even the vibrating words. No woman could offer more.

Colonel Vennie acknowledged the sacrifice. He dropped his eyes. Women were inscrutable. He had known that long enough. They were either so good or so bad, but he had not thought they could be transformed as the woman before him was.

He let go his hold; and while Clementine swayed at the release he went past her. He went along, with his head down, toward the table and that uncertain light from the lamp. He had tried this woman cruelly, and she had not been found wanting. He sat down heavily. His sword scraped on the tiles; the table creaked under the weight of his two elbows. Now, in his turn, he had something to confess.

Clementine was after him in a moment. 'Colonel Vennie,' she began.

Old Andrew looked up at her.

'There is no time to lose,' she went on vehemently.

'What o'clock is it now?' Andrew Vennie muttered.

Clementine looked hard back at him. She could catch an idea; she was quick at taking in a suggestion. She came up to the broad form; she bent over the wide shoulders. 'You mean?' she demanded.

Andrew Vennie asked her a question. 'From the British headquarters, over the hills to the gatehouse of the convent, how many roads are there?'

Clementine de Gillamont flung back her head. Her eyes became round with horror. 'Was not the force to take the low road?' she asked.

Andrew Vennie shook his head. 'It was to split up into detachments. Each detachment was to make its own way. The troops were to rendezvous under the cover of the broken rocks overlooking the gatehouse.'

'Then,' cried the girl, 'you do not know which route Bryan Bloxham has taken, which detachment he is marching with?'

The old man raised his faded eyes to the girl's glowing ones. He, she—for there is nothing so exclusive, so selfish, as a great affection—had forgotten that there were other men, each with but a life apiece to lose or to preserve. For this beautiful woman and for the scarred old soldier the only thing to be thought of was Bryan Bloxham; the only being they even remembered was Bryan Bloxham.

Old Andrew groaned aloud now. 'God help me!' he confessed, 'I do not know with which detachment he marched. I cannot tell by what path he will make to the gatehouse.'

Clementine de Gillamont bowed her head. This was conclusive. This was final. This made it impossible to recall the expedition.

Besides, was there not that question of time which neither Andrew Vennie nor Clementine had gone into? It was nearing daybreak. The force was to attack before dawn. There was not time to send a message.

Old Andrew put out a shaking hand, and, groping, he sought again for the girl. 'Maybe,' muttered the old man hoarsely, for he had no hope, 'the lad will somehow know what you would have done for him if you could. He'll die easier for that.'

Clementine stepped back. Andrew Vennie let his head sink toward his chest. The girl stood still.

Andrew Vennie began to mutter. He spoke to himself. 'They were to start at midnight,' said the old man. 'They were to lie down behind the boulders, each company as they came up, until all was ready.'

He was silent again, and the wind buffeting against the windows shook the casement. 'Maybe,' went on Andrew Vennie, and now he turned about as though to point these things out to Clementine de Gillamont, 'they will shoot him down as he puts his foot on to the causeway. Maybe they'll let him get close on to them.'

The girl answered with a gasping moan.

'They'll shoot him in the head most likely,' continued Old Andrew. 'He'll roll backwards if they do. His eyes'—the old man dropped his lids over his own here, and he nodded—'maybe they'll be open.'

The wind had fallen again. The room was very cold and very still. Clementine shuddered. She trembled in every limb; her teeth began to chatter.

A moment later there came a new blast. A door banged somewhere within the *quinta*; and, as if in answer to it, the tempest flung itself under the veranda, caught up the long jasmine trailers, whipped them against the windows, and the next instant there followed a fierce gust of rain.

Clementine heard the lashing sound. Andrew Vennie heard it. The old man flung up his white head. He listened—listened painfully, intently. The storm went on spattering, flinging great drops against the panes.

Then, with an inarticulate cry that was neither a shout nor a groan, the old soldier jumped to his feet. He put out his arm. He grasped on to Clementine. 'Don't you understand,' he ground out between his clenched teeth—and he held the girl at arm's length and swayed her to and fro in his vehemence—'don't you know if they get this rain down by the causeway there will be no attack?'

'None!' ejaculated Clementine.

'They can't attack,' went on Andrew Vennie. 'The rain will damp the powder; it will put out the fuse.'

Clementine listened to the rapid words. She
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knew enough of military matters to be sure that Andrew Vennie was right. Fuses were primitive things in those days. It took little to put one out. Gunpowder was soon damped, and then not even the most determined could fire off a gun with it when it was wet. She looked up at Andrew Vennie. 'You mean,' she said, for she must have this thing in plain words, 'that if this rain goes on the attack must be abandoned?'

The old man folded his arms. 'I mean that,' he said slowly.

The girl turned from him. The storm went on; it howled; the rain washed against the window; then came the wind anew.

Clementine de Gillamont stood telling herself that the tempest was fierce, repeating to herself that here was the way of deliverance. Then she suddenly began to stumble forward. She hastened across the tiled floor up to the casement. Already the water was trickling in where the draught had previously entered. Already a little pool had collected where the pressing of many feet had worn away the glazed surface of the tiles. Clementine cared nothing for the cold, as little for that round of water. She welcomed every drop as it flowed in to increase her discomfort. She pressed up to the double series of little panes, as near to them as she could get. She dropped on to her knees. One of the wooden shutters, caught by the blast, wrenched away its rusted catch. It began to swing to and fro. It creaked as it turned. Clementine heard it as it banged against the wall, then clattered in to the window and half opened again. The wind caught it as if it were straw. Clementine cared nothing for it; as little for the wind. What did matter was the rain, and the rain came dropping, it came dripping, it came persistently, noisily, heavily.*

The unhappy woman, who was still hardly more than a girl in years, and who in the beginning had been so much more sinned against than sinning, pressed her cheek against the cold glass. She had done wrong and to spare. She had but one thing to recommend her, and that was that at last she loved, and that for the sake of that love she would lay down her life or begin it anew.

Clementine thought of these things, of so many others. She made her resolution. On the morrow, if fate spared Bryan Bloxham, she would remove herself from his vicinity; she would retire to a convent. She put up her two arms. Her hands, with their fingers outstretched, she pressed against the glass. She remained so, motionless, wet, cold, until, at length, from her lips was wrung a cry, a bitter cry. 'Until day-break, dear Lord! Until daybreak, *Madre di Dios!*' she reiterated, she clamoured.

* The rain is spoken of in Colonel Anderson's book, *The Diary of a Peninsular Veteran*, as responsible for putting off such an attack.

CHAPTER VIII.

'SENHOR ENGLISH SOLDIER!' began Don Miguel in high displeasure. The old man paused. He was half-way up the flight of steps which led from his own courtyard to the entrance into the house. He threw back his head, and as the flap of his long felt cloak fell from his left shoulder he impatiently flung it back again.

The day was still very young. The sky, though it was clear now, had a cold blue look about it, as though the sun had hardly yet forgiven Dame Nature for her unmannerly paroxysms of a few hours before. The water was still lying in pools in the depressions of the courtyard; and the great cork-tree which grew just without the wooden door, and, incidentally, afforded shade to the numerous beggars who sought alms at the *quinta*, creaked its great branches mournfully.

But Don Miguel did not give so much as a thought to the tempest. He was accustomed to such violence; for the storms, when they did blow in from the Atlantic, came with fury. What the old man did remark—and resent—was the invasion of the *quinta* by British soldiers. He had begun to tell José what he thought, when the figure of Andrew Vennie appeared between the carved stone jambs of the entrance.

It was then that Don Miguel turned on the British officer.

Old Andrew answered temperately. He was a sensible man, if he was short-tempered. He understood something of what Don Miguel must be feeling.

Briefly the Englishman sketched the events of the last twelve hours. He told Don Miguel that information had reached him of the presence of a notorious French secret agent within the *quinta*; but he was careful not to particularise whence the information came. He went on to say that at the hour indicated he arrived at the house, and what he had learned there.

Don Miguel, however, fastened on a point that, if it had not escaped him altogether, had seemed of small importance to Andrew Vennie.

'How did the Frenchwoman get within the walls?' he immediately asked. He came up the remaining steps, and stood on the wide slab before the door; and Andrew Vennie stepped out to him. The two old men, a complete contrast in every way, yet already drawn nearer together by their mutual interest in Bryan Bloxham than would seem possible otherwise to two such totally opposite natures, paused for a moment, debating.

'Is there no way in but that?' asked Colonel Vennie, and he nodded to the stout oak door.

Reluctantly, for the old Portuguese detested to give up even one of the secrets of his dwelling, Don Miguel mentioned the secret door to the Garden of the Arcades.

Andrew Vennie thrust out his lower lip. Had Bryan Bloxham broken another promise? Had he, for the sake of that love which entangled him as a net enmeshes a victim, been guilty of another dishonour?

It was Don Miguel who finally put the thought into words. 'The strength of the strongest is but as a thread of silk in a woman's hands,' he remarked.

Though Old Andrew had not been very far from this conclusion himself, he refused to doubt one of his officers before a foreigner. 'Look among your own household before you say that, Don Miguel,' he retorted.

The dark eyes watching him flashed. 'My people are but two,' returned Don Miguel—'José, who has been with me all his life, and Mariquita, who came with my wife.'

'I don't think much of the woman,' answered Andrew Vennie bluntly. 'I should begin with her.'

The old Portuguese turned sharply upon him. 'Senhor,' he answered hotly, for he had been so long without any one to make a suggestion, much less to animadvert on what he tolerated, 'I prefer to judge my household myself.' He turned on his heel, all his dislike of intrusion mounting within him. He entered the house; he even went so far as to shut the door in his anxiety to put a barrier between himself and that troublesome soldier; but he was hardly within the dim, cold corridor, with its note of perpetual musty gloom, when another thought struck him.

This blunt Englishman, who was Bryan Bloxham's commanding officer, and who, therefore, Don Miguel supposed, had authority over his subordinates, had referred to the marriage that had been arranged for the morning as though it would assuredly take place.

'*Madre di Dios!*' muttered the old Portuguese, 'this Englishman must be mad.' He stopped, reflecting on that. There was a moment when the old man's strange, new-found affection for Bryan Bloxham pulled one way, and his indifference to other people and other people's interests fought with it.

The struggle was brief. Don Miguel turned on his heel. He flung open the beautifully ornamented door again.

'Your force could not attack Ste Marie di Prega,' he began.

Andrew Vennie just nodded.

'Then Bryan Bloxham will return,' went on the Portuguese.

'Please Heaven!' muttered the old man.

Don Miguel came a step nearer. 'You intend to let the marriage go on?' he inquired hotly.

Andrew Vennie contented himself with another nod.

'But the woman is a secret agent!' cried Don Miguel.

Andrew Vennie evaded that consideration. It was the very one that he had been putting

from him ever since the dawn broke through a cloud of driving rain. 'The woman said she wouldn't marry him,' he muttered, as the dark, glittering eyes remained fixed on his face.

'Said she wouldn't!' repeated Don Miguel contemptuously. He waved that aside. 'When the Devil was sick the Devil a saint would be' represented his estimate of Clementine's declaration.

Andrew Vennie was possessed of something uncomfortably near to the same misgiving himself. It was one thing, as he knew, to rise to a great renunciation in the hour of tension and stress; it was quite another matter to persist in it when everything had settled back into an ordinary routine. The old soldier did not know much about women; but he did know that all humanity, be it of what sex it may, can find a convenient excuse for a complete change of face if it be but sufficiently vital that an adequate reason should be forthcoming. Added to that was the principle of Andrew Vennie's whole life, was his notion of honour, of obligation. 'I don't like the match any more than you do, senhor,' he conceded; 'but, if the lad is alive, a man's word is his bond.'

Don Miguel threw up his head. 'A spy!' he expostulated again. 'A woman who worms out secrets and sells them!'

Andrew Vennie had no answer to that. He had settled the case as he saw it; and because it bore hardly, possibly fatally, on the one being he loved, that seemed to him no argument for departing from what he considered an obligation.

Don Miguel perhaps gathered something of this; at any rate he saw that he and his point of view had not prevailed. For a moment an angry expression overspread his olive-tinted face; for a moment hot words seemed to be trembling on his thin lips; then a slow smile overspread his features. Don Miguel paused as if a new notion had come to him, and as if that notion would exercise his craft and that talent for intrigue which he possessed in common with so many of his countrymen. Ceremoniously, and in complete contrast to his last abrupt departure, he begged to be excused.

Andrew Vennie replied negligently. He would as soon be alone as have to try to restrain himself with this unreasonable—as it seemed to him—excitable old Portuguese. But had Andrew Vennie been as keen an observer of other men as he was of the lads of his regiment, Don Miguel's sudden smoothness would have afforded him food for reflection. Instead, Colonel Vennie merely walked to the edge of the pavement and stood looking over the low balustrade. He was anxiously awaiting definite news of the force sent out to the causeway; and, while he watched the wooden door, in spite of his innately kind heart, in spite of that wish to believe in a woman which Englishmen almost always possess and a Spaniard almost never, he sighed heavily.

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Meantime Don Miguel went along to the point where the corridor forked. There one turning went down to the part of the building in which the room that had been set apart for Bryan was situated; the other led to the portion of the *quinta* he himself inhabited. The two wings were quite distinct. They belonged not only to different epochs, but to different races of builders. By some quaint turn of fancy, Don Miguel had assigned to Bryan Bloxham a room in the lighter, the newer, part of the building. He himself lived in the old block. It was Moorish, not European, in style, and, instead of being approached by the *patio*, it was entered through a large octagonal antechamber.

Here, as usual, the floor was tiled. The light was supplied from a lantern in the roof, and under that lantern was a low, wide basin with a jet of water playing into it, and a family of goldfish swimming about. Close by the walls were raised slabs of tiled work, suggesting the benches where, in the days of the long-gone Emirs, suppliants had waited. The doors—there were three of them, the one by which Don Miguel had entered, and the two opposite, leading to the rooms he used himself—were set in horse-shoe arches; while a few feet farther within ran all round the octagon a row of pillars, and the ceiling from the pillars to the wall was moulded with countless little pendants of Moorish stucco-work.

Don Miguel walked up to the dropping jet of water. He took out a cigarette, and began to roll it. In common with so many people who live solitary existences, he had his unexpected softness, the thing that faintly ministered to the human necessity for affection. Some people take to dogs; women, they say, to cats. Don Miguel secretly cherished quite a feeling for this fleet of little yellow fish. He was persuaded that they knew his voice. He liked to see them bob up their glittering heads and catch the morsels of bread which he dropped in to them. These fish maybe—or more probably his determination that no one but himself and old José should enter the two rooms that he occupied—were the reason for the few European items of furniture which broke the Eastern air of the antechamber. At any rate, the great chair in which Don Miguel habitually sat, and the table by the side of it on which were arranged his smoking necessities, were placed close by the rim of the fountain.

Don Miguel went straight to that seat now; and, because he knew so well what he meant to do, because it seemed to him that his plan must be effective, he allowed himself a few moments in which to rest his limbs and elaborate the purpose in his mind. Meditatively he rolled a cigarette between his finger and his thumb. He quite perceived that the old house, which for so long had only sheltered a man who asked nothing but to be forgotten, now roofed over most of the driving forces of nature. He waited yet a little
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longer. It pleased him to reflect that, since his life had been broken in upon, he was to emerge from the welter not as a participator, or as a spectator, but as the personage who brought the drama to its dénouement. He smiled, and there was nothing genial in the movement of his lips. Whatever Don Miguel meant to do or to leave undone, he assuredly intended to be ruthless.

The first disturbance to these reflections came from old José. The old servant was full of excuses, of solicitude. Don Miguel cut him short. He did not want the reasons why José had to admit the British guard; what he did wish for was his morning meal.

The simple fare must have been waiting for him, for in another minute Mariquita brought it in herself. There was a coffee-pot, a wide cup and its saucer, and a hunch of bread on a small brass tray.

The old woman's eyes never left the dark form in the great chair from the moment she entered until she came close up by the fountain. There she paused. The sharp light falling on her made her own features seem even thinner, more severe, than customary. Her eyeballs seemed to be sunk deeper within wide black circles, and the eyes themselves smouldered with a curious dull fire.

Don Miguel did not so much as glance her way. Mariquita was a part of the *quinta*. He thought of José as another man like himself, never of Mariquita as a woman. She stayed on because she had once entered. There had been, it is true, one moment when her personality had emerged. Don Miguel had come very near to sending her away then.

Mariquita had abandoned her habitual taciturnity to speak to her master of his heir. She had even permitted herself to press the claims of the young son of his wife's brother. The mere mention of such a thing drove Don Miguel to fury. He firmly believed that his wife had been done to death at the instigation of her own people, and he swore anew that not one of them should possess a stick or a stone that had once been his. Since then many years had passed by. The reversion of the old place, of the jewels that had been lavished on the golden-haired bride, of the wealth that Don Miguel was supposed to have hoarded, had never been touched on. Then Bryan Bloxham penetrated into the *quinta*, where he became a welcome guest. Finally, Don Miguel had made his hurried visit to Lisbon.

As Mariquita stood with the tray poised on the upturned fingers of her bony hand, she asked one of her rare questions. 'The journey of the *senhor*—has it prospered?' she inquired.

Don Miguel looked up. Perhaps he was surprised at being addressed; perhaps some thought of the past came back to him, for his lips parted slowly, and again that sinister smile

touched his features. 'What was to do is not finished in a day,' he returned; 'but it is well begun.'

Mariquita stood still again after that. Once more she looked searchingly at her master. Then she set down the tray, and, though the action was trivial in itself, something in her manner invested it with an air of finality. She stepped back. 'May the Holy Mother have you in her keeping, senhor!' she said.

She was almost at the door before Don Miguel replied, and then it was to give an order. 'Send the Frenchwoman to me,' he commanded.

Mariquita put up her hand. She swept the wisps of iron-gray hair off her face. 'What do you want with this Frenchwoman?' she demanded. 'Let these English, who are heretics and will burn in the next world if they escape in this, attend to her.'

Don Miguel threw down his cigarette. He was accustomed to obedience, not to argument. 'Send the Frenchwoman to me,' he repeated sharply.

This time Mariquita went out without another word.

Don Miguel, as soon as he was alone again, sat back into the wide chair, reached out his arm, and poured some of the coffee into the wide cup. Then he took up the wedge of close native bread, broke off a corner, and, in the accepted fashion of his country, dipped it into the coffee. He stirred it up and down, until the hard, dry interior was moist. He was about to bite off a piece, when he looked into the basin of the fountain. A little head appeared above the water; a black bead of an eye looked out into the air. Don Miguel broke off a crumb. He dropped it down; he did this every morning, but secretly, that neither José nor Mariquita might guess that he found companionship in a goldfish. Another little creature darted at the second morsel, and the old man, instead of eating his own meal, waited for the shining yellow heads to come up again.

The next moment he put out his arm. He lifted his coffee-cup, but the liquid was already colder than he liked; so, doing as he had often done before, he emptied the coffee into the fountain. He saw the brown trickle mingle with the water; it seemed to cover over a fish lying low down by the bottom of the basin. He turned back to the table again to pour out a fresh cup, and then the noise of the door opening diverted Don Miguel's attention. He looked round quickly. He was not without curiosity to see the woman who had enslaved one so open-minded as Bryan Bloxham, who had evidently made an impression on such a hardened old campaigner as Colonel Vennie.

But even as Clementine de Gillamont stepped out from the shadow of the arches, and while he gave her credit for all her beauty, Don Miguel saw what neither Bryan Bloxham nor Andrew

Vennie had remarked. He knew that Bryan Bloxham's Delilah was not wholly French. From the first glance he was persuaded that she had Spanish blood in her.

The old Portuguese rose. He bowed. This woman was no common adventuress. She was worth the velvet glove. 'Mademoiselle,' he began; but he did not ask her to be seated.

The girl bowed in her turn.

'Mademoiselle?' the old man went on, and the word was a question this time.

Clementine gave her name.

'Ah,' observed Don Miguel, and he looked straight at her, 'that is French, is it not?'

'Just so, monsieur,' answered Clementine tranquilly.

Don Miguel shot a sharp look at her under his brows. He was not to have it all his own way. The prospect of a tussle amused him, for he thought he knew how it must end. 'Mademoiselle,' he went on, 'I have been told that you honoured my house with a visit during my absence.'

Clementine looked at the olive face. She permitted herself to smile.

'Mademoiselle,' continued the old Portuguese, and already his tone was touched with irritation, 'I have heard everything. I know everything.'

The girl heard the challenge. She did not yet see the point at which Don Miguel was driving, but she did see that he was actuated by no benevolence to her. She looked up genially, gaily even. 'Then, monsieur,' she observed, 'you have doubtless been told also that I am under the protection of the English Colonel Vennie.'

Don Miguel half-raised himself. 'Mademoiselle,' he retorted, and his voice was very smooth, 'if you rely on that, I must remind you that you have made a mistake.'

'What mistake?' cried the girl quickly. 'I have the colonel's word.'

The old man in the wide chair placed his elbows on the arms, he joined his fingers lightly over his knees, and he smiled slowly. 'You forget,' he said, speaking to these finger-tips rather than to the woman who was waiting for his next words with the dawning of a new anxiety in her eyes, 'this is my house. I am a Portuguese.'

'What of that?' thrust in Clementine.

This time Don Miguel turned on her. 'You were found in my house,' he remarked. 'I can claim the right to deal with you. I have the right to say that I prefer to hand you over to the arm of my country.'

Clementine missed no word, no point. She saw the threat. Nothing could have been better calculated to daunt her. If there was one thing that made her quail, it was the possibility of a Portuguese prison. Her piteous appeal to Bryan, though it might have suited other motives as well, had not been overcoloured. She viewed capture by the English with comparative

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equanimity. At the worst it meant the swift bullet. As she said amid the glitter of the ball at Belem, in a Portuguese political prison there were worse things than death.

Clementine de Gillamont gave but a moment to apprehension. She rallied her nimble mind; she brought her wits into play. She understood that it was useless to appeal to clemency, as fruitless to speak of chivalry. Only her own perception of what would influence him could save her. 'Monsieur,' she returned, and very carefully she emptied her voice of all emotion, 'has it occurred to you that Bryan Bloxham would hardly thank you for delivering me up to the Portuguese authorities?' •

'He would never know,' retorted Don Miguel grimly.

'He expects to find me here when he returns.' 'Ah!' said the old man; 'when!'

The girl heard the cruel inflection. 'Our marriage is fixed for noon to-day,' she cried.

'That is what I intend to prevent,' flashed back Don Miguel.

Clementine nodded. Now she understood exactly what she had to deal with.

'You have forgotten something in your turn, monsieur,' she said.

'What?' shot out the old man.

'Has it never occurred to you, monsieur,' questioned Clementine, 'that when a lover finds that his bride has disappeared he does not go on smoking the cigarette he has just lighted?'

Don Miguel bit his lips. It was an inconvenient suggestion. A man in love, a man balked of his love, even if he were a steady-pulsed Englishman, might not be an easy person to put off. Don Miguel had but to cast his own mind back to see the dangers a man would run for the sake of a woman. He himself had been warned that malice, that enmity, would follow if he married the golden-haired cousin. Those next in succession to her considered it more convenient that she should be a nun. He had disregarded everything but his heart. His bride had paid the penalty.

The next moment the old man sat upright again. 'Mademoiselle,' he observed, 'you do not know that Lieutenant Bloxham will come back again.'

Clementine still kept her glance steady, but her chest heaved. It was true. The man she loved had gone out to get himself killed. She would have given everything that she possessed to know that he had failed.

'It rained until past the dawn,' she made herself answer.

Don Miguel paused again. He was in no hurry. The Portuguese, who is habitually hasty, can be very deliberate when he is vindictive. He put out his hand. For the second time his coffee would be cold. He took up the hard round of bread again, and, following his habit, began to work off a crumb. As he did that

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he looked into the marble basin. For quite a perceptible space of time he gazed at the pool of water, which was clear and colourless again. As he waited Don Miguel's face went curiously gray; he stared so fixedly that it was as though his eyes refused to believe what their own vision told them. His glance was glued on to one particular goldfish. The little creature was lying on the very floor of the basin; its scales seemed to lack their habitual glitter; it was quite motionless.

Don Miguel put down his cup. He set it exactly in the centre of its saucer. He arranged the pieces of broken bread on the plate by it. 'Mademoiselle,' he began, and his voice cut, it was so cold, 'I will trouble you to come nearer.'

'Why, monsieur?' asked Clementine.

'I wish you,' went on the old man in the same deliberate manner, 'to tell me what you see in the fountain.'

'Wherefore, monsieur?' asked Clementine warily.

Don Miguel lifted his eyes from the clear water with the ripples forming and circling out on its surface. He took up one of the two pieces of bread on the tray. 'It may interest you to watch a goldfish eat a crumb of this bread,' he said.

He broke off a crumb. He held it out between his thumb and his forefinger. Clementine looked at him attentively. Her air was an inquiry. She saw that something of moment had intervened, and unless she were acting with consummate skill, that was all she felt about the matter.

'Why should your goldfish interest me, monsieur?' she asked.

The cold, glittering eyes scrutinised the beautiful face. Don Miguel fully admitted the perfection of the lines, of the colouring. What he did not observe was that new thing that had come into it the previous evening. He was looking for the smallest symptoms of fear, of apprehension. 'Mademoiselle,' he said, 'if I forced you to eat this bread, what would you do?'

The girl waited a moment. It was astonishing how unerringly she knew when to be frank and when to evade. 'I do not follow you, Don Miguel,' she said quietly now. 'You have some motive in your speech that I have not perceived; but I see no reason why, if it pleases you that I should share your breakfast, I should decline the offer.'

The old man dropped his arm abruptly. He muttered a hard word between his teeth, drew his brows low down over his eyes. For one moment, two, he remained thus, evidently thinking hard. 'Mademoiselle,' he said when he raised his head, 'I will ask you a question instead of forcing you to eat when you are not hungry. It is not easy to get into my house. The ingenuity of women is wonderful, I know; but still you would favour me by telling me precisely how you entered.'

Clementine answered promptly this time, and as firmly. 'That I must decline to do,' she said.

Don Miguel threw back his head. 'Very well, mademoiselle,' he hissed, and he laughed again; 'if you will not answer me of your own free-will, I can wait—until more effective persuasion than mine is brought to bear.'

Clementine shrank. It was the same threat, but this time it was accompanied by a bribe. She saw—she had been intended to see—that though Don Miguel would not give mercy, he might sell it. 'Monsieur,' she said—and she reminded herself that if one party to a bargain can propose terms, so can another—'I take it that above all you object to my marriage with Bryan Bloxham?'

'Just so,' answered Don Miguel.

'You give yourself too much trouble,' went on the beautiful girl. 'Your solicitude for him is unnecessary. No man can marry a woman against her will, and I have something to say in this matter.'

'What?' asked the old man as eagerly as a fish catches at a bait.

Clementine de Gillamont drew herself up. 'I have already assured Colonel Vennie that I will not be married to-day,' she said.

'You said that last night,' Don Miguel flung back at her.

The girl looked straight at the olive face. She smiled as a woman does smile when she realises that there are heights in her, and depths, that have escaped her adversary. 'What I said last night I say again to-day,' she averred.

Don Miguel rose. He stepped away from the little table, away from that splashing, dripping fountain and the pool of water with the little fish lying motionless on the marble. He drew himself upright, uplifted his moustache with a swift turn of his fingers. 'Who has bought you?' he cried.

The lovely woman coloured at the insult. 'Don Miguel,' she replied, 'I do not intend to answer such a question. If I denied the charge a thousand times you would not understand. But what does matter to you, what it will meet your ends to know, is that, as I said last night, I purpose to retire to a convent.'

'When?' thrust in Don Miguel, neither moved nor abashed.

'Monsieur,' said Clementine, 'I am willing to go at once. Assure me of honourable treatment, and I will set out as soon as you can saddle a mule to send me there.'

The old man looked at her incredulously. He might have understood; once he had loved supremely himself. But it was what this woman had been that stood in the way of his seeing.

Clementine de Gillamont realised this. She knew there were many stone walls in life, higher ones in a woman's than in a man's; but that not one blocked up insight, cut off compassion, impeded a clear view of the possibilities of a

woman's heart, so effectually as her past. With a little sigh she let that go. 'Surely,' she went on, 'it would serve your own ends better to have me in a convent than to deliver me up as a prisoner.'

Don Miguel walked back to his chair. He sat down in it, leaned forward to look at that same still goldfish. This woman, who seemed to be as clever as she was beautiful, spoke the truth. To a man trained to his belief—however little he might conform to his creed—there was finality about the cloi'er. Bryan Bloxham would surely respect a penitent sinner's vow of expiation; he would as surely strain every nerve to rescue that same sinner were she consigned to a political dungeon.

Don Miguel raised his eyes. He was more than half-inclined to accept the terms. He knew the cynical proverb of old Spain, 'Compromise with your enemy if you can. It will save your powder, and his back is always there for your knife.' 'Mademoiselle'—he began.

But the door which led from the other wing of the *quinta* was suddenly, noisily, flung open. Andrew Vennie stood within. His big frame, in its scarlet uniform, was set within the bulging arch with its arabesques picked out in crimson and ultramarine and gold. The soldier flung a look at Clementine, another at Don Miguel. He was evidently surprised to see them together, but equally he had no time for that astonishment. 'The expedition has returned.'

Don Miguel rose. He took a step forward. '*Monsieur, mon Colonel*'—he put in, as though to be first.

Andrew Vennie cut him short. 'But'—he cried.

'But'—repeated the old Portuguese.

It was Clementine who hurried over the smooth tiles, with their involved pattern of brown rings on a green ground. She passed swiftly between the pillars; she laid hold on Andrew Vennie's tunic; she shook him in her vehemence. 'But?' she cried shrilly.

'A man is missing,' blurted out Andrew Vennie.

Clementine gave a great sob. 'What man?' she demanded.

She heard the name she had feared, had expected to hear. Bryan Bloxham was the one man who had failed to return.

Andrew Vennie thought he understood. Don Miguel leaped to the same conclusion.

Involuntarily the two men lowered their heads, as one does at the passing of the dead.

But Clementine lifted hers; she threw up her two hands. 'I know who has done this!' she cried. She turned away from Andrew Vennie; she faced Don Miguel. She ran back to him, and a shaft of sunlight streaming through the lantern caught her dark hair and seemed to set it alight. 'I know who has done this!' she repeated.

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CHAPTER IX.

AS Clementine's words rang through the room Andrew Vennie banged to the door. He shut it in the disturbed face of Corporal Barton, who, with a kind of idea that his beloved colonel was marching into a lion's den, was following close behind. He strode forward, his spurs clicking, his sword scraping over the tiles; he walked up to Clementine, and laid his hand heavily on her arm. He understood at last that this was no isolated action of a French spy, working on her own account, and being paid so much an item for information, but a part of one and the same long coil of deception which maybe had its root in political intrigue, maybe in purely personal matters. 'You must tell me all you know,' he announced sternly.

Clementine looked at him. Every crisis where the feminine is intermingled—and not much goes forward without the element—results in a woman's looking to the strangest quarters for her friends and allies. The girl glanced up at the stern, grizzled-headed man now as if she knew that she would get justice—and something more—from him. 'Send for Captain Ramon di Gracias,' was her most unexpected reply.

Andrew Vennie repeated the name, he was so astonished. 'A.D.C. to Général le Marquis de la Romano?' he amplified, lest there might be two.

The girl nodded.

'He has been especially lent for the expedition to Ste Marie di Prega,' the Englishman exclaimed; and he was about to give the reason for the selection, and to add that Captain di Gracias and no other had reported that Bryan Bloxham was missing; but before he could explain Don Miguel interrupted him.

The old Portuguese stood before them with a strange passion on his face. 'That man shall not enter my door!' he cried out vehemently.

'He is within the *quinta* already,' Andrew Vennie answered.

Don Miguel jerked back his head. He was so angry that the brown hue of his skin had turned to a kind of livid gray. 'Does he dare to show his face here?' he hissed. 'If I am still master here José shall throw him out.' He made a stride to the door.

But Andrew Vennie shot out his long arm and clasped the thin shoulder. For once the Englishman saw farther than the Portuguese. 'Stop!' he said. 'Don't you see that this Captain di Gracias may be the very man we want?'

Don Miguel half-shook off his hand.

'Think, senhor!' resumed Andrew Vennie. 'Let us find out where we are. There seems to be more here than either you or I understand. When we have straightened things out a bit, 1916.]

then, if you want to, you can tell your unwelcome guest to be gone.'

Don Miguel pushed an impatient foot to and fro over the tiles. He could not acquiesce all at once. For a moment his craft warred with his urgent desire to avenge himself; then he smiled. 'I must bow to your superior wisdom, Senhor Englishman,' he returned coldly.

Andrew Vennie, having received so much of a permission, did not quarrel with it because it was conceded grudgingly. He walked to the door in his turn. He gave a few short, explicit commands to the invaluable Corporal Barton, the most emphatic of which was that, though he would rather the Spanish officer did not suspect he was being watched, he was not to be let out of sight, much less permitted to leave the *quinta*; and then, closing the door with another resounding bang as some relief to his feelings, Andrew Vennie came back and directed a sharp, business-like gaze full on Don Miguel. 'Senhor,' he said, 'let us begin at the beginning. What do you know of this Captain di Gracias?'

'He is my nephew,' flung back Don Miguel.

The soldier looked along to Clementine de Gillamont. 'Mademoiselle?' he said.

'And,' she answered, taking up the question, but answering it as she was not expected to, 'he is the man who has made away with Bryan Bloxham.'

'Made away?' repeated Old Andrew.

'Yes,' said the girl. 'I see it all now. Bryan Bloxham was in his way. He would have his chance last night. He would take it.'

The Englishman swung round on her. 'By gad!' he cried, 'you seem to know all about this Captain di Gracias. How much did you tell him, or he tell you? Did you know he was to accompany the expedition to Ste Marie di Prega?'

'I did not,' she answered.

'But you say that Captain di Gracias is responsible for Bryan Bloxham's disappearance?' Old Andrew hurried on.

'I do,' affirmed Clementine.

'Why should Bryan matter to a Spaniard?' continued Old Andrew.

This time it was Don Miguel who answered, not Clementine. 'He has heard of my journey to Lisbon,' the old man exclaimed.

Andrew Vennie looked more incredulous than ever, but the old Portuguese laughed shortly. 'Don't you understand?' he said. 'Some one must have talked to him of me and my affairs—some one who guessed my intention.'

'What intention?' demanded the soldier crossly.

Don Miguel enlightened him with a proverb. 'Never visit a notary when you are in health,' he remarked, 'lest the signing of the parchment brings on a fever.'

Andrew Vennie understood in part. He made a gesture half-hopeless, half-wrathful. There

were things taken for granted both by Clementine and Don Miguel that amazed him.

The next moment Don Miguel himself turned round on Clementine. 'Did you know why I went to Lisbon?' he asked.

The girl raised her eyes. 'No,' she said briefly; and this very astute old man believed her.

Don Miguel dropped back. There were so many strands making up this involved pattern that he had to think a moment before he knew which he should pull out next. Then he beckoned to Andrew Vennie. 'Come here, monsieur,' he said.

Old Andrew obeyed. He joined Don Miguel by the fountain.

'Do you see that goldfish?' the old man asked.

'It is dead,' returned Old Andrew, impatient at such a trifle.

Don Miguel pointed to a second.

'It is dead as well.'

This time Andrew Vennie spoke more slowly. He looked up, for he began to wonder if there might not be something in this too.

'Just so,' returned Don Miguel, answering the suspicion in the glance. 'Both these fishes were alive this morning. They must be the two which ate the bread. There must have been poison in that bread. It was intended for me.'

'For you!' returned Andrew Vennie.

Don Miguel smiled as if he were amused. 'Yes,' he said; 'and whoever put it there must not only have wished to prevent my paying a second visit to Lisbon, but must be in league with my nephew.'

He paused again. Clementine de Gillamont looked up expectantly. She had not forgotten Bryan Bloxham, but her experience had taught her that there are occasions when a good deal is to be gained by waiting. She was sure this was one of them. Either Bryan was dead—which she refused to believe—and nothing could help him, or he was being held a prisoner; and a more perfect understanding between these two old men would do the most to rescue him.

It was Don Miguel who first addressed her. 'Don't you see,' he said, 'that it may help Bryan Bloxham now to tell me who let you into the *quinta*?'

The girl answered unhesitatingly this time. 'Mariquita,' she said.

'Then,' flashed back Don Miguel, 'who are you?'

'I am your niece,' returned Clementine as readily. 'Ramon di Gracias is my half-brother.'

The old man threw back his head; his eyes glowed. 'You belong to my family!' he said reproachfully.

'My father was your wife's brother and your cousin,' answered Clementine. 'He married twice. My mother's name was De Gillamont.'

'And,' cried Don Miguel passionately, 'you lower yourself to ply the trade of a spy!'

Clementine flushed. But such a little time ago she could have heard the taunt with composure. She had persuaded herself that the world had been hard to her, and that she had the right to be hard to it. But recently, within the last few hours, all the old landmarks seemed to have been removed. The excuses that had seemed good enough appeared to be no excuses at all. The conduct that at the worst seemed to be not so much less good than many other people's appeared to be monstrous now. Love had done for Clementine what it does for every real woman. It had awakened within her the urgent longing to be worthy of it. She had something to say in her own defence, it was true. Haltingly, timidly, omitting to tell how in the beginning she had been lured by Ramon, cajoled by him, and when she turned restive threatened, she went back to what was at the root of it all. She had been driven by poverty. 'We were penniless, Ramon and I,' she said in a low voice. 'My father gambled away his last *peseta*. One must eat to live. Besides, after all, my mother was French. She loved me. While she lived I knew nothing about evil. She died because her life was so hard. I could not endure slow starvation. I did this instead.'

Don Miguel heard the pitiful tale, but he made no comment. It was Old Andrew who muttered, 'Poor lass!' under his breath.

After that there was a moment's silence.

Don Miguel broke the silence. 'Just now,' he asked suspiciously, 'when you begged to be allowed to go to a convent, why did you not tell me who you were?'

Clementine smiled bitterly. 'I might have been made to eat all your breakfast then,' she retorted, 'not merely invited to share it.'

Andrew Vennie dropped his head. He stood still, thinking hard. He wanted to get on with the essentials of this extraordinary story. He selected what he looked on as the cardinal points. They were two. First, it would appear that unless Ramon di Gracias could say something convincing in his own defence he was a traitor, and must be dealt with as such; and, secondly, that if Clementine's story were true it was this Spaniard who had contrived Bryan Bloxham's disappearance.

The old soldier smiled grimly. He walked deliberately down the room and flung open the door. 'Corporal!' he called, and of course Barton appeared in a moment. 'Tell Captain di Gracias I wish to see him here, and at once,' he commanded.

After the curt order was given silence again fell within the octagonal room, with its suggestion of another land, another civilisation. Clementine, wearied physically at last perhaps, shrinking maybe from facing an accomplice of her own flesh and blood whom she had been driven to denounce, slipped behind one of the pillars and shrank on to the low platform by

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the side of the wall. Don Miguel let her go without so much as turning his head. She was nothing to him. On the other hand, his feeling about Ramon di Gracias was very active. He hated him.

The old man moved his chair. He brought it away from the table, set it so that it looked straight down the room, and when he had made sure that he could see who came in by the door from the very moment of entry, he sat down, and with his head thrown back and his lips pressed together, he waited.

Andrew Vennie, of course, made no secret of his impatience. One minute went by, and he jerked out an impatient word; another, and he turned restlessly. It had just come into his mind to wonder if the Spaniard had not been too astute for them all, and got out of the *quinta*, when Corporal Barton appeared within the door.

'Captain di Gracias,' he announced.

The young man—he was still on the sunny side of forty, with the spare, well-knit figure of his nationality—walked confidently into a fully lighted room. He was evidently surprised to see Don Miguel there as well as Colonel Vennie, and was perhaps not quite at his ease, for his hand went quickly to the hilt of his sword and back again. Then he drew up about midway between the fountain and the pillars. He brought his brown hand to the salute, and permitted himself a survey of the scene before him.

But if the young man's glance was appraising, Don Miguel's was even more so. He remarked a thing that might have escaped Andrew Vennie. He saw that while his nephew's glance touched the British soldier, then went on to himself, next took in the general details of the room, it came back to the coffee-table, to the broken morsels of bread, and lingered there.

Once more there was a pause. Don Miguel, though he had pertinent things to say on his own account, was willing to let the Englishman begin. He wanted to see what Andrew Vennie would do. He had always understood that though it took a good deal to move these phlegmatic islanders, when they were aroused they were given to wiping the slate very clean.

Andrew Vennie, after all, disappointed Don Miguel's anticipation. He started where the old Portuguese expected he would end.

'The French were ready for us at Ste Marie di Prega?' he observed.

The young man lifted his eyes; but before there was time for any one to see the question, the astonishment, in them, he controlled himself and dropped them carefully to the floor. 'The rain prevented the attack,' he evaded.

'Did you know that the French were prepared?' Andrew Vennie went on.

'I!' ejaculated the Spaniard.

'Yes,' repeated Andrew Vennie, 'you!'

The dark eyes looked right up this time. 1916.]

'*Mon Colonel*,' expostulated Ramon di Gracias, 'how could I?'

Old Andrew folded his arms across his chest. He thrust out his lower lip.

'It was you who sent word to them that we were coming,' he accused.

The Spaniard sprang back. His hand went to his sword with a movement that had a theatrical wave with it. He half drew out the blade; then he rattled it back again with a gesture which seemed to say that even before such injustice he would endeavour to be patient. '*Mon Colonel*,' he expostulated, 'no man has the right to bring such a charge against me.'

'Not unless he can prove it,' interposed Old Andrew dryly. He drew himself up, and looked at the still figure in the great chair. 'Captain di Gracias,' he went on weightily, 'the man who will sell one side will sell the other. You know what you have been doing.'

The young man thought he saw his chance. 'I put patriotism before everything,' he cried. 'Am I to be insulted because I cared so much for my country that I did not mind what I did to serve her?'

Andrew Vennie put up his hand, he waved it slightly, as one moves on the light smoke from a cigar. 'You sent very precise information to me,' he returned grimly. 'You made great haste to inform me of Bryan Bloxham's visit to the French lines, and you put a construction of your own on that folly. You let me know that if I sent Bryan Bloxham to the *quinta* yesterday I should not find him alone. You assured me that the woman I had especially warned him against would be there with him.'

Ramon di Gracias threw up his head. 'You are proving my zeal,' he exclaimed. 'You, by your own showing, are setting forth what valuable services I have rendered to the Allies.'

Andrew Vennie looked hard back. 'Is that how you put it?' he said slowly.

'Yes,' cried the young man. 'And I will appeal to the Commander-in-Chief to hear me, to judge for himself how grossly I have been maligned, insulted.'

Andrew Vennie turned about. 'Mademoiselle!' he said.

Clementine, crouching at the wall, had been hidden from view by the back of Don Miguel's chair. She had heard every word, and what she learned set her blood aflame. Up till now, though she had denounced Ramon di Gracias to save the dearest thing in the world to her, she had done it reluctantly. Blood is proverbially thicker than water. Besides, there is honour, though it be of a poor sort, between thieves. Now she had learned that she had been betrayed from the moment she knew Bryan Bloxham. She raised herself quickly, as quickly came up to the British soldier and stood beside him.

Don Miguel looked after her as she hastened;

he caught a glimpse of her face, and he smiled as though he had seen what gratified him.

Clementine looked at her half-brother.

'You!' he said slowly; for he knew that now he had not only another foe to contend with, but the one who would do him the most harm of all.

Clementine faced the dark face looking down malignantly into hers. 'It seems,' she said, 'that you betrayed me to the English, and now you would do away with Bryan Bloxham because I love him.'

Ramon di Gracias looked coldly back. He laughed as Don Miguel himself might have done. Up till this moment he had not despaired of hoodwinking the British officer, of circumventing his uncle; but with Clementine against him he had no chance, at any rate, of clearing himself from the charge of having sold both sides; and, because he recognised this, his first notion was to strike vindictively at the woman who had turned against him. 'Do you think I wanted Bryan Bloxham out of the way because of you?' he asked.

Clementine faced him still. 'Yes,' she said.

Ramon laughed again. 'I could have put an end to your philandering whenever it suited me,' he said.

'Then why did you hate him?' she cried.

The young man waved his hand round the room. 'I wanted this,' he confessed, unabashed.

'This!' echoed Andrew Vennie.

Don Miguel understood. 'Ah!' he observed, speaking for the first time, 'so the parchment was to bring fever not only to him who set his name at the foot of it, but as well to him who might have profited by the funeral.'

Still Andrew Vennie hardly followed, and he was about to ask for a further explanation, when Clementine swept the question of the inheritance aside.

'What have you done with Bryan Bloxham?' she thrust in.

'Has he left you?' asked Ramon, and the question was a taunt.

'It is you who have made away with him,' she flung back.

The young man folded his arms; he smiled evilly again.

She came a step nearer. 'It is you who have made away with him,' she repeated.

Her half-brother but looked at her. Her perturbation amused and gratified him.

'Do you hear?' said Clementine. 'I have told Colonel Vennie, I have told Don Miguel, that it is you who have made away with Bryan Bloxham.'

'And do they believe you?' the young man sneered.

Then Clementine did an unexpected thing. She drew herself up, passed over the insult as if she had never heard it. She stepped aside. 'Colonel Vennie,' she said confidently.

The old soldier understood. 'Captain di

Gracias,' he began weightily, 'I think you have forgotten one thing. Lieutenant Bloxham is a British subject. The officers of the British army do not disappear. In war-time they fall in action; but if they are done to death in cold blood it is murder, and the man who is responsible for their death pays the penalty. He is hanged—not shot.'

The young man heard these ominous words. Just as there was one thing intolerable to Clementine, there was one thing intolerable to Ramon. He had debased himself, he had taken bribes, he had not scrupled to do many things that no honest man would, and yet the notion of hanging like a common convict was insupportable to his Spanish pride. He saw that he was trapped. He understood that he would never go out of the door behind him but as a prisoner. He swung round on Colonel Vennie, determined to fight to the last. 'I have not admitted that I did away with Bryan Bloxham,' he said.

The old soldier looked hard back at him. 'We sentence no man at random,' he said sturdily.

'Then'—put in the young man quickly, and involuntarily he took a step sideways.

Colonel Vennie stepped behind him, and impeded his passage to the door. 'No,' he said, as Ramon was compelled to face him, 'you are not at liberty to leave this room. When you go out, it will be under an escort. You will be charged with the murder of Bryan Bloxham. And if the charge is established you will be hanged by the neck. If you escape that, you will be arraigned for selling information to the French. The penalty for both is the same. I give you this chance. If you have anything to say, will you speak now, or will you let the inquiry go to the trial?'

Andrew Vennie folded his arms. Clementine stood waiting eagerly. Don Miguel bent forward, and he looked like an animal about to spring.

Of the whole group, Ramon di Gracias seemed the most unmoved. He was thinking feverishly. There was a chance of his getting off—on the charge of murder, that is—because there was a chance that no trace of Bryan Bloxham might ever be found. He looked up at the lantern. The sun was high above it, and the flight of time had a great deal to say to his chance. He dropped his hand down, threw back his head. 'Colonel Vennie,' he said, 'I surrender myself to you. I rely on you to see that I have a fair chance to prove that I am not guilty.'

The fateful words rang out into the room.

Andrew Vennie bowed. 'Captain di Gracias, you have appealed for justice. Be sure that as far as it is in my power I will see that you get it.'

The words were hardly uttered, the old soldier still standing erect, his head raised, when once again the door leading into the corridor began to turn on its hinges. It swung back slowly this time, as though whoever was pushing it had half stepped aside to answer a question. There was

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a brief space while no one showed in the widening aperture. Andrew Vennie looked down frowning. He wondered who could be coming to interrupt them now. Don Miguel, mindful of what had gone on in past times in this very *quinta*, looked up with apprehension.

It was Clementine alone who seemed to understand. There was but a moment of indifference with her; then she leaned forward with the light springing up in her eyes, with the colour glowing on her cheeks, and her lips parted and trembling. Before she could step forward she saw that she was right. A big form in a British uniform filled up the space. 'Bryan!' cried the girl. 'Bryan!'

The blue eyes met hers. It was indeed Bryan Bloxham, but Bryan spent and weary, with that worn look on his face which showed that he had gone through hard things. His uniform, too, was torn; it was stained; it was bedraggled; it was wet with thick mud and much water.

Clementine hastened to him. Andrew Vennie followed her almost as quickly.

'Lad,' cried the old soldier, 'what has happened to you?'

It took but that one quick question to get at the story. A treacherous blow had struck him down, and the man who had dealt it bound him on the ground, and carried him down to the marshes. There he had been tied to a tree-stump, and left to sink by his own weight in the slime and the mud. He was up to his knees before he succeeded in working aside the bandage about his mouth. He had exerted all his strength to cry out for help. It was the French within the gatehouse who heard him, and they rescued him just in time. The chivalrous foes refused to make war on a man in his plight; they sent him in to the British lines under a flag of truce. He stopped when he got so far.

Clementine hurried close up to him; Andrew Vennie threw his arm about him. The three of them, standing in a group, had forgotten both Don Miguel and Ramon di Gracias.

The old Portuguese saw that. He looked at his nephew. The young pair of eyes met the old pair. The two kinsmen had never seen each other before, but they had been enemies ever since Ramon was born. They both knew that; and they both knew that now, in this critical moment, there was a certain understanding between them. To both of them, when it came to the point, pride of race outweighed personal animosity.

Don Miguel as little as Ramon di Gracias could think of that death by the rope. The old man considered a moment. Ramon di Gracias waited, and gazed into the lined olive face.

The old man put out his hand. He leaned sideways, and took up the wedge of bread. He held it a moment, looking at it. Then he rose, and bowing ceremoniously, as a host might to a specially honoured guest, he handed it over to his nephew. The young man put out his hand.

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It was steady. The brown fingers closed on the bread. Silently, lest they should be observed and frustrated, he bowed in his turn. Don Miguel smiled slowly. He went back to his seat. Clementine was bending over Bryan. Andrew Vennie had never a thought to spare for the pair by the fountain. Ramon di Gracias lifted the wedge to his lips and looked upwards.

The afternoon siesta was hardly over when a mule was led out from the long row of tumble-down buildings on the opposite side of the courtyard to the Garden of the Arcades, and brought up to the flight of steps before the entrance-door. The animal was saddled for a lady; on each side of its neck were slung leathern bags, as though it was going on a long journey; and a Portuguese driver was at its head; but down by the main door was Corporal Barton, while drawn up without the wall under the shade of the cork-tree were three troopers. The mule stood patiently, but the horses chafed under the heat and the flies. They threw up their heads, and set the accoutrements jingling. Bryan heard the sound as he lay between sleeping and waking. Its very familiarity soothed him at first. But then, as the remembrance that he was still within the *quinta* and not by the cavalry lines came back to him, he sat up and listened. He had slept off the most of his fatigue; there but remained that feeling of having come back from very far which sometimes does linger with a man after he has seen death face to face. Suddenly some thought made Bryan Bloxham spring up. He hastened to the great entrance-door. He saw the mule; and he understood. It was saddled for Clementine, to take Clementine away. He set his lips in a firm line, and with a smile as grim as that which Andrew Vennie could assume on occasion, he walked down the steps and pushed the muleteer aside. 'Wait,' he said in the man's own tongue, 'until I send for you.'

Keeping his hand on the bridle, Bryan Bloxham looked up the steps. He knew all about himself now. He had learnt that what yesterday had been in part an obligation of honour had to-day become his dearest wish. He had always known that he loved Clementine, but he had never been quite certain that he had not better go away and leave her. Brief as had been the glimpse of her on his return, love is very quick, and he had seen a change in her. He had marked Andrew Vennie's attitude too. His colonel, from open hostility to Clementine, had certainly got so far as some kind of understanding with her. Bryan remembered these items, and thought very little of them. There was a thing so much greater than they. There was the question of love as love.

A little time went by. The sun still shone, and a green lizard or two slipped out from the joints between the stones and basked in the

warmth. At last Clementine came out, and both Old Andrew and Don Miguel were with her. She was veiled; she was cloaked. Bryan saw her start when her eyes fell on him; he noticed that the two old men exchanged glances. Bryan let the party come down the steps until they stood beside the mule, and it was only when Clementine put up her hand to mount that he let go the bridle.

'What are you doing that for?' he inquired, as he hastened up to her.

The girl pushed back the dark hood that more than half-covered her face. She did it unthinkingly. It was the same gesture that Bryan had seen on the first morning they met. He remembered that. 'I am going away,' she said.

The young man smiled as though the notion amused him. 'Where are you going?' he demanded.

This time the girl passed over the question to Don Miguel.

'My niece would enter Religion,' said the old Portuguese slowly.

Bryan Bloxham came a step closer. 'You forget,' he said, and he looked hard into the dark eyes. 'I have something to say to that.'

Clementine seemed to shrink farther into her heavy felt cloak. 'You have nothing to say,' she murmured hastily.

Bryan Bloxham moved until he stood squarely before her. He waited a moment, and a little lizard ran farther up the balustrade, then stopped and turned round its tapering head as if even it were interested in this.

'Our marriage,' resumed Bryan Bloxham, 'was fixed for to-day. It has been postponed, but there is to-morrow.'

Clementine drew herself up. She stepped back and back until she mounted on to the last of the stone steps. She flung her cloak aside, and put one hand on the coil of the balustrade. 'I will not marry you, Bryan Bloxham,' she said slowly, deliberately.

The young man looked back at her. 'Eh?' he repeated stupidly. He raised his head. His eyes were on a level with hers. He could look into her face from his own, and he examined it slowly, searchingly.

Clementine tried to keep her gaze steady. She summoned all her pride lest she should fail before the ordeal.

'Say that again,' demanded Bryan Bloxham after a long pause.

'I will not marry you,' replied Clementine.

'Why?' shot out Bryan.

'Why!' echoed the girl.

Bryan laughed shortly. 'Yes,' he said, 'I demand to know the reason why.'

Again Clementine's eyes flashed. 'You persecute me,' she cried. 'You drive me into a corner. I asked nothing better than to go quietly away, to disappear out of your life. Both Colonel Vennie and Don Miguel knew

that it was better so. Now you have prevented that.'

'And,' wound up Bryan Bloxham, who apparently was quite unmoved by this passionate protest, 'you have not answered my question.'

The two old men in the background exchanged glances. This masterful young man gratified their old hearts, as a particularly lusty child gratifies a doting mother.

But Bryan meant to be answered. Clementine saw that.

'Since you will be told,' she said, 'understand no man shall marry me for pity. No man shall marry me to satisfy the obligations of his honour. No man who would hesitate to marry Clementine de Gillamont shall marry Mercedes Clementine di Gracias.'

Bryan put up his two hands. He laid them one over the other on the knob of the balustrade. 'That is no answer,' he remarked.

Clementine looked once back at him. 'It is all I have to give,' she said obstinately.

The young man sighed again. He moved the uppermost hand; he transferred it to the other baluster. If Clementine came down she must walk into his arms.

'No,' he said, 'there is something else to say yet. I will ask you a question, and you must answer it.'

He paused an instant. He looked up. The sky was so blue, and it was good to be alive and young.

'Clementine,' he said distinctly, loudly—and he did not care a straw if Old Andrew heard him, or Don Miguel, or Corporal Barton or each of the three troopers waiting without—'there is only one thing I want to hear. Do you love me, or do you not?'

The girl went back another step. She half shut her eyes. She loved Bryan Bloxham better than herself, and still her only thought was to do what was best for him. Love had come to her late, it had come to her after that which might throw a shadow across it as long as she lived, but it had come to her in perfection. She tried to speak; she put up a hand uncertainly.

Bryan saw the movement, the helplessness of it. He waited for nothing more, not for a look, not for a syllable. He made one bound upwards; he shot out his arms and clasped them round Clementine. He stood there thus with any one who looked on to see. Clementine's head was on his shoulder, and he looked over it, down at Andrew Vennie and the old Portuguese.

'I should take the mule back to the stable if I were you,' he said to them.

He did not wait to see if they acted on this excellent advice. What they did or left undone was nothing to him at the moment. He turned to Clementine again. 'To-morrow!' he said triumphantly to her; and this time she looked straight back at him, and she did not say no.

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THE REFUGE.

BY WILLIAM FREEMAN.

IT was past nine, and Sir John Royston had almost given up expecting him, when the maid announced Embury.

'Ask him into the library,' said Royston.

It was more than a year since he had met Embury, a year in which he had been extraordinarily hard-worked. The little leisure he had been able to snatch had been spent at the sea, and Embury himself had married and moved to a distant and rather inaccessible suburb. His letter of that morning had been the first since that which had announced his wedding.

As Embury came, the light of the electrolier showed him older, grayer, thinner. He looked like a man who worried too much and felt things too keenly. Royston caught himself wondering whether he had been badly hit by the war. Embury wrote—chiefly essays and verse—but he had also a considerable private income.

Royston shook hands, and turned to exchange the diffused brilliance of the central light for that of the small electric lamp on the table. He argued that a man so obviously harassed as Embury would not want to discuss his troubles in the glare of a couple of forty-candle-power lamps.

'Sit down,' he said, 'and tell me the news. How's Mrs Embury?'

'She's pretty fit,' said Embury mechanically. He dropped into the chair opposite Royston's. 'But it's grossly unfair of me to monopolise your time like this, Jack. Which reminds me that I haven't congratulated you yet on the new serum, and the title.'

'That's all right,' said Royston. 'One can't do less than one's best in these times, and the serum was just a lucky discovery. Experimental work has an everlasting fascination of its own, especially to the dabbler in psychology.'

'Exactly. And it's your knack with that sort of thing which brings me here. Have you time—and patience—to listen to a rather commonplace and long-winded story?'

Royston nodded, and pushed forward a cigarette. 'I can give you until seven o'clock to-morrow morning, my son. Go ahead.'

Embury faced him, fingers interlaced; the same Embury he had known since the pair of them were at Oriel together, yet with a difference that had nothing to do with the fact that twenty-odd years had passed since then.

'Then I'll make a start. About a year ago I met a girl who seemed to possess all the qualities I'd stipulated a wife of mine should possess. It's the sort of bargain that I suppose every bachelor tries to drive with the Fates, and the 1916.]

Fates are generally sport enough to compromise. Her name was Daphne Frewen, and she was acting as amanuensis and companion to old Lady Harrow. She was nineteen when I first met her, and without a relative in the world. We became engaged, and at the end of three months were married.

'For a time we were absolutely and completely happy, and then—well, less happy. I'm inclined to think now that the fault was almost entirely mine, and that our case, so far from being unique, was more or less typical of what happens in most marriages where one partner makes demands in the way of sympathy and understanding which the other isn't equal to meeting.'

'In this case, was it you who made the demands, or Mrs Embury?'

'I. I'd assumed that Daphne's mind was receptive and adaptable. It was; but there were limitations, and I discovered them, not gradually, but suddenly. I was like a child who expects a piece of elastic to stretch indefinitely, and who finds that beyond a certain point it won't. I got irritated, and then exasperated. I tried not to show it; but Daphne isn't a fool, and she has a high spirit of her own, and once or twice there were—scenes. Things were drifting to a crisis when the Dreams came.'

'The Dreams?'

Embury nodded. 'Or, rather, the same Dream repeated, for the variations were very trivial. The thing began one raw night in late October. I'd been working overtime to finish some work for Foulsham of *The Universal*. It was my first commission from him, and I was anxious to make good. It was past eleven when I knocked off, and my eyes were aching and my nerves jumpy and jangled. I went from the study into the dining-room, and found Daphne crouching over the fire. The light hadn't been switched on, and there were no signs of the coffee and biscuits I'd asked her to have ready.

"What on earth have you been doing?" I asked.

'She looked up with a start, and I'd an impression that she'd been crying. "Dreaming, I think."

"Where's Collins?" Collins was the maid.

"She's spending the night with her people. Her brother's home on short leave, and I let her go."

"Then," I said, "I"— Well, exactly what I said isn't worth recording; but I remember at the time being conscious that it was brutal, even while I excused myself on the score of fatigue and general exhaustion. It's

queer how one's brain can work in separate sections, so to speak. Daphne hardly spoke at all, but her face went pale. She was wearing a white dress, and in the half-light she looked almost ghost-like.

"I'm sorry," she said. And then, after a little pause, "Do you mind if I go up to bed now? The biscuits are on the sideboard, and the kettle won't take five minutes to boil. I'll put it on the gas-stove, and fetch the coffee."

"She brought the canister, and her fingers touched mine as she gave it to me. They were like ice. She looked so frail and fagged that I came near to taking her in my arms, and telling her that in future I'd ask nothing better than to have her as she was, and that my ideas concerning perfect mental affinity and so forth could go hang. But I didn't. She slipped quietly away, and when I went up to the room about an hour later she was sleeping.

"I went to bed myself soon afterwards, but I couldn't rest. For hours my brain worked in the foolish, frantic, exhausting fashion for which I knew I'd have to pay later on. Finally I dropped asleep as suddenly as if I'd taken a drug, and out of that oblivion the Dream emerged.

"It seemed that I was walking down a wide, straight road lined with poplars, to a village. In the middle distance, on the left, was a cluster of cottages with red roofs, and walls of white and pink and yellow plaster. On the right was a bigger building, half-hidden by trees. In front of this, on a patch of turf, was a swinging sign, "Le Refuge Heureux." I could distinctly hear the creaking of the board as it swung in the wind. I walked on until I came opposite the house. It was surrounded by green-painted railings, on which blotches of rust were beginning to show; while a gravel drive led to the entrance—a glazed door at the top of three wide steps, with a stone flower-pot filled with geraniums and lobelias on either side. As I stood peering in through the gate the door opened, and a slim figure in a gray dress came to meet me.

"It was Daphne, but younger than when I'd known her—not more than sixteen or seventeen, dear and beautiful beyond words. Her soft hand pulled back the fastening of the gate, and we paced slowly up and down the drive. (It's queer that I couldn't remember afterwards a word of what we said, though every inflection of her voice remained.) Presently an elderly woman wearing a white coif came to the top of the steps and called, and Daphne waved her hand and left me. I waited until I heard the slam of the door, and then went out through the gate into the road. I turned to look up at the creaking sign again, and suddenly the sky grew intolerably bright, and I awoke.

"That, Jack, is the dream; and I've had it, with trivial alterations, many times. It's come to play a fundamental part in my life. The Dream-Daphne fills a gap that the real Daphne

failed to fill. We talk of things—vague, intimate, delightful things—that the real Daphne wouldn't understand. Indeed, I've never even mentioned the Dream-Daphne to her. I've been happy—absurdly happy—living, as it were, in two planes. My work reflected it. The critics who mattered spoke of "fresh depth and brilliance." That was until a month ago."

"And then?"

Embury leant forward. Royston could see the harshly carved lines at the corners of his eyes and mouth. "The visits grew shorter and shorter, until one day she told me sorrowfully that they must cease altogether, and that she was leaving the Refuge. I remember the overwhelming wretchedness that came upon me then—the utter, unreasoning depression that belongs to dreams. I tried to discover where she was going, to make plans by which we could meet somewhere else; but she was called away by the woman with the coif before she could answer. I'd only one other dream after that, and then it was the woman who appeared. She stood at the top of the steps and silently shook her head, and then went in again and closed the door behind her. I haven't seen the house or the Dream-Daphne since; I've lost the only avenue of escape from a life which, if it wasn't intolerable before, has become intolerable now."

Royston eyed him thoughtfully. "At the present time we've most of us access to three worlds—the world of dreams, the world of normal realities, the world of abnormal realities. The door of the first has been slammed in your face; the second's intolerable."

"And the third?"

"It's an irregularly shaped territory comprising most of Europe, and the passport consists of a khaki suit, a certain elementary knowledge of drill, and the modern rifle. You're forty-three, Steve; but you don't look it. If you're reasonably sound in wind and limb I can guarantee to see you through. Hasn't the idea occurred to you before?"

"If I hadn't been a self-absorbed fool it would have done so, months ago," said Embury roughly. He stood up. "Can you overhaul me now?"

A week later Daphne Embury called. Royston found her waiting in the library when he came back from the hospitals. The afternoon sunlight showed a delicately featured woman with deep-set eyes of luminous gray.

"I came," she said quietly, "to tell you about Stephen."

"He joined up?"

"Yes, the day after he saw you. He showed your letter to the right people, and they're sending him to the front almost at once. I wanted to thank you on his behalf."

"I've done nothing—less than nothing. But I'm glad to have met you."

She smiled faintly. "Because of what he told you. Because of the Dream?"

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'For that and other reasons.'

'Am I the sort of person you expected to meet, Sir John?'

He met the challenge of the wonderful eyes squarely and without smiling. 'I knew that you must belong to one of two types—one fairly common, the other rare. Now I know that you come under the second category. Will you give me your own version of "Le Refuge Heureux"? For of course you know.'

'Of course.' She paused a little, as if to collect her thoughts, and continued: 'Steve has gone, and, whatever happens, I shall feel that he did the best—the only—thing. What I am going to tell you now is the part of the story he doesn't know. I always meant that he should, but he's been intensely occupied with his own work, and I've a sort of terror of boring him. When we first met I was earning my living as companion to Lady Harrow. Before then, and until my father died, we'd been living abroad on a small annuity he had. I was educated at a Belgian convent in a little village called Suisnes.'

'"Le Refuge Heureux"?''

She nodded. 'In the seventeenth century the place had been an inn, and the sign was so appropriate that it was allowed to remain. The Sisters were very good to me, and trained me to face the world as adequately as their own unworldliness would let them. I left when I was seventeen, always hoping to see them again. But the chance never came.'

'And then?'

'When I was nineteen I met Steve, and we were married. I knew from the first—though he didn't—that there would come a time when he would discover my limitations. For Steve is nearly a genius, while I—I'm just ordinary. I can't say the things I feel, or tell him of the things I'd like to tell him. Our happiness lasted unspoiled for nearly a year; then he began to realise that I couldn't keep pace with him mentally, and the gulf between us grew. There were times when I'd have given my very soul for him to look at me with the old kindly blindness, and other times when nothing seemed worth while. One night, after things had been worse than usual, I woke to find the moonlight streaming into the room, and Steve sleeping restlessly. I suppose a sort of madness must have come over me, for I slipped on the old gray gown I used to wear at the convent, and bent over him, trying to thrust myself into his consciousness, to make him think of me as I was then. And I saw his face change, and knew that I'd succeeded. After that, I was able to send him the Dream almost every night, though I'd rather have died than that he guessed it.'

'That marked the second part of our lives together, and it lasted for more than a month. Then the power began to fail me. I couldn't make my own personality reach him. I was afraid—desperately afraid; and I knew that he

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was afraid too. I knew that his waking eyes would look on me more and more coldly, and that perhaps in the end he—he'd hate me. Only now I know that it won't be so. He'll see me in the Dream once again, and then'—

'Well?' said Royston.

Mrs Embury rose from her chair. 'God's good, and I'm content to wait. But I wanted to meet you, and to explain. Good-bye.' She held out her hand with the same faint, enigmatical smile, and a moment later Royston was seeing her into the taxi which was to take her to the station.

He went back to the library, pondering; and then, since there were heavy arrears of work to be overtaken, he thrust the interview into the hinterlands of his brain, and settled down again at his desk. And the next day and the next, and for many days afterwards, he heard nothing of Stephen Embury, or of his wife.

But one morning Royston found on his plate an envelope franked with the familiar triangular post-mark, and ripped it open with quickened interest.

'DEAR JACK'—he read—'I'm sending you this on the eve of a big attack, and quite possibly it may never reach you. But since it forms, so to speak, a sequel to our last conversation, I'd like you to know.'

'Two nights ago I had the Dream again, keener and more vivid than ever. I saw the swinging sign, and the white-coifed woman, and the Dream-Daphne came to meet me. We said "Good-bye," and I awoke with the echo of her voice in my ears. An hour later our regiment was told to move forward. We marched all day, rested an hour or so, and then pushed on again. The second morning found us in a straight white road that seemed familiar—do you know the extraordinary sensation of coming face to face with what one has only seen before in a dream?—and finally halted on the outskirts of a village—*my* village. I was sent ahead with a patrol to make inquiries, but the whole place seemed lifeless. A peasant-woman, coming to meet us, assured us that the Huns, in falling back, had done their best to wipe it off the map. She hadn't exaggerated. The cottages had been levelled to their foundations, and behind a wooden sign that still swung drunkenly was a mass of rubble and broken beams and splintered glass that I recognised as "Le Refuge Heureux."

"The good Sisters who used to teach there," the woman told us, "are, praise be to Saint Michael! in safety. They have money with them, and when the war is over they will teach afresh. If m'sieu' knows of any little one in whom he would see gentleness and tender charity implanted, he could not do better than put her in their charge."

'And so, Jack, my dream's materialised—and

ended. The whole business is clean beyond my comprehension. I only know that the Refuge has gone, and with it my last chance of meeting my Dream-Daphne again. If I come out of this inferno alive it'll mean making a fresh start; but the crude hideousness of war teaches a man a good deal.

'I've just heard that we push on again at dawn, so I must finish.—Yours, S. E.'

'I'll run down to Sunningham and see her,' Royston told himself.

But he did not go—then, at any rate. At first he was a little dubious of the wisdom of going, and for nearly a month afterwards circumstances conspired to make it impossible. When finally he did go, it was in response to a note from Mrs Embury.

'Stephen has been sent home,' she wrote. 'His fighting days are over. He was wounded badly in the last advance; but he is almost well now. Will you come and see us?'

Royston wired an affirmative, and caught the first afternoon train.

The day was fine, the walk from the station

to the house pleasant. But he was in no mood to linger. He was wondering acutely on what basis the *ménage* at The Pomegranates had re-established itself.

The maid who opened the door was evidently expecting him. 'You will find them in the summer-house, Sir John,' she explained.

Royston turned obediently down the path she indicated. The summer-house was at the far end of the garden, and he crossed the lawn to reach it. His footsteps made no sound on the turf, and he saw Embury and his wife for quite a minute before they were aware of his presence.

Mrs Embury was seated, a child in her arms. Its outflung hands were clutching at Embury's coat, and Embury was bending over it with an expression on his face that left no room for doubt or fear. Royston, hardened bachelor though he was, allowed himself the luxury of a sigh.

'The Refuge and the Dream-Daphne have gone,' he told himself. 'But he won't need them now. In a year or so he'll probably forget that they even existed. Gray-eyes was right, after all. But women so frequently are.'

'POLLY' (REFUGEE).

At the luncheon hour, down a famous street,
The Pressmen hurry—a jovial troop,
Cheery slaves of the printed sheet,
Chuckling over the latest 'scoop';
And some of 'em turn, at a greeting shrill,
To wave at a window on Ludgate Hill.

Preening herself as she gaily swings,
Polly watches the world go by;
Watches her master (making 'rings')
With kind, but not uncritical, eye;
Laughs and whistles, and calls with a will
'*Bon jour!*' to her lovers on Ludgate Hill.

But shame! oh shame! when Polly addressed
A passing dame (in her own Walloon),
Whose hands to her outraged ears were pressed
As she fled in horror, and none too soon.
(Oh Poll! 'tis as well we have no great skill
In the gift of tongues upon Ludgate Hill.)

For Polly dwelt in a Flemish town—
A gay little burg in the yester year;
But the devil broke loose, and his friends came down
To harry its people, mad with fear;

Poor little town that is hushed and still,
Far from the racket of Ludgate Hill!

And Polly has known the roar of the shell,
The tramp of the foe in a Land of Tears—
Sounds, if Polly could only tell,
That linger yet in her master's ears.
(Faith! it would make our blood run chill
If we heard them nearer to Ludgate Hill.)

So Polly was found in a burned-out shack,
Starved, forsaken, and like to die,
With never a quill to her bare little back;
But we do not mention it, Polly and I.
For now (though I pay no milliner's bill)
She's the best-dressed parrot on Ludgate Hill.

And if you are passing some shining day
That gilds the gray old City I love,
And a grass-green feather should blow your
way
While a lady is making her toilet above,
Look up, if you please, at the topmost sill,
And wave to Polly on Ludgate Hill.

M. GLYN-STEWART.

[illegible]



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